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REET & SMITH'S

# Picture Play

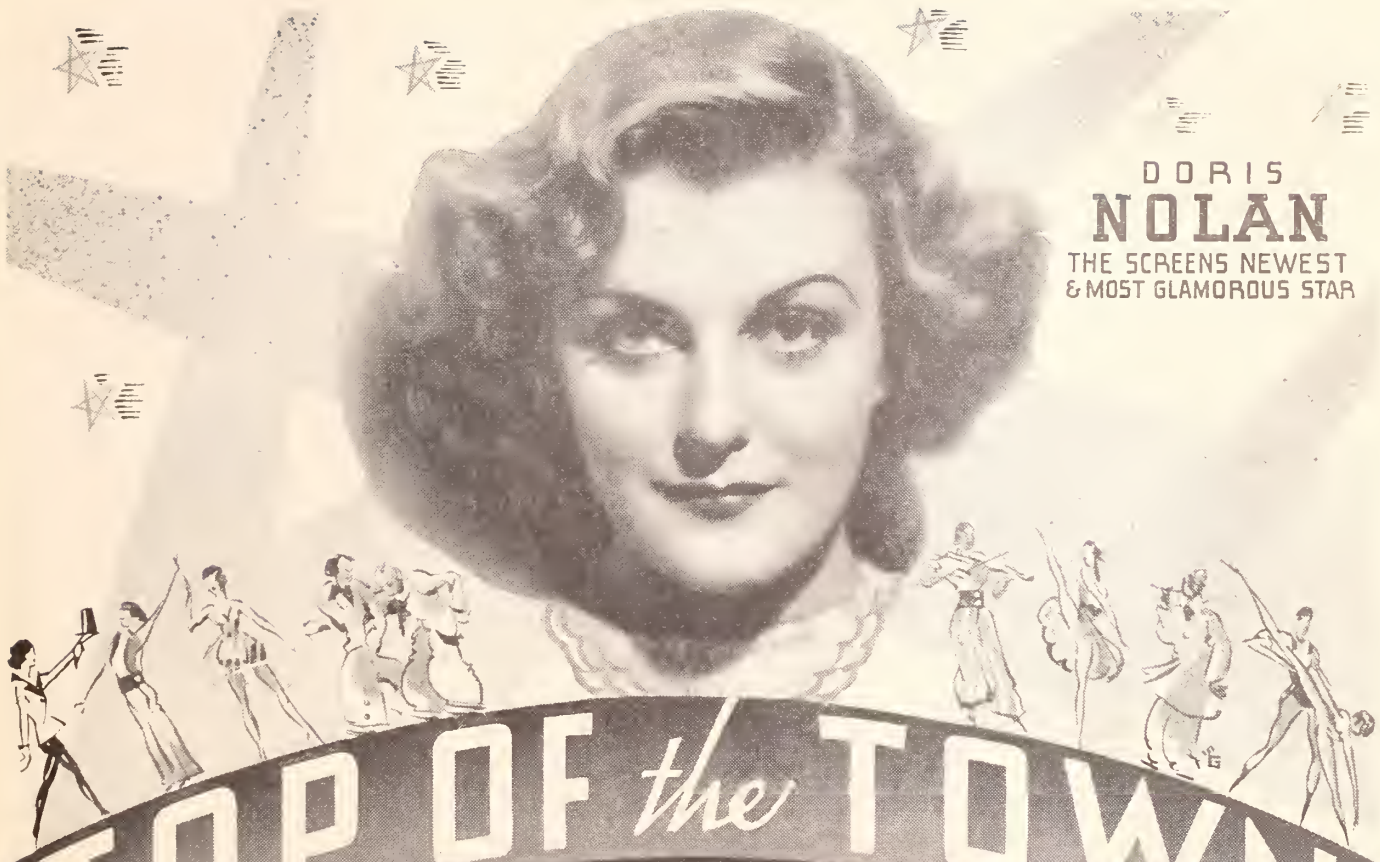
JANUARY
1937

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THE REAL LOW-DOWN ON LOMBARD


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BY REQUEST!
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Clark
CRAWFORD · GABLE
IN
LOVE on the RUN
A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
Joseph
L. Mankiewicz



DORIS
# NOLAN
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

# TOP OF *the* TOWN

## THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

**Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!**
**Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!**
**Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!**

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"Firemen Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
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## THE *NEW* UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

STREET & SMITH'S

# Picture Play

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VOLUME XLV MONTHLY NUMBER 5

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CAROL LOMBARD

NEXT MONTH: FREDRIC MARCH AS A HUSBAND

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## Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph

## CECIL B. DeMILLE'S

# "The PLAINSMAN"



Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .



"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

# WHAT THE FANS THINK



**Taylor our American Beauty.**

AT the present time it would be little short of amazing to pick up a mavie magazine without encountering the fair, ar shauld I say beautiful, features af Rabert Taylar. The fickle fans have elevated Mr. Taylar to stardom merely because he happened to be endowed with gaad laaks. If this endowment alone were to be taken as a standard, I am certain there are innumerable chorus boys in Hollywood that could more than make the grade.

This shatters my perhaps idiatic delusion that it was a primary necessity for a player to possess histrianic ability before hoping to reach the seemingly unattainable heights. Mr. Taylar has praved that it is mainly, if not solely, thraugh the medium of beauty that ane can endear himself ta the public.

The majority of the male stars af today have passed their thirtieth birthday; quite a few have passed their fartieth; while still others have left their fiftieth behind. In comparisan ta these stars, Rabert Taylar, wha has but recently passed the quarter-century mark, may still be termed a youth.

One is either a barn actor or mellows into ane after years of experience. In both cases there must be a graundwark of talent present. Mr. Taylar mast assuredly daes not belang to the farmer group, and time alone will tell whether he belongs ta the latter class. Until he gives an inkling af having the makings af an actar, Rabert Taylor shauld be classified as the American Beauty, which I sincerely hape will not fade as quickly as it has bloomed. As a man, I bear Mr. Taylor na malice, but as an actar I think he is putrid. Joseph W. Pucci.
2760 Grand Cancaurse,
New Yark, N. Y.

**Tut, Tut, Karen Hollis.**

"THE time has came," the walrus said, "when it becames necessary, in the apparent absence af editarial repraaf, for Karen Hollis to be given a saund verbal

*Continued on page 10*

**Joseph W. Pucci insists that Robert Taylor's popularity has been gained solely through the medium of good looks and calls him the American Beauty.**

# THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

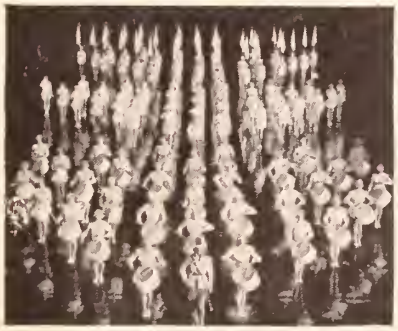
## Come On, Everyone THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!



Glendo coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"— to those doshing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!



Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"



And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!



RING out the old... SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

# DICK POWELL

# JOAN BLONDELL

in

# "GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON . . . A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburg

Warner Bros.

# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE

A. E. Z.—Lloyd Nolan was born in San Francisco, California, August 11, 1903; five feet ten and a half, weighs 176; brown hair and eyes. Married. An interview with him appeared in the November issue.

B. L. N.—Between five feet four and five feet five is the usual height of an actress. Carol Lombard is five feet two; Jean Harlow, five feet three and a half; Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, and Joan Blondell, five feet four; Dolores del Rio, five feet four and a half; Myrna Loy, Barbara Stanwyck, Marlene Dietrich, Margaret Lindsay, five feet five; Greta Garbo and Kay Francis, five feet six; Eleanor Powell, five feet six and a half; Gail Patrick, five feet seven.



J. Harris.—Brian Aherne is appearing opposite Merle Oberon in "Beloved Enemy."

N. D. B.—Elissa Landi has appeared in such films as "Body and Soul," "Devil's Lottery," "Sign of the Cross," "The Warrior's Husband," "I Loved You Wednesday," "Man of Two Worlds," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Enter Madame," "Without Regret." If you will send me a stamped envelope I'll be glad to list all of her films. After completing "Mad Holiday," she will appear in "After the Thin Man," with William Powell and Myrna Loy.



M. N. S.—Bobby Breen was born in Montreal, Canada, November 4, 1927. He has light-brown hair and dark-brown eyes. "Rainbow on the River" is his next film. Fan mail is usually opened by the studio fan mail department and those of special interest are brought to the attention of the star.



M. P. V.—A Francis Lederer interview appeared in September, 1936. This player was just thirty on November 6th. Tyrone Power, Jr., played the rôle of Simone Simon's cousin in "Girls' Dormitory." He is also in the cast of "Ladies in Love." He is the son of the late Tyrone Power of the stage.

Marney.—Because of lack of space in the magazine for all your answers, I replied by mail. The letter has come back because of insufficient address. I'll mail it to you again if you'll send me your full name and address.

**All persons writing to The Oracle are requested to include their full name and address. This will permit a reply by mail if there isn't space here. For information about stills, casts, fan clubs, stars' films, please inclose a stamped envelope.**

Marianne Eddy.—Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Darius Eddy. His mother's first name is Isabelle. Tom Brown and Richard Barthelmess in New York City; Ronald Colman in Richmond, Surrey, England. Allan Jones was twenty-nine on October 14th. He has been twice married, and has a six-year-old son. Eric Linden's latest is "In His Steps." Alison Skipworth seems to be the only player who celebrates her birthday on July 25th.



A Great Michigan Fan.—John Howard was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913; five feet ten, weighs 150; brown hair, blue eyes. He was educated in the public schools of East Cleveland. An excellent student, he won a scholarship to the Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Continuing his high grades, he was awarded a scholarship to the graduate school, which he was unable to accept on account of lack of funds to maintain himself. A Paramount talent scout discovered him in a campus show. His first film was "Car 99," released in March, 1935. We published an interview with him in February, 1936. Still single.



Christine Fenner.—Ronald Colman has not married since his divorce from Thelma Ray. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 165; black hair, brown eyes. Address the MGM Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York, for stills of "A Tale of Two Cities." They cost ten cents each.



A. M. A.—For photographs of Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford such as you saw in our September issue, you might inquire of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. It is advisable to inclose twenty-five cents for each photo.

Jeannette Mason.—Ian Hunter was born in Kenilworth, Cape Town, South Africa, June 13, 1900; six feet; brown hair, gray eyes. He has appeared on the London stage and in British films. "Stolen Holiday," with Kay Francis, is scheduled as his next for Warners. As far as I know, he uses his right name. Married.



J. A. M.—Jean Harlow had no previous stage experience before going to Hollywood in 1929. She appeared as an extra in "The Saturday Night Kid" and "Paramount on Parade." Her next was "Hell's Angels" in which she attracted considerable notice. Mitzi Green was born October 2, 1922.

Mildred Myers.—Fred Astaire will be seen next opposite Ginger Rogers in "Stepping Toes." It is possible that Fred will be teamed soon with Margo. Juan Torena played the rôle of *Luis Maderos* in "A Message to Garcia." Previous to that he played in "The Eagle's Brood" and "Storm Over the Andes."



Lilyan S.—There are several fan clubs in honor of John Arledge. I shall be glad to mail you a complete list upon receipt of a stamped envelope. His latest release is "Don't Turn 'Em Loose."

Anne Green.—Nelson Eddy is co-starring with Jeanette MacDonald in "Maytime." For a still of "The King Steps Out," address the Publicity Dept., Columbia Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. They cost ten cents each.

Tom Shea.—Brian Donlevy has appeared on the stage in many plays including "What Price Glory?," "The Milky Way," and "Life Begins at 8:40." He appeared on the screen in 1929 in "Mother's Boy," and returned again in 1935 in "Barbary Coast," where he has been since appearing in one picture after another. He was born in Portadown, Ireland, educated in Cleveland, Ohio, and Johns Military Academy, Dalefield, Wisconsin. We published an interview with him in August, 1936, which tells more about him than I could print here.

Clary Hyden.—Robert Kent's photograph may be had by writing to him at the 20th Century-Fox Studio. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on a December 3rd. His mother was born Olive Bell Johnson, of Dutch-American parentage, and his father, now dead, was Douglas Blackley, a Scotch-Canadian wall paper manufacturer. Bob has been messenger boy, prize fighter, a farmer and sailor. While doing professional modeling for illustrators he became interested in a little theater group and decided on a theatrical career. He appeared in a number of stage plays before Paramount signed him for small parts in "One Hour Late," "Love in Bloom," "Car 99," and "Four Hours to Kill." Since his contract with 20th Century-Fox, he has played in "The Country Beyond," "The Crime of Doctor Forbes," and "Dimples." He will also be in "Reunion." Neither of the pictures you mention was represented in the Preview scetion of this magazine. A frontispiece of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Rose-Marie" appeared in January, 1936, but that number has been completely sold out. Lilian Harvey has been making films in Europe.

Ruth R.—Sorry to disappoint you, but I do not keep a record of the home addresses of any of the players or their relatives.

Janny.—Colin Clive was last seen on the New York stage in "Libel." His name doesn't appear in any current screen production. "Jane Eyre" was produced by Monogram, "Lily Christine" by Paramount, "Looking Forward" by MGM, and "The Stronger Sex" by Gainsborough, an English company, but I do not have the cast.

H. S.—Lily Pons's next picture is to be "Street Girl," with Gene Raymond. Ronald Colman is divorced from Thelma Ray. Bernadine Hayes played the rôle of *Judy* in "Absolute Quiet." You may be able to reach her at the Universal Studio. The first names of the Ritz Brothers are Al, Jimmy, and Harry.

Rosella Thomas.—Richard Cromwell played briefly on the New York stage in "So Proudly We Hail." However, for his photo you might address the Paramount Studio. For stills of "Small-town Girl," address the Publicity Dept., Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City, and for those of "Adorable" and "Caravan," 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California. Each still costs ten cents.

*Continued on page 96*


CHARMING



Miss Ernestine Lollie — with her latest Permanent Wave by Bernord az Guro, New York City.

"I found my *whole appearance* improved after using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," *says Miss Ernestine Lollie of Vineland, N. J.*

WINNER of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH CONTEST for DECEMBER, lovely Miss Lollie admitted many of her friends commend her attractive appearance. "They all admire my golden hair," says Miss Lollie. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain added popularity. Glorious, sparkling hair will bring you, as it did Miss Lollie, the admiring compliments of your friends.

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**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON**

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... S. S. 137

# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 6*

spanking. In a publication famous for its fair-minded criticism, this lady flavors her articles with such definitely malicious remarks that one does not need to refer to the title page to recognize the authorship. Personal opinions, when free from bias, are permissible to a fan writer, but in this case it is so very obvious when Miss Hollis harbors animosity against a player. A pen dipped in vitriol loses its power to amuse.

I have noticed particularly that Miss Hollis takes violent exception to Ann Harding's wardrobe in private life. She informs British fans like myself that we "are delighted by her looking dowdy in the conventional British county-matron manner"—whatever that may be! Passing over the very obvious fact that she has not been a visitor to this country or she would not use such absurd generalizations, it does not appear to occur to her that some of us are grateful to Miss Harding for proving that not all American blondes look exactly alike.

I have seen Miss Harding in person; she may be conservatively dressed, but on the occasion on which I saw her, was the most distinguished-looking woman among a gathering of notable beauties. She was most suitably garbed, did not drip with orchids, and required no false eyelashes or brownette tresses to be recognizable as a supremely lovely woman. We all know her regular features and her innately sweet and friendly expression, but I can assure you that when you observe the allianee with perfection of coloring, and the essential dignity and refinement of this actress, you do not require her to be a walking fashion plate to appreciate her beauty.

"They Say in New York——" would make much more interesting reading if the writer would keep in check the unpleasantly feminine trait of petty spite. With contributors like Ruth Biery, S. R. Mook, and Norbert Lusk, one has learned to appreciate genuinely informative interviews and articles. Incidentally, the rotogravure seetion in the September issue was espeeially welcome—it was good to see the male of the species given a chance! Jean Webster Brough.

38 Woodstock Road,
Bedford Park, London, England.

### The Screen's Golden Girl.

ONE of the screen's most charming, natural and talented yomng actresses is lovely Claire Trevor. Lacking exotic glamour or sensational, extravagant publieity, she has more than held her own through a long series of mediocre films. Having passed this test of ability and popularity, this deserving little actress should now rate better pictures—with stardom to follow. For whose star could sparkle with a clearer, brighter light than that of the screen's golden girl, Claire Trevor?

Ernest Meryman.

86 Bowdoin Street,
Winthrop, Massaehusetts.

### Her Triumphant Ten.

I HAVE my favorites among the stars. There are a few I dislike, but why insult people of whom we know so little? I have a more effective plan. I simply avoid the theater when a certain actor or actress appears whose previous efforts have made me squirm in my seat. Here are my triumphant ten.

Jeanette MacDonald. The radiant prima donna of the films.

Maureen O'Sullivan. Whom I began by liking just for appearance alone. Twice during the past year when she was given the opportunity she arose to the heights.

Ann Harding. The incomparable. At her best in light comedy.

Elissa Landi. Intellectual, artistic, with a most interesting background. One so diversified should be worshiped by all fans.

Edna May Oliver. I adore her completely and her work speaks for itself.



Joe Cook, famous stage and radio comedian, plays the lead in "Arizona Mahoney," a Western comedy.

Shirley Temple. The preeocious darling. A savior in disguise. I am sure she will do away with aging stars that continue to be coy and *ingénueish.*

John Barrymore. Slightly mad but a genius.

Paul Muni. Another of the truly great ones.

Robert Montgomery. His finest work is yet to eome.

Mauriee Chevalier. He has the brains to be himself in private life, so when we do get the Gallic touch it's not worn out.

Elizabeth Kultala.

2119 Byron Street,
Berkeley, California.

### Why Are They Overlooked?

THERE are many lesser actors and actresses in Hollywood deserving of more praise than they have been accorded. John Arledge and Dorothy Wilson are the two secondary players foremost in my mind because they have given consistently fine performances in all their pictures. All Arledge's performances are well above the average and are completely unaffected, proving his natural ability to act.

And Miss Wilson—a fine actress who has been repeatedly overlooked by Hollywood producers. She was excellent in "In Old Kentucky" with our beloved Will Rogers, and more recently she was in "The Milky Way," in which she again proved to be a decided asset to the pieture. She is the typieal American girl and hasn't let Hollywood transform her into a painted, artificial beauty like so many other young actresses. She is deserving of far better rôles. So let her fans try to speed her ascent.

Dorothy L. Rose.

46 Stanton Street,
Rahway, New Jefsey.

### Blondes versus Brunettes.

WHY can't any of the stars have a mind of their own? They all seem to follow a trend and have no individuality. A couple of years ago every time we went to a picture we saw platinum blondes. Now they're all brunettes. The actresses should pick out the best shade of hair for their personalities and stick to it. Some of them look better blond, some brunette; some look better natural while others should use peroxide, henna, dye, or what have you.

I think Jean Harlow's dark hair is a big improvement over the platinum, but the same does not apply to Bette Davis, who lost all her sex appeal in "The Petrified Forest" with dark hair. I'd hate to think what Alice Faye would look like if she weren't platinum.

Fay Wray was a blonde for a few pictures, but I think foolishly reverted to brunet. Ann Sothern had dark hair in a recent picture and it looked awful.

Marie Wilson ought to stop bleaching, but Rochelle Hudson, beautiful as she is, would be smart to go blond.

I recently saw Eleanor Powell on the stage, just before her breakdown. She had blond hair and it looked swell. Margaret Lindsay ought to give blond hair a whirl, but Patricia Ellis should let her hair grow out natural.

Ginger Rogers's hair gets blonder with every picture, and it makes her look worse. Graee Moore should be her natural brunet self, and Virginia Brnee should go back to dark hair. I know she says she is a natural blond, but if she's the Virginia Briggs of Fargo that I used to know, she's really a brunette.

Most important of all, Norma Shearer, the sereen's outstanding actress, should let "swell enough" alone. F. W.

60 West 97th Street,
New York, N. Y.

### Their Human Side.

THERE is a phase of movie life which I have not seen published in any magazine, and which I thought did not exist until I came here a year ago from Kansas.

When I came to Los Angeles I did not think home life existed among the movie people. However, on personal observation I find they really like to live normal lives, even as you and I, and do normal things, if people would "only let them be." Being a devotee of the theater, I try to attend all stage produetions and once found Joan Crawford and Franchot

Tone in the theater, holding hands and seeming perfectly thrilled at some performance. I have seen Joan Bennett shopping for little things for the house like a dutiful little wife, unaware of some one watching, who would love to do the shopping for her.

I have seen Marlene Dietrich take her little daughter, Maria, who is up to her shoulders, to a matinée performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," accompanied by Leatrice Gilbert, the late John Gilbert's little daughter. I have seen Paulette Goddard spend an entire Saturday afternoon at a dog show, with the two Chaplin boys home from military school.

I have seen the younger generation, composed of Paula Stone, Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, and others, often accompanied by Fred Stone, roller-skating, bicycle riding, or attending the circus, having the time of their lives. I have seen Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler practically every Friday night entering the Legion prize fights, dressed in sport togs, mingling with the average American family.

How I have enjoyed seeing this side of Hollywood life! It has made me most happy, but I'm only sorry that the other side is usually pictured in movie magazines.

I would like to pass on this happy and contented Hollywood life. I have seen it myself, day after day, on all sides of me, so *believe it!*

Elcy Ebert Oberdick.
764 South Normandie,
Apartment No. 505,
Los Angeles, California.

## Close Observations.

I'M so glad our synthetic blond actresses are going back to their natural tresses. Jean Harlow in "Wife versus Secretary" looks ten years younger and many times sweeter. Come on, Bette Davis, Ann Sothern, Jean Arthur, Ginger Rogers, Miriam Hopkins, Joan Blondell, Carol Lombard, go back to your original hair shade. Watch that "hard" look disappear.

Say, Fredric March, come out of it, will you? In your last few pictures you've been about as attractive and interesting as a stick of wood. Is your head completely in the clouds? Just forget about the famous actor and be the Freddie March of "Smilin' Through" again.

Can't Ruby Keeler smile oftener when she's being photographed? She looks as if she had a permanent grouch. Why doesn't somebody give Barbara Stanwyck a break with a good picture? How can anybody say Marlene Dietrich is beautiful when her face is so heavily made up and altered, besides being photographed so very, very carefully, that one can't tell just what she does look like? I do so hope Olivia de Havilland isn't dropped somewhere by the wayside and forgotten now that she's been discovered. And, Olivia, don't let them paste impossible eyelashes on you or alter the shape of your mouth or eyebrows. You're perfect as is.

Will somebody please take *one* photograph of Robert Taylor without that tooth-paste-ad smile? I *must* be wrong, but I can't see the reason for all this fuss about Myrna Loy. She leaves me cold. When is Bing Crosby going to reduce? Why has adorable Maureen O'Sullivan been pushed aside? I think Mona Barrie the most poised and really "real lady" in pictures. She wears her own eyelashes, mouth, and hair, and has a remarkably beautiful voice and manner, besides a delicious sense of humor and what does she get? Bit parts! What a place, Hollywood!

Can anybody tell me why these stars who have been adopting babies left and right can't have some of their own? When Hollywood ceases making a publicity stunt out of having and adopting children and getting married and unmarried, and things of that nature, only then will it be looked upon with respect and sincere admiration.



Luise Rainer with Johnny, the Scotty, she brought with her from Vienna and who is her constant companion. The Chinese players with Miss Rainer in "The Good Earth" nicknamed him "Li Na Yuen," meaning Rainer John.

Now that I've told everybody where to head in, I'll stay just a second more. Please, oh, please, won't somebody star Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Desert Song"? Diane Kane.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

## Ruth Chatterton Inspiring.

I AM so glad to see Ruth Chatterton back in pictures again.

Miss Chatterton's characterization of *Celia,* in "Lady of Secrets," was superb. In one part she was so gay and charming in the rôle of a young girl, that it was a delight to see her.

A Chatterton performance *is* something to look forward to, and I'd never miss one. Her artistry is of the highest quality. Being asked to take the leading rôle in the film version of "Dodsworth" is proof enough.

May Miss Chatterton continue to have the success she so well deserves—and I am convinced that she is worthy of only the best in pictures.

A Chatterton Admirer.
Scranton, Pennsylvania.

## Autograph Hounds.

READING about handsome leading men and glamorous actresses of Hollywood, isn't enough to satisfy the adventure-seeking autograph-hunter. "Seeing stars in the flesh" is our motto. Our aim is to discover if these wonderful beings, who bring joy to so many millions of people, are really as nice as Picture Play tells us. The report of a professional star-gazing autograph hound is as follows:

Joan Crawford heads the list as the best-loved actress. For being such a wonderful, thoughtful person, more so than any of the hundreds of cinema people I have seen. Talking to Joan was like conversing with one of the crowd. She would stop and sign no matter when and where she was going, and believe me Miss Crawford was pestered plenty on her sojourn in our fair city.

Honorable mention goes to Franchot Tone, another one who has an A-1 New York autograph-seeker's rating. Together with his wife they make a favorable couple who go over big with us.

Ginger Rogers signed every autograph book that was handed to her when she stepped from the train, with news photographers and reporters around her. Every actress wishes to appear cordial in front of cameras, but did she come through the usual entrance where there were kids waiting for their favorite cinema queen? I should say not! Maybe I have you wrong, Ginger, but come back and prove it.

Clark Gable is very spry and quick. He is one swell guy to talk to when you finally get hold of him, but it is a difficult job to trip up Clark. One requires technique for this type of trick.

Miriam Hopkins is quite temperamental as to when and where she gives her autograph. Get Miriam in a small group and she's another swell dame, but a crowd just leads her to stalk off as though she were the Queen of Sheba. But then again this marvelous actress isn't far removed from this title.

Brian Aherne, an actor who goes over big with the women, is a fifty-fifty proposition. The boys are not so keen over Mr. Aherne. They were told by this English actor that autograph-collecting was a girls' game. Boys should be out playing football, says he. I'd enjoy witnessing you kicking the ball around, Mr. Aherne, so when you do just call us up.

Mary Pickford is another autograph fiend's delight. She is one of the sweetest little stars we could hope to meet. In the center of Fifth Avenue is where we spied Mary, but she halted and signed in spite of the tremendous crowd that was gathering. No, it wasn't conceit that made Miss Pickford stop and attract attention; it was her charming manner and her wish to be congenial to us.

The one great menace whom we are trying to live down is Wallace Beery. After following him for blocks into his hotel elevator, the big meanie wouldn't sign. When asked for his photo, he politely told us to send to the studio and inclose twenty-five cents. Did we send for his picture? What do you think?

Summing up the majority of the Hol-

lywood élite, they are all pretty regular. Naturally there always have to be some exceptions. The thing that gets us is that the disagreeable person practically always fools us with his pleasing manner on the screen. ESTHER HADER.

1774 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

### First Consideration.

OFTEN in reading Picture Play I notice comments from both writers and fans concerning the beauty, talent, or ability of some one actor or actress. While each may merit such praise, we must not overlook the fact that others may not possess the same ideas. There's room for every good actor and actress in the film world, and each is entitled to his or her share of good fortune as well as other rewards.

In discussing the merits of various pictures and the work of various actors and actresses, I have never found any one who disliked Evelyn Venable. She has always been most considerate toward the fans who wrote to her. I know of quite a number who received letters from her. Fact is, I've had that pleasure a number of times. Such a record of satisfactory work and friendly consideration should merit greater consideration from the producers.

We hope that the years to come will see Miss Venable regarded as good as the best of them. An actress may make a hit once or twice in the course of her career, but when her work proves satisfactory every time, she should be given first consideration in the production of future pictures. HARRY J. FRAZIER.

Post Office Box 131,
Bellevue, Nebraska.

### In Carol's Defense.

IN reference to a letter published in your magazine not long ago, I wish to state that some of the opinions expressed with regard to Carol Lombard are totally without foundation.

For example, Carol is not too conceited to possess a sense of humor. It



Virginia Grey sits astride "Lo," prize water buffalo. He is one of several imported from China for "The Good Earth."

is clearly shown by her performances that she has a very keen sense of humor, but the parts which she is called upon to play often demand affectation and seldom demand humor.

Her performances in "Rumba" and "Lady By Choice" I think were especially creditable, although Carol always fascinates me. Moreover, do arm-folding, eyebrow-lifting, and jaw-clenching alone comprise Carol's acting? Definitely not!

Carol Lombard is, and always has been, my favorite female star mainly because she seems to fit into each rôle so admirably. In "Rumba" she made an ideal *Diana*, and naturally appeared superior to George Raft, because in the film she was! She was a wealthy society girl while George was merely a night-club dancer. Go on with the good work, Carol. I am eagerly looking forward to seeing you soon!

MARY SLATER.

Homebush Crescent,
Hawthorn East,
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.



Elissa Landi ponders on the mutability of titles. Her new picture with Edmund Lowe was first called "The White Dragon," then it became "The Cock-eyed Cruise," and now it's "Mad Holiday." It's certain, though, she will be in "After the Thin Man."

### Composite Picture of Ideal Man.

GARY COOPER'S depth.

The disarming naturalness of Joel McCrea.

The sensitivity and almost ethereal spirituality of Leslie Howard.

The soothing dependability of Herbert Marshall.

The ingratiating nonchalance of Robert Montgomery.

The indefinable charm of Spencer Tracy, likened only unto that of the irresistible wiles of a small boy.

The savoir-faire of Franchot Tone.

The incomparable genius for tenderness and capacity for understanding that is Charles Boyer's—alone!

MARY E. LAUBER.

119 West Abbottsford Avenue,
Germantown,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Continued on page 95*

# SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

## BY NORBERT LUSK

OPEN letters to stars often are impudent, sometimes helpful and perhaps interesting. I hope that mine to Jean Harlow will escape the former classification and come within the latter. Well, here it is: Dear Miss Harlow: As a constant picture-goer and an interested observer of the stars, I hope that you will not make the mistake that so often has spoiled careers and lessened popular respect for a star's performances. No, this has nothing to do with your personal life, the color of your hair, the choice of your friends, or your attitude toward fan clubs! It is strictly concerned with your work on the screen and more particularly with the parts you play. So, you see. I'm not being impudent at all but I *am* showing very special concern in your thoroughly delightful self as we know it in your pictures. Believe me, I am reminded of that more than ever in your current "Libeled Lady," an enchanting comedy and a performance by you that could not be matched by any one in the same rôle. Or, for that matter, in any rôle. You are utterly perfect as *Gladys*, the rowdy sweetheart of Spencer Tracy who marries William Powell to oblige the man you love. Only a girl with a magnificent sense of humor could play that part seriously and still make it hilariously comic. No director could give you what you put into *Gladys*, Miss Harlow, nor could any one but God give you the physical allure that adds so much to your equipment as an actress of a unique and extraordinary kind.

BUT, like many others before you, you crave distinction in another field of impersonation. You want to play rôles that are catalogued as sympathetic, which means conventional. You are, I judge, afraid that the public will think that you are *Gladys* and others of her type in real life—hard-boiled, quick on the wisecrack and a little dumb. You want, in fact, to be a *serious* artist. I can only arrive at this conclusion when I look back upon "Suzy," in which you wept a good deal, were wistful, looked pretty and were as nearly commonplace as you could ever be. Or at "Wife versus Secretary," in which you were a blond actress merely and not the incomparable comédienne that you are. Don't be just another blonde! Be the one and only Jean Harlow, as you are in "Libeled Lady."

AS for fearing to be typed to the extent of having the public think you are the characters you play—nonsense! The picture-going public is much more enlightened than Hollywood thinks. It doesn't believe the Marx Brothers are nitwits just because they are goofy on the screen, or that Eddie Cantor runs the streets joking with all and sundry. The public knows these comedians are hard-working men striving to make people laugh when they pay for the privilege. As for the heroines of the screen, the public much prefers to think of them as human beings rather than figures in the romances arranged for them by the scenario writers. They are credible, of course, while the film unreels, but the average picture-goer does not think that they continue to play their rôles when the picture ends. To them, Mae West is not preoccupied with sex, hard as the publicity writers work to make them believe just that. She is, instead, a veteran entertainer who conserves her energies to make the most of her opportunities while they last. The popular conception of Mary Pickford is not that of a little girl who has recently parted with her curls, but a woman of affairs, a business executive; and I don't think that any one considers Gracie Allen mentally deficient simply because she wins laughter by pretending to be. The time has passed when the villain in a play is believed to be one with his wife and children. That illusion perished with the nickelodeons.

NOW, about what people think of you, Miss Harlow. You have the good will of everybody, the affection of a great many, and the love of those nearest you. Your fans adore you, as you know, and with cause. Your kindness, responsiveness, gratitude for friendly interest are as warm and unfailing as is the trustfulness of a child. No negative traits are ever associated with you—and never have been. Those who work with you on one picture after another, as well as others who do not work on your pictures but who see you every day at the studio—they, too, are as one in voicing the tribute that never varies: "Jean is a darling." So, you see, Miss Harlow, if you fear

that the public thinks you are playing yourself when you give them girls like *Gladys*, it isn't so. And you would have to wipe out an ocean of affection for the real Jean Harlow before you would win one believer in *Gladys* as the real you.

BESIDES, think of the artistic achievement in creating the character you project surpassingly well. You have the gift of making her understood and of making her sympathetic, too. She is far more real than some of the conventional, ladylike heroines whose striving for sympathy, as it is catalogued on the screen, deprives them of character and individuality. She is honest, spontaneous, and victorious. Just because she is slangy, sexy, and uninhibited, don't rate her as worthless. Continue to give her your glamour and she will continue to uphold your standing as an artist unlike all others.

* * *

KATHARINE HEPBURN is my favorite problem star. Like the famous little girl with a curl, "when she's good she's very, very good, and when she's bad she's horrid." And there's no telling which she will be the next time—and I am, of course, only speaking of her films. They are the most uneven, the most unpredictable of any offerings of an important star. Because of this uncertainty, Miss Hepburn's popularity sustains setbacks instead of increasing with each appearance of this uniquely fascinating and sometimes inspired artist. For all her great talent, she lacks judgment in her choice of vehicles and the development of them. She betrayed this weakness in choosing to appear in "The Lake" on the stage a few years ago. On the crest of popularity as a newly-arrived cinema star, she returned to the stage in a play so futile that not even a Duse could have vitalized it. Contrary to widespread report, it was the play that failed and not Miss Hepburn. She gave her enchanting best to it, but the part was monotonous, morbid, permitting her none of those gay and charming moments she needs, none of those flashing changes of mood that are found in all her screen performances.

MISS HEPBURN is no slave compelled to do the bidding of studio master minds. She is a woman of intelligence, taste, discernment—vision, even. But, like many other talented people, she needs advice and, perhaps, humility. There is no reason why "Mary of Scotland" should have run three weeks at Radio City Music Hall and "A Woman Rebels" but one. Except, of course, that the public favored the former and neglected the latter picture. The star was the same; she had not been forgotten in the short time between the two films. Obviously the newer picture was inferior. Interesting in concept, it was dull, plodding and lacked vitality. But why should a costly venture miss the fundamentals of first-class entertainment? Miss Hepburn did not slight her own task, though she may have slighted her study of the picture as a whole. What about the rushes seen from day to day? Conferences between director and star? Does Miss Hepburn concentrate only on her part in a picture and disregard which way the wind is blowing the completed work? Is she self-satisfied? She is, as I say, a problem star, when she might easily be a fixed and blazing planet in the cinematic heavens.

* * *

DO pictures often seem too long for what they have to say? They are becoming longer and longer all the time. The film of an hour's duration is exceptional nowadays and causes the constant picture-goer to call it a short one. Whereas until recently about an hour and a quarter was the length most frequently encountered, we find average pictures running fifteen minutes more and a two-hour film no longer causes comment. "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" lasts one hour and forty-nine minutes, "The Big Broadcast of 1937" consumes an hour and thirty-five minutes, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" falls short of two hours by five minutes, and "Libeled Lady" exceeds an hour by thirty-eight minutes. Some of these pictures entertain for the time they run; others are padded and show it. It is a question whether even the better pictures among this group could not have been improved by cutting and condensation. An overblown masterpiece is always exceeded in worth by a compact one. "Anthony Adverse" to the contrary notwithstanding. But fans complain of everything but this. In fact, I never heard any one except a reviewer criticize a picture because it lasted too long for his taste. However, the public indirectly registers its disapproval by becoming tired of stars without knowing why. They think it comes from undue familiarity with the star's personality and acting. Actually it is because the star's powers of attraction are quickly exhausted in a picture that is carried along too far. Give him several such films in a row and the effect is the same as if he played in twice as many. Instead of voicing dissatisfaction with the rôles given him, the wise star might better give thought to the length of the picture built around him. Of course, producers are aware that pictures are longer nowadays than, say, a year or two ago. It is their way of combating the double-feature evil. By stretching pictures out to the breaking point, they lessen the likelihood of two of them being included on a single program. But the dual bills go on just the same and only the critics find fault. So what?



Photo by Ted Allan

JEAN HARLOW wishes one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The packages she handles tenderly are symbolic of her good will toward every one. Most amiable and friendly of stars, she would like to hand a gift to everybody in the world, and especially her loyal fans, but as that is impossible, she chooses this lovely photograph of herself to greet every reader of Picture Play.

# THE REAL Low-Down ON LOMBARD

BY BEN MADDOX

LABELED "GLAMOUR GIRL NUMBER ONE" INSINUATES CAROL LOMBARD IS THE PIVOT FOR HECTIC DOINGS, THAT CLOTHES, BEAUS AND FRESH THRILLS MONOPOLIZE HER TIME. BUT THIS STORY PROVES SHE IS THE VERY OPPOSITE.



Photo by Walling

"My reputation for daffyness has an obvious origin," says Carol. "'My Man Godfrey' was a mad farce. As soon as I get a rôle I can guess what my new false face is to be."

I'M tired of reading those half-truths about Caral Lambard. She is Hallywaad's most misinterpreted yaung madern. The nansense which has been so deliberately canjured up isn't at all necessary, anyway. For colarful as the Lambard legend is, Carol herself actually can top it far interest.

You have never had a chance to know the real woman because her emplayers and gaga interviewers have created a part for her to play off-screen.

A steady build-up has gone on. Carol, finally, has definitely succeeded ta the title of Glamaur Girl Number One, the distinction formerly held in turn by the Misses Bow, Crawfard, and Harlaw.

Now it is Lombard who is acclaimed the movie colony's pace-setter. She is the dazzling Hollywood lady in all her dashing, dizzy glory. Presumably hers is the gayest manner, the most ultra wardrobe. She reputedly throws the best parties and has the most saught-after bay friend in America. Ta-day she is the idol of the repressed. Of caurse yau've heard how she refused ta build a dining raam in her new mansion? A typical gesture, clarianed the columnists. Nothing so passé for Lambard!

It certainly has given the public something ta talk abaut, this manufactured line. In spare maments you've always been able to wonder what on earth she was platting next. Writers wha feel duty bound ta present red-hot romance angles have had a field day. Her civilized divarce has been elabarately analyzed. Lately it's Clark Gable's devotian which has caused endless speculatian.

"Aren't they silly?" This is the camment Caral will make ta yau, as friend to friend, when the canversatian turns to the carryings-on of her suppased self.

The most amazing fact abaut Lambard is that she isn't fantastic at all. Furthermare, she hasn't endeavared to be.

"Persanally, I resent being tagged 'glamaur girl,'" she says. "It's such an absurd, extravagant label. It implies sa much that I'm nat."

As usual, she was being completely frank the afternoon I drapped in to her dressing room. The irresistible quality about Caral's honesty is that it begins abruptly at hame. She isn't hypocritical in her apinions; but, mare important, she isn't fooled abaut herself.

Her superlative trade-mark insinuates that she is the constant pivat for hectic doings, that she is a frivolous exponent af the superficial. Apparently clothes, beaus and fresh thrills manapalize her time.

But, emphatically, this is nat so. The Carol I know is almost the very opposite. She is practical, down-to-earth. She has the narmal feminine fandness for chic, but she isn't in the least fashion-crazy. Men intrigue her; yet she isn't capricious. Her heart obeys her brain. Instead of being impulsive, she's exceedingly well-balanced and invariably

considers the consequences first. Her horizon is anything but narrow.

This is the true reason why she has climbed in Hollywood. From the beginning she's had not only a talent and a willingness to concentrate, but a keen perspective, too. She's been ever aware that she is in a business. The flattery which deludes so many favorites is accepted for its exact worth; Carol realizes she isn't in an art where her whims can rule.

"I'm the incomparable wit this fall," she declared, her wide blue eyes sparkling with gusto. "In another month or two I'd have had Dorothy Parker backed off the map. Only I'm through with comedies for a while." She lounged more comfortably and added, "But maybe not; my humor has been so decidedly half-witted!

"My reputation for daffyness has an obvious origin. In 'My Man Godfrey' they had an utterly mad farce. I had to rattle on furiously, be the spirit of Park Avenue abandonment. As soon as I get o rôle I can guess what my new false face is to be. The type of picture charts the publicity program."

Carol is currently ballyhooed as Hollywood's style queen.

"I can't imagine a duller fate than being the best-dressed woman in reality," she remarked pointedly. "When I wont to do something I don't pause to contemplote whether I'm exquisitely gowned. I want to live, not pose! My ambition is to be on excellent actress. So far as clothes go, oll I try to do is be well-graomed. I don't spend two thirds as much on my wardrobe as a number of the stars. I don't believe in being lavish that way. It'd be a career in itself and there are too many other things to enjoy. Besides, I couldn't afford it!"

Her flair for appeoring strikingly smart is undeniable. But credit it to her obility to relax, to forget that she is probably stunning. In her own tastes she is conservotive, leaning strongly to the tailored. She is wise to proper costs ond secures full value by reutilizing materiols and furs. The foshion halo was accidentally won when she had to do stories that were weak and in need of doring costumes to aid at the box office.

"I had to struggle for years to do comedy. But I don't think I was at the top when I was merely an insipid ingénue, ond I don't ogree that I'm so proficient in comedy as I can be in straight drama. It's my goal, professionally. Otherwise I want a sane private life. That's why I look at those so-called glamour yarns as more of a handicap than a help. Fun's fun, in its place. I don't laugh always, though."

She hasn't merrily skyrocketed, either. There have been many hurts for Carol, rebuffs thot were overcome finolly by her determination not to be licked. There was the nearly tragic automobile accident which threatened to disfigure the beauty which is an essential for the screen. There have been romantic disappointments, which she has taken with a smile when they weren't casual.

When her family moved to Hollywood from Indiana, Carol was seven. She was entered in a girls' school; then she went to Los Angeles High. But before she even got a toehold in the studios she studied for three years at a local stage academy.

Branding her a playgirl is silly. She adores to joke. She is an absolute democrat, and would rather purposely high-hat a snob than fail to greet the humblest worker on the lot with a cheery quip. But there is nothing parasitic in her nature and she is earnest behind the devil-may-care mask she puts on occasionally. Corol has gayety, but not bravado.

I have seen her plan and scheme and fight for opportunities, just as the astute office warker does. What I admire most is her sportsmanship. She battles for her breaks with the studio executives; she hasn't advanced a single step by pushing another girl down. When I mentioned an actress who hasn't had much luck recently Carol said,

*Continued on page 88*

**There is nothing parasitic in Carol's nature. She is earnest behind the devil-may-care mask she puts on occasionally. Carol has gayety, but not bravado.**

Photo by Wallin



# THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
## FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

▼

**THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS**
*in* **REUNION**
*with* the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

▼

**BARBARA STANWYCK** and **JOEL McCREA**
*in* **BANJO ON MY KNEE**
*with* Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

▼

**WARNER BAXTER** and **JUNE LANG**
*in* **WHITE HUNTER**
*with* Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

▼

**CRACK UP**
*with* PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

▼

**LAUGHING AT TROUBLE**
*with* JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

▼

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE**
*in* **STOWAWAY**
*with* **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

▼

**ONE IN A MILLION**
*with* SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



*Picture Play's*

FAMOUS PREVIEWS

GRETA GARBO

IN "CAMILLE"

















# IMMORTAL *Love*

"CAMILLE" is now offered to us with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor in the starring rôles. Left, the lovers in a romantic pose. Though ill, "Marguerite," right, finishes the dance with "Armand." Their love cottage is pictured below. At the gambling table, above, are Henry Daniell, Miss Garbo, Mr. Taylor, Rex Evans, Lenore Ulric, Laura Hope Crews, and Rex O'Malley.





# EXPERIMENT

IN "Luckiest Girl in the World," Jane Wyatt's wealthy father agrees to allow her to marry an insurance salesman with a small income if she can support herself for a month on a limited amount. In a boarding house in New York, she meets Louis Hayward who helps her to forget all about her sweetheart.

JOHN WAYNE, below, goes in for crooked prize fighting, in "Conflict," and makes a business of it until he meets pretty Jean Rogers, right, newspaper reporter posing as a social worker. The hero worship of Tommy Bupp, bottom of page, an orphan adopted by the fighter, also helps to bring about his reformation.



# FIGHT RACKE







# PROTECTION *Insured*

"LLOYDS OF LONDON" has Freddie Bartholomew, right, with D'Arcy Corrigan. He grows up to be Tyrone Power, Jr., left. With Madeleine Carroll, above. With Virginia Field, upper right. Murray Kinnell, below, with his children.











# GALLOWS hill

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Fred MacMurray, right, play the leads in "Maid of Salem." Upper left, Beulah Bondi and Madame Sultewon, and with them and Miss Colbert in the picture below them are Virginia Weidler, Edward Ellis, and Bonita Granville. In the circle, Harvey Stephens and Gale Sondergaard. Directly below, Ivan Simpson delivers a sermon. E. E. Clive, below, right, does public penance.













# REFLECTED *on canvas*

"REMBRANDT" is the story behind the great painter whose spark of genius leaves him upon the death of his wife. Charles Laughton, top, plays the title rôle. Elsa Lanchester, above. Gertrude Lawrence, below, his housekeeper, arranges a banquet. Left, with John Clements. Right, with students viewing her master's painting. Bottom, right, the Civic Guard pay a call.











# HOUSE OF *fashion*

















IN "Stolen Holiday," Kay Francis is a mannequin in a small modiste shop. Claude Rains, above, a penniless adventurer, involved in a series of crooked deals, sets her up in a shop of her own strictly on a business basis. She refuses his offer of marriage. Meanwhile, she meets Ian Hunter, left, a British diplomat, to whom she loses her heart. Alison Skipworth, top, resents the designer's association with Mr. Rains.




DONT PUNCH
TRY
A NICKE





"THE GREAT BARRIER" depicts the strenuous and hazardous construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway across Canada, the first transcontinental railroad. Richard Arlen, right, with Lilli Palmer, siren of the Rat Trap Saloon, is a railway construction worker. Left, Miss Palmer is the center of attraction. Barry Mackay, Mr. Arlen's pal, is with her at the piano. Bottom, left, he is shown with Barbara Greene.





# EAGLE PASS IN THE *Canadian Rockies*







# HOME Rule

THE Irish Rebellion is the setting for "Beloved Enemy." Brian Aherne, right, with Jerome Cowan. Above, Karen Morley. Top, Merle Oberon. Below, entreaties for her lover's life fall on the deaf ears of Mr. Cowan, Donald Crisp, and Pat O'Malley.



# THE POETS' CORNER

## TIME GOES BY ON WINGS

Janet Gaynor is odoroble,
But I connot forget
The beauty of Mory Pickford
And her little-girl wistfulness.

Nor the exquisite Corinne Griffith
Who wos the loveliest of them all,
And gorgeous Pola Negri,
Whom it thrills me to recoll.

Gorbo is o magic name,
But once it was true
Thot Glorio Swonson hod such fome
And mystery ond magic, too.

So, little stor, remember
You don't get too high to fall.
Try to remember that, boby,
When you're strutting at a Mayfair ball.

Ruth Whitman Bowers.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

She's o very provocative miss,
And I hope she'll be with us for good.
The thing I can't fothom is this:
Why movie officioldom should
Toke a name thot's as simple as Simon,
Pronounced as in this bit of rhymin'
And solemn os judges, intone
You must call her Seemoan Seemoan.

Brock Milton

## SUPPLY AND DEMAND

Ladies fat ond slender
Would oll like him for their own,
Dames hard-boiled ond tender
Wish thot he wos theirs alone.

Grandma's for adoption,
And a lot of old-maid aunts
Would like to buy an option
On this ocme of romance.

Womankind grows frailer
Broken hearts throughout the land,
For there's just one Robert Toylor
And supply won't meet demand.

Louise Rabb.

## A CURE FOR CHRONICS

I suffer with dyspepsia;
I am mean, and grim, and drear;
I go to motion picture shows
To hiss and groan and jeer.

I watch The Crooner's efforts,
And laugh a bitter laugh—
Comparing his expression to
That of o dying calf.

The Glamour Girl receives my sneers;
I hate The Spotless Cutie;
To criticize The Big He-man
I feel my solemn duty.

But I just saw "Swing Time,"
And darned if that Astaire,
Didn't warm my frozen innards
With his way so debonair.

His rhythm soothed my raspy nerves,
Ironed the wrinkles from my brain;
His gay grin spoofed away my grouch—
I couldn't growl disdain.

I'll have to miss his pictures,
If I'm to remain meon;
Too much of his smooth cheerfulness,
And I'll forget my spleen!

Dee Chapman.

## UP POPS THE DEVIL

I like a smooth and snappy boy
Like Raymond or Novarro;
Montgomery fills me with a joy
I shan't forget to-morrow.

Yet still I really must admit
I get thot certain feeling:
Whenever Laughton scores a hit
He has me simply reeling!

Bee Buckley

## LESSER LIGHTS

It's not the stars who add enjoyment
To my movie bill o' fare,
But the players whose employment
Of their talents spells for me a treot most rare.

I know thot I om in for pleasure
When Paul Kelly's on the bill;
His crooked grin's a thing I treasure,
His simple manliness gives me a thrill.

Then there's the lady of the lovely name—
Spring Byington—an actress whose sweet charm
Will win her fans, if not undying fame,
And whose portrayals are so real ond warm.

With comic sobriety he marches through his part,
His tones sepulchral would do credit to a preacher.
He's very English yet he's won my heart
I mean, of course, thot big and handsome Arthur Treacher.

Dorothy Garbutt.

# How Does Hollywood Have Fun—Really?

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS TO THE WORLD AT LARGE, STARS DO NOT ENJOY LIFE AS FULLY AS THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS SEEM TO INDICATE. THIS ARTICLE EXPLAINS WHY.




Who ever heard of Joan Crawford taking a week off just to play? Singing lessons, physical training, her constant, intense study and her huge correspondence absorb all her spare time.

When Garbo appeared for the first scene in "Camille," with Robert Taylor, she was deeply sunburned. She didn't know that sun-bathing had been forbidden the stars in her absence.

Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Grimes






**This view of famous Hollywood Boulevard shows no stars window-shopping or just strolling. It isn't safe for them to mingle with passers-by. Their clothes might be torn to ribbons!**

WHEN the greot Gorbo oppeored upon the set for the first doy's shooting on "Comille," there wos vost studio consternotion. For Gorbo wos deeply, heolthily, glowingly sunburned. And the Lody of the Comellios, you recoll, wos o pole, o most unheolthy lody. Gorbo hod been owoy from Hollywood for mony months ond she didn't know thot onother of the stors' fovorite postimes—sun bothing—hod been forbidden them.

The odvent of color ond the increosing sensitiveness of block ond white photogrophy hove made it more and more difficult to photogroph successfully ladies whose skin opproximotes the shode of o piece of overdone Melbo toost, ond studios hove issued stern edicts ogoinst tropicol complexions. A corps of moke-up experts solved Greto's temporory difficulty, but o less importont ortist might well hove lost her job.

I om beginning to be downright worried obout these dorlings of the screen. Restrictions ore coming upon them so fost thot one wonders whot in the world they can do to hove fun! As o motter of foct, I should think that they would get oll mixed up obout when they are working ond when they ore ploying. Moybe they do, ond that might exploin o lot of things obout Hollywood.

If you or I poy our money to look ot o picture, it is because we hope to enjoy ourselves. But when on octor looks ot o picture, he onolyzes, studies, dissects the performonces, the direction, the story ond the cutting of the film. Looking ot o picture is no idle evening's reloxotion for him. It is on importont port of his job.

And when he emerges from the theoter? Well, I sow Ginger Rogers leove the "Mory of Scotlond" preview. There wos o shout ond the woiting sidewolk crowd surged toword her, os severol stolwort policemen ond o brace of studio employees whisked her through the lobby to o chugging cor.

Ginger wos pleosed, of course. It wos o genuine tribute. But she olso looked frightened. No motter how grocious ond chorming o little stor moy wish to oppeor, it is pretty difficult to ochieve it when severol hundred people look ond sound os if they moy teor her limb from limb in on excess of enthusiosm.

Ginger is o gay soul ond loves theoters, bright restauronts, goy lunch spots. But, goodness! A girl doesn't wont her clothes torn to ribbons when she goes a-frolicking, ond it must toke the edge off things if you must olwoys be occomponied by o bevy of strong-orm gentlemen.

Whot does Ginger do in her lighter moments?

No wonder that they clown on the set or indulge in games of leop frog when they find themselves unobserved. They hove to do something, don't they?

Miriam Hopkins once told me thot the thing which she resented most wos the work she hod to do when she wasn't supposed to be working.

"Of course, you know thot when you are on o picture you must rush home to bed, hove dinner on o troy, study your lines for the next doy," she soid. "But when the picture is finished, you feel somehow thot you should hove some time to yourself—time to reod, to see your friends, to laugh, to indulge in lots of cosuol, goy conversotion. You wont time to spend upon your personol wordrobe—dozens of things. But whot you do is to start preporing for your next picture, reoding scripts, plonning costumes, posing for photogrophs. If you get owoy to New York



Photo by Kahle

Did any one ever hear of Katharine Hepburn doing anything in public that might be mistaken for having a good time? Her frolicking is confined to the set.



Mae West likes nothing better than to show off her jewels. But where may she do it these days with safety? She can only wear them with an armed guard near by.



for a week or two, you concentrate on seeing plays. It may be a joy, but it is work, too—and there is a certain amount of strain involved."

Oh, dear! Imagine its being work to go to New York and look at the newest plays. But it's true of these people. It has to be.

I lunched one doy in his dressing room with one of the most famous and most beloved of masculine stars. He was surrounded by o volet, a secretary, an assistant secretory and a press agent. There was an anxious conference about where the star should spend his forthcoming vacation—and o serious business it appeared to be.

Whot he wanted to do was to hie himself to the Santa Cruz Islands, off the coost of California, and see whether he could, barehanded, poke a spear through the hide of a wild boar. His advisers were arguing about whether he should (1) try to arrive in the East in time to oppeor ot the big fight, whether he had better torry in New York, rush on to London or to the Riviera.

Or should he accept o couple of offers to make personal appearances ond to broadcast over the radio? What, oh what, would do him the most good, professionally?

Your correspondent ventured, ot last, "But I thought this was to be a vacation!"

The star tugged desperately at his famous forelock. "A vacation," he moaned, "is usually much horder work than the efforts you expend upon a picture!"

I might odd thot he arrived in New York in time for the big fight, wos duly photographed, darted to London ond returned in time to make one or two appearances at Eastern theaters. He returned to Hollywood in a stote of collapse and his next picture had to be postponed until he recovered from his "vacation."

Well, gee! I think it was Eleonor Powell who bought herself a bicycle not long ago, plonning to pedal obout the MGM lot. Seems an innocent whim, doesn't it? But some power or other decided that it was extremely unwise to risk the valuable Powell limbs, so now Eleanor either walks from her dressing room to the stoge or she is "toted" tenderly in o studio car.

Spencer Tracy has been forbidden to play polo—at leost, while he is working on a picture. James Stewart moy not toke his plone aloft, so long as he is under contract. Ruth Chotterton has ogreed to wait until she is between pictures before she goes skittering obout the skies in her beloved plane. Jeon Harlow has been requested to keep her dainty feet off roller skates since she took thot poinful tumble.

I don't know what they are going to do obout Lawrence Tibbett,

*Continued on page 94*



Honeymooning in New York, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell attended the theater to see "White Horse Inn." Before they knew it they were on the stage being photographed with Kitty Carlisle and William Gaxton, stars of the show.

George Raft is forbidden to poke the nose of any one in public no matter how greatly his belligerent ire is aroused.



Photo by George Hurrell

CLARK GABLE and Joan Crawford are co-starred in a gay and irresponsible farce comedy, "Love On the Run," with Franchot Tone, Reginald Owen, and Mona Barrie. It takes place in France, where Miss Crawford is an American heiress who leaves her titled fiancé at the altar to become mixed up in a wild adventure with Mr. Gable and Mr. Tone as rival newspapermen. All three unwittingly become involved with a couple of foreign spies. It's a gay and modern and smart picture.

# DUMB— LIKE A FOX

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, SIMONE SIMON, IS HARD TO SEE AND HARDER TO KNOW. THAT IS WHY SO MUCH FICTION HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT HER IN THE FORM OF INTERVIEWS. YOU WILL FIND THIS ONE MORE REALISTIC—AND MORE PROBABLE —THAN ANY YOU HAVE READ.



BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG

I KNOW there is no seventh heaven in life, sa I will put inta the râle af 'Diane' everything I wauld want and wish far if there really was an earthly heaven."

Simane Siman seemed ta mean what she said, but not even the most pessimistic morto! cauld ogree with her statement os to where heaven might be faund.

One has only to step back ond impartially regard Simone's Hallywaad standing.

Making for herself o very definite hit in "Girls' Dormitary," 20th Century-Fax picked her out os their present and future best bet.

With the departure of Jonet Goynor, her vast studio "home" has been the gaal af the majarity of female players. Every one wondered who'd get it. It means o lot of prestige.

Rochelle Hudson, hitherta the baasted star of the studio, wos averlaaked. Loretto Young, wha deserves a prize bungalaw if any ane does, went disregarded. Alice Foye, Arline Judge, June Long, Glaria Stuart, Astrid Allwyn, or Claire Trevor—ane ond all could claim precedence over Simone. While sa far os box-office receipts go, Shirley Temple could calmly tell the rest to stond aside for her to say whether she'd take it ar leave it.

Without a yea or a nay, the famaus Gaynor bungolow wos bestawed upon Simone, alang with the coveted râle of "Diane," in "Seventh Heaven," thot made Jonet a star ten years ogo.

Only one conclusion con be odduced trom this: Heaven is right in Hollywood for Simone!



Photo by Hurrell

**Hollywood ignored Simone Simon at first. She was just another unknown. "I never got one single invitation," she said. "Now they pour in, even from people I do not know." No wonder she is cynical.**

Estoblished, she is buying a hame in Beverly Hills. Her mather is joining her far Christmos, ta remoin permonently. And whether Simone disbelieves in worldly parodises or not, Modame Manique Simon must ogree thot her little doughter hos reoched heoven on eorth.

Her arrival in Hollywood, over a yeor ago, went unnoticed. Later, a lunch was given for her, with the announcement that she would play "Cigarette," in "Under Two Flags." The press saw Simone as o little lost girl. I could only see her as one having a good lough up her sleeve.

Light-blue eyes, wide opart, a turned-up nose, a rather large thin-lipped mouth, set within a square face, capped by wavy auburn hair —such were her looks. On the plump side, not what you'd call pretty, her main chorm was her Pucklike personality.

This is written in the past tense. Since then Simone has undergone the usual Hollywood transformation. A little weight was dispensed with. Her hair wos touched up, false eyeloshes glued on, a new mouth shaped to suit her face. Also, it was declared, she had to be tought English.

It is my belief that Simone knew more English than some of the workers on the lot. She was canny, and failed often to understand what was not to her liking. But when her first option came up she proved herself a worthy equal to Constonce Bennett in finances. It was said she was eighteen.

Simone's responses to press questions were vague. Speaking to her loter on, she told me she hod five years' stage experience and some four years in films.

"How could I say I'm only eighteen?" she osked. "My friends in Europe would laugh at me." She frankly informed me she wos twenty-six. The studio hos since compromised on twenty-two.

Prior to her orrivol, Hollywood wos running out of ortistic enigmas. Simone orose on the cinematic horizon, and once more the picture town is in the throes of bewilderment, essaying to solve the mystery of this maid from Madagascar.

It is not her native lond. French born, with an Italian mother, Simone claims Marseilles as her birthplace. But like Marco Polo, she places such importance on the French islond possession, os to the shaping of her thoughts and innate desires, that Modogascar must be stressed a little.

She was taken there when she was about ten. Her fother's work had to do with mining properties there. So Simone entered odolescence amid tropicol surroundings. Doys were spent romping or lying on o golden strand, and in the sopphire waters of the Indian Oceon.

Now Madagascar is an odd place. At the turn of the 18th into the 19th century, occult philosophy was much practiced. Elemental spirits were supposed to fly all over the show. Simone got used to everything.

Back in France, she wos prepored for anything, you might say. So she was not much taken aback when an unknown mon spoke to her, while she sipped coffee outside o Poris sidewolk café. "You must forgive me," he said. "You are so beautiful. I am an artist. Will you——" Here he received the Simone slap.

However, it wos oll right. The man was Tourjansky, a former director of the Moscow Art Theater. But his comment on Simone's beauty seems incongruous, for she is far from beautiful. Yet the fact remoins that she worked for him in pictures. Bigger parts came her way, under her mentor's guidance. Europe is said to have eventually gone on its knees.

Simone to-day is most reluctant to talk of her European coreer. In fact, she is reluctant to say anything about her past, sove for very innocuous statements.

Summoning to my aid some rare elemental spirits from Madagascar, I demanded some inside information about the moiden. Bound by my magic spells, they complied.

It seems Winfield Sheehan spotted little Simone in Paris. He offered her a Hollywood contract ot five hundred o week. Simone was in love at the time. It was a great romance. With love in her hand, she refused the five hundred in the bush. "You couldn't get me to Hollywood," the lovesick maiden sighed.

Mr. Sheehan knows his temperamental players. The bidding increased. Back in New York, he cobled an offer of fifteen hundred.

By this time, Simone was left stranded on love's rocks. Free to set sail, she occepted, believing she had done all the conniving.



**To-day she is the pet of the studio, its most promising star. Simone has been given the palatial bungalow vacated by Janet Gaynor and the rôle of "Diane," in "Seventh Heaven," as well.**

To-day, Simone is hard to see, hard to know, and indifferent to everything. You cannot blame her. She hos good reasor to oct thus.

Hollywood completely ignored her. She was an unknown, so far as the town cared.

"I never got one single invitation," she

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Gladys George

# On and

**SKIMMED FROM HUNDREDS, THESE REVEALING PARAGRAPHS OF HUMAN INTEREST CAPTURE THE SMILES AND THE TEARS THAT LURK IN EVERY CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD.**

SIMONE SIMON'S temperament has been well publicized since her arrival in Hollywood. It got Director E. H. Griffith down to such an extent that after completing "Ladies in Love" he was in a state of utter dejection. "What's the mater with Ned?" o friend asked as two of them passed him.

"Oh," chirped the other, "he's suffering from an attack of double Simonia."

BETTY FURNESS, whose freak hots hove been the cause of more snickers than any other one thing in Hollywood, recently went to New York to shop. She is reported to have said in an interview, "There are no smort clothes in Hollywood. They are always a year behind the styles." On her return a couple of her friends gazed at one of Betty's new outfits. "What do you think of it?" queried one. "She looks ot least two years worse thon she did when she left," flipped the other.

ONE of those contretemps that break the heart of a woman arose ot Dorothy Parker's recent cocktoil party. Joan Crawford ond Gladys Swarthout orrived weoring identical dresses. Miss Swarthout promptly retired to the lodies' room and threw her silver fox cape around her shoulders to cover os much of the offending gown as possible.

"I don't mind so much," she smiled, "because they are really lovely gowns. But it serves me right for going anywhere but to my usual couturier."

The dresses were black, severely plain, with a rolled collar of red, blue and green velvet.

THE nose-drop monufocturer who sponsors Grace Moore's radio broodcasts is going to bring suit against Columbia for giving os their failure to start Miss Moore's new picture on time the fact that Miss Moore was ill with a cold!



George Ernest



Ida Lupino

Arthur Treacher





Helen Wood

# Off the Set

BRUCE CABOT drives araund in an elegant Ralls-Royce. Mast people don't know that it is almast as ald os Garbo's car. But at a recent première when Bruce drave up in style, the car stalled ond had ta be pushed out of the woy.

A CERTAIN directar's wife who had had ane taa many stapped a perfect stranger at a club recently. "Young man," she annaunced, "I've been annayed all afternaon ot yaur outfit. Dan't yau knaw you can't wear o figured baw tie with a checkered shirt? You shauld wear a plain tie, and besides, nobady wears baws any more."

The gent stared at her a mament, then shoak his head sadly. "Lady," he opined, "any ane wha laaks os you da shouldn't try ta tell any ane else haw ta dress."

LEWIS STONE, wha is seen less oround Hollywood than almast any other actor, was entertaining friends at the Cocanut Grove recently when a gushing, middle-aged waman barged up to his table.

"Oh, Mr. Stone," she burbled, "I've admired you for so lang. My mather taak me to the theoter to see you act when I was just a little, tiny girl."

"Madame," replied Mr. Stone, with all the dignity he could cammand, "thot was anather Mr. Stone, and he died in the Revalution."

CHARLES FARRELL and Ralph Bellamy, anticipating a big seasan at Palm Springs, have baasted the membership fee in their famous Racquet Club to $750. Even at that price, most of the film calany belong. The price, prahibitive to most people, guarantees one place where the cinema élite con play withaut being stared ot by outsiders.

A CANDID cameraman we know was taking many phatagrophs of Canstance Bennett at a recent sparts event. She fallowed all his suggestions far poses, and seemed pleased at the attentian she was getting.

Presently we carnered the photographer. "Why all the pictures of Cannie—special assignment?" we queried.

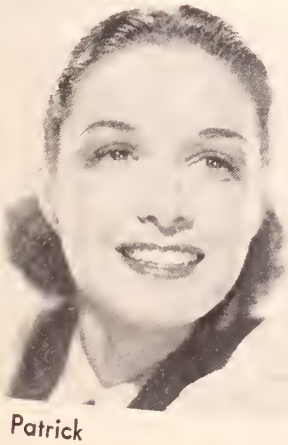
He grinned sheepishly. "Na," he confessed. "Fact is, I get a kick aut af snapping her, naw thot she's sa graciaus abaut pasing. It hasn't always been eosy ta get pictures of her, yau know."



Gertrude Niesen



Merle Oberon



Gail Patrick

Margot Grahame





Donald Cook

# On and Off the Set



Anne Shirley



Joe Penner



Spanky McFarland



Marie Wilson



Desmond Tester

THAT Hollywood parents are often more considerate than average parents is again demonstrated by Joan Blondell. She isn't trying to edge her ex-husband out of her baby son's life. She says George Barnes can see their child at the Dick Powell ménage whenever he wishes. No child, vows Joan, should be deprived of regular rights because of divorce and remarrying in the family.

ALTHOUGH the Hollywood Athletic Club, where the male idols exercise, is a comparatively conservative spot, you'll find an eccentricity there that's amusingly typical of the film town. Every one of the sphinxes which decorate the building is definitely masculine. "Charlie Chan" could inform the local authorities that in Egypt she's a lady. But why, asks Mr. Oland, spoil their fun?

AFTER fourteen pictures as heroine to Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, and three Hollywood marriages, Dorothy Lee called it a day. She quit acting last spring to wed a rich Chicagoan. But recently she returned to visit her old pals and haunts. How can she forget Hollywood, anyway, when husband number two, Jimmy Fidler, is on the air every week to remind her "when"?

NEW success and new love were forgotten the other day when Isabel Jewell drove to a girls' school at La Jolla to play at being teacher for a brief spell. It seems the California academy is affiliated somehow with the school Isabel attended in Minnesota. So they've been paging her for a long time to be a guest star in their classrooms. But what do you suppose she taught the excited debs? Not the swing waltz, and not how to be glamorous. No, ma'am; indeed not! Miss Jewell presided at Latin, in which she was accustomed to receive A's. No one dared use a "pony" under Isabel's eagle eye, either.

JUST to prove that he has a big heart, Darryl Zanuck ordered the familiar pose of Janet Gaynor on her surfboard included in the murals adorning the new 20th Century-Fox café. Janet raised you-know-what when it was announced that her drawing power had decreased and she only rated castordom. In fact, she publicly de-


Fred Astaire


Robert Taylor


Sally Eilers

clored she couldn't understand how Mr. Zanuck cauld treat on artist like thot. She's through on the lot where she queened it far ten yeors, but the whimsical boss O. K.'s her memory lingering on!

ROBERT TAYLOR mokes interviewers promise—before they reoch him—thot they won't ask him o single question about Borbara Stonwyck. Sa it's true whot they soy about Bobby. He hos lave bod. MGM couldn't even pin the usuol Gorbo romonce an him while he wos working with Greta.

OVERHEARD ot Jon Gorber's cocktoil porty: "Whot kind af party is this?"

Reply, sotta vace: "Hoven't figured aut, yet. It con't be sociol—becouse Cesor Romera isn't here! And it con't be o press porty—because I don't see Hymon Fink. D'yau suppose"—incredulously—"thot it's just o party?"

HOLLYWOOD is sa house-and-interiar-decorotar cansciaus these doys thot if you mave o choir an inch fram its prescribed position yau find yaurself the recipient of ogonized laaks fram yaur hastess. You hove committed the crime af thrawing the room "out of balonce." Therefore, it wos refreshing the other doy to coll upan Tom Brawn, who procloimed, "Everything in this house is meont to be used! The osh trays ore far ashes, ond the tobles ore meont ta hold glosses ar teocups. The chairs are to be moved ta ony pasitian thot suits yau. If you want to look ot a newspoper and then throw it on the flaor—well, whot's a floor for?"

We intend to coll upan Tom rather often.

LOS ANGELES enjoyed its very first street circus porode recently. Chester Marris ond Robert Montgamery hove just canfided thot they were the naughty "Arabs" wha rode olong just in front of the lions' coges ond wise-crocked the crowds. One should hove guessed thot some such shenonigons were up, we suppose. Whenever the two swarthy, turbaned ond burnoosed gents spatted o celebrity in the crowd, their remarks become exceedingly pointed.

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Wendy Barrie


Freddie Bartholomew



Photo by Welbourne

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell were more than a little puzzled by New York. When they had a chance to steal off by themselves they were as blithely contented as any young couple enjoying a normal honeymoon.

# THEY SAY IN *New York*—

BY KAREN HOLLIS

EVEN THE DIRECTOR OF "MY MAN GODFREY"

FINDS THE TOWN DELIRIOUSLY MAD THIS SEASON.

Photo by Coburn



Karen Morley's next picture is "Happiness Preferred," which is a fitting title for her because nothing can disturb her calm.

Photo by Bachrach



Serious illness checked Gertrude Michael's dash to England where she was scheduled to make a picture.

SUCH swarms of stars descended on New York all of a sudden! Such hoop-la and resounding cries of "Darling, are you coming to-morrow?" Everybody answers "Yes" even though they are referring to four or five other parties.

If two or three ploys open on the same night, stars, talent scouts, and directors try to take them all in. For the price of opening-night tickets—provided you olso have influence enough to get them—you have the privilege of hearing on occosional line of dialogue while the hubbub of late-arriving stars dies down.

You may even be so honored as to get your toes stepped on as Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Randolph Scott, Rosalind Russell, or Paulette Goddard clambers over you. Blessed be the Irene Dunnes of this world who manage to go everywhere, do everything, arrive serenely and on time!

**All Just Extras Here.**—By one-thirty every day "21" is packed to the rafters. No celebrity is considered officiolly in New York until the harassed man at the desk just inside the door hos taken five messages for him or her. Elbow-room is found somehow for Miriam Hopkins, Randolph Scott, Ernst Lubitsch and others, but when Rosalind Russell with four slightly pompous friends from Brookline, Massachusetts, ond o friend with influence in these here parts arrive, there isn't o crack or a cranny left and they must wait.

**The Last to Know.**—Players coreening around New York on vacation try to do everything ot once because they never know just when a summons from the studio will come. Randolph Scott clutches friends who not only hove time to read the papers but write for them, and soys, "Is it true that I am to ploy in 'High, Wide and Handsome,' with Irene Dunne? And when do we start? Is she still here? When is she leaving?"

Elizabeth Patterson, thot droll, keen-witted character actress who is more loved on Broadway thon the professional beauties, osks plaintively of friends in the Hotel Gotham cocktail room, "Do any of you know Fredric March well enough to ask him when he is going West? I'm to be in his next picture, 'A Star Is Born,' and no one hos told me how soon I have to leove."

**Tells Nothing, Tells All.**—E. H. Griffith, who directed Simone Simon, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, and Janet Gaynor in "Ladies in Love," when asked how he survived the strain replied succinctly thot he was going to Spain for o few weeks of peace and quiet.

Rouben Mamoulian, when asked how he persuaded Nino Martini to be less the opera star ond more the comedian in "The Gay Desperado" explained, "I took a firm stand. Before production started, I soid, 'No tonsil photogrophs in this picture.'"

**Expensive, But Fun For Whom?**—Dick Powell and Joan Blondell had the noisiest and least spontaneous welcome that has yet fallen to any star. As the ship which brought them from the Coost, via Panama Canal, nosed its way up the harbor, airplanes drummed overhead, tugboats bearing huge streamers chugged through the water, sirens screamed and fog horns moaned. It was Warner Brothers' doing at o boasted cost of twelve thousand dollars. What is a few thousand dollars to them?—that is, until Powell and Blondell take it into their heads to ask for it as salary rather than public demonstration. Miss Blondell's only comment on it at the time was, "Cute, isn't it?" Mr. Powell seemed puzzled by it all.



**Merle Oberon, left, is off to London and a devastating siren rôle opposite Charles Laughton.**

**Patsy Ruth Miller was a success but her play a failure on Broadway. Pat is philosophical about it, though.**

**Getting Away From It All.**—When the noise of the welcome had died down, Warners put Mr. and Mrs. Powell through a routine of cocktail parties, interviews, and sessions with photographers that would have sent less hardy souls gibbering to a rest cure. But come evening ond a chance to steal off by themselves to the theoter and they

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# BETWEEN GROANS

BY ETHEL H. BARRON

ACTORS AREN'T SAFE ANYWHERE, IT SEEMS. PAUL KELLY IS INTERVIEWED WHILE IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR. THE RESULT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MAN.



Photo by Acme

Mrs. Kelly, formerly an actress, is Paul's business manager and private secretary nowadays.

PAUL KELLY'S recent trip East wos far the sole purpose of hoving his teeth fixed, and I believe I hald the distinction of being the only reparter ever to interview a stor while he wos in the process af hoving o malar yanked. Poul, with o towel wropped obaut his neck, could only nod in confirmotion ond shoke his head in negotian while I plied him with queries, his mauth being otherwise engoged. He spoke between groons.

He's hard to interview. He worned me befare I began.

"Pleose dan't osk me to tolk obout myself. Yau can osk questians if you like, ond I'll answer them, but I won't volunteer o thing."

But I olreody knew o greot deal obaut Poul. His dentist, true ta the tradition of his profession, isn't a bit reticent, and likes nathing better thon ta talk obout the Kellys, his favorite potients.

"They've been coming to me far o few yeors now. Paul is a fine fellaw, ond one af the best patients I have. Lets me do whot I like and never object. Then he's completely satisfied with the results. Once he paid my expenses back ond forth across the continent so I cauld treat his teeth in Hollywood. Thot's the sart he is. If he's got faith in a person, nothing will ever shake it.

"For the last few years he's been o camplete teetatoler. When my wife and I were in Hollywood, the Kellys gave o party for us. A great many af their friends were present, and drinks were served. Poul wauldn't ga near the stuff. Every ane else drank, but Poul has developed such an antipathy for liquor that he came aver to me and said, 'Listen, doc, I'm drinking ginger ale. Will yau taste it and see that it hasn't gat anything in it?' I tasted it and told him it was O. K. Only then would he drink it. Yau'll see far yaurself what nice peaple they are. They'll be here saan."

The bell rang then and Mrs. Kelly came in for her appaintment. She's o plump, gaad-humared young woman who wore, as she described it, "a $2.75 hat" and a plain little print dress under which an impertitinent slip peeked surreptitiously.

"My slip is hanging," she announced. "I saw myself in the stare windaws and couldn't da a thing about it," she complained, even as you and I. "Please," she said ta me, "have yau a pin to lend me?" I had and did, and I liked this waman wha, as Darathy Mackaye, was a well-known stage actress.

She reminds me a great deal af Patsy Kelly and wauld, I believe, have became a popular camédienne in pictures if Poul hadn't wanted her ta remain quietly at home.

"I've been shopping," she explained, "and I baught a laad af things. I saw same sables that I like," she confessed, "and a gargeaus autamobile, too. I must tell Poul obaut them."

The bell rang again, and this time it was Paul Kelly himself. He kissed his wife nanchalantly, with no trace af the dramatized emotians that

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Paul Kelly might be mistaken for a business man or a salesman or just a plain, everyday sort of he-guy. Yet he's been acting since childhood.





Edward Arnold has broken every rule of the game of keeping on top, as Hollywood plays it, but he receives one of the largest salaries. Here he is with his daughter, Elizabeth, who helps him memorize his rôles.

# FAIRLY AND FRANKLY OVER 40

## BY FRANC DILLON

### EDWARD ARNOLD IS ALL WRONG, BUT HE'S ALL RIGHT, TOO!

Mr. Arnold's current success is Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It."



I DON'T know whot peaple mean when they say they 'have' to do certain things in Hallywaad," Edward Arnold soid, looking puzzled.

"Ever since I came here abaut three years ogo I've heard sa much obout what people 'have' to do. Wha says they have ta do these things, and why?

"They must entertain the right people. They must live in the right neighbarhoad. They must be seen at the right places. It saunds like thot old gag af 'keeping up with the Joneses' to me," and he dismissed with a laugh a pracedure considered vital ta mast actors ond actresses in Hollywood.

And if thase people who think it is sa important to have their house "done" by the decarotor who did Norma Sheorer's or Claudette Colbert's cauld see Mr. Arnold preparing dinner far his family, whether it was the caak's day off or not, becouse cooking is his habby, they wauld quite likely be in far a shack.

Edward Arnold daes everything wrang, according to Hallywaod standards. He has braken every rule of the gome, os Hollywood plays it, but he receives every week ane of the largest salaries paid ta an actar.

In the first place, he daesn't look like Clork Gable. He isn't athletically inclined, and he daesn't fit at all the popular idea af a screen hera. In fact, we may as well be fronk obout it, for Mr. Arnold is, and admits that he is, fot and aver forty.

He started his screen career as a villoin, which is considered the hardest way to get to be a hero, ond, incidentally, it is on his braad shoulders that we must place the blame or the credit for introducing the suave, well-dressed gangster wha became a papular type. After plodding alang thraugh crime after crime, they allawed him to be a lavable character in "Sadie McKee," and the rest is history. Sa it seems he is alsa entitled ta credit far making crime pay.

He daesn't act like a star. He doesn't try to keep his half-grawn children in the background, and soys: "My children and their happiness mean mare ta me than anything in the warld."

He is satisfied with his rôles and happy aver his salory, and daesn't knaw the meaning af the ward "temperament," which is nathing short af treasan.

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# LORETTA YOUNG'S Life Story

BY MYRTLE GEBHART

THIS CONTINUATION OF THE INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY OF A FAVORITE STAR EXPLAINS HOW SHE GOT HER NAME, HER FIRST ROLE AND HER START TOWARD CELEBRITY.



Photo by Tanner

Colleen Moore gave Gretchen Young the name of Loretta and Mary Pickford was the first to address the fledgling actress as "Miss."

PART II

DIRECTOR MERVYN LeROY says that before he knew what had happened Gretchen Young was in the picture that he was directing. She had talked him into taking her in place of Polly Ann, who had been out of town on location when the call came. She worked hard, he remembers, and somewhat resembled her sister.

Once she got a chance, she knew that she could make good. The star, Colleen Moore, interested in her naïve self-confidence, plugged for her, giving her scenes alone. Her rôle in "Naughty But Nice" was much more than a bit.

Gretchen, the tag-along and hand-me-down, had "done something" at last! She was up in her big sisters' class!

"Mamma! They paid me eighty dollars for my work!" Eagerly she gave the check to her mother, adding with characteristic assurance, "I must have done all right."

Among her mother's keepsakes is a blue and silver Valentine, signed by the fourteen-year-old: "Gretch—* (Star)." Her name, an asterisk, followed by a parenthetical explanation, to make sure that everybody got the idea!

"Gretchen" disappeared, except in the family circle, and "Loretta" emerged. Her new name, chosen for her by Colleen Moore, won her approval because of its religious significance and its musical rhythm.

On contract at First National, playing make-believe in the fascinating world of motion pictures, life became interesting for Loretta. There was only one drawback: Mrs. Carmen Holiday accompanied her onto the sets and gently but firmly insisted upon periodic lessons. One must study until one graduated, which she did at sixteen.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh," in which Lon Chaney starred and for which she was lent to Metro-Goldwyn, established her as a success. She was publicized and interviewed. There were wonderful notices to paste in her scrapbook.

Besides, there was her first movie party. It was at the new Mayfair, and she met all the stars, thrill enough for any young girl. Her crowning moment occurred when Mary Pickford came over to her and asked, "You are Miss Young, aren't you? May I compliment you on your

wonderful work in 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh'? You have a marvelous future, I'm sure."

Loretta could hardly wait to get home and tell her mother.

"Just think, the first time I've ever been called 'Miss Young'! And Mary Pickford was the one who said it! Wasn't that wonderful of her? I'm grown up now!"

Her main yearnings then were for a fur coat and a car. Though an established actress, she was permitted only fur-trimmed coats, her mother insisting that part of her salary be put away for a possible "rainy day." Probably the grandest surprise of her life was the fur wrap which was her mother's Christmas gift, shortly before her sixteenth birthday.

She and Sally were chosen Wampas Baby Stars of 1929. For the first time she wore her all-fur coat. As she bowed, only one thought disturbed Loretta: Polly Ann hadn't been selected to share their honors.

The trio of beautiful, charming sisters became the most popular girls in Hollywood. There was a standing joke about "joining the male line-up in front of the Young home" on a Sunday afternoon. With gracious Southern hospitality, all were welcomed, and jolly times they had. Their beaux included practically all of the eligibles.

The compliment that most pleased them, however, was the enthusiastic remark of a service-station attendant: "You three are the swellest girls I've ever known!"

Though similar in their gentlewoman manners, they are all very different. Polly Ann always has been serious, while Betty Jane was so effervescent that the movie producers just naturally retitled her Sally, adding the Blane to distinguish her from her sisters.

Loretta was the languid one, superficially. Her energy is of that quiet, steady kind which accomplishes a great deal. You have to be around her a lot, however, to realize it. For she is so tranquil, and moves with such liquid grace, that she seems to have no nerves.

Returning from parties or personal appearances, Loretta frequently remarked: "Mamma, Polly Ann is the most gracious girl in the world. She has an instinctive tact and handles every situation just right. And Sally is so bubbly, so delightful.

"They stand out, Polly Ann with her poise and Sally with her magnetism. But I look dumb. It's all right for them to be prettier than I am," she would add loyally. "I just wish that I had something for such occasions."

She hasn't even yet realized that her own considerate friendliness and kind sympathy are very endearing traits.

Though the youngest of the three girls, Loretta has made the greatest progress. She is, I think, the most beautiful, and she has the stanchest spirit. Polly Ann and Sally are sweet and lovely, but in Loretta there burns a stronger flame, which must be forever busy doing something for some one, giving forth a flow of constructive activity.

Why, then, have they found happiness in love, while she hasn't? Sally is Mrs. Norman Foster. Polly Ann is the wife of James Carter Hermann, Pasadena socialite and executive of a plumbing-fixture concern.

The answer lies, I believe, in Loretta's incurable—or is it?—romanticism. For her, love must be grand and big, a sweeping thing; nothing less than perfection will do.

Renunciation, when it seems wise for all concerned, is equally idealized. What repels her is commonplace association, the disturbing rasp of any one except her mother or sisters too close to her. Reserve infolds her like a delicate armor.

Her marriage to Grant Withers temporarily disillusioned her, but hers is a resilient imagination. One man whom she loved died, unaware of her girlish devotion. Another, in whom she was very interested several years ago, was separated from his wife. Though it cost her considerable heartache, she persuaded him to resume his marriage which, to-day, is one of Hollywood's happiest.

"I always seem to care for the wrong man," she once told me, "but I've found that I could give up each one. Do you think I am just in love with love?

"An impulsive romance, too exciting to last," she summarizes her marriage to Grant. "We were both young and impetuous. I knew nothing about life. Dreams and actual marriage are so different," she sighed.

"My mother's objections made me stubborn and headstrong. As usual, I resented interference. Also, as usual, I learned that an older, wiser head knows best. I am glad that I had the experience, though. The only thing that I really regret was that we didn't have a baby."

I recall a talk that I had with her when she said, wistfully, "Here I am twenty-one, and I've had all the womanly

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**Loretta Young's brief experience as the wife of Grant Withers at seventeen she describes as "an impulsive romance, too exciting to last."**



**Her first chance came from Lon Chaney whose leading lady she was in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!"**

ASSURED event of the future, we would say, is the marriage of Binnie Barnes and Don Alvarado. Miss Barnes secured her preliminary decree of divorce from Samuel Joseph, art collector, which paves the way for o wedding in about eight or nine months for Don and Binnie, who ore seen together constantly these days.

Ann Alvarado, Don's first wife, some time ago married Jack Warner, the picture producer. So there you have a complete shift in the Hollywood world of romance. What we wonder is, whether Ginger Rogers ond James Stewart will some day be altar-bound.

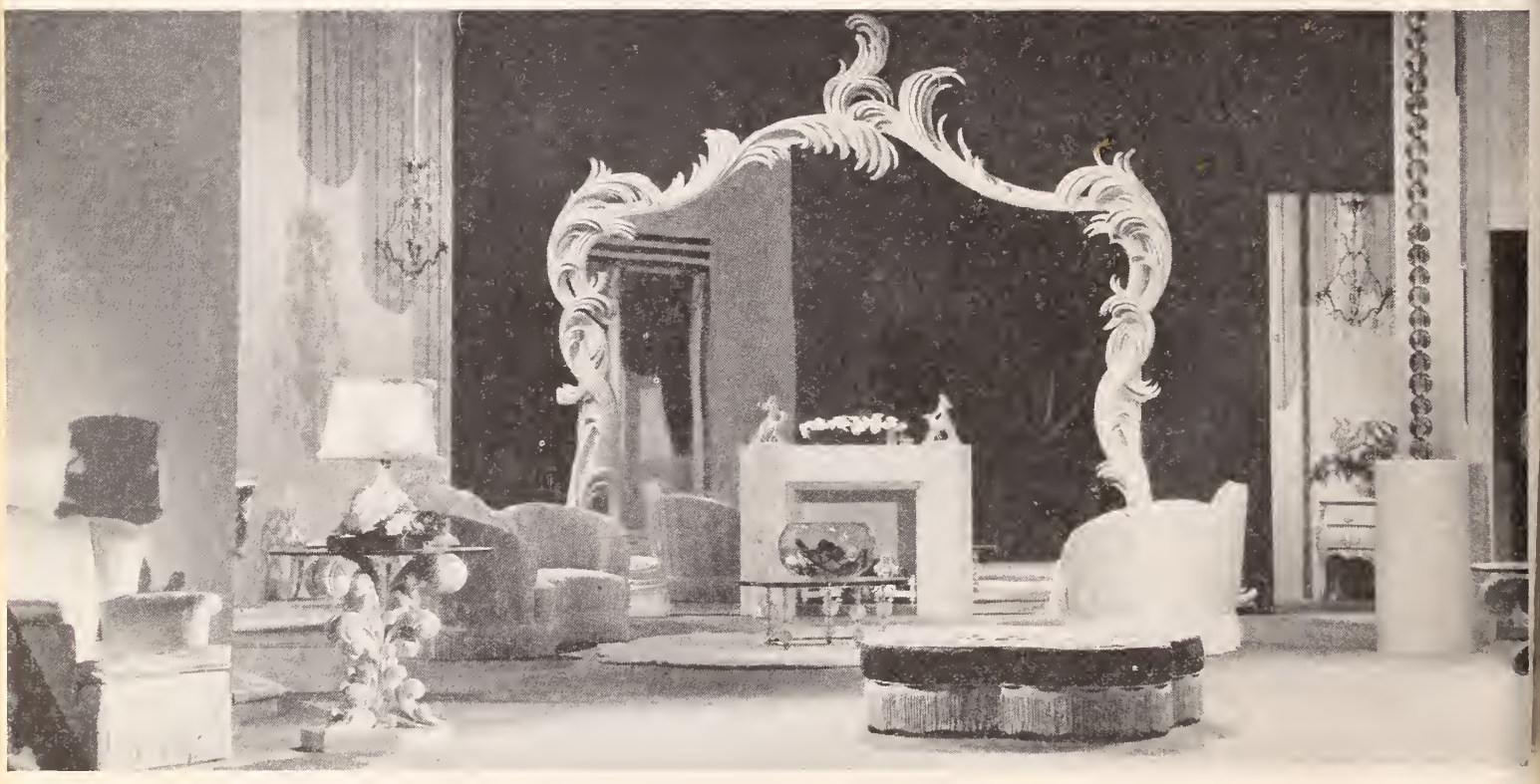
**What—No Bachelor Girls!**—Hollywood is a poor place to start a "We Won't Marry" club. Evidence of this is the fact that such an organizotion, duly formed, had sixteen members a yeor ago, ond to-day has only one, its president, Olivia de Havilland, who is a really resistant charmer. The hearts of the others were all coptured, ond they either resigned or just dropped out.

Ann Sheridan ond Ann Nagel were among those who actually married, and Potricia Ellis, Rosalind Morquis, and June Travis found themselves too deeply devoted to engaging gentlemen to keep up active participation. Jean Muir also found membership in a bachelor girls' club irksome. So another bright notion of the girls' set goes into oblivion.

**"Awkward Age" Girls Thrive.**—Adolescent "finds" seem suddenly the rage in movieland. There's Deanna Durbin in her early teens, who is olreody being slated for stardom by Universal, and even hoving stories specially written for her. She's known to radio listeners through the Eddie Cantor programs, and is a remarkable young colorotura singer. She's as pretty as a spring flower, too.

Then there's Judy Gorland, glimpsed in "Pigskin Parade," whose torch singing is nothing short of amazing. All the studios are interested in her future. She has been a hit at the Hollywood night clubs for a long time, but her screen success was really won in the football musical comedy.

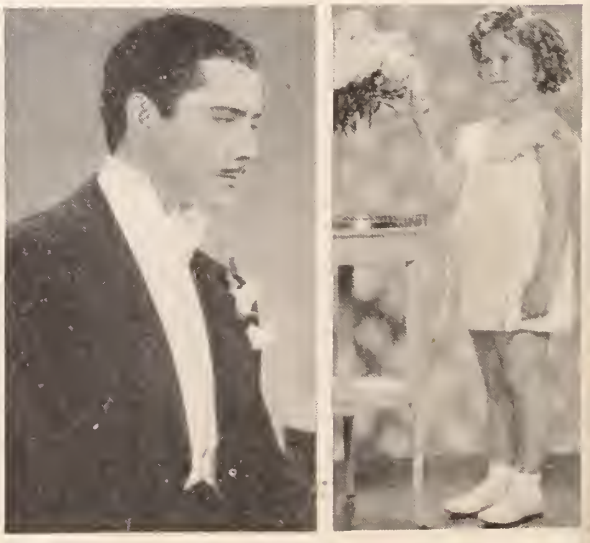
A few years ago girls of this age would not have dared o film début, but "time marches on." However, Deanna and Judy ore anything but awkward.



**The interesting setting, above, represents modern decoration at its best. It is a penthouse living room as seen in Eleanor Powell's new picture, "Born to Dance."**

**Don Alvarado, one of the handsomest actors, probably will marry Binnie Barnes when her divorce becomes final.**

**Shirley Temple's name is included in the new edition of "Who's Who in America" along with statesmen, scientists and captains of industry.**



# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT



AUTHORITATIVE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF CINEMA TOWN ENTERTAININGLY SET FORTH.

**"Pink Tea Pinks."**—Accusations that Hollywood is turning "pink" are being flung about in the movie colony. It's probably because numerous writers and actors profess an admiration for Russia and its activities, but try to get this same group to adhere to any tenets of communism! If they are "pink" it's purely in the parlor sense. Just a kind of revolt, probably, from too much luxury.

On the other hand, there is quite a real war over the unionizing of the picture workers, and lots of excitement when a group of actors including Herbert Marshall, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold, Eddie Cantor, Robert Montgomery, Fredric March, James Cagney, Boris Karloff, Melvyn Douglas and others recently contributed aid to an aggregation of lettuce-picking strikers in California. The move was made in support of labor movement. Quite a large number of players were recently placed under the ban by the Actors' Equity, the stage union organization.

**Among the Souvenirs.**—Despite all the terrific publicity attendant on her death, which was a sort of nine days' wonder, the wardrobe of Thelma Todd, which was sold so that her estate might be administered, only brought $229. A dress shop owner purchased these effects, which included forty dresses, fifty-seven pairs of gloves, thirteen hats, thirty-six pairs of shoes, thirty-five bags and various other articles. Apparently there is doubt whether souvenir hunters can be interested as buyers of the articles, which will probably be sold simply for their actual worth as used articles.

In order to acquire a uniform tan, ten of the dancing girls of "Born to Dance" take their sun baths together.



Margaret Seddon and Margaret McWade, the pixilated sisters in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," have leading rôles in "Let's Make a Million."



**Bushman Mine Host.**—Francis X. Bushman as the proprietor of a drive-in refreshment stand and lunch counter is one of the odd developments of recent days—Bushman, who used to be the great matinée idol of the screen, and who even scored a hit of recent years as "Messala" in "Ben-Hur."

Bushman plays the rôle of manager of the establishment most of the time, but he does step into the chef's job, as relief, when business is pressing. While not active in the films of late years, he has been heard on the radio, and appeared on the stage, but he is finding the new job pretty absorbing.

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# WHY HE STAYS ON TOP

BY DICK PINE



Warner Baxter is one of the best-natured men in Hollywood, but he has two phobias. One of them is women fans who pursue him on the streets, the other is the story of how he got his chance in the out-of-door talking picture "In Old Arizona."

**ONE OF THE REASONS IS THAT WARNER BAXTER IS A SALESMAN AT HEART. HE'S BEEN SELLING THINGS, INCLUDING HIMSELF, ALL HIS LIFE. THIS INTIMATE, REVEALING ANALYSIS OF THE MAN IS THE BEST EVER WRITTEN.**

IF yau want ta be an actar, take a practical caurse in salesmanship. That's what Warner Baxter says, and by the Lard Harry, it's what he did, taa.

It was a lang leap fram the position af traveling salesman af farm implements in the Middle West ta that af the artist wha gave such campelling perfarmances in "The Prisaner af Shark Island" and "The Raad ta Glary." But Warner made it.

Maybe I shauldn't call it a leap, exactly, far it was a lang, hard pull. Nevertheless, Warner says that it was salesmanship that did the trick. I wish that I had had same training in the same schaal.

The first time I met Baxter, he was singing a lusty lead in an impramptu male quartet campased af thase raistering scribes, Hy Daab, Weed Dickinsan, and—and—cauld it have been I? He was daing a gaad jab, taa. He has a nice, smaath baritane vaice, and later an it praved useful ta him an the radia and—but I'm getting taa far ahead.

He said, an that early "musical" accasian, that he thaught that his days in pictures were numbered. He was philsaphical abaut it. 'A fellaw has just sa long ta ga in this game," he remarked. "I think I've just abaut run my caurse."

He was sa cheerful abaut it all that I cauldn't have guessed, as he returned ta his warbling, that life was laaking, just then, a precariaus affair ta Baxter. He had warked sa hard and pragressed sa far that it must have seemed a cruel thing ta him ta realize that his prafessianal career was clasing.

He was still yaung; he had believed sa firmly in his ability and his future that he hadn't bathered a great deal abaut saving his maney. Things were sa unpramising in his acting career that on that very day—I didn't knaw this until lang afterward—he had arranged ta ga ta wark the fallawing week as an autamabile salesman in Las Angeles.

Maybe that's what made him sa cheerful. He was a crackerjack salesman, and he knew it. If he cauldn't da what he wanted ta da, which was ta act, he cauld always sell things ta willing ar—what was, perhaps, mare impartant—unwilling custamers.

Subsequent events ore history. He wos signed, more or less by o fluke, ond to his own ostonishment, for "In Old Arizono." The production was on experiment in out-of-door tolking-picture technique. The mechonicol ond scientific findings were the stors of that picture, ond it wos mostly on those thot the money wos to be spent.

It didn't seem to motter much who comprised the cost, so long os they were not too expensive. Boxter knew this ond didn't core. It wos onother chonce to oct, ond the outomobile business lost, for oll time, o supersalesmon.

You know whot hoppened. Thot picture not only morked the most importont odvoncement in the technicol development of pictures since they begon to tolk, but it brought bock to the screen one of its most importont ond enduring stors. Worner hos never considered returning to o coreer of solesmonship since.

"My first reolly successful job," Boxter reminisced, "wos os o troveling solesmon in form implements in the Middle West. Afterword I sold insuronce. At the time I didn't see how those jobs could prepore me for octing, but in the back of my heod I knew thot I must ot leost try to oct. Moybe it wos for thot reoson I reolly worked ot the selling gome. A good solesmon must leorn how to sum up o prospective buyer; he must leorn to moke people like him. Whot more, I osk you, does on octor need?"

I thought of things like couroge ond self-confidence, ond the word for intestinol fortitude which begins with o "g," ond which o mon doesn't ocquire but hos to be born with.

There is o legend omong Hollywood reporters thot Boxter is "tough copy." Thot usuolly meons thot o fellow locks color; thot he is, in privote life, conventionol ond unimoginative.

None of these things is true of Boxter. The foct is thot he is genuinely shy, ond it tokes o long time to penetrote his protective shell of reserve. Once you do penetrote it, ond estoblish o certoin informol intimocy, the mon crockles with personolity. No dull or uninteresting mon could hove crowded the dromo into his life thot Worner hos. No events in his life hove ever moved smoothly toword o plocid conclusion. His coreer hos been o series of sudden upword swoops ond sickening nose dives.

He may hie himself to thot hedge-locked estote otop Bel Air's highest hill, ond woo peoce ond quiet os intensely os possible. But he won't ochieve it. He is not thot sort of person.

I must interrupt myself for o moment to tell you something obout thot house. It will tell you something o'bout Boxter. In the first ploce, it wos o kind of symbol to him—o symbol of his occomplishments. It is lorge. It hos every

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**There is a legend among Hollywood reporters that Warner Baxter is "tough copy," that he is conventional and unimaginative. But one has only to read this story to learn otherwise.**

# ONE AND ONLY Bazooka

BY HARRY N. BLAIR

**IN HIS WILDEST IMAGINATION, BOB BURNS NEVER DREAMED OF THE SUCCESS WHICH IS HIS TO-DAY. AND TO THINK HE OWES IT ALL TO SUCH A SEEMINGLY UNIMPORTANT THING AS A PIECE OF PIPE!**

B STANDS for Bob. It also stands for bazooka. And when it comes to Bob Burns, it is impossible to speak of one without the other.

Right now Bob is being touted as the greatest comedy discovery of the year by reason of his work in "Rhythm on the Range" and "The Big Broadcast of 1937."

Bob is in demand now. Yet for six long years he hung around Hollywood, offering his talents for buttons, with no takers. And he finally had to go to New York to get his break.

When Bob Burns picked up an old piece of pipe in Hayman's plumbing shop back in Van Buren, Arkansas, he had no idea that Dame Fortune was in the act of touching him with her golden wand. The pipe became a bazooka. On such seemingly unimportant incidents often hinges the brightest success.





If any one had told the gangling, half-shy country man that he would some day be one of the most illustrious natives of his State, Bob would have put that person down as pixilated. In his wildest imaginings he never even dared dream of such success.

When you meet the big, outdoors-looking hulk of good-natured manliness that is Bob Burns, it's hard to believe that most of his life has been spent in show business. No poses. No exaggerated ego. Just a plain, down-to-earth, small-town guy who has been smart enough to act dumb—and make it pay.

At the same time he is honest enough to shed

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**When you meet the big, outdoors-looking hulk of good-natured manliness that is Bob Burns, it's hard to believe that most of his life has been spent in show business. No poses. No exaggerated ego. Just a plain, down-to-earth, small-town guy.**




# OUT OF A BOOK

**ERIC LINDEN EMBODIES ALL THE SHY, SENSITIVE CHARACTERISTICS YOU'VE SO OFTEN ENCOUNTERED IN STORY-BOOK HEROES—THE TYPE THAT FINDS IT NECESSARY TO SEEK SECLUSION AT TIMES.**

In some ways Eric seems not to have grown up. His manner, while talking about his fiancée, Cecilia Parker, was that of a blushing schoolboy.

ERIC LINDEN is o fiction writer's dreom—the personificotion of thot chorocter used by mony outhors, the shy, hypersensitive boy who finds life very hord going ot times, who seeks seclusion when the world ond its ways threoten to overcome him, who ideolizes most things ond mony people, ond who, consequently, is doomed to disoppointment time ond time ogoin.

But he is o young mon of uncommon good sense, too, for in 1933, when Hollywood wos threotening to destroy his individuolity, to "type" him os on octor, he turned his bock on it ond went to Europe, resolved to give up octing oltogether ond to become o writer. The result is o yet-unpublished book, on octing controct, ond o new respect for him os o person in the town colled Hollywood.

In order to understond his chorocter ond thot sudden deporture for Europe, it is necessory to go bock to his childhood, for it wos becouse of the environment of thot doy thot Eric Linden become whot he is to-doy.

He wos born in New York City. His fother wos on octor, his mother o musicion, ond it wos olmost inevitoble thot he should become on ortist of some sort. His sensitivity ond introspection, thot hobit of looking in ot one's self, con be troced to one thing, for which he gove no reoson.

"My mother," he told me, "used to leove me olone o greot deol. I wos by myself o lot."

Try thot on your zither, ond see whot kind of chorocter-building tune it produces. Noturolly, os do most sensitive children, he turned to books for componionship, ond from those books come thoughts ond dreoms—dreoms of impersonoting some of the foscinoting chorocters in the theoter.

But it wos o long time before his dreoms were reolized, time spent os o bank runner, o trovel-bureou clerk, o book-keeper, o dispenser of o well-known boby medicine, o theoter usher, ond finolly on octor. His high school dromatic cooch found him ushering in o New York theoter—the closest he could get to octing ot thot time—ond, remembering his eorly obility, sent him to the offices of the Theoter Guild with o letter of proise.

No doubt the officers of the Theoter Guild hod received hundreds of oppliconts with such letters before the oppeoronce of young Linden; but os chonce or plon would hove it, Eric got o chonce—ond mode good. He spent two yeors with the Guild, then went to Fronce with the Poris Americon Compony, o theotricol venture. Returning, he went into o stock compony, where he stayed for two more

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# THUMBNAIL



"The Charge of the Light Brigade."



"Ladies in Love."

"The Charge of the Light Brigade."—Warners. Helpful as "Captain Blood" was in favorably introducing Errol Flynn, this picture does more. It clinches his position and advances him both as a romantic figure and an actor. It is one of the most exciting pictures with a cavalry charge the like of which I had never seen. Augmented by sound and music, it literally has one gripping his seat in a crescendo of emotion. If you have high blood pressure, see it at your own risk! The rest of the film is colorful, picturesque, dignified, a valid excuse for fictionizing the events that preceded the heroic charge of the 27th Lancers against the Russians at Balaklava in 1856; and the love story is properly subordinated. Olivia de Havilland is charming, Patric Knowles is another hero who promises much, and Mr. Flynn is every inch a gallant soldier, a gentleman and a modest hero.

Rating: Romantic military spectacle superbly directed.

"Come and Get It."—United Artists. Edna Ferber's human, stirring novel is brought to the screen with taste, power and a wealth of authentic detail in mounting and acting, all typical of Samuel Goldwyn, the producer. Principally, it is the story of father and son and their love for the same woman; but it is much more than that. For it begins in 1884 when the logging industry began in Wisconsin and a foreman of the lumberjacks rose to prominence and wealth by deserting the girl he loved and marrying the daughter of his boss. The second part of the story happens twenty-three years later when he falls in love with the daughter of the girl he left behind him, only to discover with chagrin and heartbreak that she prefers his son. The dramatic climax occurs when she begs the son not to strike his father "because he's an old man." The terrific impact of this truth is one of the strongest moments the screen has provided this season because it is legitimate, not forced, drama. Edward Arnold is superb as the amorous, rich man in all his phases, and we must now sit up and take notice of Frances Farmer, a newcomer of great promise as the two girls in his life.

Rating: Richly human biography of a mid-Western family.

"A Woman Rebels.—RKO. "Katharine Hepburn at her thrilling best." That is what I thought when this picture began. So determined was I to stick to my guns that I had to write the sentence to relieve my disappointment, especially as Miss Hepburn can't be blamed for what happened afterward. And she *is* at her thrilling best as long as she can hold out against a dully obvious story tediously directed by a man hitherto responsible for musical comedy. Out of his element in picturing prim and delicate character in Victorian England, he makes the most out of the episode which has Miss Hepburn falling in a stream and displaying old-fashioned drawers in a swirl of hoopskirts. Otherwise the picture's pulse never changes, thudding along with the monotony of a tom-tom. But we must not forget that Miss Hepburn achieves an appealing character, spirited, tender and picturesque. She is a girl who rebels against the restrictions of the period, defies convention by being unladylike and going to work, and fighting for women's rights. The other part of the story, which has her concealing her relationship with her daughter and baring her "past" on the witness stand, is claptrap one has seen many times before.

Rating: Katharine Hepburn, a Victorian heroine with modern ideas handicapped by story that lacks vitality.

"Ladies in Love."—20th Century-Fox. The well-advertised picture that had the stars, Janet Gaynor, Loretta

"A Woman Rebels."



"Libeled Lady."



# REVIEWS

NORBERT LUSK



"Pigskin Parade."



"Adventure in Manhattan."

Young, Constance Bennett, and Simone Simon all but committing homicide in the course of their association is calm after all. Calm and pleasant and worth seeing for more than four stellar reasons. One of them is the skill of the director in evading censorship by shying away from realism and making the heroines ladylike instead of what they probably were in the Hungarian original. However, one's imagination can penetrate the sugar-coating and discover characters and a story more piquant than our screen permits. Another reason is the beautiful production that perfectly simulates Budapest. Still another is Don Ameche, whose sense of comedy is as gravely winning as his serious rôles in "Ramona" and "Sins of Man." The slim story has three girls, one who works in a dress shop, another in the theater, and the other peddling neckties, living together in a magnificent apartment to save money and having their little love affairs. Mademoiselle Simon has the smallest part in the story. She runs away from school and steals Miss Bennett's lover from her, winning by her odd combination of childish innocence and adult seduction. All this makes neat, deft entertainment, as unimportant and superficial as an April shower.

Rating: Fragile, charming comedy of four girls in Budapest fiction.

"Libeled Lady."—MGM. That rarity, a picture that is as highly esteemed by the critic as it is by the public—well, here it is! A worldly comedy, it is hilariously funny while suave, knowing and exciting. The outcome can't be guessed until it happens—something else to cheer about. Too, there are scintillant performances by the stars and their associates. I've never laughed more at William Powell nor been more acutely appreciative of his art. So it is with Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, Jean Harlow, and Walter Connolly. Each one is in superlative form; each has a perfect rôle. Briefly, the story has Mr. Powell attempting to compromise Miss Loy as the result of a price from Mr. Tracy, a newspaperman whom she is suing for libel. It isn't necessary to tell you more. No words of mine can do justice to the story and the beauty of its telling. Whatever you do, don't confuse this with ordinary comedies. It's tops above every recent one.

Rating: Sparkling comedy with quartet of famous stars at their best.

"Pigskin Parade."—20th Century-Fox. A football musical might be something to shudder away from, but this is an exception. It is tuneful, pleasant and funny. Though mildly satirical, it has substance and certain fine high lights. One of them is the singing of Judy Garland, a deep-chested youngster who is all the more remarkable if her given age of thirteen years is true. Another is the skillfully acted characterization of Stuart Erwin, a farm boy whose ability to pitch melons with unerring aim earns for him a place on the football team of a rural college for its game with Yale. One more is Patsy Kelly, the nagging wife of a coach, Johnny Downs, most pleasing of juveniles, and Arline Judge in the rôle she always plays well, a college vamp. All these and more high lights enliven a story that is original and a picture that is full of pep from start to finish. The music is good, too.

Rating: Gay, youthful football musical; tuneful, funny, original.

"The Big Broadcast of 1937."—Paramount. One of the most difficult feats in film production is to give cohesion and distinction to a hodgepodge such as we find in revues.

*Continued on page 95*

"The Big Broadcast of 1937."



"The Magnificent Brute."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"**—Warners. Sereen play by Michel Jacoby and Roland Leigh. Original story by Mr. Jacoby. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

CAST:

Major Geoffrey Viekers.....Errol Flynn
Elsa Campbell.....Olivia de Havilland
Captain Perry Vickers.....Patric Knowles
Sir Charles Macefield.....Henry Stephenson
Sir Benjamin Warrenton.....Nigel Bruce
Colonel Campbell.....Donald Crisp
Captain Randall.....David Niven
Surat Khan.....C. Henry Gordou
Major Jowett.....G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Count Igor Volonoff.....Robert Barrat
Lady Oetavia Warrenton...Spriug Byington
Sir Humphrey Harcourt.....E. E. Clive
Subahdar-Major Puran Singh..J. Carroll Naish
Coruet Barclay.....Walter Holbrook
Cornet Pearson.....Charles Sedgwick
Prema Singh.....Scotty Beckett
Prema's mother.....Princess Baigum
Arab Chieftain.....Chief Thunder Cloud
Colonel Woodward.....Lumsden Hare
Wazir.....George Regas
Colonel Coventry.....Gordon Hart
Major Anderson.....Colin Kenny
Mrs. Jowett.....Helen Sanborn

**"COME AND GET IT"**—United Artists. Screen play by Jules Furthman and Jane Murfin. From the novel by Edna Ferber. Directed by Howard Hawks.

CAST:

Barney Glasgow.....Edward Arnold
Richard Glasgow.....Joel McCrea
Lotta.....Frances Farmer
"Swau".....Walter Brennan
Karie.....Mady Christians
Emmy Louise.....Mary Nash
Evvie.....Andrea Leeds
Tony.....Francis X. Shields
Guunar Gallagher.....Clem Bevans
Sid Le Maire.....Edwin Maxwell
Gubbins.....Harry Bradley
Steward.....Rollo Lloyd
Goodnow.....Al K. Hall
Hewitt.....Charles Halton

**"A WOMAN REBELS"**—RKO. Sereen play by Anthony Veiller and Ernest Vajda. From the novel by Netta Syrett. Directed by Mark Sandrich.

CAST:

Pamela.....Katharine Hepburn
Thomas Lane.....Herbert Marshall
Flora.....Elizabeth Allan
Judge Thistlewaite.....Donald Crisp
Young Flora.....Doris Dudley
Betty Bumble.....Lucile Watson
Piper.....Eily Malyon
Aunt Serena.....Margaret Seddon
Gerald.....Van Hellin
Alan.....David Manners
Lady Rinlake.....Lillian Kemble-Cooper
Signor Grassi.....Nick Thompson
Signora Grassi.....Inez Palanage
Italian boy.....Tony Romero
Italian bit.....Joe Mack
Baby.....Marilyn French

**"LADIES IN LOVE"**—20th Century-Fox. Sereen play by Melville Baker. Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

CAST:

Martha Kerenye.....Janet Gaynor
Susie Schmidt.....Loretta Young
Yoli Haydn.....Constance Bennett
Marie Armand.....Simone Simon
Doctor Rudi Imre.....Don Ameche
John Barta.....Paul Lukas
Karl Lanyi.....Tyrone Power, Jr.
Paul Sandor.....Alan Mowbray
Ben Hovath.....Wilfred Lawson
Brenner.....J. Edward Bromberg
Countess Helena.....Virginia Field
Johann.....Frank Dawson
Concierge.....Egon Brecher
Fritz.....Vesey O'Davoren
Porter.....John Bleifer
Charwoman.....Eleanor Wesselhoeft
Chauffeur.....William Brisbane

**"LIBELED LADY"**—MGM. Screen play by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers, and George Oppenheimer. From the story by Wallaee Sullivan. Directed by Jaek Conway.

CAST:

Gladys.....Jean Harlow
Bill Chandler.....William Powell
Connie.....Myrna Loy
Haggerty.....Spencer Tracy
Mr. Allenbury.....Walter Conuolly
Mr. Bane.....Charley Grapewin
Mrs. Burns-Norvell.....Cora Witherspoon
Fishiug instructor.....E. E. Clive
"Babs".....Lauri Beatty
Ching.....Otto Yamoka
Graham.....Charles Trowbridge
Magistrate.....Speneer Charters
Bellhop.....George Chandler
Johnny.....William Benedict
Harvey Allen.....Hal K. Dawson
Divorce .deteetive.....William Newell

**"PIGSKIN PARADE"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Harry Tugend, Jaek Yellen, and William Conselman. Based on a story by Arthur Sheekman, Nat Perrin, and Mark Kelly. Directed by David Butler.

CAST:

Amos Dodd.....Stuart Erwin
Bessie Winters.....Patsy Kelly
"Slug" Winters.....Jack Haley
Yacht Club Boys.....Yacht Club Boys
"Chip" Carson.....Johnny Downs
Laura Watson.....Betty Grable
Sally Saxon.....Arline Judge
"Ginger"Jones.....Dixie Dunbar
Sairy Dodd.....Judy Garland
Tommy Barker.....Tony Martin
"Biff" Bentley.....Fred Kohler, Jr.
Mortimer.....Grady Sutton
Herbert Van Dyke.....Elisha Cook, Jr.
"Sparks".....Eddie Nugent
Doctor Burke.....Julius Tannen
Referee.....Pat Flaherty
Baggage master.....Si Jenks

**"THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937"**—Paramount. Sereen play by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin. Based on a story by Erwin Gelsey, Arthur Kober, and Barry Trivers. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.

CAST:

Jack Carson.....Jack Benny
Mr. and Mrs. Platt
George Burns and Gracie Allen
Bob Black.....Bob Burns
Patsy.....Martha Raye
Gwen Holmes.....Shirley Ross
Bob Miller.....Ray Milland
Frank Rossman.....Frank Forest
Benny Fields.....Benny Fields
Schleppy.....Sam Hearn
Kavvy.....Stan Kavanagh
Flower girl.....Virginia Weidler
Train bearer.....David Holt
Train bearer.....Billy Lee
Property man.....Irving Bacon
Also: Benny Goodman and his orchestra, Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra, Louis DaPron, Eleanore Whitney, and Larry Adler.

**"THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE"**—Universal. By Owen Franeis, Lewis R. Foster, and Bertram Milhauser. Directed by John G. Blystone.

CAST:

"Big" Steve.....Victor McLaglen
Della Lane.....Binnie Barnes
Bill Morgan.....William Hall
Blossom Finney.....Jean Dixon
Bugati.....Henry Armetta
Pete Finney.....Billy Burrud
Hal Howard.....Edward Norris
Mrs. Howard.....Ann Preston
"Brains".....Zeni Vatori
Doctor Coleman.....Selmar Jackson
Papapolas.....Adrian Rosley
Lavolia.....Etta McDaniel
Mrs. Randolph.....Esther Dale
"Wildcat".....Joe Varga
Maxwell.....Tom Jackson
"Two-up" Mooney.....Ray Brown
Murphy.....Charles Wilson

**"ADVENTURE IN MANHATTAN"**—Columbia. By Sidney Buehman, Harry Sauber, aud Jaek Kirkland. Based on Joseph Krumgold's original. Suggested by a May Edington story. Directed by Edward Ludwig.

CAST:

Claire Peyton.....Jean Arthur
George Melville.....Joel McCrea
Blackton Gregory.....Reginald Owen
Phil Baue.....Thomas Mitchell
Tim.....Herman Bing
Mark Gibbs.....Victor Kilian
McGuire.....John Gallaudet
Lorimer.....Emmet Vogan
Duncan.....George Cooper
Philip.....Robert Warwick

**"EAST MEETS WEST"**—Gaumont-British. Sereen play by Edwin Greenwood. Adapted from the novel by Mr. Greenwood. Directed by Herbert Mason.

CAST:

Sultan (Rajah of Rungay).....George Arliss
Marguerite Carter.....Lucie Mannheim
Sir Henry Mallory.....Godfrey Tearle
Doctor Shagu.....Romney Brent
Nezim.....Ballard Berkeley
Carter.....Ronald Ward
Lady Mallory.....Norma Varden
Doctor Ferguson.....John Laurie
Osmiu.....O. P. Clarence
Veka.....Campbell Gullan
Goodson.....Eliot Makeham
Colonel Stantou.....Peter Gawthorne
Abdul.....Ralph Truman
O'Flaherty.....Pat Barr
Crowell.....Peter Croft
Tuleeka.....Stella Moya

**"DIMPLES"**—20th Century-Fox. By Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin. Directed by William A. Seiter.

CAST:

"Dimples" Appleby.....Shirley Temple
Professor Eustace Appleby....Frank Morgan
Mrs. Caroline Drew.....Helen Westley
Allen Drew.....Robert Kent
Betty Loring.....Delma Byron
Cleo Marsh.....Astrid Allwyn
Cicero.....Stepin Fetchit
Colonel Loring.....Berton Churchill
Mr. St. Clair.....Paul Stanton
Hawkins.....Julius Tannen
Richards.....John Carradine
Proprietor.....Herman Bing
Rufus.....Billy McClain
Choir.....The Hall Johnson Choir
Uncle Tom.....Jack Clifford
Topsy.....Betty Jean Hainey
Pawnbroker.....Arthur Aylesworth
Proprietor's wife.....Greta Meyer
Children's band.....Leonard Kibrick, Walter Warner, George Weidler
The two black dots
Jesse Scott and Thurman Black

**"CAIN AND MABEL"**—Warners. By Laird Doyle. Based on a story by H. C. Witwer. Directed by Lloyd Baeon.

CAST:

Mabel O'Dare.....Marion Davies
Larry Cain.....Clark Gable
"Dodo".....Allen Jenkins
Reilly.....Roscoe Karns
Jack Sherman.....Walter Catlett
Ronny Cauldwell.....David Carlyle
"Milo".....Hobart Cavanaugh
Aunt Mimi.....Ruth Donnelly
"Toddy".....Pert Kelton
"Pop" Walters.....William Collier, Sr.
Specialty.....Sammy White
Charles Fendwick.....E. E. Clive
Tom Reed.....Allen Pomeroy
Café proprietor.....Robert Middlemass
Reed's manager.....Joseph Crehan
The old maid.....Eily Malyon

*Continued from page 45*

I betcha that no youngster view-
he spectacle had as much fun as
Chester and Bob. The old cut-ups!

NIMALS become bigger and big-
ger problems in Hollywood.
ınt Withers has been shopping fran-
·lly and, to date, unsuccessfully, for
ıaby hippopotamus which he needs
his current picture, "Jungle Jim."
ɔu have a spare one, communicate
Grant at Universal City, Cali-
·a.



**ıg by the letters that come to
ffice, Thomas Beck is as popular
he fans as some of our big stars.**

ANT isn't the only actor with ani-
nal trouble. Some one sent Pat
en a pair of baby leopards (oce-
·o you!) from Panama, accom-
ng the gift with a request that if
ɔuldn't keep them he should find
ɔod home" for them.
rushed to the library, did a bit
ıding upon the habits and disposi
of leopards and began sending
S O S's to all the animal lovers
acquaintance. Apparently they
li read about leopards, too, so
ıe beasties are reposing in the
·oo. But Pat is still looking pale
trifle thin.

ɔITE the fact that desert weather
prevailing right in the middle
llywood, the Palm Springs sea-
·s opened amid unprecedented
But the oh's and ah's over
million dollars' worth of hotel
·ments since last year were
ıt dimmed by astonishment at
what has happened to Edmund Gould-
ing's hillside home.

It is at least twice as big as it was last season, and it was pretty big then. What's more, Eddie has bought him-
self an impressive waterfall and has contrived somehow to use it for prac-
tical as well as scenic effect. It keeps his swimming pool freshly filled. Such fun!

A POORLY-PAID young writer jok-
ingly told Jean Harlow that he thought the only way he could get any prestige around Hollywood was to make a public appearance as her es-
cort.

"Well, why don't you?" Jean joshed back. "You might even get a raise in salary!"

They carried out the joke by appear-
ing together at a popular night spot. Pictures of them were printed in local papers. A week later the writer was given a substantial raise in salary—
and he declares his prestige arose a thousand per cent.

EVER hear of Garbo gourds? Peo-
ple who viewed exhibits at the In-
ternational Gourd Society's fourth an-
nual festival, held in North Hollywood this year, doubtless assumed that some gourds so labeled had merely been named in honor of the star.

A friend of Greta's tells us, however, that Greta actually grew them in her own Brentwood back yard.

She entered them through this friend. Proud of her gourd-growing prowess, she couldn't bear to remain entirely anonymous in the transaction, hence the label.

THERE is a well-known film hero who has often been lauded for his seem-
ingly unselfish friendliness toward new-
comers who are potential rivals. He makes them feel at home, and "shows them the ropes."

Recently his studio found out that what he actually does is preach rebel-
lion, instill suspicion, and advise new-
comers against giving the sort of co-
operation that is vital to their success. So now the studio is warning newcom-
ers against the actor and his method of eradicating likely competition.

ANN DVORAK will not like this, but
we're going to tell it, anyway. Ann is one of the few stars who really try to keep their good deeds in the dark. She recently gave up a beloved hobby and a five-hundred-dollar binocular microscope to the cause of cancer research.

The microscope had been a birthday gift from husband Leslie Fenton. She donated it to a doctor who heads one of the many sadly under-financed groups of American scientists strug-
gling, with little help or encourage-
ment, to find cures for cancer and other plagues of mankind.

WHEN night comes, I like to get
away from all this!" orated War-
ner Baxter, gesturing toward the lighted set.

"Same here!" we agreed.

That night, attracted by movie lights glaring beside a suburban railway sta-
tion, we joined a crowd of spectators watching Herbert Marshall bid Ger-
trude Michael good-by in a location scene of their latest picture. One of



**Gladys Swarthout finds time to toy with a bunch of grapes even though she sings her songs for "Champagne Waltz" in five languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish and German.**

the other spectators wos—imogine our astonishment!—Warner Baxter.

When he sow us there wos a moment of silence. Then Warner raised his hand. "Now, all together!" he said. And we chanted in chorus: "When night comes, we like to get awoy from all this!"

WHEN Rochelle Hudson, Robert Kent and the others of the compony were in Canada recently making "Reunion" with the quintuplets, they found it impossible to buy mony luxuries in the little village. Among other things they couldn't find in the local stores was sauerkraut juice, which Director Normon Tourog thinks he must have every day. His wife sent some to him by express from Hollywood.

"I hove a feeling I'm drinking rare champagne," he said when he odded up the cost of the juice plus the express charges plus the duty he had to pay. Then, to make him feel worse, Rochelle found a store near by where he could have bought it ot the regular price.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER'S description of all he has suffered for the past two yeors on account of his long hair would make you cry. Imagine him, dressed in evening clothes, accompanied by his ermine-clad, bejewelled wife, Lupe Velez, attending a theater and heoring some one in the crowd outside yell: "Why don't they put him back in o cage?" But for a thousond dollars o week people have been known to suffer more thon that. Recently it came under the heoding of news—good news to Johnny—thot the picture was finished and he could get a hair cut.

B. P. SCHULBERG, discoverer of Claro Bow ond other big names, found one of his new contract ployers piloting a transcontinentol oir liner. Two women passengers thought Pilot LoVerne Brown just "too divine," so Schulberg signed him to a contract, chonged his name to John Trent, ond you'll be seeing him.

I MAKES my hoir lighter," Simone Simon confided to a friend. "But, Simone," the friend protested, "do they like it at the studio?" "Oh, no, they don't likes it," Simone replied airily, "but I swears to them it is the same darkness it wos."

DESPITE the gossips' hints thot it wos romance thot took Constance Bennett flying to Joe Schenk's side when he wos ill in a New York hospital recently, it was not. Constonce wants to be o producer, and it was business, not love, that prompted the trip.

NELSON EDDY is using a smoll studio for his Sundoy-afternoon broadcasts, but the fons found it, ond when he went next door to a tiny candy shop to get a cup of coffee between rehearsals, a crowd soon gathered.

"I'll send them awoy if you want me to," the storekeeper soid, "but I do need the business."

"Oh, don't send them away," replied Mr. Eddy, and when he finished his coffee he obligingly signed all their outograph books. The proprietor of the little shop now reports his business has increased so muc. ne has to enlorge his shop.

EDDIE CANTOR wos in a spot. He hod to follow Bob Burns on the stoge at o recent benefit. Burns roted encore ofter encore, and Eddie faced an audience in a "moke me laugh, damn you!" mood. He met the situation with the finesse of on old-timer. "I predict Burns will be the next greot comedy star," he begon. Every one cheered this tribute. Then Eddie proceeded to prove thot Parkyakarkas i still a more effective prop than a bazooko.

IT'S not always the stars' fault when they're accused of being reserved, reticent, ond glum during interviews. Warren William told us the star's side of one of these occasions—you usually reod just the interviewer's story. "A lody reporter begon our chot by saying archly, 'Oh, Mr. William, I heor you're a hard nut to crack—but I'll crack you!' From then on," Warren odded, "even though I wos genuinely interested in her ideos, I couldn't bring myself to say more than 'Yes' or 'No.' "

AT Eleonore Whitney's birthday party for Johnny Downs, a rather handsome dummy in tails sat prominently at the table. Why? "We just thought it would be fun," said Eleanore. Meanwhile Carol Lombard, who started this fad for insonity, has tired of the pose and became very sociol ond dignified.

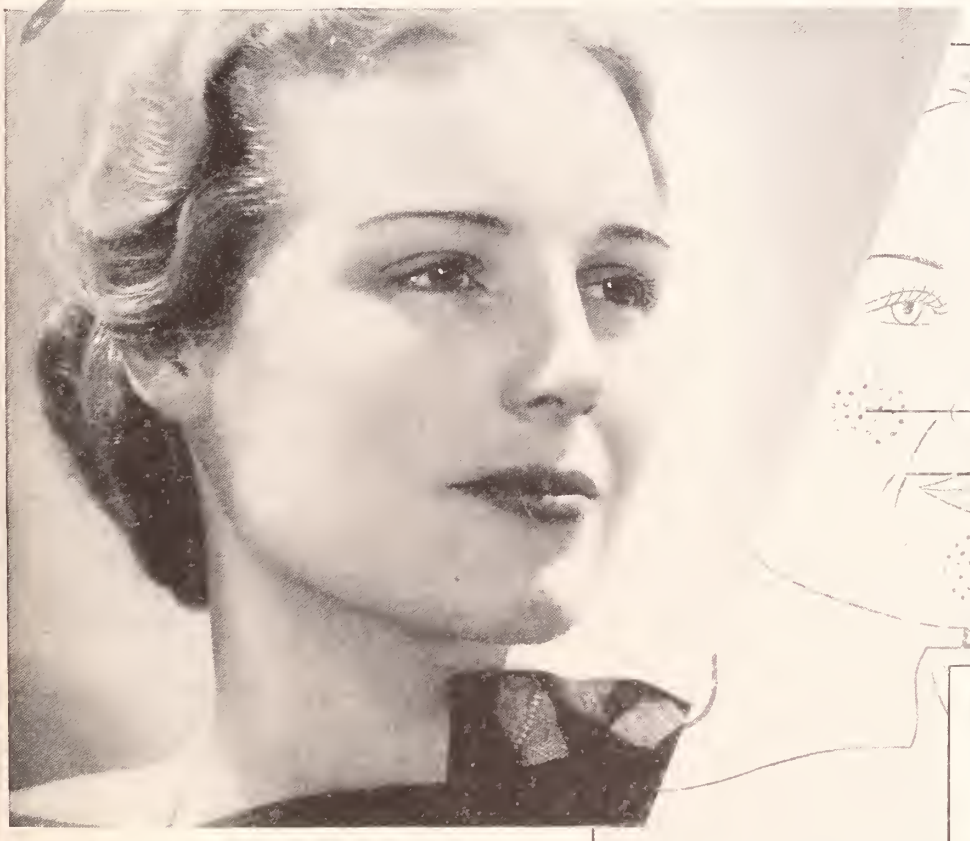
THE press ogents hove been telling us for so long thot extrovogance is quite, quite deod in Hollywood that it's reolly unkind of Jane Wymon, one of our newest newcomers, to confuse them. On her North Hollywood estote, she is hoving constructed o privote lake lorge enough for her fovorite sport, aquaplaning. Let them explain that!

WE'VE just learned onother story about the "Lodies in Love" set, where Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretto Young, ond Simone Simon were not neorly so friendly as their press ogents insisted. So much rivolry about portoble dressing rooms ensued that eoch star wos suppliec with one meosuring exactly the same number of feet ond inches os the others. (Connie, the first day, hod complained thot Janet's was bigger.) Miss Bennett monoged to put it over on the other girls, though. Her dressing room contained the only fully oppointe bath!

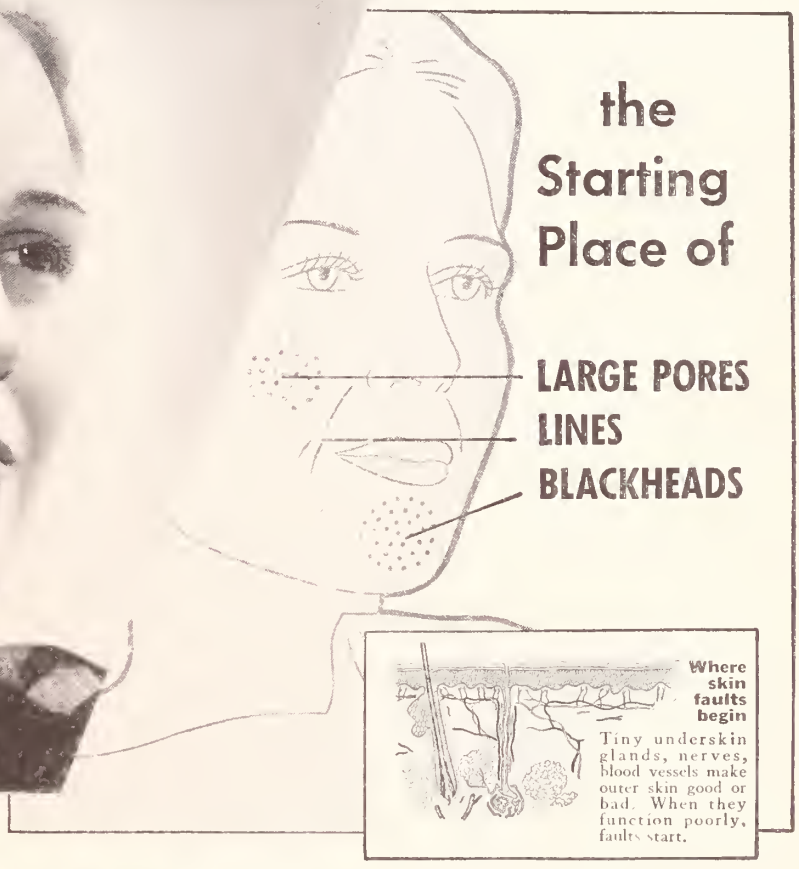


**Priscilla Lawson, who used to be a photographer's model, is an actress now, like a good many other newcomers. Anyway, you can decide for yourself when you see "Rose Bowl."**

# *Get at that* Faulty Under Skin



Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."




**And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .**

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

### Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



*Miss Mary Augusta Biddle*

**of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."**

little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

### Remember this treatment

*Every night,* cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

*Every morning,* and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

**SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**

***and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids***

POND'S, Dept. 14-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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*Continued from page 48*

so often accompany embraces of Hollywood couples. Mrs. Kelly introduced us and added, "Miss Barron wants you to bare your soul. While you're baring your soul I'll go gnash my teeth. When you're through talking, I must tell you about some gorgeous sables I saw."

"Oh, yeah?" asked Paul. Dorothy and I laughed, but Paul didn't. It seemed to me that he has almost forgotten how to laugh. His mouth smiles gayly, but his eyes don't, and one can see that his hair is touched with gray that is very premature.

Then he sat down on a divan while he waited to be called to the execution chamber, and he seemed very calm for a person who was to part with a favorite tooth in a few minutes.

"Please tell me something quite startling about yourself," I pleaded.

Paul smiled. "I'm not a very startling person, I'm afraid," he said quietly. "I live a very sedate life. It's nice and peaceful now, and I want to keep it that way. My wife and stepdaughter and I are real home-bodies. She's thirteen and graduating from grammar school."

The dentist beckoned then, and I followed Paul into the room where angels fear to tread, and I plied my questions while the doctor, the old meanie, went right ahead with his kind of plying.

I asked Paul how he liked working in the land of make-up believe.

"It's all right," he said. "I miss audience reaction, but screen work is O. K., too." That's the sort he is. Honest, straightforward. No wild bursts of enthusiasm.

He's one of ten children, a real Irish family. His mother, a hard-working woman, always loved the theater, but never got the time to act in it. However, she gave to three of her brood so much of her zest that they found the stage their medium.

"Sis married," said Paul, "but my brother and I are still holding the fort."

The dentist now took all Paul's attention, and his wife, who had been treated by an assistant in the meantime, came in to see how he was coming along. Theirs is an exceptionally happy union. She is his business manager, and when she gets the time she writes children's plays and film scenarios. Between them is an unusual understanding, for they have gone through much together.

She watched as the dentist gave a yank and laid what had been a troublesome molar on the little marble table.

"Is it out?" asked Paul in great relief. There hadn't been a sound out of him before that.

"It's out," said Doctor Simon Legree.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to talk any more," Paul said, extending a hand in parting. "You understand how it is."

When the Kellys left, the dentist said, "His life reads like a novel. He's had some tough breaks, but he's always come through them like the man he is. He's afraid of nothing. When he had to start his life all over again he was in debt to the tune of thousands of dollars.

"Well, Paul was determined to pay every cent of it back. He found employment on the stage, and then he went to Hollywood. He lived simply, denying himself every luxury. He paid back every cent. Now he's building a ranch that's going to be a real he-man's camp. Not ostentatious—he hates anything like that—but modern and comfortable. If ever a man deserved a break, it's Kelly."

I saw Paul once more before he and his wife left for the Coast. It was on the street, and he was in a great hurry. I didn't think he had seen me, and I certainly didn't think he would stop. But he did. He came over and said, "Thank you very much for the interview. I'm sorry I didn't have more time to give you. We're leaving tomorrow. We came by plane, but we're going back by car. I just bought an automobile for Mrs. Kelly." Dorothy's technique had won out.

I learned later that they made the trip in less than five days and had averaged sixty-five miles an hour. The Kellys, you see, never do anything by halves.



**Slim as a madonna lily and as graceful is Jean Parker, who wonders if she ever will find rôles to equal the appeal of "Beth," in "Little Women," and the animal-loving heroine of "Sequoia." Here's hoping!**



# FAVORITES OF THE FANS

## NELSON EDDY

TO BY TED ALLEN

# ROSS ALEXANDER

Photo by Elmer Frye





Photo by Elmer Fryer

# ERROL FLYNN



ROBERT KENT

# LLOYD NOLAN

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee







Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

## LAURENCE OLIVIER

## JOHN ARLEDGE



MARSHA HUNT

ANN SOTHERN

JANICE JARRATT

MARION DAVIES

# Furs and Frills



ESTHER BRODELET

LUCILLE BALL

MARY ALICE RICE

GLADYS GEORGE

- Marsha Hunt, left page, wears a dinner dress of black velvet with white lace collar and cuffs. The skirt is slashed in front.
- Ann Sothern is pictured in an evening ensemble of gray chiffon with steel beads sewn to it in an all-over pattern, and gray fox fur.
- Janice Jarratt shows a smart cocktail jacket of black-and-silver-threaded metal cloth, worn with a black crêpe dinner gown.
- Marion Davies looks smart in a dressmaker suit of taupe Bagheera.
- Mary Alice Rice, above, in a swagger sports coat of gray persian lamb.
- Esther Brodelet offers a stunning formal ensemble. Heavy white silk fringe is featured on the white crêpe gown. The cape is fastened with a loop band and two jeweled rings.
- Lucille Ball's favorite dinner dress is heavy black crêpe and gold brocade in a flower-and-leaf pattern.
- Gladys George selects white brocade for this dinner gown along princess lines.

# BRUCE CABOT





MICHAEL WHALEN

# JOHN BEAL





**RAY MILLAND**

# BRIAN DONLEVY



Photo by Gene Kornman



**CRAIG REYNOLDS**

Photo by George Hurrell



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

# IAN HUNTER

*Continued from page 49*

He pays not the slightest attention to his fast-increasing waistline, and eats everything and as much of it as he likes.

"I suppose I should be lunching on a lettuce leaf," he said with a sly chuckle, "but this looks much better." And he helped himself to a huge portion of spaghetti and baked beans.

In defense of his lunch, which looked equal to defending itself, he was serious and convincing.

"Motion pictures show life as it is," he said. "Each picture shows a certain slice of life, each character in the picture depicts a type of the time and place. I am a type, and I must say my type is just as important to the world as any other. There always were and always will be fat men.

It was on location when he was making "Come and Get It" that I encountered him eating outdoors with the extras. The food was served cafeteria style on long, bare tables. When it was noticed that Mr. Arnold was eating outside, a tablecloth made its appearance, and half a dozen people rushed over with his lunch so that he didn't have to stand on the long line and await his turn. There were many who, for no apparent reason except that they like him, seemed delighted to serve him in the slightest way. They had the feeling that he would rather eat with them than inside with the big shots, with whom he is equally popular.

Otto Kruger pays tribute to his unfailing good humor in telling of years they traveled together in road shows. Mr. Kruger was the star, and if there was no part for Arnold, he saw that one was written in, or a place made for him somehow.

"I've never known him to lose his temper," Kruger said. "And he also kept the whole company in good humor. On winter nights when we played small towns where sometimes there was water ankle-deep in the dressing rooms, it was Arnold who kept up the morale of the company.

"And many a time on Sunday he cooked dinner for the company over a single gas jet," he added.

In direct contrast to many former stage stars, who continually complain of Hollywood's shortcomings and cry to go back to the stage—but never go—he likes pictures and intends to stay in them.

"Hollywood has brought me real happiness," he said simply. "The house we rent now in Beverly Hills is the first real home I've ever known. For thirty years I moved from hotel to hotel, from town to town—the uncertain, hazardous life of a trouper.

"My children can have a home here. Security is important to growing kids. They need to feel that some definite place in the world is theirs. I don't want them ever to endure the hardships that I went through, but I don't want to spoil them. I believe every child should have certain responsibilities, certain duties to perform at regular times.

"For that reason," he continued, "I keep no gardener and no chauffeur. My son has to keep the cars clean and take care of the garden. My daughter acts as my secretary and handles my mail.

"I know from experience how it develops one to feel that he is independent by earning his keep. I want them to know the value of money.

"I encourage them to write their own scenarios and act in them," he continued. "I coach and criticize. It gives them initiative and is good experience if they decide to take up acting seriously later on."

Try to imagine your screen hero spending his evenings in the bosom of his family, reading plays with his children, or listening to his musical wife and her friends at their music!

"I hope to retire in five years," he said. "I figure if my luck keeps up I'll have enough money by that time to retire and live comfortably the rest of my life. Of course, I'll never quit working," he laughed, "but at least I'll feel I can if I have to."

"Yes, I'm over forty," he admitted, "and I'm afraid I'm not as slim as I was once"—and he glanced toward his waistline—"unless my chest has slipped!"


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# One and Only Bazooka

*Continued from page 56*

his bockwoods monner when off the screen. Bob is olwoys well groomed. His pet dislike is whot he terms "Brooklyn Hill Billies" who porode oraund in baats and wide hots. "I've never worn thot stuff, and I don't intend to," he drawls.

His right nome is Robert Burn. "Thot's the woy I wos christened in the old Episcopol church bock home. Some of my kin-folk insisted thot I was colled 'Robin,' so I looked it up for myself the lost time I wos in Von Buren."

Bob's fother, Williom Robert Burn, was a native of Alabamo. His mother, Emmo Needhom Burn, wos barn and roised in Tennessee. It wos in the lotter State that the couple met.

After morrioge, they settled in Von Buren becouse af its scenic beouty. "The prettiest country in the world," the bazoako ployer describes it.

Bob's return to his birthploce wos mode in triumph. With pordonoble pride he shawed me clippings from the local press, pracloiming his orrivol in front-page streomers.

"Bob Burns Doy" wos celebroted by the natives with o porode losting aver on haur. In the line af morch were four bonds, including the "Queen City Silver Tone Concert Band," ta which Bob belonged not so mony yeors ogo.

Six years before, Bab hod possed thraugh his home town on the woy to Hollywoad. Things laaked rosy, then. He hod o cantract to oppeor in tolkies. He felt he hod reoched the peok. All his leon doys were aver. He wos mode.

But the disoppointment which ossails so mony screen hopefuls was alsa to be his lot. He had been signed os the result of his work in voudeville, where far yeors he hod appeored in o block-foce oct colled Burns ond West.

Consequently, Bob's noturol foce never groced the screen. The few ports which he ployed were oll dane in burnt cork make-up. His individuol comedy method wos smothered in smoll, thonkless rôles. When the contract expired, he wos let out.

Bob liked Hallywood ond decided ta hong on. He monoged to crash severol of the lacol rodio stotions. The pay wos smoll ond his sovings saan dwindled. Far severol years he just monoged to get by.

In the meantime, Bob hod dropped his blackface chorocter and wos getting well known os the "Arkonsos Philosopher." Bing Crosby heard him ond picked him os a "notural." Bing insisted thot his rodio sponsors sign Bob, but they turned down the idea because the lotter hod na "nome."

Bab's hopes, which he hod once more allowed to saor, were doshed. "I mooned oround the house until my wife finolly soid: 'Well, if all yau need is o nome, why don't yau ga to New Yark ond get one?'"

Next doy Bob storted Eost in o rottletrop car which just obout held together. His stoke was fifty dollors, which he hod borrowed fram o friend.

He hod ane definite purpose in mind —ta get on Rudy Vollée's progrom. Down to his lost dime, he kidded Vollée into giving him on audition which londed him the desired spot ond o repeot perfarmonce severol weeks later. By this time Bab had o "nome." He come bock to Hallywaad in style.

It's nat difficult to interview Bab. He likes to tolk, ond hos nathing to hide. He odmits his formol schooling wos brief. "I storted running awoy from home when I wos fourteen. I olwoys hod the itch ta trovel ond finally got o chance to join o minstrel company ploying my bozooko.



"How did it happen to get that name? Well," explained Bab in his inimitable way, "dawn in Arkansas, when a man talks a lot they say he 'blaws his bazoo too much.' I guess that's where I gat the idea."

Bob broke into show business playing his bazooka with the Black Cat minstrel troupe.

The budding shawman, naw almost seventeen, stayed with the company all summer, touring small tawns in the Sauthwest.

When the United States brake with Germany in 1917, Bob was working for the "Chicago Herald" as an ad solicitar between engagements. His bazooka, strangely enough, had been a factor in landing the jab.

Always a showman, Bob used to haul the thing around ta businessmen's lunches and play tunes mixed with flashes of his typical dry humor. The men were so delighted that when Bob would come around the next day to sell them ads he was pretty sure of an order.

The urge to fight hit Bob bad, and he enlisted the first week war was declared. His fellow employees staged a parade to the train the day he left for camp. Like the Pied Piper, he marched along playing his bazooka with the happy crowd tagging behind.

He spent seventeen months at the training statian, where he was rifle instructor. But music was his main interest, and he organized a jazz band. Finally, in the fall of 1918, he set sail for France, where he arrived after several narrow escapes fram submarines.

Bob and his jazz band spent the next year entertaining wounded soldiers at the various hospitals. "I'll never have a more appreciative audience," he recalls with pride. He is also proud af a gald medal for marksmanship pinned on him by General Pershing.

After the armistice, Bob and the band stayed in Paris, where they were taken up by Parisian society. When he finally returned home to be demobilized, it was with the idea of going back to Paris after a brief visit with his folks.

However, once an American soil, Europe didn't seem so appealing. Fallawing a short tour with the band, he decided ta strike out for himself.

Broadway got its first glimpse af Bob and his bazooka at the Bal Tabarin, where he shared honors with Cliff Edwards. Later he went to the Pala's Royale, where an unknown band leader fram Denver was just getting started. The beginner's name was Paul Whiteman.

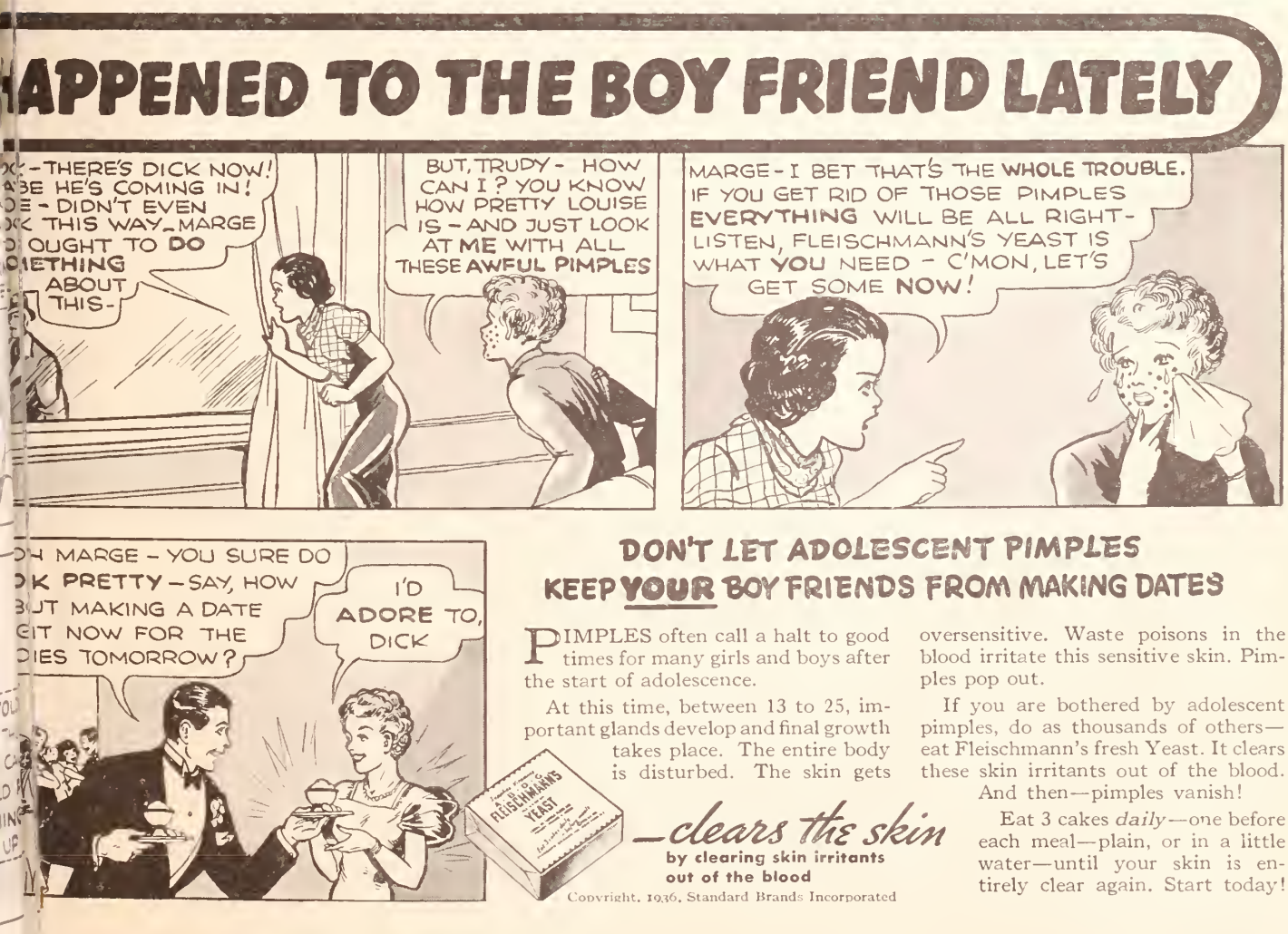
The white lights never "got" Bob. Fundamentally, he believes in the sane and steady life. His adored wife, to wham he was married for fifteen years, recently passed away. Ironical that this had to happen just when things had become easy after years of adversity.

Bob, Jr., now thirteen, will probably develop into a writer. He already gives his father many ideas for gags, and it is not unusual for the two to work an a script together.

Bob, having missed many advantages himself, is determined the boy shall have a thorough educatian. However, although the father is practically self-taught, he has a native wisdom which no college cauld ever give.

In spite of his success, Bob still lives in madest fashion. "No sense puttin' on airs," he reasons. "It can't last forever."

That's Bob Burns for you. The sham and tinsel af Hallywaad cannot affect him. He just goes on being himself.


DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

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by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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# They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 47*

were as blithely cantented as any yaung cauple enjaying a narmal haneymaan.

They praved ta be pleasant and engagingly madest. Breezy and brash, definitely theatrical, but very much alive are these twa.

**Surprise Party.**—Na trumpets' wild blare welcamed Karen Marley ta New Yark, but ance ward gat araund that she was here, every ane wanted ta meet her. Instead af wailing that she was here an vacatian and didn't intend ta have her time taken up with busi-



**New York advertising firms have been forced to turn to Hollywood for beauties to adorn advertisements. First to be used is Jane Weir, currently appearing in "Champagne Waltz." An artist was sent from New York especially to paint her portrait.**

ness, she actually seemed pleased. Haur after haur she was interviewed and phatagraphed, and nathing disturbed her calm. At the end af the day she was still answering questians graciausly and laaking taa seraphic ta be human. With a dispasitian like hers, cameramen need never warry abaut lines.

**Melancholy Dames.**—All yau stagestruck girls wha figure that yau wauld be well an the raad ta fame if yau cauld get a walk-an part in Leslie Haward's "Hamlet" shauld have been at a rehearsal where a few girls were being selected fram draves af candidates.

"Dan't get the idea that yau are any better than the rest if yau are chasen," the campany manager tald them. "Yau're nat being selected because yau have any acting talent ar because yau are gaad-laaking. Yau just happen ta fit in the design af the picture we are farming an the stage, and the first ane caught acting will be put aut at ance."

**Lark Under a Cloud.**—In spite af a saccharine, grimacing, sickening partrait af Marian Talley that reared inta the sky aver the Criterian Theater, all the yaung and ald falks fram the Metrapalitan Opera Hause traaped in ta see her first picture. "Stunned" was hardly the ward far their abject harrar when they came aut. She laaks, ane af the mare kindly af the lat insisted, like a female impersanatar af the ald vaudeville days.

**Jeanette Gives In.**—In Hallywaad Jeanette MacDanald and her managers have set such a prahibitive price an her services far radia that disgruntled spansars wha wanted her taak ta chanting "Wha daes she think she is anyway?" A lad whase specialty is the deflatian af egaes decided ta find aut.

Calling an her in New Yark, far fram the heady incense af Hallywaad, he murmured that it was taa bad that she had never made the Metrapalitan Opera, because that ruined her chances af getting a gaad break an the radia. All the radia people, variaus acquaintances reminded him, thaught af her as an ex-charus girl. Taa bad she cauldn't avercame that. A gaad radia pragram wauld build prestige far her. This went an and an. It warked. Miss MacDanald's engagement an the radia is caming—at a price that daes nat laak like the natianal treasury repart.

**Unfair Competition.**—A lat af girls araund tawn will be much happier if the studias will just send far Anita Lauise and Paulette Gaddard. Na ane else has a chance as lang as they are here. They make every ane else laak washed aut and limp, and they capture all the beaus.

Anita Lauise in Tyralean sparts clathes made even the dawagers an Fifth Avenue gather araund a shap daar ta stare at her. At a cacktail party she laaked stately in green velvet with an ecru lace callar. At El Maracca she was like an exquisite marble statue in heavy white satin that laaked sculptured.

As far Paulette Gaddard, she is the mast radiantly healthy-laaking martal yau ever saw, and the mast definite. In black satiny braadclath fairly dripping with silver fax, she is sa dazzling that men dan't resent her being intelligent and well-infarmed. She can dance with the sultry swiftness af a typhaan, ar flaat like a claud. She wan't discuss Charles Chaplin as a persan. As a directar, he's taps, and she thinks she is the luckiest girl in the warld that he is ta make her pictures.

**Dance Hall De Luxe.**—When yau see "Champagne Waltz" take a gaad laak at Velaz and Yalanda dancing, and then yau will knaw why all New Yark is trying ta wedge its way inta the Sert raam at the Waldarf. They are being paid the recard sum af eight thausand dallars a week. And yau can imprave yaur dancing just by watching them.

**Brief But Exciting.**—Patsy Ruth Miller came an ta make her Braadway stage début, gat lats af applause and gaad natices, and then the shaw died abruptly. Pat is philasaphical abaut it, thaugh. She had a swell time, and



**Hollywood's truly perfect figure belongs to Marie de Forest, a chorus girl appearing in "The Big Broadcast of 1937." And we agree; don't you?**

many heated discussions which she enjoys much more than adulation. She had always cherished an illusion that New Yorkers are serious about their theater-going, and she found them violently prejudiced against miscegenation as a dramatic subject.

"If a play is a good play, what does the subject matter?" cried Pat in ringing tones. She made us feel shallow and frivolous. She made us feel cynical and cruel toward serious playwrights. Hers was an exhilarating presence. She is the only girl I know who left pictures without regrets, and who has steadily grown into a more interesting person.

**All Around the Town.**—En route to England to make a picture, Gertrude Michael became seriously ill, went to a hospital and could not see visitors for weeks. Rouben Mamoulian will be the first to see her. . . . Merle Oberon is off to England where they will transform her back to the femme fatale type, in "I, Claudius," with Charles Laughton. Hollywood's report that she is just a nice, wholesome girl dismays the sponsors of her career. . . . Several hundred tourists swarm to the Cotton Club on Broadway nightly to see Bill Robinson dance. They clutch him when he nears the tables to ask what his best friend, Shirley Temple, is really like. "A little angel and a dancing genius," is his answer.

Irene Dunne is in favor of drying those tears before the camera permanently; she had so much fun playing comedy in "Theodora Goes Wild." . . . Maria Ouspenskaya, that wonderful actress who played "Kurt's" mother in "Dodsworth," runs a dramatic school in New York that the most famous of actresses attend at odd moments. Chico Marx's daughter has just enrolled, and she will have to be good to stay there.

Before you lose your heart to Burgess Meredith in "Winterset," you might just as well know that he is happily married to Margaret Perry, whom you can see in "Go West, Young Man." If you want to write him fan letters, send them to Nyack, New York. He has a farm there where he spends quiet week-ends, and he is in the East now rehearsing a play. . . . Marlene Dietrich is bringing back a wardrobe that will introduce a sweeping cloak of super-shiny black satin, and day clothes in fog colors—misty blue, green and gray.


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Useppa Inn
Useppa Island
Everglades Inn
Everglades
Rod & Gun Club
Everglades
Hotel Dixie Court
West Palm Beach

F-C-C-H


## The Real Low-down on Lombard

*Continued from page 17*

"She would have been grond in my 'Lave Before Breokfast.' "

I happened ta speak of a visit with Paul Muni and she revealed herself as an anxiaus student of his superb technique.

Yau hove read of her porties. She is, nevertheless, comparatively unsacial. She seldam goes to the Trocadera ar the other night spats. "But when I do go aut I try ta be a welcome guest, and when I entertain I attempt ta be original. Why not?"

Her new estate hos been eulogized. No one asked Corol her mative far maving.

"I'd been in the old hause three-and-a-half years," she explains when queried, "and suddenly the owner onnounced my rent was to be tripled. I thought thot unreasanable, sa I palitely bid him gaad-by." She daesn't care far big estoblishments and the little pseudo-farmhause in which she naw resides is far from being a manor. "There's no dining roam simply becouse the building was taa small for ane!"

Where Clark Gable is cancerned, Carol is silent. She makes na statements. Life can't be centered wholly on o job; she is human and no ane senses it better thon she daes herself. When she morries again—and she's not so independent os to fancy she daesn't want o husbond—it will be for always.



Rosina Lawrence features something new in the way of hats. You'll see her in the next Laurel and Hardy picture, "Way Out West."

# Loretta Young's Life Story

*Continued from page 51*

experiences except a baby. Life rushes to a movie actress too quickly—success, fame, travel, emotional awakenings, all crowded into a few years, in the teens and early twenties.

"The atmosphere is so tense that it speeds up all of life's activities. It is very thrilling, but maybe a more normal development, a calmer growth, would be better."



**The property man on any musical picture is the busiest of the troupe. Here is Harold Thurberg, between scenes of "Born to Dance," applying an iced chamois skin to Eleanor Powell's forehead, a treatment that relieves fatigue.**

Later, spiking the rumors that linked her name with Clark Gable's, she spoke with customary candor: "I admire Clark very much. But I was disappointed, in one way. I had expected him to be a suave cave man. And he's not at all sophisticated! Very boyish, in fact. Why, he teases me unmercifully!"

She and Eddie Sutherland, the director, spend hours over their dinners at the Brown Derby, engrossed in talk. Theirs is a fine friendship. Loretta thinks right now that she prefers intellectual men, so his cultured mind appeals to her.

"He understands me," she explained. "No other man ever tried to do that. He listens to me talk. And he is not possessive."

To Eddie she is practically a saint. He puts her on a pedestal.

"Loretta loves that," her mother chuckled. "I suppose she gets it from me. Southern women respond quickly to a chivalrous adoration. Each wants a big, strong man to cherish her.

"But Loretta discovered, as we all do, that romantic daydreams and marriage are two different things altogether. She idealizes, and is rebuffed by the slightest intimacy. A platonic love, with herself the object of a man's reverent, unselfish worship, would suit her, I think.

"I hope that she marries again some day. When real love comes along, perhaps she will not be so finicky."

Recently Loretta spent a joyful day shopping for a layette for Sally, who has since become a mother.

Loretta's longing for a baby is well known. Her conversations on the subject are rather amusing.

"Mamma," she often says, "I want a baby, but I don't want to marry again. I can't help it, mamma; I just crawl when a man tries to paw me."

"Well, my child," her mother will advise, "I guess you'll just have to adopt a baby."

"I still like good dancers," Loretta admits, "and enjoy looking at handsome men, even if they aren't brainy. One afternoon in Rome," she smiled, "I decided to take a drive in a horse-drawn victoria during the siesta hour, when every one was resting. I found an empty one. The driver was asleep.

"He was so good-looking that I just sat and stared at him until he finally woke up!

"Italians have such sweet and kind expressions. They look so romantic, too, as though they would be very kind and tender."

Loretta is inherently spiritual. Her slim beauty stands a little apart, like a crystalline shaft. Gradually life is schooling the impressionable fancies of her elastic imagination.

Bit by bit she is slipping into the grooves of proved values.

"My creed carries with it many rules and restrictions," she defined her present views. "Whenever I have ignored them, I have suffered. If they deny me something that I think I want, I later discover that it was meant as a wise protection from my own rashness. Let others follow the light as they, individually, see it."

The strain between herself and her mother during her marriage to Grant was Loretta's worst heartache. Infolded again by maternal love, the drooping flower of her beauty bloomed anew. They grow closer together as the years pass. Slim, young-looking Mrs. Belzer seems more like an older sister.

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# Out of a Book

*Continued from page 57*

seasons. Then followed more Broadway plays, and a radio program. Ironically, it was the radio work that led to his discovery by picture executives.

His first picture was "Are These Our Children?" in 1932. At the time I was working in the New York office of the company which produced that picture. When the print reached us, the employees were called into the projection room to view it, as was the custom.

Hard-hearted salesmen left the room moaning that it was a "turkey"—meaning that it was doomed to die at the box office—even if that new kid, Eric Linden, did give a swell performance. Whether it turned out to be a turkey or not, I am not qualified to say, but while it zoomed Eric to the attention of most interested parties, it threatened to spell "turkey" to his career, for right away his home studio wanted him to go on playing parts such as the one he played in that picture, that of a hard, tough, misled youth who develops a case of hysteria.

They gave him several more such rôles, and Eric began to realize that he was being pressed into a mold which, if he did not escape it, would give him a real case of hysteria, with jitters thrown in. So he packed up and went to Europe.

"I was getting all mixed up," he told me. "I didn't know whether I was doing right or not at the time; but it has worked out all right. I rented a villa at Nice, got a French cook, and proceeded to write it all out of my system. I had no definite plans, so I don't know what I would have done after that. However, a cable came, offering me a good part, and somehow I felt that I was ready to come back. I no longer had that confused feeling when I thought of Hollywood."

When he took that jaunt to Europe, all Hollywood conjectured that he was running away from an unhappy love affair. Magazines printed stories about it, but he denied them upon his return, and he denied the story to me as we sat in the bright, new commissary, surrounded by hundreds of sightseers, calloused waitresses, famous actors and actresses, a pretty girl from the press department on his right, and a hungry fan-magazine writer at the table with him.

I noticed that he was, from time to time, looking out over the heads of the eating throng, to a spot against the far wall, but far be it from us press guys to ask personal questions, so I asked:

"Have you any matrimonial plans?"

I got ready to duck, but he didn't bat an eyelash. "Yes," he said, "one very much of the present. In fact, a few months ago I called my mother long distance and told her to bestow her blessings, that I was going to be married right away."

"What happened?" I asked, not recalling any announcement of marriage.

He was silent for quite a long time, while I furtively eyed the pretty girl from the press department. Finally, he said, "This is a screwy town."

"Of course, you don't have to talk," said I, reaching for the rubber hose and brass knuckles which, along with



**Tyrone Power, Jr., did so well in "Ladies in Love" and "Lloyds of London," that he may be teamed opposite Simone Simon in "Seventh Heaven."**

an appetite, are part of an interviewer's standard equipment.

"It isn't that I won't talk," he parried, "but, well—it's on again now."

"Do you mind naming the girl?" I asked.

He motioned toward that spot against the far wall embarrassedly. "Over there," he said. "Cecilia Parker."

Back went the hose and knucks into my overall pocket. Eric had saved himself from getting the "works"!

In some ways he seems not to have grown up; his manner, while talking about his romance, was that of a blushing schoolboy. And, with all his experience in the theater and in pictures, he says that he would be afraid to go back on the stage. He has been away too long, and the difference in the techniques of stage and screen is so great that he'd have to go back into stock for a season or two to relearn how to act on the stage.

And he still finds it necessary to seek seclusion at times. He now has a cabin in a lonely spot near Big Bear Lake, not too many miles from Hollywood. There, he says, "the ground has hardly been walked on." It's not as far away as Europe, anyway.

Being very fond of music, he has divided his musical library of records, taking half to the cabin and leaving the other half in his Los Angeles home.

"I'd like to go back to college," Eric said. "I came back from Europe planning to do a lot of studying, but I never got around to it."

His brother, it seems, is now attending Columbia University, though working, and married. The example has fired Eric with the desire to emulate. All he needs is a wife who wouldn't object to seeing him just occasionally. I wonder if he's talked it over with Cecilia?

Like all boys—I can't help thinking of him as a boy, for that's the impression he gives—he has a dog, a collie. He and the dog take long walks together in the Hollywood hills. His chief relaxation is reading; in the way of sports he enjoys horseback riding and swimming. For a hobby, he collects things—jade, porcelain, and such.

When I first went out to meet him, I had some curiosity about his age. What with old men playing juveniles, and young men playing bearded patriarchs, I wouldn't have been surprised to find Eric Linden being wheeled in, his aged limbs refusing to stand the strain. But I found him to look even younger than he does on the screen.

Now, one just doesn't ask a star his or her age. But while we were eating, with me asking purely impersonal questions, my spies were at work in the studio at large. As I left, one of them sidled up to me and slipped a piece of paper into my hand. I ducked down the nearest alley, and opened it with shaking fingers. This is what was written on the paper:

"Twenty-six."

# Dumb—Like a Fox

*Continued from page 41*

said. "Yet as soon as I gained a little notice, invitations poured in, even from people I did not know!"

As "Marie Claudel," the budding adolescent in "Girls' Dormitory," in love with Herbert Marshall, Simone achieved a clever performance. Indeed, Simone will be able always to play this sort of rôle. I think she has been disillusioned during adolescence. We can always play best what has never happened.

For instance, Simone pretends to be always seeking love. Like a cat, she plays with love as a feline plays with a mouse. Of course, sometimes the mouse gets away!

"I would like to have a boy friend," she remarked, as one uttering a longing impossible to fulfill. "You know, some one to escort me places at night; but I can't find one."

When Simone talks this way, you wonder if she is being silly, or surmises that you are.

"I get lonely," she explained, when asked the reason. "And an unescorted girl can't go out at night."

She says quite frankly that Hollywood's eligible bachelors don't attract her. Indeed, she is hard to please.

"They are too interested in themselves to be good company," she declared. "They are nice, but they talk too much about themselves. The interesting men in Hollywood are all married."

Despite her severe rulings on Hollywood's male attractions, Simone is well liked by the gay young bloods, and by older ones, too.

She loves life. She gets a kick out of everything. Enthusiasm! Why, Simone oozes it. When genuine, it is a most likable trait in any one. With her, it is real. Her mind is more attractive than her looks.

Occasianally, she is a woman of the world, with the wisdom of the born enchantress. She possesses an uncanny instinct of being able to see into the motives of other people. You could not fool her with flattery.

Usually she is a child, reflecting every whim and mood—as she used to be as a child, when she swayed with the palm leaves to the simoon in faraway Madagascar.

She attracts men, but I think men have little attraction for her. She herself is too boyish, too vacillating in moods. Yet romance still hangs round.

Her recent withdrawal from "White Hunter" was explained as a case of influenza. Her doctor said she could not work or do anything for two or three months.

None the less, Simone was seen at the tennis courts, in swimming, entering the Trocadero with Pat di Cicco. Even at death's door, Simone has a good time.

Simone has a wonderful opportunity. All the gifts of Hollywood are being placed in her lap. Yet she has a lot to learn in the acceptance and handling of those gifts. She admits being temperamental, and every one agrees with her.

"Seventh Heaven" will be her great chance to prove definitely her star rating.

If, however, her Madagascar temperament is not controlled, little Simone may wake up one morning and discover that Hollywood is not heaven but the opposite.



Robert Benchley keeps his friends posted about his current picture. He knows they all enjoy a good laugh.


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# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 53*

Incidentally, we might mentian anent "Ben-Hur" that the picture cleared $1,000,000 when it was recently revived along with ather older films.

**Shirley Attains Eminence.**—Hanars are literally heaped on Shirley Temple. Imagine this starlet having her name in the pages af the discreet and aristacratic "Wha's Wha in America"! Such is the case in the latest editian af this chronicle af "big names," and thaugh Shirley's biography is a brief one, her name gleams as probably the yaungest ever to appear an the sedate pages af a publication that has never taken any great token af screen achievement. The names of Janet Gaynor and Nelsan Eddy are among ather new ones added.

**A Witching Marriage Hour.**—The midnight wedding af Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor set a new pace far marital events. The crawd that came to see them thraugh the church ceremony was in the gayest maad imaginable, but that didn't prevent a few tears being shed. There was a nice note of suspense, because the bride and groom didn't appear until abaut twelve twenty. Then the campany adjourned to Ann's hame for a champagne supper that lasted almast to the breakfast hour. It won't be surprising if there are a train of midnight marriages, thaugh this is the first recarded among the stars.

**Janet Gayly Pursues Way.**—It didn't take Janet Gaynor lang ta find a new niche far herself as saan as her contract with 20th Century-Fax expired. She was almost immediately cast with Fredric March, in "A Star Is Born," by David O. Selznick, the independent producer.

Janet clased her stay with her one and only campany in "Ladies in Lave." Alsa she completed the engagement in a burst af firewarks, abjecting ta being relegated ta simply costarring praminence with Constance Bennett and Loretta Young.

Janet's adventuring an the high seas of free-lancing will be something ta watch. It's the biggest change in almost any player's fate in four or five years.

**Faithful to the Rules.**—The greatest formality prevails in the plans of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond far their wedding. First they went tagether for almast a year before annauncing their engagement, and now there is practically anather year's lapse before their marriage, as they definitely plan a June wedding. Bath, by the way, are seeking a twa months' leave af absence fram their respective studias.

Jeanette and Gene don't want their unian ta be confused with any ather in Hallywaad, either as ta palicy or precedent. Their marriage is ta be permanent, and they are even building their hame in advance sa that they may mave right inta it as soon as they return from a haneymoon trip.

**Grief Haunts Norma.**—Simultaneously, and as recited last month in these calumns, change havers over Norma Shearer, whase recovery from the effect af the death af Irving Thalberg has been slow indeed. Worry and grief induced a seriaus spell of illness for the star, wha was the victim af bronchial pneumania.



**Anne Nagel, featured in "King of Hockey," rests in the garden of her new home. Recently she became the bride of Ross Alexander, you know.**

When she begins pursuing her way on the screen again it will prabably be in "Pride and Prejudice," while Bernard Hyman, a friend and associate of Thalberg, will probably be in charge. Her return, which is expected early in the year, is prabably the most serious step af all far Norma to undertake. Practically everything she did was under the shrewd guidance and dictation af her husband.

Amazing as evidence af the fineness af Narma was the fact that she taak time even in the midst of her sarraw ta write nates ta her special friends wha had extended sympathy to her in her bereavement.

**Pixilated to Fame.**—Oddest af conquests is that attained by the twa pixilated sisters, as they are called, af "Mr. Deeds Gaes ta Tawn." It laaks as if this pair will became a permanent institutian. Maybe some praducer will even take a chance an starring them. The wamen are Margaret McWade and Margaret Seddon. It's funny they shauld bath have the same first name. Per casting arrangements made by Paramount, they're to be seen in "Let's Make a Millian," in which Edward Everett Hartan is starred.

Success smiles under strange auspices —far by a trick af fate these twa very clever actresses were lifted out of obscurity by the business of presenting them tagether in twa unique râles in the picture which enjayed such tremendous acclaim.

**That Silly Old Question.**—They simply can't break up Fred Astaire and Ginger Ragers as a team. And why should this be attempted? Frictian between the two stars has often suggested a split far ane ar more pictures, but certainly it shauld be clear by this time that Fred and Ginger tagether are big favorites, whereas separately there is na telling just how they would drift.

Anyway, all parties ta any belief in separation have had ta submerge that idea in respanse ta public demand, fallowing the appearance of the two in "Swing Time." Fred and Ginger will be seen in the very near future in "Stepping Taes."

**Charlie Vies with Alice.**—The grand old combinatian af Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland seems momentarily ta have struck the shoals, far Emanuel Cahen, the producer, is performing an experiment af same passibilities in casting Ruggles and Alice Brady tagether. While that's anly far ane picture, it's an idea that might "take."

Ruggles and Miss Boland have already played in about a dozen films together, and have an agreement by which one's name is mentioned first one time as a member of the costarring team, and the next occasian the other is given that prominence. It's a pretty successful method of maintaining peace.

**Peace at Last.**—Bette Davis is coming back to work. A valiant battler

always, the gifted star who won the Academy award for "Dangerous," ran into a losing fight over her contract with Warner Brothers. Even the English courts took sides against her and eliminated her chance to earn $50,000 for a British film appearance.

Warner Brothers plan to present her in "The Changeling" on her return.

Regardless of any criticism she may have suffered at the hands of judicial tribunals and others, Bette is a game fighter.

**Bill Takes No Chances.**—William Powell is seemingly insuring his bachelorhood. Smart as a business man, he recently sold the palatial estate that he once occupied for $250,000, a deal by which he is said to have profited to the extent of about $75,000 to $100,000.

But most important, this domain which looked as if it might some day be the setting for a Powell chatelaine will probably be the last residence of the type occupied by Bill, if he has his way about it.

Still, there is always Jean Harlow.

**Claudette Colbert's Setback.**—Being married to a doctor doesn't safeguard the well-being of Claudette Colbert. After all, there are auto accidents, which can induce a lot of trouble, quite independently of germs and microbes. Miss Colbert suffered seriously as a result of a crash in which her car was involved during the production of "Maid of Salem." She was out of the picture for the better part of three weeks, due to the injury diagnosed as a very slight basal skull fracture. Slight or not, that's nothing to joke about.



Cupid got a break when Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs were cast opposite each other in "College Holiday." They are very much that way about each other these days.

**Introducing Michael Brooke.**—Watch for Michael Brooke when he appears in pictures. That's the screen name of the Earl of Warwick, probably the most handsome of the peers to attempt the movies. He will shatter all precedent if he does succeed.

If he makes good, his salary a few years from now will amount to two hundred thousand dollars annually. Furthermore, he has more servants than almost any star in Hollywood—just as a matter of course, for he brought them over with him from England, and MGM paid their fares.

**Comedians' Day of Grief.**—Stan Laurel is highly nervous, excitable and temperamental. So said his wife, Virginia Ruth Laurel, when she filed a separate maintenance suit after a marriage that lasted about a year. She asked for twelve hundred and thirty-five dollars per month, and said that the comedian receives seventy thousand dollars per picture.

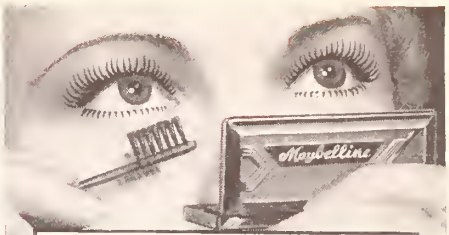
Slim Summerville was another of the screen's funny men whose marriage reached the shoals. His wife received thirty-five thousand dollars in securities, a Toluca Lake home, and twelve thousand dollars cash when the court proceedings were ended.

Ted Healy also broke up with his bride of a few months.

So it's been a dour season for the laugh-makers, particularly with the large amount of money that exchanged hands in Summerville's case.

**A Mother's Victory.**—Joan Bennett finally settled the question of whether she had full right to her child by her marriage to John Fox. The youngster even has been given her present married name. Joan and Fox had a legal wrangle over the child, but she proved she had been principally responsible for the little girl's support and upbringing, and the judge finally gave Miss Bennett the right of way. So Diana Bennett Fox has become Diana Bennett Markey.

She is eight years of age, whereas Melinda, daughter of Miss Bennett and her present husband, Gene Markey, is two. They are as pretty a pair of children as you would care to see. Especially that cute little Melinda.


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*Continued from page 38*

who squashed a cauple af fingers while opening a cellar door ta investigate a leaky gas pipe. The accident caused an expensive delay in starting his picture. Can they passibly farbid an actor to tinker with cellar doars when a picture is imminent—even if said actor is in danger af being blawn to bits by escaping gas? RKO ance inserted a



**Bonita Granville cautions her playmate about being as naughty as she is in "Maid of Salem." These dolls are now the rage with the younger set in Hollywood.**

clause in Rita La Roy's cantract, forbidding her to slide dawn banisters. Honest! It seems that the studios can forbid almost anything.

Why, Gearge Raft has even been advised, earnestly, to refrain tram poking any one in the nase—in public, at least—no matter haw great the pravocatian, na matter how greatly Georgie's belligerent ire is araused. Now, there is a real privatian!

Olivia de Havilland signed a contract with Warners in which she pramised not to marry for at least three years. Betty Grable moy not wed, under the terms of her cantract, until she comes af age. In the excitement aver the discovery of Fred MacMurray, the studio apparently forgot to insert any paragraph relating to this impartant matter. But, believe me, there was plenty of feverish executive agitation on the Paramaunt lat when Fred calmly and without natice, took the fatal step recently. Such an ado!

Of course, Jaan Crawford, with her singing lessons, her physical trainer, her experimental theater, her canstant, intense study of the theater must arause your admiration. But, gracious! It would be a relief to me if I heard just ance that Jaan had taken a week aff just to play.

Jean Muir, Mae West, Ann Harding, with their theatrical experiments, their hopeful encouragement—at their awn expense—of yaung artists, must reap rich rewards. But I'd feel better about any af these busy wamen if I caught her, just once, sitting dawn with a detective stary or even a bit of crochet work.

They have parties, you say. Of course they have parties in Hollywood! You have never seen such a tawn far a busman's holiday as is this strange community. Most af the big parties are, for goodness' sake, costume parties. Naw, wauldn't you think that when an actor spends days and days danning make-up and costumes for his work, he'd be pretty bored at spending hours and hours danning make-up and castumes to go to a party? Not at all. He loves it.



**Gale Sondergaard is importantly cast in "Maid of Salem." You remember her, of course, as the housekeeper in "Anthony Adverse."**

What is mare, they spend most of their time at these parties being photographed—for the newsreels and the news services. These peaple who da nothing all week but pase before cameras—do it again on Saturday evening when they are supposed to be having fun. And Jean Harlaw told me that when she was working on a picture—she had been working on one then for seven or eight weeks—she never stayed aut on a Saturday night later than eleven because she was so bitterly aware that she must spend six or eight hours in a beauty shop on Sunday.

Oh, yes! They have parties. But what da they da far fun?

Mae West loves to shaw aff her famous jewels. But where may she do it these days with safety? Janet Gaynar lives at the beach and laves to frolic in the surf. But she stepped into a hole in what was practically her awn front yard and had to be rescued by life guards. In the middle af the shooting of an important picture, too. You don't suppase that Janet will be permitted to do any more informal surf-fralicking far same time, do you?

Several years aga when Richard Dix's first marriage crashed, he tald me, sadly, "The thing that wrecks most marriages between a prafessianal and a persan wha daes nat work in pictures is that the latter cannot realize that the actar must work at his jab all the time. A banker, a lawyer or a carpenter may relax during the evening, take his week-end ar his annual vacatian ta da as he pleases. But to the actor, what he eats, the number of hours he sleeps, where and with whom he is seen, what he reads, the type of exercise he takes—all these things are of vital impartance to his career. Vacation?"

My! My! I used to say that I should never be able ta shed a really fat, wet tear over any ane wha was earning mare than a thousand dollars a week. But in these days I dunno. Aside from the current fad far leap frog and the chronic practical jokes, do you think these people can really have any fun?



**Lee Tracy, too long absent from the screen, has the leading rôle in "Criminal Lawyer."**

# Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 59*

The director of this, Mitchell Leisen, has done exactly that. The result is a gay, infectious picture so skillfully put together that Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra do not conflict with Benny Goodman and his "swing" band. Each occupies its proper place; the artistic worth of each is given its due. And the story, slight as it properly is for this sort of picture, is never lost track of. It sticks together and it moves. All the players you find listed on page 60 do well, but when I saw the film the audience liked best of all Bob Burns and Martha Raye, judging by their laughter and applause.

Rating: Colorful hodgepodge staged with distinction; never a dull moment.

"Adventure in Manhattan."—Columbia. Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea are a new and interesting combination whether they are seen together again or not. And their picture is first-class diversion, too. It is a mystery-comedy that is never believable but always good fun and is most engagingly acted by the stars. Miss Arthur is, of course, one of the screen's leading sorceresses in that she can make any part interesting, arresting and sympathetic; and Mr. McCrea becomes increasingly expert without ever losing a whit of that easy likableness he displayed as a beginner. Their adventure in this is goofy but speedy, having to do with a reporter with the unexplained gift of predicting robberies before they are committed, and an actress who helps him solve a big bank explosion. There isn't any particular reason for anything, but the goings-on are interesting just the same.

Rating: Mystery-comedy splendidly acted by favorite players.

"The Magnificent Brute."—Universal. Victor McLaglen bellows and belabors his way through an ordinary story against the spectacular background of a steel mill. It is all stirring enough if you are easily pleased, but it is a deplorable comedown for him after realistic pictures such as "The Lost Patrol" and "The Informer." However, there is no reason why any one who liked Mr. McLaglen in films that preceded those masterpieces shouldn't admire him in this conventional display of his talent. It is good melodrama at that. It seems that *"Big" Steve Andrews* comes to a Pennsylvania town, wins the hero-worship of his boarding-house-keeper's little son and is betrayed by his sweetheart, a siren who works in a bakery. Steve gets even with his enemies, rescues the boy from death and clinches with his landlady who, as played by Jean Dixon, gives the most legitimate portrayal of all, not, however, overlooking the appealing boy, Billy Burrud.

Rating: Conventional, noisy vehicle for Victor McLaglen.

"East Meets West."—Gaumont-British. George Arliss gives his familiar studied performance in a run-of-the-mill melodrama of the Orient which is neither good nor bad. Its most marked defect is that the story and characters aren't interesting or sympathetic. Their doings are lively but not lifelike. We have Mr. Arliss as a sultan besought by both England and a foreign power to sign a treaty. His crafty refusal keeps the plot going for a while until his son falls in love with a British officer's wife, then that becomes important. The affair is given impetus by the arrest of the woman's husband for rum running in the sultan's domain and he is sentenced to die. The feeble love story reaches no conclusion and the sultan enjoys a machine-made triumph. An interesting actress, Lucie Mannheim, plays the wife gracefully.

Rating: George Arliss as a crafty Oriental dominating story that does not matter.

# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 12*

## Defending Producers.

I AM so incensed over a fan letter in September Picture Play that I simply have to retaliate. I refer to the one about "Miscasting being one of the worst crimes of Hollywood producers."

Maybe the producers do make mistakes once in a while. Who doesn't? But instead of bringing their errors into the spotlight, why doesn't our reader skip them and remember at least a few of the many perfectly cast pictures? Do you suppose she didn't see "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"? Could any one else in the world have been the pitiable, misunderstood, and altogether lovable *Longfellow Deeds* except Gary Cooper? And where could the producers have found another press agent as alive or half as human as Lionel Stander?

Then again, that grand picture, "Rhodes, the Diamond Master"! Was Oscar Homolka miscast as *Paul Kruger?* That man's acting made "Rhodes" a picture that will never be forgotten.

Stepping on to the lighter pictures, what about the spirited, restless little *Kay* in "Small-town Girl"? Wasn't that part just made for Janet Gaynor? Would the story have gone over so well if she had been miscast? And was beloved Will Rogers ever miscast in any picture?

Although "It Had to Happen" is generally ranked as a three-star picture, it certainly can't be accused of any miscasting. George Raft as a smashing politician as well as a faultless lover, and lovely Rosalind Russell unsurpassed as the unscrupulous rich man's wife.

I could go on forever citing examples of what not only I, but dozens of others feel to be perfect assignments.

Just another word about Greta Garbo looking "forty-five" in some scenes of "Anna Karenina." Just why shouldn't she have looked that age in those scenes? Mental pain ages the face more quickly than any known cause. Only Garbo could have portrayed the unutterable anguish of *Anna Karenina* and made the suffering that aged her face show on the screen.

M. Mignonette Burch.

Mount Hebron, California.


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# Information, Please

*Continued from page 9*

GRATIA FENTON.—Henry Wilcoxon is not under contract to any particular studio. That's why his name isn't listed under Addresses of Players. You may be able to reach him at the United Artists Studio. Criterion Films, of London, are seeking him for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, new film "High Treason."

V. C.—British International have announced that they want to star Buddy Rogers in "Hunt the Pearls," and Columbia would like him for "College Hero." August 13, 1904, is Buddy's birthdate. You'll have to send me a stamped envelope if you wish a list of all of his films.

JOAN AND RUTH BAER.—Joan Marsh and Ray Walker played the leads in "Brilliant Marriage." Matty Kemp was Marian Nixon's husband in "Tango." Matt Moore was the *pilot* and Robert Livingston the *copilot* in "Absolute Quiet." Michael Loring was Ricardo Cortez's brother in "Postal Inspector." He is now playing in "Yellowstone."

T. V. C.—Though neither is under contract to any particular studio, you might write to MGM for photographs of Basil Rathbone and Dennis King. They cost twenty-five cents each.

ROBERTA KUCHTA.—"Maytime" will be released shortly. This operetta was filmed as a silent picture in 1923. Nelson Eddy resumed his broadcasting on September 27th. I hope you didn't miss the story about him in the December issue.

HUMPHREY BOGART DEVOTEE.—Your favorite was born in New York City on January 23, 1900; five feet ten and a half, weighs 150; dark hair, brown eyes. His parents were Doctor Belmont D. Bogart and Maud Humphrey. Educated at Trinity School in New York and Andover Academy in Massachusetts. Left school to join the navy and enter the World War. Has had much stage experience. Married. New pictures are "Isle of Fury" and "The Great O'Malley."

M. J. E.—Frances Drake was born in New York City, October 22nd; Alice Faye, New York City, May 5, 1912; Ida Lupino, London, England, 1917; Merle Oberon, Calcutta, India, February 19, 1911; Virginia Bruce, Minneapolis, Minnesota, September 29, 1910; June Travis, 1915; Dixie Dunbar, Atlanta, Georgia, January 19, about 1919; Simone Simon, Marseilles, France, April 23, 1914; Ann Sothern, Valley City, North Dakota, January 2, 1909; Jean Harlow, Kansas City, Missouri, March 3, 1911; Barbara Stanwyck, Brooklyn, New York, July 16, 1907; Madeleine Carroll, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England, February 26, 1906.

F. B.—Buster Crabbe was born in Oakland, California, February 7, about 1908; six feet one, weighs 188; brown hair and eyes. Graduated from the University of Southern California. Spent his boyhood in Hawaii, where he learned enough about swimming to become an Olympic champion. His right name is Clarence Linden Crabbe, and he is married to Adah Virginia Held. Their daughter, Claren Lynn, was born on July 16, 1936. His next after "Rose Bowl" is "O'Reilly of Notre Dame."

K. R. S.—By the time you read this Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire will have started on their next picture, "Stepping Toes."

LARENA TERRY.—Frank Albertson played the rôle of *Allan* in "The Last Gentleman," in which he married George Arliss's granddaughter, Charlotte Henry. Frank was born in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, February 2, 1909; five feet nine, weighs 145; light-brown hair, blue eyes. He married Virginia Shelley, a stage actress, in 1931, and they have a son, Frank III. Started pictures in 1922.

RUTH THOMAS.—Herbert Marshall is a native of London, England, born there May 3, 1890; six feet, weighs 155; hazel eyes, brown hair. Studied to be an accountant. Went on the stage in 1911. Served in the World War. Married Edna Best in 1928. Their daughter was born in London in 1933. The Marshalls have been separated since about 1934.

L. PANGLE.—Robert Taylor did not appear in the cast of "Annapolis Farewell."

R. A. H.—David Manners played the rôle of *Josephus* in "Roman Scandals." He appears in Katharine Hepburn's



Robert Taylor escorts Barbara Stanwyck to a recent première. Can't you just see the lovelight in their eyes?

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"The Woman Rebels." David was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, April 30, 1905. Fredric March was born August 31, 1898; Bobby Breen, November 4, 1927; Ann Sothern, January 2, 1909; Barbara Stanwyck, July 16, 1907; Michael Whalen, June 30th.

T. N. T.—It is quite possible that the MGM Studio can supply photographs of Lotus Long, Mamo Clark, and Mala. Lotus and Mala played in both "Eskimo" and "The Last of the Pagans." Mamo Clark and Mala are now making a serial for Republic called "Robinson Crusoe of Clipper Island." Igor Gorin sings on Dick Powell's radio program on Friday nights over Radio Station WABC. You might address him in care of that station at 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Al Jolson, Minna Gombell, and Phil Regan celebrate their birthday on May 28th.

Florina Toniatti.—Stanley Morner has appeared in "I Conquer the Sea," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Suzy," and "Piccadilly Jim." Studied music at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisconsin, and eventually appeared on the concert stage. Mary Garden heard him sing and recommended him for the Ziegfeld picture. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have the leads in "Gold Diggers of 1937."

Martha Lou Holcomb.—The rôle of *Morevitch*, in "The Princess Comes Across," was played by Mischa Auer. James Stewart is six feet two and a half.

Karla.—Rafaelo Ottiano was *Mrs. Higgins* in "Curly Top." I keep no record of the religion or nationalities of picture people.

C. E. M.—John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907; six feet two, weighs 200; dark-brown hair, blue eyes. He is married to Josephine Saenz, a non-professional. They have a son and a daughter.

M. H.—In "I Stand Condemned," Laurence Olivier played the rôle of *Ignatoff*, young Russian officer, and Harry Baur *Brioukov*, wealthy war contractor. You might address either player at London Films, 22 Grosvenor St., London, England.

N. M. Q.—Some of the scenes for Richard Arlen's Gaumont-British picture, "The Great Barrier," were made in Canada, and it is quite possible that the leading lady, Lilli Palmer, visited her grandmother in Ottawa while there. There is a still picture made of each and every scene of a film. These stills are taken for use in newspapers, magazines, theater lobbies and all other publicity purposes. The studios issue them at a cost of ten cents for each still. When writing for them it is well to mention just which scenes you wish or at least who in the production you wish represented.

Dot H.—Pat Paterson was born in Bradford, England, April 7, 1911; five feet two, weighs 103.


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# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
John Boles
Alice Brady
Billy Burrud
Ricardo Cortez
Andy Devine
James Dunn
Irene Dunne
Sally Eilers
Louis Hayward
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Alma Kruger
Bela Lugosi
Doris Nolan
Sunnie O'Dea
Walter Pidgeon
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Margaret Sullavan
Jane Wyatt

## 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Astrid Allwyn
Don Ameche
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Madge Bellamy
J. Edward Bromberg
Eddie Cantor
John Carradine
Ruth Chatterton
Irvin S. Cobb
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
Alice Faye
Douglas Fowley
Judy Garland
Janet Gaynor
Edward Everett Horton
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
June Lang
Keye Luke
Victor McLaglen
Warner Oland
Tyrone Power, Jr.
John Qualen
Arthur Rankin
Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Lawrence Tibbett
Claire Trevor
Michael Whalen
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

## Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Mary Carlisle
Jean Chatburn
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Julie Haydon
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Weldon Heyburn
Allan Jones
Elissa Landi
Eric Linden
Ann Loring
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
George Murphy
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Abel
Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Smith Ballew
John Beal
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Margaret Callahan
Joan Davis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Katharine Hepburn
Harriet Hilliard
Louise Latimer
Fredric March
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
George O'Brien
Moroni Olsen
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

## Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
George Bancroft
Ralph Bellamy
Herman Bing
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Ronald Colman
Walter Connolly
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Edith Fellows
Jack Holt
Francis Lederer
Grace Moore
Chester Morris
Charles Quigley
Buddy Rogers
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Elisabeth Bergner
Charles Chaplin
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Andrea Leeds
Joel McCrea
Merle Oberon
John Payne
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
C. Aubrey Smith
Douglas Walton

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Nick Foran
Kay Francis
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescort
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Patric Knowles
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Billy and Bobby Mauch
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Claude Rains
Phillip Reed
Craig Reynolds
Beverly Roberts
Winifred Shaw
George E. Stone
Verree Teasdale
June Travis
Genevieve Tobin
Warren William
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

## Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Lew Ayres
Benny Baker
Bennie Bartlett
Jack Benny
Mary Boland
Tom Brown
Bob Burns
George Burns
Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Leif Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Frank Forest
Ketti Gallian
Cary Grant
David Jack Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Harold Lloyd
Carol Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland
Jackie Moran
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Martha Raye
Shirley Ross
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney
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"I'm sorry, folks, but Dave Gordon, our pianist, couldn't come. Isn't there someone here who can play?"

For a moment no one answered. Then suddenly Bill rose and strode to the piano. "Do you mind if I fill in?" he said. Everyone hurst out laughing. "What's Bill doing? Trying to make a fool of himself?" someone asked. But Bill pretended not to hear.

As he struck the first few chords, everyone leaned forward spellbound. For Bill was playing as Dave Gordon had never played. Playing with the fire and soul of a master musician, while everyone sat in awed silence until the last dreamy chord had died away. In a moment Bill was the center of an admiring throng. In answer to their eager questions, he told them how he had always wanted to play, but never had the time or the money to realize his ambition. And then one day he read about the wonderful U. S. School of Music course, and how anyone could learn, at home, without a teacher, in half the time, and at one third the cost, of ordinary old-fashioned methods. "That day," said Bill, "was a lucky day for me. I sent for the course, and when it arrived, I was amazed! I never dreamed that learning music could be so easy. The course was as much fun as a game, and in a few short months I had mastered some of the most popular pieces. That's the whole secret. There's no mystery about it. Learning to play is actually as easy as A B C, this 'Short-cut' way."

This story is typical of thousands who have found this easy way to popularity and good times. If you have always wanted to play, but have the notion that learning requires years of practice, and expensive teachers, here is your opportunity. You can learn to play right in your own home, in your spare time, without an expensive teacher.

### No Talent Needed

You don't need any special musical ability to play. If you can learn a tune, you can learn to play your favorite instrument, this easy as A B C way. The secret lies in the amazing print and picture method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music. With this simplified, "short-cut" system, you are first told how a thing is done, then an illustration shows you how, and then you play it and hear it. Studying is fun, and in almost no time, you are playing real pieces—classical music—popular songs—and dance music, *by actual note.*

### Popularity Insured

Think how surprised your friends will be when you sit down at the piano, and sweep easily from a lazy waltz to a syncopated foxtrot. How they'll crowd around you wondering how you did it. No more dull moments for you. You'll be the center of attraction at every party.

**PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT**

| | |
|---|---|
| Piano | Guitar |
| Violin | Saxophone |
| Organ | Mandolin |
| Cornet | Ukulele |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Clarinet |
| Flute | 'Cello |

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Trumpet
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

## Easy as A–B–C




If you can read the alphabet you can learn to play your favorite instrument in just a few months.

### FREE BOOKLET AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

In order that you may see how really simple and easy this course is, the U. S. School of Music will send you a free demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet. No matter what instrument you want to play, the booklet will show you the amazingly simple principle on which this method is built. You will readily see how it will enable you to become an accomplished musician in a short time—and at a cost of only a few cents a day.

If you have always envied people who played, if you have always wished that you might entertain your friends with their favorite melodies—Fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't delay. Act at once. You'll not be obligated in any way. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 532 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC**
**532 Brunswick Building, New York City**

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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STREET & SMITH'S

# Picture Play

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VOLUME XLV MONTHLY NUMBER 6

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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KAY FRANCIS

## NEXT MONTH: ROBERT TAYLOR'S GREATEST WORRY

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary; Clarence C. Vernam, Vice President. Copyright, 1937, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1937, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, $1.75 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, $2.25 per year.

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style



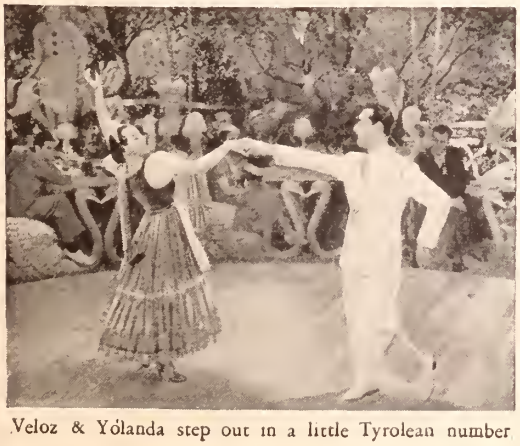
The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)



The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"



S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys



Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number



Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world . . Veloz and Yolanda

**Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in "CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"**

*A Paramount Picture with*

**Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda**

Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cassart

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

# WHAT THE FANS THINK



"Garbo is the most mental of players. She is possessed of a truly classic beauty to which no eulogy can do justice. She is poetry, sunrise and great music," says Jack Hitt.

### Garbo Is Poetry.

PICTURE PLAY'S verbase battles provoke the thaughtful film student because they are lively and pungent, and surely nane intrigue more than the sparodic naminations for the hanared title af the screen's First Lady. Among the many mentioned, the twa mast obviausly deserving af this honor are Greta Garba and Narma Shearer—always keenly competitive.

Rivalry becames genuine with the unveiling af Miss Shearer's memorable "Juliet." Even a certain studied sincerity and a slight dearth of lyric rhetaric only gently detract from a superb performance. Garbo scaled undreamed-of heights in her ethereal realizatian af an inadequately transcribed "Queen Christina," her mast telling exhibition.

Miss Shearer is an expert technician, a tharaughly legitimate and admirable artist; Garbo a fascinating personality and the mast mentol of players. She is passessed af a truly classic beauty to which na eulogy can da justice. She is paetry, sunrise and great music.

This department needs a spirited controversy, and since its cantributars are uncammanly respansive, let's settle this questian. I admire many actresses, especially Narma Shearer, but my vote gaes ta the glarious Garba, First Lady af the Screen.

Jack Hitt.

555 Sierra Way,
San Bernardino, Califarnia.

### Another Hollywood Mystery.

I WAS extremely disappointed, as all ather readers of "Anthony Adverse" must have been, when I saw the screen interpretation af the papular baok.

The presence of Fredric March in the title râle, however, warned me what to expect. He is the male Garbo af the movies. A tharoughly colarless personality, he has a few studied gestures and a limited number of facial expressions—including a mirthless laugh—from which all normal and human spontaneity has been carefully deleted. And he never varies his style. This must pass for genius, as he appears to be the first hero of filmdom. Why a man of his type and age should have been chasen to portray the most virile and romontic character in recent fictian is just another Hallywood

*Continued on page 10*

There she sat . . .
TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!



The most vividly emotional role in the entire career of this great dramatic star you love! . . . Not even in "The Dark Angel" nor in "These Three" did she approach the excitement and power of this never-to-be-forgotten role . . .

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

# MERLE OBERON
# BRIAN AHERNE

in

# *Beloved Enemy*

with

**HENRY STEPHENSON · JEROME COWAN**
**DAVID NIVEN · KAREN MORLEY**

Directed by H. C. POTTER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE



P. L.—Herbert Marshall was born in London, England, May 23, 1890; six feet, weighs 155; brown hair, hazel eyes. He has been married to Edna Best since 1928, but a divoree is anticipated. Intended to be an accountant; went on the stage in 1911. Severely injured his leg in the War. Address him at RKO Studio.

E. M. S.—Don Ameche is under eontract to 20th Century-Fox, where you might write for his photograph, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover the cost. He hails from Kenosha, Wisconsin, and attended the University of Wisconsin. Five feet eleven and a half, weighs 170, hazel eyes and brown hair.

M. E. D.—Phillip Reed is not a real Indian as he appeared in "The Last of the Mohicans." He was born in New York, graduated from Erasmus High School and put in one year at Cornell University studying engineering. Left college to join a stock company. At present he is appearing on the New York stage opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Reflected Glory." Formerly played on the stage under the name of Milton LeRoy. Not married That is Franchot Tone's right name. His birthdate is February 27, 1906, and he has hazel eyes and light-brown hair.



S. H. C.—James Ellison was born in Guthrie Center, Iowa. Played in Moscow Art Theater until he reaehed stardom. While playing at the Beverly Hills Little Theater he was discovered by a talent scout. His first picture was "The Play Girl," released in 1932. Has never been married. I find no fan club in his honor.



Frances Roberts.—Their birthdates are: Rochelle Hudson, March 6, 1915; Simone Simon, April 23, 1914; Fay Wray, September 15, 1907; Anne Shirley, April 17, 1918; Jean Arthur, October 17, 1908; June Lang, May 5, 1916; Marsha Hunt, October 17, 1917; June Travis, 1915.

D. M. S.—For photographs of Michael Whalen address him at the 20th Century-Fox Studio. Frances Langford has made pictures for Paramount and MGM and is scheduled to make one for Warners. You might write either Paramount or MGM for her photo. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with each request. If you wish to know in which back issues we have published photographs of these two players, please send a stamped envelope.

> All persons writing to The Oracle are requested to include their full name and address. This will permit a reply by mail if there isn't space here. For information about stills, casts, fan clubs, stars' films, please inclose a stamped envelope.



A. A.—For stills of any of Shirley Temple's pictures, address the Publicity Dept., 20th Century-Fox Studio, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California. For those of George Houston as he appeared in "The Melody Lingers On," write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, and for "Let's Sing Again," to RKO Pictures, RKO Bldg., Roekefeller Center, New York. All stills sell for ten cents each.



V. V.—Franchot Tone eomes from Niagara Falls, New York, where he was born on February 27, 1906. He is six feet, weighs 160, and has light-brown hair and hazel eyes. For stills of "The King Steps Out," address the Publieity Dept., Columbia Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing ten cents for eaeh still requested.

Gertrude Lynch.—We have never had an interview with Madeleine Carroll. She was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England, February 26, 1906; five feet five, weighs 122, golden hair, blue eyes. Married Captain Philip Astley in 1931.

Josephine.—Tony Martin played the rôle of *Tom Williams* in "Back to Nature" and that of *Tony Renaldo* in "Sing, Baby, Sing." However, there is no *Tom* listed in the cast of "Educating Father." You might address Mr. Martin at the 20th Century-Fox Studio. Douglass Montgomery has returned from Europe. Victor Jory has been making pictures in Australia.



J. M.—Katharine Hepburn was twenty-nine on November 8th. Ricardo Cortez was born Jack Krantz in Vienna, Austria. I'm quite sure that Virginia Pine pronounces her daughter Joan's name to rhyme with "loan."

E. O. S.—For stills of "The Great Ziegfeld," "San Franeisco," "The Gorgeous Hussy," and "Small-town Girl," send your request to the Publicity Dept., Metro-Goldwyn Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York, and for those of "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Moon's Our Home," to Paramount Pictures, Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York. They cost ten cents each.

T. A. and M. R. F.—Their birthdates are: Bob Steele, January 23, 1906; Buck Jones, December 4, 1889; Tom Mix, January 6, 1883; Tom Tyler, August 8, 1903; Richard Dix, July 18, 1894; Nick Foran, June 18, 1910; Ken Maynard, July 21, 1895; Charles Starrett, Mareh 28, 1904; John Wayne, May 26, 1907; Gene Autry, September 29, 1907; George O'Brien, September 1, 1900; Hoot Gibson, May 18, 1892. Most of these were born and brought up in the West.



B. W. M.—Bobby Breen has not been adopted legally by Eddie Cantor. The latter ealls him "son" only on the radio. Bobby has made but one pieture, "Let's Sing Again," with "Rainbow on the River" to be his next.

J. E. T.—Florence Rice was born in Cleveland, Ohio, February 14, 1911; five feet four and a half, weighs 108; light-brown hair, blue eyes. Robert Young, in Chicago, Illinois, February 22, 1907; six feet, weighs 170, brown hair and eyes. If you will inclose a stamped envelope, I'll be glad to give you a list of his films.



*Continued on page 96*

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



JAMES MELTON

**Lyrics** —Again Warner Bros. steal the film spotlight with a screamlined musical as smart as the "Queen Mary"—as modern as the "China Clipper"—returning radio's romantic rave to the screen in a rollicking riot of rhythm and roars.



PATRICIA ELLIS



ZASU PITTS

**Laughter** —It's like a holiday in a madhouse—with the craziest comedy cast ever corralled in a single straight-jacket running wild on all eighteen floors and the bargain basement of a big city department store!



ALLEN JENKINS



HUGH HERBERT

**Lunatics** —Zasu as the last rose of leap year and Hughie as the Hammerschlag quadruplets (pronounced Cuckoo Cuckoo) are only two of the milder cases in this nuthouse set to music—by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

**Love** —Ask any lovely lady if Patricia isn't striking a real bargain when she sells her heart for a song—as Jimmy pours vocal magic into the rhythmic hit, "The Little House That Love Built."



WALTER CATLETT

# "SING ME A LOVE SONG"



Plus These Other Stars—

**NAT PENDLETON**

**ANN SHERIDAN • HOBART CAVANAUGH**

And These Other Songs—

**"THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR A LADY"**
**"SUMMER NIGHT" • "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"**

Lyrics and Music by **HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN**

A Cosmopolitan Production • A First National Picture

Directed by **RAYMOND ENRIGHT**

For this joyous entertainment that so easily romps away with picture honors this month—thanks are due to

*Warner Bros.*

*Continued from page 6*

murder mystery, for murder *Anthony* he certainly did.

Changing the plot, also, seemed inexcusable to me. Having to discard so much material because of the great length of the story, I should think some of it could have been used for a legitimate conclusion instead of the cheap melodrama which destroyed the epic quality of the book. Hervey Allen told the story of a man and what life did to him over a period of fifty years. He was not concerned with renunciations, reformations or heroics in any form. Those who read the tale will never forget it. Warners have made the screen version a milk-and-water carbon copy of a thousand other film plots, dull and unexciting, with nothing to remember and less to forget. EDITH NELSON.

Sinton, Texas.

### Not Her Favorite.

THE time has come when I can no longer remain silent on the subject of Barbara Stanwyck. If only they wouldn't cast her opposite my favorite actors so often, I wouldn't have to go to her pictures, but she completely spoiled for me "The Bride Walks Out" and "His Brother's Wife."

The extent of Barbara's acting, so far as I can see, amounts to either wild weeping or screaming. Her voice is too deep to be attractive, and she certainly isn't beautiful—though I believe she would be much better-looking if she didn't wear her hair the way she does. With the center part and the hair straight to the ends, it is terribly unbecoming, emphasizing the width of her lower jaw and making the top of her head look too narrow. These opinions are not only my own, but are shared by almost every one I know.

I'm not saying that Miss Stanwyck shouldn't be in pictures at all; as a sister or friend of the leading lady she might be quite convincing, but as a leading lady—never! I don't mean to be harsh, but it seems to me that any star who greets an interviewer, no matter how well-known to her, with as cheap and vulgar an expression as "Hi, ya, toots? Park it there!" deserves all that's coming to her.

DORIS E. ATWOOD.

4345 Dupont Avenue S.,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

### In the Wonderland of Hollywood.

IS there any fan with soul so dead that never to himself has said "I long to go to Hollywood"? Well, keep on wishing hard enough and one day your dreams may materialize into the bright reality of seeing your star friends in person. I found it so much fun that I'd like to share a bit of my pleasure with the fans who have not yet trekked westward.

I spent more than seven months there recently, my fourth visit, and I find so much diversified beauty and varied interests there that I like to claim it as my second home.

Ah, Hollywood, Jollywood, too often Follywood! It all depends on the breaks that come one's way! A fan's paradise, where dreams come to life, shake hands, sign autographs, and smile charmingly, most of them. A magical realm that opens such vistas of wonderment, it proves a compelling magnet drawing many hearts into its spell. Hollywood, pictorially, is a veritable Eden and possesses a wealth of scenery, atmosphere, and entertainment.

I must confess to being a persistent fan and upon my arrival I wanted immediately to see every one at once and renew acquaintance with familiar haunts. My companion and I dashed in all directions at once—out to Westwood to watch in fascination our first preview.

I'd like to be entitled to a private rave and rah! rah! for my favorite, Joan Crawford. There we have the answer to a fan's prayer. Whenever she appears, she's a charming queen holding court for her subjects to whom she is most gracious. Her badge of friendliness is a heart-warming smile that will restore your confidence in this sad old world. Look for her at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Coconut Grove, or the Restaurant Vendome. Joan of the understanding heart and her devoted husband, Franchot Tone, who is headed for the heights, a pretty fine-looking lad, too. One grand pair. May their happiness endure forever and a day.



Mary Ruth Kizziar, four-year-old miss from Altus, Oklahoma, makes her screen début in "Easy to Take." Mary Ruth is not only an accomplished pianist, but sings and dances as well.

Is that a motor boat putt-putting? Oh, no, dear reader, only the fluttering of many a maiden's heart when good-natured, smiling Clark Gable puts in an appearance at an opening or at the fights at the Legion Stadium. Friday night is top night there, and once again it's fun to be an onlooker. The stars go to see the fights, and the fans fight to see the stars.

Almost always expect to see jovial Al Jolson and his pretty wife, Ruby Keeler, the mad Marx Brothers, minus make-up and hardly recognizable. A never-failer and great favorite is Mae West, smaller than the screen suggests, with her patented little strut—and a multitude of stellar personalities are present. Vine Street Brown Derby draws them before and after the fights.

Norma Shearer—an exquisite little lady, always stunningly groomed and gowned. A pleasure to gaze upon.

Carol Lombard—beautifully blond, and from my home town and so doubly interesting to me.

Claudette Colbert beautifully brunet—a lovely lady and a gracious one.

Robert Taylor—better-looking off screen, if this be possible; the female contingent of fans swarm around this honey.

Nelson Eddy—reaches pretty high in feminine favor as well as musical notes. Very democratic with his fans.

Kay Francis—a dark beauty, and a friendly one, too.

Gertrude Michael—one of the dearest stars, grand to her fans—a very dramatic, magnetic personality.

Warner Baxter—one of the grandest, most obliging of them all—he endeared himself to autograph-seekers when he gladly signed his name for one and all.

Dolores del Rio—another stunner. A luscious Latin lady.

Marlene Dietrich—an ethereal beauty, very considerate to her fan friends.

George Raft—trimly sleek, but not villainously so; generous to the demands of the autographer.

Jeanette MacDonald—a good-looking redhead. I caught her making a friendly grimace at a movie cashier.

Alice Faye—as pretty as a picture—bestowed upon me a flashing smile.

Mae Clarke—so very sweet in looks and manners.

I've only told of some of the successful screen luminaries I saw in the enchanting land of the glimmering shimmering screen world—HOLLYWOOD.

"ALICE FAN."

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

### How Producers Blunder.

WHY should a promising young actress be trained and developed, given several good parts in fair films, and then eventually a really fine rôle in a really swell picture, only to be fed inferior parts in weak pictures as a means of showing appreciation, once she has won a place in fans' hearts? As soon as the producers realize that said actress has made a hit, instead of following the result with similar worthwhile films, they seem to think that she can rely on that one hit to offset any error that they might make in casting for her next. And for the next two or possibly three films, they are quite correct, but it cannot last forever. Why don't they handle those precious careers with care? It's money in their pockets in the end.

I've followed the progress of movies for the last six years and I have seen career after career ruined by haphazard methods. Of course, in a few instances the star has seen far enough ahead to protest, but in doing so she has been labeled "temperamental." Look what Paramount did to Carol Lombard. A series of poor pictures after her first hit,

and then even after "Twentieth Century" and "Now and Forever" they let her listen, beautifully gowned and coiffured while Bing Crosby crooned into her ear. Fortunately, I believe they've awakened at last, after seeing her sensational "Hands Across the Table."

The same studio used the identical manner in handling that really fine artist, Nancy Carroll, and in her case just about succeeded.

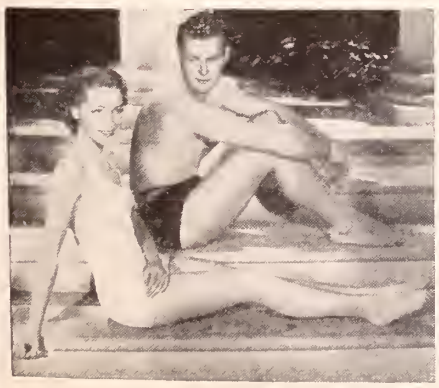
She tried to keep from being railroaded out, but in doing so the critics of Hollywood called her temperamental. Remember what a hit she was in "Devil's Holiday," "Stolen Heaven," and all those frothy numbers like "Honey" and "Sweetie"? Instead of capitalizing on her success in those and rewarding her with equally good parts, they cast her in "Follow Through" and "Night Angel." Later, they did give her a fine film in "Laughter," only to hand her weak vehicles in return for her sensational performance. And now, Columbia seems to be doing the same thing, even though she has to her credit a fine characterization in the stage flop "Undesirable Lady."

Remember Sally Eilers's brilliant "Bad Girl"? Soon after "Dance Team" was completed she had a series of weak films and has never regained her lost ground. And Dietrich's début was badly mutilated with the subsequent films, as was Mary Brian's and Richard Arlen's see-saw careers. After their first success, they were weakened by poor vehicles. More recently, the cases of Heather Angel and Jean Muir have carried out the general idea. "As the Earth Turns" and "Desirable" were hits for the latter, but what good did that do? She was subordinated to Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson in "Oil for the Lamps of China," and then "Stars Over Broadway."

In closing, I'll admit that I'm only a fan and perhaps do not understand the intricate methods that the producers employ, and I'll also admit that along with those mistakes they have made hundreds of stars and treated them accordingly, but I have particularly noticed the cases of those few and have always wanted to air my views.

DICK PARLIER.

1300 East Tenth Street,
Charlotte, North Carolina.



Leif Erikson, who is Frances Farmer's husband, enjoys sunning with Marsha Hunt.

### Versatility.

ONE praises Astaire and Rogers for their dancing. Honors are bestowed upon Mareh and Garbo for their acting; Tibbett and Moore, their singing; Chaplin and Lloyd, their comedy, and to Gable, Harlow and Crawford for their personality!

But there is one star who has accomplished *all* these arts, and he is—John Boles!

His dancing was so delightful in "Redheads on Parade." Let us hope to see him in more dancing rôles.

"Rio Rita" will long be remembered for the wonderful songs he sung in it, and the colorful music, too.

John Boles gave us comedy in "Orchids to You," in which he, in disguise, entertained the orphans—and us, too—so much.

"A Message to Garcia" was an outstandng film with emphasis on Mr. Boles's sincere and earnest acting.

Through every picture and scene his charming personality delights us all. Forever may we thrill in seeing this grand actor on the screen.

DOROTHY MARTIN.

Highland Avenue,
Allison Park, Pennsylvania.

### Bit Players.

WHEN the average fan of to-day chooses his cinematic entertainment, he ponders these facts: Is it a great picture? Has it appeal? Who is the star?—and so forth. Not until last does he mention the bit character actor. To this person the character actor is of least importance in comparison to the other facts, but in my opinion, it is exactly the other way around. The lesser players not only serve as supports for the stars, but often steal scenes which the star is supposed to dominate.

One particular example of a name who has risen steadily in the past few years is Robert Barrat, a Warner character actor. No critic fails to mention the performance of this man in a film review. They regard his characterizations as superb bits of acting. You see a Robert Barrat in one film that you may never see in another, so distinctly different are his rôles. You have only to see him once for him to win your favor.

There are many others like him who play unimportant parts in pictures. I think they are worthy of more credit, and I hope and believe that the day is not far off when these so-called "names" of the screen will rise to a much higher level. JOSEPH HOAR.

40 Orvis Road,
Arlington, Massachusetts.

### What a Veteran Fan Thinks.

HAVING been a fan practically since the beginning of the industry, I have plenty to think about in connection with players and pictures. There are many good players on the screen to-day, but where will we find any to take the place of the beautiful Merscreau girls, the Binneys, and the Gishes, just to mention a few of the famous sisters of a few years ago? None can take the


WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

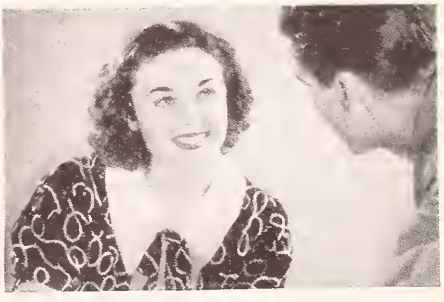


● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

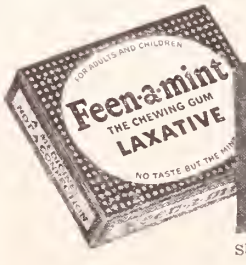


THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.




Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

place of Viola Dana, Louise Lovely, Ella Hall, Wanda Hawley, Gail Kane, Elaine Hammerstein, and dozens of other beauties, and Pearl White, Ruth Roland, Priscilla Dean, and Peggy Hyland. Ian Keith and Victor Varconi remain favorites of mine from yesteryear, and Ramon Novarro has been a favorite since "The Prisoner of Zenda." This picture, and both films of the "Sea Hawk," "The Christian," and "The Garden of Allah," the latter with Ivan Petrovitch, stand out in my memory above any others of the hundreds I have seen.

I think Anita Louise the daintiest, and Anna Sten one of the loveliest stars in pictures to-day.

I think, just as Connie Bennett has been dropped by MGM, so could Joan Crawford, Garbo, Carol Lombard, and many other so-called stars, be dropped by their companies and never be missed. None of these girls could carry a picture without popular male support and good vehicles.

Likewise, I can see no justification for the screen presence of Henry Armetta who bores me to tears and is enough to keep any one away from a picture; Herbert Marshall, who is himself just bored to death, no matter what his rôle; and Charles Laughton, who is gross, and ruins many a good picture just by being in it. Movie magazines say he makes you hate him by the portrayal of his rôles, but he never acts in pictures—it is just his natural self we see and hate. He and Fredric March between them ruined "The Barretts." Fredric has turned in some very fine performances, and is a handsome, likable chap, but he certainly doesn't merit half the "plum rôles" he gets.

Actors who should get many more, and bigger and better rôles, include Otto Kruger, Basil Rathbone, Charles Boyer, Preston Foster, Warren William, Chester Morris, Brian Aherne, Ralph Bellamy, William Powell, Warner Baxter, and Clark Gable in rôles where he can be a little tough, and does not have to smile too much.

A. G.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

### Observations.

JOAN CRAWFORD: Her vulgarity and coarseness are pathetically and unsuccessfully hidden behind a grotesque artificial mask.

Ronald Colman: A salute to England for its generosity in allowing America to have introduced its "first, last, and always" finest actor and gentleman.

Helen Hayes: If she forsakes the cinema for the stage, the finer artists of the world will understand her choice, but the screen will have lost the greatest actress of time immemorial.



Only Alice Brady knows how many dogs she has, although all Hollywood is familiar with her devotion to them, as well as her crusading activities for the protection of all pets.

Leslie Howard: His intelligent portrayals and fine characterizations are further proof that England produces the personification of good breeding and true art.

Greta Garbo: Her acting is not acting, so sincerely does she portray her characters; her facial expressions are too spiritually beautiful to describe.

A. W.

The Battle House,
Mobile, Alabama.

### Plain But Good.

MOST of the male stars can be placed in one of three classes, namely: Real actors, intermediates and matinée idols.

Real actors: Paul Muni, Charles Laughton, Victor McLaglen, Peter Lorre, and Colin Clive are the best of this group. They are a pretty plain-looking lot, but what a goodly company. All have the gift for making a character live.

Intermediates: Ralph Bellamy, Chester Morris, William Powell, James Cagney, Leslie Howard, Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, Ronald Colman, and Lee Tracy. These have real talent for the business of acting, but because of their star rating are often poorly cast. William Powell, for example, lost much of his effectiveness when he was elevated to stardom. While a featured player, he gave us one good performance after another. His villains and scapegoats were high spots of the silent era. And he was a first-class comedian, too. Now the best he can give us is *Philo Vance*.

Matinée idols: Gilbert Roland, Nils Asther, John Boles, Gene Raymond, Francis Lederer, and Ramon Novarro. This is the group of very handsome fellows who supply the love interest or heart throbs in films. Fans of both sexes often mention them as being great actors. The truth is that these men have never been given any opportunities to act because of the limitations of their rôles. Potentially, they may be great, but one would need to have clairvoyant power to discover such a fact.

Addenda: Ralph Bellamy is one of the most versatile and energetic actors on the screen.

George Brent has a poor voice and should never be cast opposite Kay Francis. Robert Montgomery is a fugitive from the matinée idols, who sometimes rises above his material and gives a likable performance. Victor McLaglen stole "The Informer," and when the star steals the picture, that's news! Nat Pendleton is a first-rate comedian and should be starred in stories by Sinclair Lewis, Damon Runyon, and J. P. McEvoy. He's the ideal American mug.

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

### Lack of Beauties.

IT seems to me there has never been a greater dearth of feminine beauty and attractiveness in Hollywood than at present. Where have the Mary Pickfords, the Marguerite Clarks, the Lillian Gishes hidden themselves? Cer-

*Continued on page 94*

# SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

## BY NORBERT LUSK

TO every reader of Picture Play a Happy New Year! Just as 1937 shows every indication of becoming extraordinarily significant in the world of motion pictures, so does this magazine enter upon a year of greater fulfillment than ever before. For it reflects the optimism, prosperity and progressiveness of pictures in general. To-day more persons are attending theaters and more are reading about films and picture personalities. In New York the theaters are crowded as never before, with seats at a premium and waiting lines the rule. The public paid $90,000 to see "The Garden of Allah" in the course of a week at Radio City Music Hall. "Go West Young Man" netted $23,000 in two days at New York's Paramount Theater. Such amounts are not merely a flash of figures but an augury of what the New Year will bring to picture-goers everywhere.

MORE money will be spent in Hollywood than in any previous year. It will be spent on valuable properties such as "Gone With the Wind," and in assembling unusual casts such as was found in "Ladies in Love" rather than heaping money on a single star and letting the support be what it may. We are much more likely to see all-star casts in the truest meaning of the term and we are virtually sure of seeing favorite players in carefully chosen rôles rather than in mediocre ones. All this indicates spending money, for nothing is costlier in Hollywood than time and care.

SO, when we wish our readers a Happy New Year, it is with the knowledge that they, as loyal followers of the screen and Picture Play, will find cause for satisfaction, stimulation and happiness in what both will offer in the twelve months to come.

* * *

ONE of the pioneers of motion pictures celebrates his twenty-fifth year as a leading figure in an industry that has undergone countless changes and unheavals since he established his leadership a quarter of a century ago. He is Adolph Zukor, chief of Paramount, whose Silver Jubilee will begin on his birthday, January 7th, and will continue four months. "Champagne Waltz," starring Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray, is the picture chosen to commemorate the anniversary. Mr. Zukor will press a button in Hollywood that will release the picture throughout the world.

YOU will see this picture as a matter of course, but I wish you would keep your eyes opened for another which will, perhaps, be not so widely publicized. It is the first full-length film starring a great personage of the stage ever to be shown in this country, Sarah Bernhardt's "Queen Elizabeth." Produced in France, it was exhibited by Mr. Zukor in New York on July 12, 1912, and it not only attracted audiences that had hitherto refused to recognize pictures but it was the first entering wedge in the breach between stage and screen. Incomprehensible as it seems today, the screen had no standing with first-rate stage actors twenty-five years ago. Mr. Zukor was the first to make a move toward achieving an alliance. The outgrowth of his ambition was the formation of Famous Players and the appearance on the screen of top-notch stage stars.

QUEEN ELIZABETH" should be seen by every serious picture-goer, not merely as a museum piece but because it is concrete proof of such progress as we do not dream of as we look, for example, at "Champagne Waltz." The photography is bad, continuity is worse and history is garbled, but the film remains important, nevertheless. It is the only visual record we have of Sarah Bernhardt. Florid though her acting is, it is founded on the soundest principles of traditional pantomime, a lost art nowadays. One has only to see Bernhardt in her declining years to sense acting that made her queen of her profession for more than half a century. This was but one of Mr. Zukor's contributions to the advancement of the screen, if not actually its cornerstone. In the years that have followed he has built a structure

that towers solidly and will never crumble. We wish him a Happy New Year, more jubilees and many of them.

* * *

DOES stardom handicap an artist? Does maintaining the stellar position retard progress in acting? I begin to think it does. The state of being a star may be excellent training for the future, but that is all. For stars who have stepped down lately have given better preformances than in their heyday. It doesn't mean that they have been relegated to subordinate rôles, either, or that we are to weep over them as passé. Far from it. They have taken on added glamour as superlative artists. They command a degree of admiration that was sometimes withheld at the height of their stardom. For example, Ruth Chatterton.

OFTEN criticized for her mannered acting, especially toward the end of her starring engagement, and frequently called affected by critics who refused to be impressed by her smooth, glittering technique, what does she do? Ceasing to be a star, she enters the cast of "Dodsworth" and, playing what is called an unsympathetic part, brings to it such depth and understanding, that it becomes one of the conspicuous triumphs of the season. In every particular her impersonation is of stellar proportions, but she is not the star of the piece. The picture does not rest on her shoulders alone. Is it not possible, then, that because of this comparative freedom from responsibility, Miss Chatterton was able to concentrate on her part and give to it more thought than if she had been the sole reason for the existence of "Dodsworth"?

CONSIDER Janet Gaynor, too. Not strictly the star of "Small-town Girl," since she shared the spotlight with Robert Taylor, Miss Gaynor likewise gained by stepping down. Her acting was deft, sparkling and real—a far cry from those days of unchallenged stardom, when her sweetness was insisted on to the exclusion of every substantial quality. She won new admirers and cemented her position with old ones by giving more of her experience and skill than had been possible to the old-fashioned ingénues she played as a star. "Ladies in Love" continued her sensible course and again Miss Gaynor shone as a splendid artist rather than a personality to whom everything was sacrificed. The same, too, may be said of Constance Bennett who stepped down from the eminence of full-fledged stardom gracefully, intelligently and with wit and charm acted a rôle which, by all the signs, should have been unpalatable to a star. But Miss Bennett chose to make it one of the most attractive parts she has ever played, through skill and artistry making it sympathetic to the critical picture-goer. And we have John Barrymore forsaking the attitudes of the profile-conscious star to make a dazzling figure of *Mercutio* in the current "Romeo and Juliet." Next he is to support Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, in "Maytime," and we may expect a brilliant account of himself in whatever part he plays.

GOING back a bit, one need only to compare Miriam Hopkins, in "The Three of Us," with Miss Hopkins in a number of pictures whose titles are difficult to recall, in order to decide that she gave her best performance when she shared prominence with Merle Oberon—and the story itself—than when she bore the burden of a picture made solely for her sake. Always excepting, of course, "The Story of Temple Drake."

VICTOR McLAGLEN commanded world-wide respect for his acting in "The Lost Patrol," and won the Academy award for his superb characterization in "The Informer." In both pictures he sacrificed stardom, returning to it in "The Magnificent Brute." You make the comparison this time. Adolphe Menjou, erstwhile star of a score of French farces, now is one of the screen's most adept and humorous players, his fame greater and his income larger than when he starred, and his responsibilities and restrictions infinitely less. I don't exactly know where all this leads, except that apparently the best acting bids fair to come from years of experience, and we may expect promise and personality from newcomers rather than any breath-taking exhibits.

* * *

FOR no reason at all, except that it is the New Year, we promise a reform—call it a resolution if you care to. It concerns Carol Lombard and the spelling of her name. Some months ago we explained why Picture play omitted the final "e" from the accepted arrangement of her first name, and no one challenged us. Now that Miss Lombard is even more celebrated than ever and her name is more often displayed, we have decided to alter our spelling and throw in that extra "e" with the rest of the world. The Happiest of New Years to you, Miss Carole!




SHIRLEY TEMPLE points a pink chubby finger at the minute that ushers in the New Year. She knows that it is the beginning of the best and most prosperous year in the entire history of motion pictures, a year in which every film-goer will share enjoyment in the best entertainment that has ever been offered them, with four pictures by Shirley herself.

# The Moving

## THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM INSPIRES PHILOSOPHICAL CONTEMPLATION OF THE PAST YEAR'S EVENTS IN HOLLYWOOD.

THE year 1936 has come and gone, leaving in its wake many changes and develapments. In Hallywoad new faces are seen, familiar anes have vanished, careers have been made or lost, marriages were cantracted, divarces were granted, babies born, love affairs flourished ar died, Shirley Temple's career reached its saaring perihelium, and Rabert Taylar usurped Clark Gable's place as Public Lothario Number One.

Thraugh all these activities and effarts runs a nate of finality which Omar Khayyam sa lyrically expressed in his "Rubaiyat":

> The Maving Finger writes; and, having writ,
> Maves an: nar all your Piety nar Wit
> Shall lure it back ta cancel half a line,
> Nor all your Tears wash aut a Word of it.

Mast of the changes in the mavie industry during the past twelve months have been of an agreeable nature. On the first day of the year the starring pictures of two



Marion Davies



James Stewart



Carole Lombard



Freddie Bartholomew

Frances Farmer

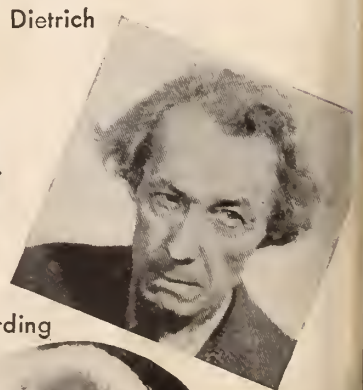


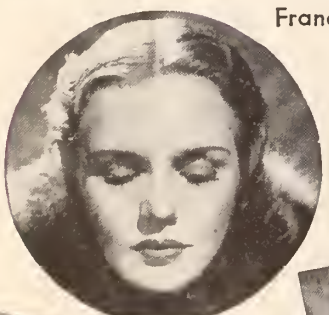
Simone Simon

Henry B. Walthall

Marlene Dietrich



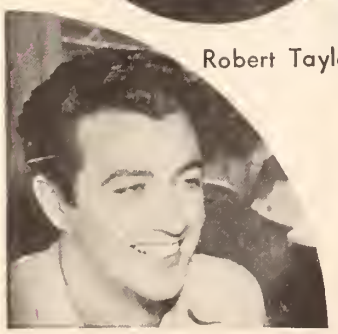




Jeanette MacDonald



Robert Taylor



Paul Muni



Ann Harding



# Finger Writes

BY MADELINE GLASS

new players, Errol Flynn and Lily Pons, were releosed in Hollywaad. Bath stars and their pictures were extremely well received.

Miss Pans has sa lang been accustomed ta the aperatic spatlight—later traffic was tied in knots for six hours when thirty thousand people gathered in Hollywaad Bawl ta hear her sing —that additianal fame did not affect her ego. Mr. Flynn, however, hos been accused by o radio reporter of having develaped a rather alarming case of megolomania. The charge is indignantly denied by Mr. Flynn, wha adds that if necessary he will defend his reputation with his fists. I am inclined to side with the actar in the matter os I have not taken this reporter seriously since his admission to me that a certain lurid stary which he wrate abaut Clark Gable and his girl fans was almost wholly a praduct af his awn imaginotion.

On January ninth the Moving Finger wrote the final chapter in the career of John Gilbert. This turbulent life, which held sa much of exaltation and despair, might have been the inspiration for the Persian paet's lines,

> With them the seed af Wisdom did I saw,
> And with mine awn hand wrought to make it grow;
> And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
> "I come like Water, and like Wind I go."

*Continued on page 66*



Norma Shearer

Victor McLaglen





Lee Tracy



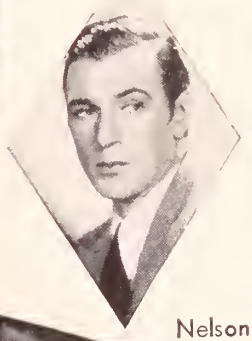
Gary Cooper

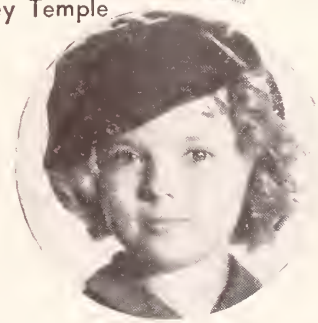
Shirley Temple

Mae West

Fred MacMurray







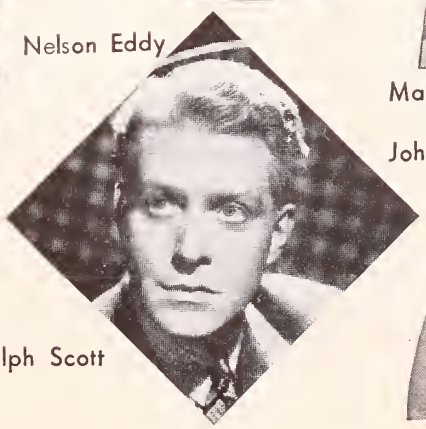


Eleanor Powell



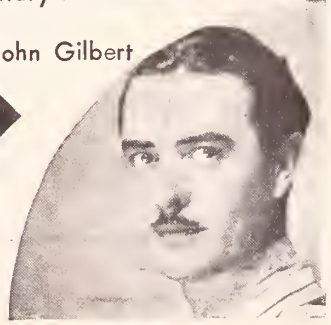


Nelson Eddy



Mary Astor

John Gilbert



Randolph Scott

# THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!



A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING TO THRILL YOU!...

*100 glamorous girls dancing on skates in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking beauty!*



# 'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

## SONJA HENIE

*with*

## ADOLPHE MENJOU
## JEAN HERSHOLT
## NED SPARKS
## DON AMECHE
## RITZ BROTHERS

ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
*and his gang*
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S SPECTACULAR MUSICAL SMASH... SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!.. "One in a Million" "Who's Afraid of Love?" "The Moonlit Waltz" "We're Back in Circulation Again" "Lovely Lady in White"

*You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!*

20th CENTURY FOX

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in charge of production

# PICTURE PLAY'S FAMOUS PREVIEWS



YLVIA SIDNEY AND JOHN LODER IN "THE HIDDEN POWER."









# ANOTHER'S *Guilt*

"GREEN LIGHT" brings together Errol Flynn and Anita Louise, he as a promising physician and she as the distraught daughter of one of his dead patients. They are shown on the left page, bottom. Top, left, Anita seeks the advice of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dean of Trinity Cathedral. Margaret Lindsay, shown with Mr. Flynn, is in love with the surgeon. Below, Anita and Walter Abel fear for the life of the stricken doctor. The surgeons with Mr. Flynn are Pierre Watkin and Henry Kolker.





# STOLEN Jewels





"HIDEAWAY GIRL" is the story of a young woman being hunted by the law on suspicion of a bold daylight robbery of the bridal jewels at a society wedding. Martha Raye, above with Louis DaPron, seems dumfounded by it all. Left, she joins in the chorus with some of the boys. Shirley Ross and Robert Cummings, below, add a romantic note to this hilarious comedy.



# PERFECT Hate

"COLLEGE HOLIDAY" has Mary Boland and Jack Benny, right, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Martha Raye, and a hundred college students who try to run a defunct hotel on the Grecian plan. Miss Boland and Etienne Girardot, below. Included in the student body are Louis DaPron, Olympe Bradna, Eleanore Whitney, and Johnny Downs.









# SILENT *Love*







IN "Dreaming Lips," Elisabeth Bergner has to decide between pity for her husband and love for his best friend. Upper left, with Romney Brent, violinist in a large symphony orchestra. When Raymond Massey, outer left, also a famous violinist, learns that she is the wife of his old friend, he is indifferent to her advances. Right, he seems to be under her spell. Below, Miss Bergner and Joyce Bland attend a concert at Queen's Hall.









# TAIL-SPIN Death

"CRACK-UP" has to do with the building of "The Wild Goose," which is to pioneer commercial passenger service between America and Europe. Every one, it seems, is out to steal the plans of the giant airship, including Peter Lorre, below, who is not as harmless as he looks. With him is Brian Donlevy, ace pilot of the ship. Thomas Beck, assistant pilot, is shown with them, above. Left, with his sweetheart, Helen Wood.



# SON OF A Rebel

BOBBY BREEN makes his second starring appearance in "Rainbow on the River." Pangs of impending separation grip the heart of Louise Beavers, right, when she is induced by Henry O'Neill, parish priest, to relinquish her claim to Bobby in favor of an aristocratic old lady represented by Alan Mowbray. Below, the youngster gives Charles Butterworth an impromptu banjo lesson. Marilyn Knowlden is the little girl.

















# SPANISH Invasion

"FIRE OVER ENGLAND" recalls the days of Queen Elizabeth and King Philip of Spain when their countries were arrayed against each other. Left, Raymond Massey as "King Philip," with Laurence Olivier. In the circle, Tamara Desni. Outer left, Leslie Banks as the "Earl of Leicester," and Mr. Olivier. The "Earl" visits the "Queen," played by Flora Robson. Below, they listen to "Michael's" outburst against Spanish tyranny. Right, he turns for sympathy to Vivien Leigh, the young woman he loves.







# PRIMA DONNA Stowaway



DESERTING her lover at the altar, Lily Pons, in "The Girl from Paris," flees to America by hiding aboard the same boat that is carrying Gene Raymond and members of his band. Their calm routine is disturbed in trying to conceal her from the immigration authorities. The boys in the orchestra as shown with Miss Pons, left, are Frank Jenks, Jack Oakie, Mischa Auer, and Mr. Raymond, who is least impervious to her charms. See how happy they are in the picture below.





EDWARD ARNOLD, in "John Meade's Woman," plays an unscrupulous lumber tycoon and refuses to reforest the land. He tries to do with wheat what he did with lumber, and is ruined. When he learns that Gail Patrick, below, right, with Sidney Blackmer, doesn't love him, he elopes with Francine Larrimore, shown below, center, with George Bancroft. Also in the circle. Right, Mr. Arnold, with Fern Emmett.

# DUST Storms






FIGURE
Skater





ONE IN A MILLION" introduces to
ne screen Sonja Henie, noted ice
skater. Stranded in Switzerland,
Adolphe Menjou and a group of en-
tertainers, including his wife, Arline
Judge, take lodging in a small hotel
run by Jean Hersholt, shown right,
with his talented daughter, "Greta,"
With her, below, is Don Ameche, a
reporter. In the circle, Dixie Dunbar
and Ned Sparks.



# ON PROBATION

Margot Grahame and Gordon Jones as they appear in "Night Waitress." It is a rough class that the former must serve at Toree's Fish Palace along the San Francisco water front, so when she is accosted by this handsome captain of a small schooner moored near by, she discourages his advances. But when the two become involved with crooks and the police over a secret cargo of gold, excitement reigns and bullets fly.

# THE ORIGIN OF STAR NAMES

## BY BORIS RANDOLPH



CAROL LOMBARD means a strong moneylender. Corol is short for Coroline, which is feminine for Charles, and comes from the German Karl, meoning strong. Lombord was originally the nome of o Teutonic tribe that lived on the River Elbe. From the Elbe, this tribe moved to the Donube, and loter to the River Po in Italy. There the Lombards became pawnbrokers and bankers whose influence spread all over the world, ond their tribal name became synonymous for o moneylender. Lombord Street in London was named for the ancient moneylenders who settled there.



ANDY DEVINE means a manly fortune-teller, or soothsoyer. Andy is o nickname for Andrew, which comes from the Greek root signifying monly. Devine is old French. In comparotively recent times it has come to mean a clergymon, but in earlier days it designated a clairvoyant, or one gifted with second sight and the ability to read the future.



ALICE FAYE meons the truthful fairy. Alice comes to us from the Greek through Latin. Its original meoning was truth, or truthful. Faye is old French, with the accent over the "e" removed, and originally meont fairy. An interesting variation of this surname is found in the name Lafayette.



GARY COOPER means the worlike barrel-maker. Gary comes from old French and old high German, where it originally meant to moke war and to be strong with the spear. Cooper is Dutch for one who makes and repoirs barrels. Its basic ideo is to bind with hoops.



BOBBY BREEN is a name completely synonymous with thot of the fomous poet, Robert Burns. Bobby, of course, stands for Robert, ond Breen is o variation of Burn. The name meons o bright and famous brook, ond when we consider the rippling lines of the poet and the rippling tones of the young singer, we find it appropriate in both cases. Bobby, or Robert, is old high German for bright and fomous. Breen, or Burns, is Scotch for a stream or brook.



ROCHELLE HUDSON suggests one who is a little rock of protection. Rochelle is French for little rock, and reminds us that cities in New York and Arkansas can hove the same name and yet write them differently. Hudson is Dutch for a child of protection. The syllable Hud is variously represented in our words, hood, hot, hut ond hide, but the bosic idea is that of some sort of protection.



IT is o little doubtful whether Ralph Bellomy stonds for a fine and friendly raven or o fine and friendly fomous wolf. Some outhorities cloim that Ralph is a controction of Rudolph, which in old high German meant a fomous wolf. But in local English the word Rolph, spelled just as it is and frequently capitalized, means the raven. Bellamy, of course, is French for fine ond friendly.



WARREN WILLIAM means the careful protection of a determined head. Warren is old Soxon for to be coreful, and is akin to our word wary. At the same time it is related to an old high German word meoning to defend and protect. William is also German ond meons a determined or resolute head.



LILY PONS symbolizes a French bridge, ond she is indeed a wonderful bridge of good will between France and all other notions. Lily meons the flower of that nome, but the flower of thot name, known as the fleur-de-lis, has alwoys represented France, so much so that the French people were once called Liliarts, and their kingdom Lilium. Pons is French for bridge, and both names originally derive from the Latin.



BILLIE BURKE meons a resolute head that is warmed by fondling, but it also contains the idea of a tanner and a lively assertive person. Billie is feminine for Bill, which is short for William, ond William is German for o resolute head. Burke has three possible origins. In English dialect it means to warm by fondling, derived from the Scandinavian it suggests a barker or tanner, and in Scotch it implies a lively, assertive person who talks spiritedly.



MERLE OBERON means a blackbird belonging to the king of the fairies. Merle is French from the Latin "merula," the name of the European blackbird. Oberon dates back to ancient German, and in medieval mythology was the king of the fairies, the husbond of Titania, made famous in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



LEO CARRILLO means a cheeky lion. Leo is Latin for lion. Carrillo is Sponish for cheeky. It is true that in Spanish Carrillo also means a sort of wagon, but it is far more likely thot some ancient Spaniord was named for his cheekiness than for o vehicle.

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"He was the most romantic man I've ever met, before or since," says the ex-Mrs. March of Fredric. "He was sweet and enthusiastic, and so terribly in earnest about becoming a really good actor."

# Her Ex-

**BY LAURA ELLSWORTH FITCH**

THE INQUIRING REPORTER DISCOVERS THE FIRST WIFE OF THE STAR AND HEARS ABOUT HIS EARLY ROMANCE AND WHAT MANNER OF A SWEETHEART AND HUSBAND HE WAS.

FREDDIE was great fun to live with! It didn't last lang, af caurse, but while it did—— Yau knaw, all the hurt is gane; anly a pleasant memary remains."

The pretty waman spake with delightful candar and an add detachment. She was—is, rather, Ellis Baker. She was Mrs. Fredric March. She bustled abaut her apartment in New Yark's Gramercy Park arranging huge masses af rases and dahlias that had welcamed her back fram Eurape, where she had been helping her famaus playwright mather, Edith Ellis, launch her current Landan success.

Edith Ellis is but ane af Ellis Baker's distinguished theatrical farbears, far the ex-Mrs. March cames fram a line that is ta the American stage what Biddles are ta Philadelphia saciety. Far generatians their names have been written high amang thase af that glamaraus warld.

Ellis herself made a charming picture as she flitted graciausly abaut the apartment placing the flawers naw here, naw there, until she had achieved the effect she saught. Then her face became pensive.

"Yau knaw, there is samething sametimes—just sametimes—abaut this apartment that always brings back memaries af Freddie. Why, it's been years and years since I've mentianed his name, even ta my very clasest friends. Yet ta-day—well, here I've been rambling an and an. It's just been that queer 'samething' abaut the apartment.

"Funny, when yau think af it naw, isn't it? But when Freddie and I were first married we tried to get an apartment in this building. They were all rented, but we put in an applicatian, and by the time the apartment was available—well, Freddie wasn't here any mare, sa I just——"

Her vaice brake aff and she laughed, althaugh yau knew she didn't think it was funny that way.

"Sa I came here ta live alane," she cancluded with finality.

It was a lang while aga when Ellis and Freddie were apartment hunting. Ta be exact, in 1923.

# husband—FREDRIC MARCH

They'd been married in Toledo, where he wos o member of Mobel Brownell's stock campony, and she was visiting friends. He, unsophisticoted, shy, impressionoble, rother looked up to Ellis, for she wos olreody moking o nome for herself in stock; her uncle was Edword Ellis, the fomous chorocter octor; her mother hod written such hits os "Mory Jone's Po" ond "Seven Sisters." But those were not the sole reosons the young mon wos so impressed. There wos onother—more potent.

Ellis Baker received o doily speciol delivery letter from John Borrymore, then in Atlontic City. Some doys even o telephone coll, ond lots ond lots of telegroms. She'd met the octor thot to-doy's newspopers dub "Colibon" while she was ploying in Atlontic City, ond when he invited her somewhere, the other members of the compony stopped her from going, although they neorly hod to use sheer force. However——

"Thot must hove piqued his interest, I guess," Ellis hozorded, "becouse ofter thot he wouldn't toke 'no' for on onswer, ond just bomborded me with letters ond telegroms. But you know, thot gove me o sort of 'Barrymore fixotion,' I guess you might coll it—becouse when I met Freddie loter in Toledo I first fell for him becouse he looked like o young edition of Borrymore.

"And, of course, he was sweet ond enthusiostic ond terribly romontic—oh, there could only hove been one onswer! And Fred wos so terribly eornest obout becoming o reolly good octor. Not just on octor, or even just o very highly paid octor—but o good octor."

Ellis—ond, of course, Ellis's mother—were involuoble mentors to o young mon with such lofty ombitions. They odvised him to go on ploying stock until he hod mostered sufficient theoter technique. Their work noturolly coused Ellis ond Fred to endure long seporotions—but he mode even obsences seem pleosont. Every doy the girl received o long letter. When she went obrood he orronged for her to receive o letter and same little present every day. She remembers——

"He wos the most romontic man I've ever met, before or since!"

The engogement drogged for two yeors before they were morried in Milwoukee. Ellis wos playing Chicogo in "The Show-off." All thaughts of self became secondary, though, after her marrioge. She lived only for Fred's career.

"Thot wos eosy—he wos so very teochable," she explained to me. "He hod the most extroordinory quolity

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Ellis Baker, the first Mrs. March, comes from a famous theatrical family. But she made the mistake of minimizing the importance of Fredric's early success on the stage, and gave him an inferiority complex.

Mr. March, seen with his present wife, Florence Eldridge, found in her an invaluable aid in restoring his self-confidence when they were playing in the same company. She praised him!



BY SIDNEY RILEY

# IT'S NEVER BEEN TOLD

TEN yeors ogo, listed by New York ortists as "too round-faced" to partroy saphistication. To-day, the film's Number One Brunet Interpreter of Urbone Lodies.

Sametimes Kay Francis must give a howl of glee, oll to herself, at the woy things were shoped by her destiny.

The story of Kay's slim wordrobe—two street dresses, two evening dresses—has been told every time she has been persuoded to tolk obout herself. Which is not often. Occosionally, however, Koy's advice on how to get alang with a limited number af costumes creeps into print. She, herself, did it once, she tells. But the lively doys surrounding those few, smart Patou fracks she seldam mentions.

The fact that Koy Francis cares little abaut retelling the story af her eorly New York triumphs probably means two

DID YOU KNOW THAT KAY FRANCIS WAS ONCE KNOWN AS "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"? THAT SHE FAILED AS AN ARTISTS' MODEL? AND HAD ONLY TWO STREET DRESSES TO HER NAME? HERE IS THE STORY OF HER CAREFREE BOHEMIAN DAYS.

things. One, that she is not voin. Twa, that she daesn't think it warth the breath it takes to recreate them. In this she becames a feminine paragan. Few wamen cauld resist baasting that they were ance "the bell of New Yark." It wauld creep aut in canversatian. Nat in Kay's.

In the winter af 1925-26 o new beauty appeared an the harizan af New Yark's artistic world. Yau are right. It was Kay Francis. Smartly dressed, with tremendous poise, she immediately taak the ort world by starm. Inasmuch as the art warld in Monhattan is closely allied ta the warld af letters, music, theater, Kay soon became the taost of the entire colony. You can accept this as truth, because it was told by her longtime friend and apartment-shorer, Lais Lang, the redaubtoble "Lipstick" af "The New Yarker." More abaut her later.

Kay wos nineteen or twenty then. She laaked alder because she was tall, dark, poised. Actually, she was os noïve os the young Western girl she was. Kay wos born in Oklahoma City; schaaled in New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. She was the owner of o Paris divarce, true enaugh, fram Dwight Francis, and she hod enjoyed a gorgeaus time in Paris getting it. She had barged all oround the oncient city, daing what the élite were suppased to do. But for all that, Kay was still anly an overgrawn girl wha happened ta laak like o worldly-wise womon.

When Kay dacked at a Monhattan pier ten yeors ago she knew that she would have to make same strenuaus gestures abaut assembling a career for herself. She had na definite ideas abaut the theater. If it presented itself, all right. She was an odequate secretary; thot she knew. She could alwoys find work in that field. The biggest thing to her was thot life held a lat af laughs, and she was going to see that she got her quoto. If Kay has more than her partion af beauty, she also is generausly endawed with humor.

In no time ot all, Kay wos sharing an apartment with a girl named Virginio. Virginia Chambers, it is naw. It wasn't much af an apartment. A walk-up. The bedraom the girls shared was sa tiny that they had to hurtle the bedstead ends ta climb into the twin beds that stood side by side with o foot or so seporating them.

To see her descend the walk-up steps an her way ta o smart restaurant for lunch—papular girls like Virginia and Kay seldam had ta warry about caaking their awn meals—any one would think that she had stepped fram her baudair, attended by twa maids and a butler. A little beige number by Potou did the trick. It was trimmed with lynx, and a smart hat, the right glaves, shaes, handbag, went with it. Or if it wosn't the beige ensemble, there was alsa o black, lynx-trimmed Patou frack.

For two years, withaut anather purchase, Kay ware the beige and the black castumes fram ane smart party ta anather, and she gat away with it. Of caurse you have naticed Kay's flair far wearing clathes. Thot was the answer. Alsa Kay's nonchalance. If she had worn the some garments, time and again, with an apalagetic manner, undaubtedly her admirers wauld have grawn tired of Monsieur Potou's ingenious cuttings and stitchings.

On the opposite page Kay Francis is seen with Errol Flynn in their first picture together, "Another Dawn."

Ten years ago Kay, noted to-day for her perfect portrayal of urbane sophistication on the screen, was considered impossible as a model. Her round, firm cheeks, her forthright look and direct gaze didn't qualify her to pose for sophisticated advertisements.






Photo by Wide World

Off for her annual European jaunt, Miss Francis is with Delmer Daves, the scenario writer she probably will marry, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbil; Whitney, and Gilbert Roland and Constance Bennett.

"The Coconuts," a Marx Brothers' film, introduced the Kay Francis you see, below, to film-goers in 1929.



Instead, Kay wore them with supreme indifference. She didn't care that they were all she had far street wear. She knew that they were the finest any ane cauld buy; they were becaming; she liked them. It was the same way with her black lace evening dress, and her other ane af black crêpe. With only faur camplete castume changes, Kay became the taast af the tawn. A lat af debs don't da as well an the entire seasan's autput af their favarite cauturier.

With that "tawny skin, thase sea-green eyes, jet-black hair"—these are Lais Lang's descriptive adjectives—Kay was in canstant demand as an artist's model. But nathing ever came af Kay's pasing. Far all the rich calaring and warmth af her beauty, when the ail warkers cammenced to get Kay's likeness dawn an canvas, they were startled to discaver that painting Kay was like repraducing a farest fire an their canvases. She was taa calarful, too flambayant. Kay's madeling days were shart-lived.

"All right," reasaned Lois, wha by this time was ane of Kay's and Virginia's cranies, "if yau're nat gaad in ail, yau'll be marvelaus far the camera." At that time Lais was editarially emplayed an "Vague," the fashian magazine. She did all the string-pulling she cauld ta get Kay ta the attention af the advertising photagraphers. They were as enthusiastic as was Lais abaut Kay's distinctive style and beauty. Entranced, they laaked again—and shaak their heads.

Kay, they declared, with her raund firm cheeks, her farthright laak, her direct gaze, was nat the saphisticated type. Na, the saphisticated type, in predepressian days had high cheek banes that shawed abave caved-in cheeks. Funny, the set ideals af the ideal-setters. Anyway, Kay didn't get the jab. Lais and Virginia and Kay thaught it was a gaad laugh. Everything was a gaad laugh to the tria.

Kay's first theatrical jab came shartly after this. Basil Sidney was abaut ta intraduce an innavation ta blasé Braadway. He was ta present "Hamlet" in madern dress, discarding the ancient trappings. Kay gat the part af the "Player Queen." She received thirty-five dallars a week. And spent thirty-seven fifty. Just as thrift and simplicity mark Kay's life ta-day, ten years aga she was forever splurging her newly earned maney.

Lais, earning fifty a week, and thinking she was practically plutacratic, met Kay the night of the annual Beaux-Arts Ball. Wrack her memary, she can't think what the castume motif was far that year, but she knew that one or

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Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

TO Gladys Swarthout falls the honor of being Adolph Zukor's Silver Jubilee star in "Champagne Waltz," with Fred MacMurray. The picture will commemorate Mr. Zukor's twenty-fifth year as a pioneer leader in every phase of motion pictures, including introduction of many stars past and present.



Della Lind

# On and

## UNCENSORED CLOSE-UPS OF THE STARS AT WORK AND AT PLAY WHICH YOU WILL FIND NOWHERE ELSE

A YOUNG lady we knaw experienced the dauble thrill of being rescued from a predicament by Clark Gable, and af being mistaken by him for Caral Lambard, all an the some afternoon.

Stranded an the raadside by motar trauble, the attractive blond girl was just abaut ta ga far help when Clark drave up. First he apalagized for mistaking her far Caral, and then pushed her ailing car dawn the street a few blacks ta a gàrage.

Priar ta that adventure, the yaung lady's favarite actar was Clark Gable. He's still her favorite actar.

WHAT'S the matter, Mike?" queried Shirley Temple, laaking bath puzzled and anxiaus. "Are yau scared of something?"

Mike was embarrassed. He couldn't very well explain ta Shirley that years af being a studia yes-man had given him the habit af appraaching stars, even seven-year-old stars, with a serflike air af frightened humility.

THIS is haw Mae West holds a grudge. Once a certain reporter wrate samething abaut her that she didn't like. She called him and his publication ta task. Far a lang time after that, relations between the twa were decidedly cool. Then the reparter hit a run af hard luck. The star heard that he wos dawn and out.

Did Mae glaat? On the cantrary; she faund a raundabaut way af coring far him and his family until he was an his feet again.

IF a pal af yaurs went ta Hallywaad and found fame and fartune, wauld he give yau a warm welcome there and urge yau ta stay? In the vast majarity of instances, the answer is no.



Henry Fonda



Gloria Stuart

Gordon Jones





Barbara Stanwyck

# Off the Set

Ginger Rogers, far example, is not an unfriendly star. Yet she recently turned a cald shaulder an a yaung man wha had trauped with her in small-time Texas shaws. The lad was astanished at the sart af receptian given him, but studia friends saan explained that one who has knawn a star "when" is aften an unpleasant reminder af less rasy days.

IT must be mare than caincidence that we keep catching ane of the screen's foremast glamaur girls wearing funny headgear. Prabably Kay Francis simply daesn't care what sits atap her raven lacks, except when she is before the cameras.

The ather day in her garden, it was a wilted clath cantraption. At a sparts event it was a newspaper fastened an like an ald-fashianed sunbannet. Funniest af all, hawever, was the rubber ice-bag she ware nanchalantly one hat day on a crawded set.

GENIUS may be granted special privileges by adults, but children have less patience with it. The ather day we saw a ten-year-ald bay ask Charlie Chaplin far an autograph. Charlie, wha stapped giving autagraphs a gaad many years ago, merely shaok his head. The yaungster stared quizzically.

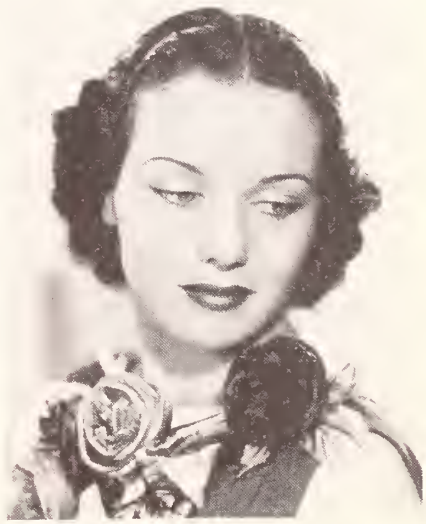
"Yuh never give autagraphs, da yuh?" he asked.

With a flicker af amusement Chaplin said, "Na."

"What's the matter?" asked the inquisitar, scornfully. "Can't yuh write?"

THE mather af yaur favarite child star is becaming amazingly mercenary, according to the latest inside tale. She was discussing the fate of same hundred and fifty dresses given her illustriaus daughter by cammercial firms. "Why not give them ta an arphanage?" same one suggested. "The kids need clathes, and wauld be particularly thrilled at wearing thase." The mater's retart was, "I should say nat! I'm going ta sell them."

THE ald arder changes everywhere, even in Hollywaad. Until recently no ane wauld have dreamed af sending regrets to Marian Davies. An invitation fram her carried all the weight of a rayal cammand. But now there are even mere ingénues who are sorry ta be sa busy when Marian's secretory calls.



June Travis



Veda Ann Borg



Fred Laurence

Warren Hull





Patricia Ellis

# On and Off the Set



Jessie Matthews



Florence Rice



Virginia Weidler



Grace Durkin



Sybil Jason

ALL that's required to make you a fashianable fad-setter in Hollywaod is a gaad phatographer ta snap yau in the act. Caral Lombard displays admirable bowling technique in certain pases naw current. But the bowling alley where these shats were taken a whole year aga has never seen the fair "enthusiast" since she blew in for the fetching views of herself and her new hobby.

YOU can't hope to reach George Brent between pictures except by leaving a message for him at Ralph Bellamy's Racquet Club at Palm Springs. It seems that there is na telephone in the house Gearge is renting same twenty miles fram the popular oasis. He dashes to the desert to keep his physique in perfect trim, and daesn't want many callers. Of course, he always has the polite alibi that he didn't receive yaur dispatch.

THAT health cafeteria next ta the Hollywood Pantages Theater is attracting all the town's diet-conscians falks. Francis Lederer began the vague. Rabert Cummings wan't tauch a bite of lunch at any ather spat! And so yau can take yaur tray and select what's gaad for you with the best of them.

THERE was a concerted twitter when the great Garbo made her appearance at Virginia Faulkner's party. But one wandered, later, whether her presence was so much af an addition, after all.

One guest, when presented to her, burbled, "I met your mother in Sweden last summer and we had such a delightful chat!" Garbo surveyed her with cald distaste and then remarked, slawly, "I don't think that's very nice of you!"

Later a distinguished writer remarked, smiling, "I'm going to have such fun, telling every one that I've met you!" To which Garbo returned, "I hope you will explain that it was an accident."

How would yau like ta have Garbo at your party?

WHICH brings us, logically enough, to Pat O'Brien. A guest on the "San Quentin" set asked Pat whether visitors annayed him . . . or whether he preferred closed sets.

"Gosh, na!" Pat replied to both questions, "I'm an actar I hope!



Madge Evans



Karen Morley



Jane Wyman

An actar needs—shauld have an audience. If he can't wark with peaple araund, then he's na actar. The mare peaple, the better perfarmances, say I. Did yau ever try ta play ta an empty hause?"

THINGS are reaching a paint at which timid sauls hesitate ta venture farth in Hallywaad after dark and nat far fear af bandits but far fear af jittc y actars. Almast every actar in Hallywaad travels abaut either with an armed guard ar with a gun af his awn.

Karen Marley is the ane who has really persuaded us that we'd better stay at hame evenings. Karen has had a gun fastened ta the tap af her car sa that if any ane says "Hands up!" and she camplies, there will be her trigger finger right an the dangeraus gadget. But what if Karen merely pulls up alangside af yau at a baulevard stop and feels like stretching her arms after a lang, hard day's wark? Haw da we knaw what's gaing ta happen ta her finger?



Smith Ballew

RICHARD ARLEN was recently made a member af the lacamative engineers' unian and the brakemen's unian in Canada. This was because he had ta learn ta run a lacamative and handle brakes far his British picture, "The Great Barrier." Painstaking research has revealed that Dick is a member af the truck drivers' unian in St. Paul, Minnesata, af the steamfitters' unian in Taleda, Ohia, the electricians' unian in Kansas City, Missauri, and the autamative mechanics' unian in Indianapalis, Indiana. What's mare, he has learned these trades and warked at them in all the afarementianed cities.

What we want ta knaw naw is, if Dick becames discantented with things as they are and decides nat ta wark far a while, daes that canstitute a general strike?

BRIAN DONLEVY was a trifle discancerted a day ar sa aga when twa very yaung gentlemen papped fram behind a hedge, as he left his hame, and charused, "We want yau!"

"Indeed? Whaffar?" queried Danlevy.

It was explained that the yauths had been sent ta interview a star far their high-schaal paper.

Danlevy, amused, invited them inta the hause. Once within thase

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Simone Simon



# THAT

GROWING UP IN MILWAUKEE, SPENCER TRACY WAS CALLED "THE SCAMP" AND "THE TOUGH KID" BY THE NEIGHBORS, BUT DOWN IN THEIR HEARTS THEY KNEW HE WAS ONLY GIVING VENT TO HIS BUBBLING ENERGY.

**Delving deep in the memories of friends still living on the street where Spence shot his marbles, we unearth some amazing facts about his early boyhood.**

A SEDATE old gentleman sits in his racking chair on the front porch of one of the many homes alang Kinnikinnic Avenue in Milwaukee, Wiscansin. Suddenly a big missile whizzes past his head and glass spatters at his feet. He rises with alacrity ta stare at the gaping hale in the front window.

Neighborhoad kids, playing in the alley near by, vanish like magic. The old man hobbles inta the hause. His wife rushes out af the kitchen and espies him reaching far his caat and hat.

The daarbell at the Tracy home a half black away is soon buzzing ominausly. A cheery "Hello" and "Won't yau came in?" fram Mrs. Tracy.

"Where's Spence?" the ald man asks, getting right to the point.

Mrs. Tracy sighs.

"Oh, Spence," she calls. "Some ane here to see you."

Through the kitchen door bounds a rallicking yaungster with rumpled hair, and knees protruding thraugh his stockings.

"Yaung fellow," the ald man accuses, "that front window you broke in my house will cast you twa dollars."

Like a white curtain drawn over his features, innocence floods the face of Spence. His mother intercedes.

"When was it broken?" she asks.

"Just a minute ago," replies the ald man, keeping the eye af guilt fixed on the bland face and wide eyes laaking up at him fram behind the mother.

"It couldn't have been Spence," she says. "He's been right here in the kitchen helping me for the past hour."

The word of Mrs. Tracy is as goad as gold. So the old man, with an "I'll get yau next time" glint in his eyes, habbles away ta seek new clews.

Thus did Spencer Tracy, the tough guy of many pictures, earn an early reputation far these râles as a youngster in Milwaukee. "The scamp," "the tough kid," the neighbors called him, but down in their hearts they knew he was only giving vent ta his bubbling energy. They take you back aver memory's lanes as they allow you to browse through dusty picture albums.

"That's him," they say, stopping you at intervals as you turn the pages.



# TOUGH TRACY KID

BY

PEGGY HOYT BLACK



Spence often embarrassed his mother. At least on Sunday afternoons, when every one was all dressed up and she would discover him with one pants leg up, the other down, and a hole as big as a dollar in his stockings.

And Mr. Tracy had his troubles with his young son, particularly on a Saturday night.

No doubt Spence inherited some of his father's wit, for we learn that he was a charming Irishman who always had a fund of funny stories to tell.

One figure always stands out from the group. It is Spence, posing in some ridiculous position and cutting up before the camera.

Delving deeper into the memories of these friends and neighbors who are still living on Kinnikinnic Avenue where Spencer shot his marbies, we unearth some amazing facts not intended for the publicity department.

He seldom wiped his nose. He wasn't as good-looking as his brother, Carroll.

He often embarrassed his mother. At least on Sunday afternoons, in the days of nickel movies and dust-catcher skirts, his mother holding her lace parasol, would remark to her friend, Mrs. Fountain: "Oh, dear, I hope we don't run into Spence."

And like as not they would see him rounding a corner at full speed, one pants leg up, the other down, and a hole as big as a dollar in his Sunday stockings.

Mrs. Tracy would shake her head, sigh and laugh. She wasn't one to hamper her boys. She chose to let them grow up as they pleased.

Mrs. Tracy, the neighbors recount, was beautiful, loving, and patient. She came from an Illinois family, and her clothes and her house always reflected the modern note of the times.

As for Mr. Tracy, he was, they say, a charming Irishman with such a fund of funny stories that all the wives at the card club would stop their game of five hundred to chuckle over his wit. Mr. Tracy had his troubles with Spence, particularly on a Saturday night. The neighbors grin as they tell you about it.

"On Saturday night Spence's voice could be heard all over the neigh-

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# THEY SAY IN NEW YORK—

Arriving in New York, Eleanor Powell went into a complicated tap routine on the station platform, to the delight of commuters and waiting fans.



While Lily Pons glories over her approaching marriage, the coming opera and concert season, she lets others do the worrying over a blackmail plot against her.



BY KAREN HOLLIS

## HOLLYWOOD VISITORS SURGING INTO TOWN

## FIND LESLIE HOWARD DOMINATING BROADWAY.

TEN days in New York are practically guaranteed to shatter the nerves af any star, but still they come back periodically. All except Jean Harlaw, the slacker, wha just wan't face being photographed and interviewed all day, and fighting her way through clamaraus crawds all night.

Eleanor Powell is here, and so are Lily Pans, Ruth Chatterton, Margat Grahame, Kay Francis, Jane Wyatt, Sylvia Sidney, the Universal starlets, Deanna Durbin and Judith Barrett, and a splendid cargo of good-will ambassadars fram the British studias—Anna Neagle and Tamara Desni.

**The Talk of the Town.**—Even with all those glamaur girls lending a decorative nate to first nights and dining haunts, the main topic af canversation these days is Leslie Howard.

Just as Hallywood praducers decided that the public daes nat want Shakespeare, Mr. Howard yielded to the temptation that besets all good actors and played "Hamlet" on the stage.

Newspaper reviewers were venamaus, but the paying public flod ta his support adoringly. Caustic critics accuse him belligerently o confusing the râle of "Hamlet" with everything from "Romeo" ta "Peter Pan."



Three names and two careers in five years is Judith Barrett's remarkable record. You'll probably recognize the star of "Flying Hostess" as the girl who played Irene Dunne's daughter in "Cimarron."

Certainly he endaws the rôle with mare paetry, more reserve, and mare charm than has ever been assaciated with it before. But the public laves him, and nightly a cordon af police have to escart him from the theater through the ranks of fans.

**Stars Congregate.**—All the visiting celebrities who ore not present in Leslie Howard s audience of on evening ore pretty sure to be faund right next daar, where Margaret Sullavan is playing in "Stage Doar."

In this play the little Sullavan comes into her own as one af the mast deft and ingrotiating players an the stage ta-day. And when she delivers caustic lines abaut the mechonics of making pictures in cantrast to the art af the theater, all the ex-stage stars applaud vehemently and the girls wha are studia-trained gasp in amazement.

The more violently Miss Sullavan protests that she hates pictures and will have none af them, the mare determined picture praducers are ta get her under contract.

**Romance Rampant.**—Simultaneaus annauncement that Mary Pickford yauld marry Buddy Rogers, that Margaret Sullavan had married Leland Hayward—lang rumared falsely ta be Katharine Hepburn's husband—and that Lily Pans wauld marry her favarite archestra canductar, Andre Kostolanetz, caused an acute shartage af telegraph blanks in the bar at "21." Inspiratian failing, the mad wags just wired in triplicate, "I wan't give the bride away."

**Free Sample.**—The crawn af gaad spartsmanship far this manth—and prabably this decade—gaes ta Eleanar Pawell. Arriving in New Yark for a vacatian, she was met by Metra-Galdwyn publicity men wha thaughtfully braught alang o bamboa mat and a little red piano.

Right there an the station platfarm, Eleanar went into a complicated tap rautine. Commuters paused, red caps havered around, and fans woiting in the statian broke thraugh the ropes

*Continued on page 90*



Anna Neagle rushed over from London for a visit and was a little hurt to find that people confuse her with a Warner newcomer.



Deanna Durbin, right, is Eddie Cantor's newest protegée. At fourteen, she is a contender for prima donna honors, being a natural, candid little girl with an amazing voice.



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND UPSETS SO MANY CONVENTIONS—IN A NICE WAY, OF COURSE—THAT SHE STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE STARS WHO VISIT NEW YORK. AND EVEN HER START IN PICTURES WAS MIRACULOUS, TOO.

# NOTHING SHORT OF A MIRACLE



BY LAURA BENHAM

**Of course, it isn't surprising that such a paragon as Miss De Havilland is interested in her fan mail. She likes to be interviewed, too; likes to be photographed, likes to be friends with everybody, and loves being in pictures.**

WHEN a star repeatedly turns the conversational spotlight upon same one else, that's news. For it is one of the phenomena of Hallywood that once a previausly normal persan joins the enchanted ranks af the film great ar near-great, all spotlights—canversational and otherwise—must be trained upan that individual, else baredom and restlessness rear their ugly but nevertheless obvious heads.

And the result of failure to observe this little nicety is an increasing number of impatient glances at the nearest exit, fallowed by a gathering-up of celebrated wraps and a hasty departure.

Therefore, when I say that Olivia De Havilland not once, but as a general rule, turns the conversatianal spotlight upon others, yau'll begin ta understand samething of the lack of egotism and the completely sincere unself-cansciousness af that yaung woman.

A little thing in itself, her refusal to monopalize the attentian af all around her is significant af her real interest in life and peaple, her sane perspective, and her awareness af the relation of any one individual toward saciety.

In fact, the little De Havilland is perhaps the most natural, narmal and wholly delightful person ever to come aut of the West to captivate all who met her in the East.

Yaung and fresh, and enjoying the double thrill of newly-attained stardam and a first visit to New York (her initial glimpse of Braadway was made mare than normally exciting by sight of the mammoth electric sign blazoning

"Errol Flynn and Olivia De Havilland in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' "), she has the poise of breeding rather than that of sophistication, the composure of a well-schooled, well-stocked mind rather than familiarity with night clubs and night life, as affected by so many young actresses.

Actually caring little for the bright lights, she enjoyed her evening excursions to the famous night spots less than any of her experiences in New York. She loves the theater, of course, and went to as many plays as she could crowd into her schedule, but one of her pleasantest hours was that in which she slipped away from attendant press agents, interviewers and autograph hunters and walked around the reservoir in Central Park—alone.

Even her play-going differed from that of most visiting celebrities, for instead of following the usual formula of glittering raiment and a première or nothing, Olivia wore simple street clothes and chose plays she really wished t
see, regardless of whether it was a first nigh
month of the play's run. Imagine

"I'm afraid I'm not a ve
civilized person,"
plained with a ru
"I don't seem to
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Errol Flynn

that that young man will probably refuse to believe this statement.

"It's fun working with Errol," she explained. "He has so much humor and charm and vitality, and he really is all of those things that a hero is supposed to be—and so seldom is. He can ride and swim and play tennis and sail, he can fence and fight—and he's a good actor, too. Besides, I'm always sure that any picture Errol's in will be a success," she concluded naïvely.

But she modestly refuses to admit that her presence, as well as that of Mr. Flynn, in "Captain Blood" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," may have had a great deal to do with the success of those films. She takes her career, but not herself, seriously, and has not yet reached a place where she can consider her presence in pictur
as other than a miracle.

It was



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E R T

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She emerged a little, far instance, in the days of "Morning Glory," and then disappeared until about the time of "Little Women." Again she was accessible at about that juncture when "Alice Adams" hod proved itself a joyous event.

So Katie apparently hos phases just like the moon or the planet Venus, or some of the other heavenly bodies. Well, it's quite a poetic way of working out a career, anyway, even though the idea may not be a wholly popular one with the scribes and the publicity departments.

"Inside" on the sudden morriage of Leland Hayward, who was accepted as Katie's fiancé, to Margaret Sullavan is that he and Miss Hepburn had broken up some time ago, due to temperamental differences.

**"To Her That Hath—"**—Shirley Temple is having a grand time acquiring ponies. She's probably going to get enough to run a stock farm before she's through. First, Jae Schenck, the producer, braught her one from England, and then the little lass went out to the county fair, near Los Angeles, and was presented with what was termed the "best pony in America" by the head of some famous stables.

The new horselet is quite on acquisition, since he is five-gaited, and a hackney, which means that he can be ridden as well as driven. The animal was tendered Shirley on the spur of the moment—and we're not kidding about "spur"—because the stable owner fell for the little star hook, line and sinker. So Shirley's appeal is suddenly working with a vengeance in private life, and evidently one pony leads right to another.

**Million-to-one Shot.**—It only happens once in a million times, they say; so it's worth chronicling. Boris Karloff and Jean Hershalt exchonged cars on leaving the Screen Actors' Guild one night, and were absolutely unaware of the trade.

Karloff drove home in Jean's automobile, and Jean took Karloff's. The amount of gas in their tanks was approximately the some; the mileoge wos about identical, and their individual keys fitted both cars. Neither was aware of the mistake he made until the following morning, when Alon Hersholt, Jeon's son, discovered a robe in

*Continued on page 88*



Ernestine Schumann-Heink, admired as a singer and beloved as a woman by the whole world, died November 17th without getting the chance in films that she craved.

Photo by Intran, Paris



Fernand Gravet, French cinema actor known in Europe as Fernand Graavey, will appear opposite Joan Blondell in "The King and the Chorus Girl." He's charming.



On the opposite page Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are all smiles as they announce their marriage for June 17, 1937, making a record for the longest engagement with a fixed wedding date.

Right, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers duet their happiness in formally announcing their oft-rumored engagement.



Even before Jane Withers was born, her mother determined that her name should be in lights above the theaters some day. She even chose the name for its shortness.

# WE LOVE

**TEN-YEAR-OLD MISS WITHERS IS EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE. ALTHOUGH HER STORY HAS BEEN TOLD MANY TIMES THIS ONE GIVES A MORE INTIMATE CLOSE-UP OF THE CHILD STAR AND HER MOTHER.**

SOME day," remarked Ruth Withers to the friend at her side, 'my daughter's name will be up there."

She painted to the blazing theater marquee which was heralding a star name, and in the expectant mather's eyes there was nathing but glawing assurance.

"I have her name picked aut. Jane! A simple name to remember. Jane Withers—an easy name far the lights to spell," she mused half to herself.

Twa manths later Mrs. Withers cradled in her arms a girl-marsel—a child wha fram the beginning was dedicated to the theater and to fame.

Ten years almast to the day, the name "Jane Withers" is part af the vacabulary af the warld. Her lusty, whalesame persanality, her vitality and her unmistakable near genius have made far her a quick and secure place in the admiratian and the affectian af millians.

Jane's charm is nat a fragile charm, but the charm af reality, af vividness, with a dawn-ta-earth, simple quality. She is a healthy, slightly ratund little girl. Sweet, well-bred, and gentle and considerate. And whally natural.

In my day I have met any number af screen darlings. A gaad percentage af them have made my palm itch with a desire ta spank. But this Jane—naw there's a real kid!

Make na mistake—she knaws she's a star. She knaws she's a gaad trauper. Jane is far taa intelligent nat ta understand these things. But at the same time it hasn't impaired ar influenced her department. She'll run errands—whether it's far samebady's chauffeur ar far the wardrabe girl. She stands treat ta all the extra children wha play with her. That expenditure comes aut af her awn five-dallar-a-week allawance. "And sametimes I'm awfully paar by the end af the week, 'Cause mam makes me put mast af it in the bank."

Jane's gang cansists af the neighbarhaad yaungsters—and it's give and take, with na servitude ta fame fram the athers.

Jane's narmalcy may be by the grace af Gad, ar by the grace af the carefully casual training af her mather. Far if Ruth Withers asked the fates far a talented child, it is af her awn daing that with talent there is a graciausness, a sweetness, a superiar understanding few children af ten passess.

On the afternaan I went ta see Jane ta renew an acquaintanceship begun during a scene when she was petting Irvin S. Cabb with aver-ripe tamataes far a scene in "Pepper," it was a blistering-hat day. The Withers live in a hause perched an a hill, and anly the saund af wind and the ambitiaus af saul climb the nearly hundred steep steps ta their frant daar.

# CALAMITY JANE

A berry-brown Jane in an abbreviated sun suit reached a sturdy hand for the last few steps. "That's a terrible climb," she said with concern. "But I'm glad you came. Too bad you didn't come earlier. I had the garden hose going, and I got nice and wet and cool."

No set greeting, certainly, to impress an interviewer.

It wore him out just to watch her. Now in the picture there was plenty of action—all the way from sliding down the chute-the-chutes countless times for the camera, to leading kid gangs in raids. But Jane wasn't satisfied. The moment the camera stopped grinding she was pedaling

*Continued on page 62*

BY SONIA LEE



For all of Jane's energy and high spirits, she is docile and obedient when the time comes for her to study her next day's lines with Mrs. Withers. Jane knows she's a star and a good trouper. She is too intelligent not to understand these things.

It took Jane Withers two years to get a break in Hollywood. Now she receives a thousand dollars a week. Here she is in a scene from her latest film, "The Holy Terror."



Jane genuinely likes people. She seeks out ways to serve, to entertain, to make happy every one who comes near her. She will do her famous imitations, play the piano, explaining as she does, "Please don't expect too much. I love to play, even if it's mostly with one finger."

Danky, her fox terrier, enters the arena with Jane and goes through his bag of tricks according to her whispered instructions. Danky, Jane will inform you, is a most remarkable dog. He understands every word she says to him—"But, of course, sometimes he gets jealous when I pay too much attention to my dolls. But I've got almost two hundred of them—and they do take up a lot of time, what with making clothes for 'em and seeing they get their proper sleep."

Jane's energy is boundless. "Dynamite," "Quicksilver" might be attached as handles to Jane. They'd be apt. I've seen her on the set wearing every one down with her ambitious activities. As a matter of fact, before Mr. Cobb left on his vacation after the completion of "Pepper," he said—"I've got to take a rest from that energetic Withers child."

# LORETTA YOUNG'S Life Story



BY MYRTLE GEBHART

CONCLUDING THE EVENTS THAT TOOK A HALF-GROWN GIRL OUT OF OBSCURITY AND LIFTED HER TO A PLACE AMONG THE IMPORTANT WOMEN OF THE SCREEN.

PART III

SHE walks in beauty!" Thase wards might have been a pæan ta Laretta Yaung. Far her flaating grace is a jay ta behald. Despite her delicate appearance, she has endurance. The lang haurs an the sets da nat tire her, largely because she is sa intensely interested in every detail af the wark. Each marning she is as fresh as a dewy rase.

Many glasses af milk have increased her weight fram ninety-eight ta a hundred and seven paunds. Slim and willawy, she seems taller than her five feet three inches.

Her energy is a quiet, steady flame. Always she is tranquil; sametimes rather wistful. She never rushes abaut, but is daing samething every mament.

She laves ta dance and, since she recavered fram her illness, has resumed the sparts in which she mast delights, swimming and riding. Invitatians ta yachting parties are a thrill. Sunbathing is a favared recreatian, accampanied by her camplaint that she cannat acquire mare than a mild tan.

"I want ta get as brawn as Pally Ann did when she visited Africa three years aga." Laretta smiled. "Yes, I still capy-cat my sisters! They have much prettier legs. Thaugh, I guess," she sighed, "I can't ever da anything abaut my legs."

Her strange camplex, that her limbs are taa thin and nat well shaped, amuses the cameramen, wha insist that her svelte grace is a jay ta phatagraph.



The idol of her little half sister, Georgianna Belzer, who is almost twelve, Loretta Young expresses much of her maternal spirit in doing things for the child.

"I eat and eat, but gain little weight," she remarked one day over a hearty lunch. Though her appetite seems enormous, her preference is for dainty, creamy dishes, subtly flavored. Meat loaf is the only very substantial fare that she likes.

"Aversions? No really violent ones. Mamma cured us of disliking certain foods when we were children. She would wait until we were hungry, and then give us small portions. As it tasted good on empty tummies, we came to like it.

"I admit that I am a gourmet, with a particular fondness for steamed clams. One evening in Paris"—Loretta's blue eyes twinkled—"mamma and I dined at Prunier's. Our hosts were three young Frenchmen.

"Mamma and I each ordered one dish of steamed clams. When they were served, we sniffed, regarded each other in perfect understanding, and simultaneously requested another, which we shared. After that was disposed of," she gurgled, "I had two more helpings! I could have eaten at least one more, but remembered my manners. Our hosts were beginning to look alarmed."

Such ridiculous things have been said about her illness last year that the truth had better be told. Contrary to reports, she was not made ill by worrying over silly rumors of her "poverty," or by other equally untrue and unfair gossip items. Nor did she have any sign of tuberculosis.

She was in bed for three months, suffering from an abscess which had not drained properly and which had to be operated upon—a matter of minor surgery—after three years of intermittent pain.

A blundering reporter acquainted her with the "news" that she was "broke," and "dying," and also "unhappily in love." All of which surprised her, and for a few days disturbed her. But her elastic spirit rallied. Plenty of rest overcame her exhaustion, and she resumed her work, anxious to refute those rumors.

"Nothing any one can say about us can hurt us in the long run. We can only hurt ourselves by letting it bother us. But false reports can affect our professional standing, to some extent, because people believe a great deal of what they read and hear.

"The one about my 'sad financial state' must have been generated," she explained, "by the fact that when we went abroad we rented the house, principally to have some one here in authority to see that it was looked after properly.

"I feel that we each must work out our own problems, for which reason I have never been to a psychic or fortune teller. All our answers inevitably must come from within ourselves, our perception of our destiny and our willingness to coöperate with the divine plan for us.

"Each of us sees things a bit differently, so it isn't often that others can help us, except with sympathy.

"During my illness the fans' cheerful letters and verses buoyed me when I got blue. I had worked hard, and was tired out. Sometimes it seemed as though I would never get my strength back. But in every mail there would be encouraging boosts that pepped me up. I made a scrapbook of their messages and deeply appreciated their loyal thought of me. I just had to get well and back to work, to prove myself worthy of such faith.

"No, I had no intention of joining a sisterhood and retiring from the world. My ambition always has been to be a good actress. I never did think the religious life my vocation.

"When—if—I ever leave pictures, it will be when I am very much up, not when any one is saying that I am through. Being lent by 20th Century-Fox to Metro-Goldwyn for 'The Unguarded Hour' was proof the producers still believed in me."

Regarding her work with a supreme self-confidence, she claims: "I can play any rôle that is within the possibilities of my appearance and make-up. As I think that no part is too big for me, why should I put on a modest-violet act of false humility? Of course, I have a lot to learn. But it makes me angry when some people say that I get by on my looks. What looks? Can't they see anything else? I want credit for my acting.

"My pet pictures were 'A Man's Castle' and 'The White Parade,' besides 'Ramona.' The second, by the way, was the first film in which Polly Ann and I worked together. I want to do very dramatic rôles such as 'Joan of Arc' and

*Continued on page 91*

**Milk has increased Loretta's weight from ninety-eight to a hundred and seven pounds. Slim and willowy, she seems much taller than her five feet three inches.**



# THUMBNAIL



"Rembrandt."



"The Garden of Allah."

"Rembrandt."—United Artists. Charles Laughton again proves himself one of the great actors of the day. He is as mild and spiritual as the Dutch painter who gives his name to the picture as he was vicious as *Captain Bligh,* in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and implacable as *Javert,* in "Les Miserables." The true measure of his greatness is found in the humanity and pathos underlying every rôle he plays. Sometimes one must look deep to find human qualities but they are very evident in his *Rembrandt.* He offers a quietly compelling portrait in this biographical film of the master. The picture lacks excitement and spurious drama, but it is conscientious and steadily interesting. If the characters remain a bit aloof from the spectator they are none the less alive and fascinating. We must approach them from the British viewpoint which always leaves more to the imagination than Hollywood. We have *Rembrandt* at the height of his power in 1642, when he painted "The Night Watch" and was flouted by those who could not understand his masterpiece. From then on his fortunes decline as his character develops with adversity. Superbly costumed and lighted, the picture is equally well acted though I think that Elsa Lanchester outshines every one with the exception, of course, of her husband, Mr. Laughton.

"Lloyds of London."—20th Century-Fox. This is an attempt to recapture the great success of "The House of Rothschild." It is a chronicle play dealing with the founding and development of the British underwriting syndicate that plays so large a part in world affairs to-day. But it is no such engrossing material as that which inspired the "Rothschild" picture. Somehow insurance isn't so humanly dramatic as banking. However, the film is richly costumed, the cast is large and the production costly, all of which is neither a novelty in itself nor ever has compensated for a story that is uninteresting. And so it is here. I found the picture slow, shallow and tedious in spite of first-class direction and acting, and high praise from many. As for the love story that excuses the chronicle of business, it is conventional and unconvincing—obviously fabricated to romanticize the dull routine of insuring ships in the first place and, later, everything. However, from the standpoint of the typical fan Tyrone Power will make the picture important. An interesting newcomer, son of a famous stage actor, he promises to become a favorite. Already he is a good actor, sympathetic, handsome and young. Unfortunately, Madeleine Carroll's great beauty is diminished by Hollywood's major evil, that of making natural blondes blonder to the point of doll-like artificiality.

"The Garden of Allah."—United Artists. The age-old spell of the African desert is woven with enchanting beauty in the finest Technicolor that has yet been seen. No medley of garish color this, but a muted symphony of rust and brown and dull reds, mellow plaster walls and limitless sky and sand, brooding shadows and burning sun. The novel which dramatized the desert for the first time comes to the screen skillfully adapted and, naturally, with more beauty and realism than the stage ever gave it. The conflict remains the same, however. We still find *Domini Enfilden* seeking refuge from the weariness and sadness of life in the desert and meeting reviving, burning love there. We still find the monk, *Boris Androvsky,* trying to forget his vows in his love for the lonely woman, marrying her and then undergoing the torment of having be-

"Winterset."



"Love on the Run."



# REVIEWS

NORBERT LUSK



"Go West, Young Man."



"As You Like It."

trayed his holy order and deceived his wife. Their parting is inevitable. The rightness of it atones for the unhappy ending. Charles Boyer portrays the soul of the tortured monk with sensitive, sad eloquence and Marlene Dietrich plays her part with the calculation of the strip-tease artist who doesn't strip. Tilly Losch thrills in her seductive dance.

"Winterset."—RKO. Maxwell Anderson's prize-winning stage play comes to the screen in a laudable attempt to give picture-goers something fine and different and uplifting. What is given us is another story of the underworld, serious, eloquent, but disappointing to those who expected a picture that would set a record and rise to new heights. This has everything to recommend it—fine writing, direction and acting—but it tells us nothing new about life or character. However, it does acquaint us with an example of dramaturgy that depends more on coincidence tha[t] the good old Hollywood scenario writers would dare. [W]e have a man unjustly condemned to death whose son fi[nds] years later, after wandering over the country, is dra[wn] an alley under Brooklyn Bridge where he finds the [only] criminals responsible for the father's death as well as th[e] judge who sentenced him. Here, in the murk of over-hanging arches, the drama of retribution takes place. It is absorbing rather than exciting. Burgess Meredith plays the son as he did on the stage and makes an excellent job of it, but I do not think he is yet ready to edge any of our favorites off the screen, nor will the arty Margo inspire a fan club until she loses her self-consciousness. John Carradine and Edward Ellis give, in my opinion, the best performances. They have the vivid, unstudied eloquence that the newcomers have not.

Go West,

West's pictures is

cannot bring myself to dimiss

a big theater from breakfast time till mi[dnight] the gilded rafters to ring with laughter and ap[plause] do I apologize for being entertained, either. Miss West's latest, adapted from the stage "Personal Appearance," is as full of sexual implications as any of her past performances and is bolder than her recent ones, which is why it is breaking records. The picture is slow and Miss West is limited and monotonous, but I give her credit for slyly getting past the censors and causing ribald mirth among

*Continued on page 95*

"Three Men on a Horse."



"Theodora Goes Wild."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"**—United Artists. From the book by Robert Hichens. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb and Lynn Riggs. Directed by Richard Boleslawski.

CAST:

Domini Enfilden.....Marlene Dietrich
Boris Androvsky.....Charles Boyer
Count Anteoni.....Basil Rathbone
Father Roubier.....C. Aubrey Smith
Irena, the dancer.....Tilly Losch
Captain de Trevignac.....Alan Marshal
Batouch.....Joseph Schildkraut
Sand Diviner.....John Carradine
Mother Josephine.....Lucille Watson
A nun.....Helen Jerome Eddy
First child in convent....Marcia Mae Jones
Second child in convent.....Anna Gillis
The Abbe.....Charles Waldron
Brother Gregory.....John Bryan
The Lectern.....Nigel de Brulier
Hadj.....Harry Brandon
Gardener.....Pedro de Cordoba
Hotel clerk.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Carriage driver.....Adrian Rosely
Bous-Bous.....Corky

**"LLOYDS OF LONDON"**—20th Century-Fox. [redacted] story by Curtis Kenyon.

[redacted]

.....May Beatty
.....Lester Matthews
[redacted]wrence.....Vernon Steele
[redacted] Lamb.....Barlowe Borland
Prince of Wales.....Hugh Huntley
Willoughby.....Charles Croker-King
Waiters.....Charles McNaughton, Leonard Mudie, Charles Coleman
Benjamin Franklin.....Thomas Pogue
Doctor Sam Johnson.....Yorke Sherwood

**"AS YOU LIKE IT"**—20th Century-Fox. A screen adaptation of the Shakespeare play by R. J. Cullen. Directed by Paul Czinner.

CAST:

Rosalind.....Elisabeth Bergner
Orlando.....Laurence Olivier
Banished duke.....Henry Ainley
Celia.....Sophie Stewart
Touchstone.....Mackenzie Ward
Jacques.....Leon Quartermaine
Silvius.....Richard Ainley
Duke Frederick.....Felix Aylmer
Corin.....Aubrey Mather
Adam.....Fisher White
Dennis.....George Moore Marriott
Oliver.....John Laurie
Charles.....Lionel Braham
Le Beau.....Austin Trevor
Amiens.....Gavin Gordon
First lord.....Cyril Horrocks
Second lord.....Ellis Irving
Third lord.....Lawrence Hanray
Phoebe.....Joan White
Audrey.....Dorice Fordred
William.....Peter Bull
Guards.....W. H. Clark, A. H. Scott
Pages.....G. Hall, G. Lawrence
Hisperia.....Muriel Johnson

**"REMBRANDT"**—United Artists. Script by Carl Zuckmayer. Directed by Alexander Korda.

CAST:

Rembrandt van Rijn.....Charles Laughton
Hendrickje Stoffels.....Elsa Lanchester
Geertke Dirx.....Gertrude Lawrence
Titus van Rijn.....John Bryning
Titus as a child.....Richard Gofe
Ornia.....Meinhart Maur
Banning Cocq.....Walter Hudd
Govaert Flink.....John Clements
Jan Six.....Henry Hewitt
Church warden.....George Merritt
Minister.....John Turnbull
Auctioneer.....Sam Livesey
Hertsbeeke.....Lawrence Hanray
Doctor Menasseh.....Abraham Sofaer
Fabrizius.....Edward Chapman
Burgomaster.....William Fagan
Ludvig.....Raymond Huntley
Saskia's brothers.....Lewis Broughton, Frederick Burtwell
Waitress in inn.....Baroness Barany
Baron Leivens.....Marius Goring
Doctor Tulp.....Alan Jeayes
Adriaen.....Basil Gill
Miller Harmen van Rijn.....Herbert Lomas
Agelintje.....Gertrude Musgrove
An official.....Quentin McPherson
Journeyman.....Jack Livesey
A peasant.....Barry Livesey
[redacted].....Edmund Willard
[redacted].....Roger Wellesley
[redacted].....Bellenden Powell, Byron Webber
[redacted].....Charles Paton, Hector Abbas, Leonard Sharpe
[redacted]errold Robert Shaw
Henry Hewitt
George Pughe

[redacted] From the stage play
[redacted]y Maxwell Anderson.
[redacted]ony Veiller. Directed

[redacted]ST:
[redacted]..Burgess Meredith
[redacted].....Margo
[redacted]..Eduardo Cianelli
[redacted]....Edward Ellis
[redacted]..Paul Guilfoyle
[redacted]iee Moscovitch
[redacted]anley Ridges
[redacted]ohn Carradine
Romagna.....Helen Jerome Eddy
Dean Liggett.....Murray Kinnell
Carr.....Myron McCormack
Mio as a ehild.....Bobby Caldwell
Policeman.....Sidney Toler
Radical.....Misha Auer
Piny.....Fernanda Eliscu

**"LOVE ON THE RUN"**—MGM. Screen play by John Lee Mahin, Manuel Seff, and Gladys Hurlbut. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

Sally Parker.....Joan Crawford
Michael Anthony.....Clark Gable
Barnabas Pells.....Franchot Tone
Baron.....Reginald Owen
Baroness.....Mona Barrie
Igor.....Ivan Lebedeff
Lieutenant of police.....Charles Judels
Editor.....William Demarest
Caretaker.....Donald Meek

**"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"**—Warners. From the play by John Cecil Holm. Screen story by Laird Doyle. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

CAST:

Erwin Trowbridge.....Frank McHugh
Audrey Trowbridge.....Carol Hughes
Patsy.....Sam Levene
Charlie.....Allen Jenkins
Mabel.....Joan Blondell
Frankie.....Teddy Hart
Clarence Dobbins.....Paul Harvey
Harry.....Edgar Kennedy
Mr. Carver.....Guy Kibbee
Moses.....Eddie Anderson
Williams.....Harry Davenport
Head nurse.....Tola Nesmith
Miss Burns.....Lily Malyon

**"TARZAN ESCAPES"**—MGM. Screen play by Cyril Hume. Based upon the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Directed by Richard Thorpe.

CAST:

Tarzan.....Johnny Weissmuller
Jane.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Captain Fry.....John Buckler
Rita.....Benita Hume
Eric.....William Henry
Rawlins.....Herbert Mundin
Masters.....E. E. Clive
Bomba.....Darby Jones
Cheetah.....By Herself

**"THEODORA GOES WILD"**—Columbia. Based on a story by Mary McCarthy. Screen story by Sidney Buchman. Directed by Richard Boleslawski.

CAST:

Theodora Lynn.....Irene Dunne
Michael Grant.....Melvyn Douglas
Jed Waterbury.....Thomas Mitchell
Arthur Stevenson.....Thurston Hall
Adelaide Perry.....Rosalind Keith
Rebecca Perry.....Spring Byington
Aunt Mary.....Elisabeth Risdon
Aunt Elsie.....Margaret McWade
Ethel Stevenson.....Nana Bryant
Jonathan Grant.....Henry Kolker
Agnes Grant.....Leona Maricle
Uncle John.....Robert Greig
Governor Wyatt.....Frederick Burton

**"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN"**—Paramount. Screen play by Mae West. Adapted from Lawrence Riley's comedy, "Personal Appearance." Directed by Henry Hathaway.

CAST:

Mavis Arden.....Mae West
Morgan.....Warren William
Bud.....Randolph Scott
Harrigan.....Lyle Talbot
Mrs. Struthers.....Alice Brady
Gladys.....Isabel Jewell
Aunt Kate.....Elizabeth Patterson
Joyce.....Margaret Perry
Professor Rigby.....Etienne Girardot
Clyde.....Maynard Holmes
French maid.....Alice Ardell
Nicodemus.....Nicodemus

**"REUNION"**—20th Century-Fox. Based on a story by Bruce Gould. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Gladys Lehman, and Sonya Levien. Directed by Norman Taurog.

CAST:

Dionne quintuplets.....Themselves
Doctor John Luke.....Jean Hersholt
Mary Macenzie.....Rochelle Hudson
Mrs. Gloria Sheridan.....Helen Vinson
Constable Jim Ogden.....Slim Summerville
Tony Luke.....Robert Kent
Nurse Kennedy.....Dorothy Peterson
Asa Wyatt.....John Qualen
Governor Crandall.....Alan Dinehart
Charles Renard.....J. Edward Bromberg
Richard Sheridan.....Tom Moore
Rusty.....George Ernest
Martha Crandall.....Helen Jerome Eddy
Ellie.....Sara Haden
Sir Basil.....Montagu Love
Janet Fair.....Esther Ralston
Sadie.....Hattie McDaniels
Sam Fisher.....Julius Tannen
Jake.....George Chandler
Editor.....Edward McWade

**"WHITE HUNTER"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Sam Duncan and Kenneth Earl. Based on an original by Gene Markey. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CAST:

Captain Clark Rutledge.....Warner Baxter
Toni Varek.....June Lang
Helen Varek.....Gail Patrick
Aunt Frederika.....Alison Skipworth
Michael Varek.....Wilfred Lawson
Valentine Ponsonby-Smith.....George Hassell
Abdi.....Ernest Whitman
Pembroke.....Forrester Harvey
Wong.....Willie Fung
Barton.....Olaf Hytten
Ali.....Ralph Cooper
Harry.....Will Stanton



Photo by Kahle

"QUALITY STREET" is the second of Barrie's plays to provide a screen vehicle for Katharine Hepburn's unique charm and it bids fair to be as successful as "The Little Minister." Laid in quaint Georgian England, it tells the appealing story of a young girl who fades while waiting ten years for the man she loves to propose, and her ingenious ruse to bring him to his senses. Franchot Tone is the reluctant suitor.

# We Love Calamity Jane

*Continued from page 55*

her bicycle as fast as her chubby legs could go; or riding a horse, cloppety-clop, all around the studio streets; or playing tag with every one who would.

It is this vitality which plays so great a part in her personality. Not since infancy has she had need of a doctor. Her diet is no fancy set of rules concocted by a specialist. Jane eats what she wants as long as she consumes enough vegetables and plenty of milk.

Jane's present success is not due to one of those fortunote breaks for which Hollywood is famous. There were months and months of disappointments, of heartaches, of moments when it seemed useless to continue trying.

Long before "Bright Eyes," in which she began her career of brathood, she was pounding on studio gates, tossing her talents at the feet of indifferent casting directors, clamoring for just a teeny-weeny part in which she could show more than the back of her neck.

"Before we left Atlanta, Georgia, for Hollywood," tireless, devoted, brilliant Mrs. Withers explains, "I thought six months would be enough to conquer pictures. But for seven months we didn't even get inside a studio.

"The months stretched. Finally it was a year, and Jane was still doing benefits and radio work and very infrequently extra work.

"If it hadn't been for Jane I would have given up many times. But whenever I became discouraged, she'd say —'Aw, come on, mom, cheer up! Something's going to happen.'

"Often I was on the verge of packing, going home, forgetting all about my ambitions for Jane and my dreams for her. My dreams, too! For Jane was to be the things I couldn't be. Strangely enough, something always did happen when I was resigned to buying return tickets.

"I remember one time especially. Mr. Withers had written us to come home. He was lonesome—and we weren't getting anywhere in Hollywood. Our little family had been separated for almost two years. It was long enough.

"Then the telephone rang. The Warner Studio was calling. Some one was needed to dub the voice of a crying baby in a 'Looney Tunes' cartoon. Could Jane do it?

" 'Cry like a baby?' I unconsciously repeated. And from the next room Jane came rushing in. 'Tell 'em I can do it, mom! Tell 'em I can do it swell!' That afternoon she practiced baby squawks, was hired the next day —and so again our hopes were renewed and we remained in Hollywood.

"I think our luck turned when I changed Jane's hair. This was the day when curly-haired, angelic little girls were in demand. Jane's hair was straight and short, and worn in a Dutch bob. I let it grow a little longer, let it curl on the nape of her neck. She's never been a beautiful child—but this helped."

"Aw, who wants to be pretty?" Jane interposes from her corner where she is busy with crayon and cardboard, copying with amazing fidelity a costume she wore in one of her pictures. "I want to be a comic when I grow up, anyway. Or maybe a clown." She puckers up her eyes and mouth,



**Anne Shirley has her wish fulfilled to play "Juliet" during a sequence in "Make Way for a Lady."**

looks critically at her artistic endeavors, and quietly fades into the background again.

"When all is said," Mrs. Withers continues, "Jane made her own destiny. David Butler was casting the brat part for 'Bright Eyes.' We went to see the casting director, and he told us to stand by. We'd been standing by for two years—and nothing ever happened.

"Suddenly Jane took matters into her own hands. 'You've got a minute,' she insisted to Casting Director James Ryan, 'I want to do something for you.' And she went into her impersonations before he could stop her. After a few moments he grabbed her by the arm and rushed her to Mr. Butler's office. There Jane repeated her show.

" 'Can you pretend you're popping a machine gun?' Butler asked.

" 'You mean like this?' And Jane extended her arm and wiggled a menacing forefinger and thumb.

" 'I think she's in,' Mr. Ryan told me. But I wasn't putting any faith in promises. So many things had been promised us. None of them had fully materialized.

"As it happened, Mr. Withers arrived in California that day. His company had finally transferred him to the Coast so that he could be with us. I told him what had occurred at the studio.

" 'For Heaven's sake, don't write your friends in Atlanta about it until we see the size of her rôle and she's actually working. The last time you were so excited about a part and wrote everybody in town the good news, all we could see of Jane was the back of her neck.'

"I didn't write. I waited. It was Friday, my lucky day! And somehow I had a feeling that this was Jane's real break at last!"

Jane's meteoric rise to stardom is now history. To-day she has all the trappings of a star—her thousand-dollar-a-week salary, stories tailored to her measure, important advertising contracts.

Jane is afraid of nothing. She takes the bumps and the blue spots which the rowdy scenes in which she excels earn her, with a carefree grin.

A tale is told of her well worth repeating here. While she was on a recent personal-appearance tour, she ran a needle into her foot. Panic-stricken, Mrs. Withers rushed to the phone to call a doctor. 'Now, don't get excited, mom! Have you got a pair of tweezers?' Jane took a firm hold on the needle and yanked. Out it came. By the time a physician arrived, Jane had her foot swabbed with iodine. 'You did a pretty brave thing for a little girl,' the doctor complimented her. Jane's answer to that was a disgusted "Aw, piffle!"

May her answer always be "Aw, piffle" to compliments. For then she will remain the engaging, refreshing youngster whose forceful personality and dynamite talents have brought the world to her feet.

Continued from page 37

of endearing himself to people so much that immediately they would feel a deep personal interest in his well-being and his future."

Even after their marriage, when her husband was nearest to her idea of "the perfect lover," Ellis recalls that he often scolded her for not putting herself out more to be nice to people who might help him or further his career. But even before he became a great success, he had mastered the knack of endearing himself to every one up and down the line, from office boy to producer.

It is, however, as "the perfect husband" that Fredric March's one-time wife remembers him most vividly. He got a job in a Denver stock company. "Go, by all means, if it's best for you," Ellis urged him. He went, and every day Ellis received eighteen- and twenty-page letters, telling her how trying it was to be apart from her.

Then, as if the tides stood still, the letters stopped! For a week none came. Ellis was alarmed. She was consulting time tables when a letter finally arrived. She read it—and reread it. It said nothing of how her husband missed her, as the others had done. It told only of the success he was meeting.

That was welcome news to Ellis—and her mother—but they feared triumph might have come too quickly. Ellis's mother advised her to go to Denver. She went—and she admits now that she did the worst thing she possibly could have done—even though her intentions were the best in the world. Thinking to preclude the possibility of her husband hurting his career by overestimating the value of the success he was scoring, Ellis tried—no matter how nicely—to minimize its importance.

Florence Eldridge, the present Mrs. March, was leading woman in the stock company. Fred looked up to her—as he looked up to all who evinced an interest in his career. Miss Eldridge had seen the same potentialities for success in the young actor that Ellis had seen—save that her tactics for bringing them to the fore were different. Miss Eldridge praised him!

When Fredric concluded the Denver engagement and returned to New York he remained only two days. Then he disappeared for a week. Ellis was frantic. They had made social engagements together, and she couldn't even say where her husband had gone. She told inquirers he had gone to a fight in Philadelphio.

"But the fight's over," they would object. "Where is he now?"

When Fredric returned home he was grave. Ellis did not reproach him.

"A genius must live alone," he explained, and told her he intended to take up separate residence because he felt marriage and his ambitions were not compatible. Ellis was stunned. She asked him if he were in love with any one else, although she didn't believe he could be. She was reassured, though, when he told her he was not.

Later Fredric's brother came to Ellis and asked that she give him a divorce. She refused, because she felt he might regret hasty action. She thought perhaps her husband would "come to his senses." Of course, when he remained steadfast in his purpose, and obtained a Mexican divorce himself, she consented to bring divorce proceedings in the United States rather than have a situation exist, the legality of which might be open to question.

At the time of the American divorce, in New York, Ellis entered into an agreement by which she was to receive alimony of fifty dollars weekly. That, of course, was based on Fred's earnings at the time; a time preceding his stardom in pictures. Neither he nor Ellis had given even a thought to Hollywood and its subsequent golden rain. Now that it has come, she has permitted the arrangement to stand however.

"There doesn't seem to be any point to reopening the case," she explained, "inasmuch as what I receive seems ample to me."

Ellis looked pensively about the apartment which might have been hers and Freddie's—instead of just hers.

"I can't understand myself talking as I've been doing about Fred," she puzzled. "You know, I've never done that before. I told you it's been years since I've even mentioned his name. I remember vividly the last time. It was awfully funny.

"I was at a dinner party, and the man seated next me had no idea who I was. But he was telling me about the roommate he used to have at college. The roommate was constantly talking about people who 'were Continental' and things that 'were Continental.' That sounded so familiar!

"'Tell me,' I asked him, 'was your roommate's name, by any chance, Fred Bickel?' The man nearly toppled off his chair. He thought I was clairvoyant! But I knew my Fredric March—that was all."

But Ellis is happy after all these years. She goes to see Freddie's pictures. She always wanted him—as he himself wanted—to become a good actor. And there are several millions of fans who will agree that he has.



When Nelson Eddy sings "Sweet Mystery of Life" even Elissa Landi, Myrna Loy, and James Stewart drop everything to listen to his golden tones.

# Nothing Short of a Miracle

*Continued from page 51*

mother had gone out from England to visit her brother, who was an instructor in a university in Tokyo, and while there she met and married Mr. De Havilland, another professor—with her mother she came to this country when she was two and a half years old.

She and her sister, then six months old, were delicate children, so, soon after they landed in San Francisco, a doctor advised that they be taken to the small town of Saratoga, which has a mild and healthful climate.

There the small Olivia grew up, going to the local school and winning a scholarship to Mills College, which she intended to use to prepare herself for a teaching career. As she explains:

"It wasn't that I thought myself especially equipped to teach, but I knew I had to make some plans to support myself, and my liking for English literature and languages made me feel that teaching would be a good choice."

Looking at Miss De Havilland, at her wide-set, gentle brown eyes, her softly curling chestnut hair and her generous, humorous mouth, noting the slimness of her figure and the delicate structure of her body, it was difficult to envision her as a dignified schoolmarm—yet possibly she would have been a capable one.

"Of course, I had dreamed of the theater," she went on. "Just as has almost every girl. But it never seemed like something that was really a possibility for me.

"However, because of my innate love of acting, I used to work in amateur theatricals there in Saratoga and during the summer after I finished high school, and before I was scheduled to enter Mills on my scholarship, we put on a performance of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' in which I played 'Puck.'

"Soon after that we read that Max Reinhardt was to produce 'Dream' in the Hollywood Bowl, and some of my friends suggested that I go to Hollywood and try to watch rehearsals. That seemed an utterly preposterous idea, but these same friends were persistent, and when they heard that a man they knew was to be one of Reinhardt's assistants and that he would be in San Francisco for a few days, they insisted on taking me to see him, to ask him to let me work as an extra in the Bowl production.

"Well, when I met him, he asked me to read some lines—and instead of telling me I could have a job as an extra, he told me I could understudy Gloria Stuart, who was to play 'Hermia.'"

The rest is screen history. Miss Stuart was unable to finish the picture in which she was working in time to assume her rôle for the Reinhardt production, so on opening night it was the little understudy, De Havilland, who walked out under the giant spotlights. As she insists:

"When you read about the star failing to appear and the understudy getting her big chance, or see such a situation in a play or movie, you say, 'Such things don't really happen!' But it happened to me! It was like a miracle!"

And from then on life became even more miraculous for the little Saratoga schoolgirl. For after the Bowl production, Reinhardt started his film production of the same play for Warners—and he chose Olivia to portray the rôle of "Hermia" before the cameras.

Of course, no story about Olivia De Havilland is complete without some reference to her mother, who has been an unusual influence.

"I want, above all else, to be with Olivia when she needs me, and I want to soften for her whatever blows she must inevitably receive from life. But I do not want to spare her all blows, for it is only by suffering, by enduring the vicissitudes of life that a woman grows and develops a heart and soul.

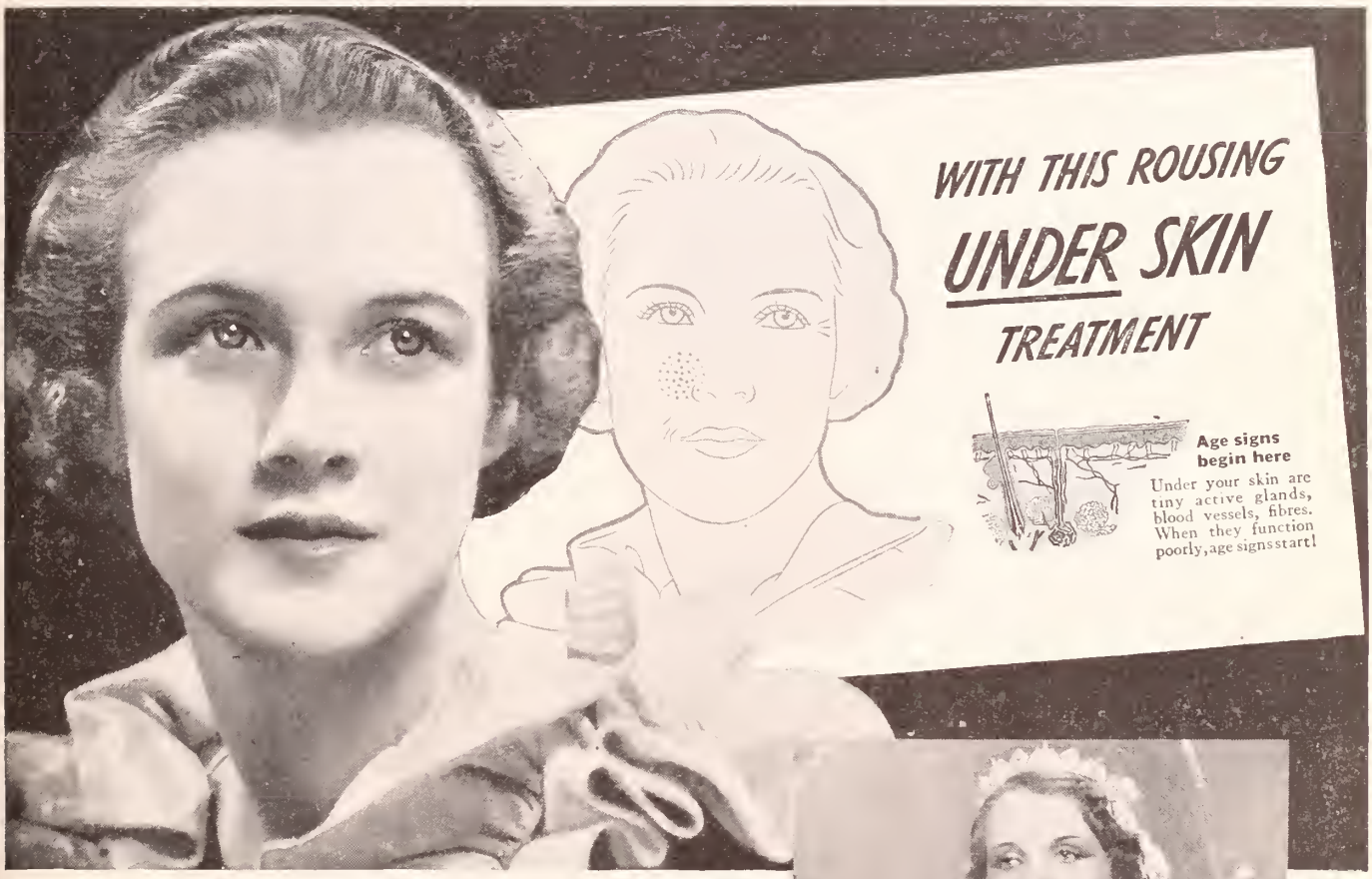
"I hope that I can help her to keep a sane balance, and in this I believe I will be helped by the fact that my other daughter has started in pictures, too. She's using another name in order not to take advantage of Olivia's earlier start. And with two sisters both building careers in the same medium, the natural family rivalry will tend to prevent either of them from getting a false idea of her own importance."

This in itself was an unusually long speech from Olivia's mother, whose difference from other movie mothers was never more clearly defined than in her reluctance to talk about her offspring. Undoubtedly it is from her that Olivia has inherited her lack of pretense and her interest in people other than herself.



**Herbert Marshall enjoys reconciliation with his wife, Edna Best, in London while Rod La Roque smiles approval. He can give them pointers on how to preserve marriage for his union with Vilma Banky has lasted ten years.**

# Reduce Pores...Soften Lines




**Miss Kathleen Williams:** "A Pond's Cold Cream treatmeot makes my skin feel wooderful—just so fresh aod invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are —little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

**A Faulty Underskin—**

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

**modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London seasoo. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."**



Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

**Day and night—this simple care**

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

***Every night,*** pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

***Every morning*** (and before make-up) repeat ... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

**SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**

*and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

POND'S, Dept. 14-CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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# The Moving Finger Writes

*Continued from page 17*

The career of Jeanette MacDonald has flourished throughout the year, yet off screen this actress seems to have lost something of the blooming beauty that was formerly hers. Probably she has worked too long and steadily and needs a vacation.

Her frequent costar, Nelson Eddy, has also leaped into the front rank of favorites, yet feminine reaction to his charms is not quite so rabid as his press agent would have us believe.

1936 being Leap Year, many girl fans took advantage of the opportunity to propose to their favorite actors. Fred MacMurray was sounded on the subject by a widow with four children. A weight lifter in a circus proposed to George Raft. A pair of frisky twins tossed a coin to determine which should offer her hand to Randolph Scott. The winner instructed Randy to forward two hundred and fifty dollars so that she might come to Hollywood and complete the deal. (The good Omar offers nothing to cover such situations.) Both MacMurray and Scott have since married, while Raft is still stanchly true to Virginia Pine.

During 1936 the Moving Finger recorded growing popularity for such newcomers as James Stewart, Frances Farmer, Luise Rainer, Ross Alexander, Claire Trevor, Lloyd Nolan, Madeleine Carroll and, above all these, Robert Taylor and Fred MacMurray.

Hard on the heels of Taylor and MacMurray comes one Don Ameche. Besides the usual qualifications of good looks, good diction and ability, the fellow's personality combines an endearing Old World mellowness with the better qualities of modern Americanism. If given suitable opportunities he will become an outstanding star.

From France came Simone Simon to set 20th Century-Fox, to say nothing of the fans, by the ears. Tempestuous and daring, Simone seems to be guided by the admonition,

Ah, make the most of what we may
yet spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend.

During the first months of the year there was an unusual amount of dashing about and running away in the colony. Fifty-five-year-old John Barrymore fled about the country with his twenty-one-year-old inamorata, Elaine Barrie, close on his trail. Freddie Bartholomew was yanked about from pillar to post during a family squabble over his custody. Ann Harding made a heroic dash across country with her daughter, pursued by her former husband, Harry Bannister. And, as usual, there were numerous matrimonial flights to Yuma, and hurried trips to New York, Europe, and Hawaii.

Some malignant clown hit Victor McLaglen between the shoulder blades with an egg when he knelt to imprint his hand in soft cement in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater. (The redoubtable Rob Wagner opines that future archæologists will unearth the ruins of the Chinese Theater and, seeing the hand and footprints of our top-notch stars, conclude that the people of our day walked on all fours.)

The summer season brought with it much grief and hectic activity. Within one short month five men of present or former film eminence were taken by death: Henry B. Walthall, Thomas Meighan and James Murray, all excellent actors, and two fine directors, Alan Crosland and Stephen Roberts. Truly "a moving row of Magic Shadow-Shapes that come and go."



**Clark Gable varies his hunting expeditions with the tang of salt air when he can find the time. His next film is "Parnell," with Myrna Loy.**

On the heels of these untimely departures came numerous courtroom dramas. The husband of Polly Moran attempted a wild West impersonation. Comédienne Polly saw nothing funny in his gun flourishing activities and had him clapped in the hoosegow. A legal battle for custody of talented little Edith Fellows was shoved off the front pages by the Mary Astor conflict.

With the coming of autumn the Universal Studio brought a ray of light to the troubled colony by giving a $25,000 party—quite the most sumptuous and beautiful studio function in years. It was interesting to note that of the many stars present Lee Tracy received the most applause. It was also interesting to note that he quaffed sparingly of "the grape."

The passing of Irving Thalberg shocked the entire industry and created much speculation as to the changes his absence would create. Now at its zenith, the career of Norma Shearer has been dealt a severe blow, as have those of other MGM stars. Possibly this studio has completed its cycle of supremacy and another will gradually assume first place.

In November, Laird Doyle, noted young scenarist, was killed in a plane accident, and once more we regretfully "turn down an empty glass."

And John Barrymore's hectic romance with Elaine Barrie came to a surprise ending with the couple hopping off to Yuma to be married.

Many long established players continued throughout the year with unabated success. Gary Cooper's appeal has at last penetrated even my hard shell. Paul Muni is still our greatest actor. The year gave Marlene Dietrich two excellent films, which she desperately needed. It irked me to find middle-aged Warner Baxter portraying "Joaquin Murietta," who was shot to death at the age of twenty-three, but no one else seems to have objected. "The Gorgeous Hussy" and "Mary of Scotland" were considered excellent films, but I was unable to judge for myself since I refuse to see pictures which distort history.

As the year closes we find that the astonishing vogue of Mae West is noticeable only in certain theaters. Marion Davies's pictures justify huge production costs only because of the popularity of her leading men; Carole Lombard has improved in make-up and technique; Eleanor Powell is the greatest feminine dancing star of the screen, and "A Woman Rebels" was stolen from Katharine Hepburn by a saucer-eyed baby.

And so the Moving Finger continues to write.


ROBERT TAYLOR
FAVORITES
OF THE FANS

# ELISSA LANDI

Photo by Clarence Bull



# RICHARD ARLEN

Photo by George Hurrell





JOAN CRAWFORD

GENE RAYMOND



otos Ted Allen



Photo by Clarence Bull

# JEANETTE MacDONALD

# GERTRUDE MICHAEL

Ph by Ernest A. Bachrach



# SALUTE to Evening

PATRICIA ELLIS



DELLA LIND



BINNIE BARNES





ANITA LOUISE



MADELEINE CARROLL

PATRICIA ELLIS



ELISSA LANDI



VIRGINIA BRUCE



- Binnie Barnes, on the appasite page, wears a gleaming silver bracade creation, with diamond and ruby accessories.
- Della Lind fallows with a suit of black wool which features a black galyak coat and wide-band trimming at hemline of skirt.
- Patricia Ellis displays a travel suit in tones af brown and green trimmed with beaver.
- Anita Louise selects silvery white brocade for formal wear. Its skirt has fullness centered at the back.
- Madeleine Carrall, abave, intraduces a mantilla of black Chantilly lace as a cape aver a silver lamé evening gawn.
- Elissa Landi gives a travel tip with her light-gray woalen suit, military in design.
- For evening, Miss Ellis dans a white ensemble af crêpe rama. The belt is quilted silver clath, which also accents her jacket.
- Virginia Bruce's farmal gawn af ice-blue satin has interesting sleeve treatment.



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

# DICK POWELL

# AKIM TAMIROFF

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee





# HERBERT MARSHALL

Photo by
William Walling, Jr.

# RANCES
# ARMER



by ugene Robert Richee

# MAE WEST



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



Photo by Elmer Fryer

# FRIEDA INESCORT



# MERLE OBERON

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

# TOP-SHELF Star

BY MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

MERLE OBERON IS LITERATE AND LOVELY, A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF WHAT HOLLYWOOD KEEPS IN RESERVE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. THERE ARE FEW, INDEED, WHO COULD GIVE SUCH A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION AT NINE IN THE MORNING, WHEN LIFE IS GRAY AND BLANK AND HOLLOW.

IF you hod been wotching Merle Oberan an the screen, from "The Private Life of Henry VIII" oll the woy thraugh "The Dark Angel" ta "These Three" ond "Beloved Enemy," lulling your eyes with her beouty, morking her chorm, wondering at her effortless vitolity, cotologing her os one of the half dozen top-flight beouties on the screen —if yau hod done all these things ond ane doy faund yourself foce to foce with Miss Oberon, would yau be disoppainted? Would she turn aut ta be a film phontom, losing glomour in the flesh? Wauld you rue the doy you set eyes upan her? In o word, no!

There is no stor aloft ot the moment who carries more mogic with her, no stor more pictoriol at the prosoic hour of 10:00 o. m., no stor more potently deserving the occloim thot is hers than this same slae-eyed, ripe-lipped, pocket-size destroyer, Merle Oberon.

Miss Oberon wos ta be in New York in much the some monner that one finds oneself in Terre Houte ar Binghomton—between troins.

Not thot Miss Oberon eyes Monhatton oskonce or gives it the ga-by. But she hod o very importont dote with a boot. She was due to orrive in the morning, just ofter sunrise, hove her hoir done, her picture taken for "Vogue."



Photo by Coburn

There is no star aloft at the moment who carries more magic or who is more patently deserving the acclaim that is hers than this sloe-eyed, ripe-lipped, pocket-size destroyer, Merle Oberon, thinks our interviewer.

her possport O. K.'d, her horoscope read, gowns fitted, her picture taken for "Harper's Bazaar," her nails manicured, her contract submitted, her picture token for "Town and Country"—and all in one day—then she was off on the "Queen Mary" for England.

So the best way to see her was to meet the "Twentieth Century" and guide her to her hotel from the station. It was a good idea.

If you saw a stor arrive at nine in the morning, when life is gray and blank and hollow, and the toothpaste still too recent a memory—if you saw the ordeal a star submits to, you'd be sorrier for them than you are.

The station was smoky and dull. No bunting greeted the traveling favorite. The grim little reception committee included half a dozen raffish newspapermen, two or three emissaries from the publicity office, and o full battalion of photographers panoplied for the arrival, flashlights in hand, comeros unslung, tripods rampant.

At nine, os accurately as the crack of doom, the "Twentieth Century" steomed in. Miss Oberon, radiant despite the sleeper jump, glowing regardless of the unholy hour, appeared in the vestibule of the car, hatless, smiling, excited.

The publicity people greeted her warmly, and hurried her bock into the car to be photographed leaning out of the window. Again. Again. Bulbs floshed, porters stopped to store, cameras were thrust within two feet of the lovely Oberon face. More bulbs flashed. She smiled, reappearing at the door of the Pullman, looking tiny in her mink coat, a box in one hand, her hand bag in the other. There were more pictures taken. More flashlights.

"Wave, Miss Oberon," shouted a photographer.

Miss Oberon looked at the box in one hand, the bag in the other, shrugged, smiled helplessly.

A publicity man relieved her of the box, whispered to her.

"Wave, Miss Oberon," demanded the indefatigable cameraman.

Finally she emerged from the train, to be engulfed by the working press, a fast-talking group of four or five men and one woman. "How's David Niven?" asked one.

"Fine, I guess," said Miss Oberon.

"Married to him, aren't you?"

Miss Oberon shook her head, smiling.

"Going to marry him, aren't you?"

"No," she said.

"Are you unofficially engaged?" asked the girl reporter.

"No," said Merle with what seemed to me Joblike patience.

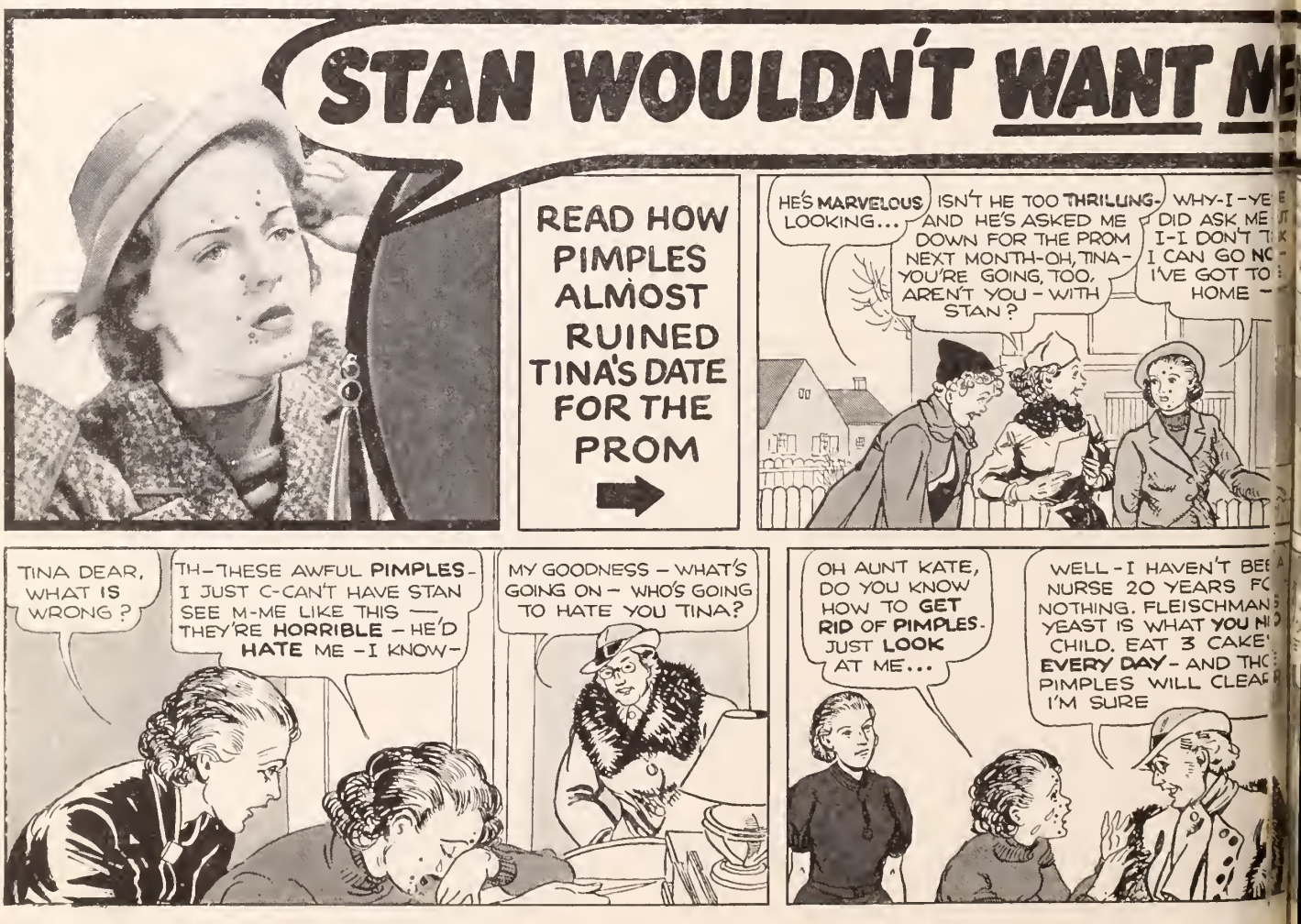
"Did you see him on the train?" insinuated one of the gentlemen of the press. This was the straw that terminated the interview. The Oberon entourage started for the station and cabs.

As we walked along crowds sprang up from nowhere and as quickly a small escort of police expertly cleared the path and walked between Miss Oberon and her importunate admirers. Still hungry for pictures, photographers backed up in front of the star, snapping her as she walked.

Finally we made our way to a taxi and started for the Waldorf-Astoria with motorcycle sirens screeching ahead of us.

She is dark and porcelainlike in her beauty, which is dazzling. Her eyes are Eurasian, her mouth full and daintily shaped, her body slimly alluring.

At the Waldorf one of the tower suites was blooming with flowers, awaiting the Oberon presence. There



was a wire from Douglas Fairbanks inviting her to breakfast with him. Another telegram advised her thot the retakes were beyond expectations. A third invited her to a night-club opening.

Samuel Goldwyn was so delighted with her work in the picture just finished, "Beloved Enemy," that he hod given her all the costumes she wore in the film, a tidy present in this instance, since it was a modern story, with the usual emphasis upon style.

Merle said she was looking forward to her voyage on the morrow, chiefly because it would bring her to the Alexander Korda lot outside London for the leading woman's rôle in "I, Claudius," opposite Charles Laughton. This same Korda rocketed the Oberon fortunes in "Henry VIII." No wonder she has just signed o joint contract with Goldwyn and Korda that will bind her services to these two excellent mentors for the next five years.

Merle Oberon talks in a clipped accent that is not English nor American, but combines the best features of eoch. She is not loquacious, nor is she reticent, expressing herself well, choosing her words with discretion, making her points quickly and intelligently.

While we were talking, a wiry, pleasant-looking young man with a mus-tache came to soy "bon voyage."



During the making of "After the Thin Man," Myrna Loy finds time to play with her Scotties, Sambo and Rastus.

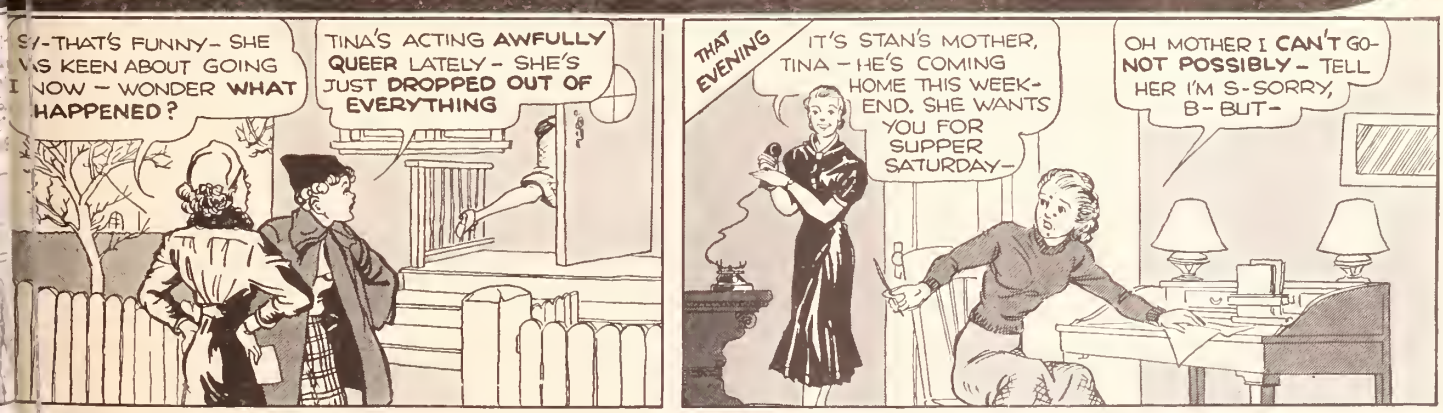
"Darling!" cried Merle. "You must come with me. I'll wire the Coast I'm taking you. I simply must have you with me!"

This emotional appeal wos easily understood when the gentleman was introduced as Gregg Toland, ace Goldwyn cameraman. It would not surprise me if Miss Oberon had him shanghaied. For no matter how radiant a star may be, the final transposition of her beauty to the screen lies in the skill of the lens treatment she receives. Didn't Mary Pickford always depend upon Charles Rosher to imprison the sunlight in her curls? Has not Marlene Dietrich pouted for days when Victor Milner was not available? Did not Carol Lombard hold up production until she could be photographed by the expert Teddy Tazelaff?

Mr. Toland came and went. While she sipped coffee and nibbled toast Merle said that she enshrines Norma Shearer as her favorite among actresses as well as one of her most intimate friends.

Miss Oberon, if you pin me down, is literate and lovely, o charming example of what Hollywood keeps on its topmost shelf for special occasions.


# ...O COME—if he saw me NOW..







## DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes *daily*, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!

*—clears the skin*

**by clearing skin irritants out of the blood**

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# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 45*

glomorous portals, the two boys were so overwhelmed with fright that they lost their powers of speech completely.

"You must ask me some questions," Brian prompted them.

One of them gulped, "We can't think of any!"

So Brian ordered some lemonade, borrowed a notebook from one of his guests and wrote an interview with himself.

"The best darned interview I ever had!" he remarked afterward.

IT was on that much publicized honeymoon that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell were sitting in a cocktail lounge with some friends. A stranger approached, dragging a little girl by the hand. "Dear," he said to her, "this is Dick Powell, your favorite actor. Say 'How do you do' and ask him for his autograph."

Dick patted the child's head and gave her his autograph. As they started away the man glanced back ond spied Joan. "Oh," he said to the little one, "and here is your favorite actress. Say 'How do you do, Miss Loy!' "

"At least," Joan grinned when they had gone, "my new clothes must look pretty good on me if they make me look like Myrna."

A FRIEND recently had occasion to phone Barbara Stanwyck. "Well, my good woman," he began.

"Thanks for the billing," Barbara interrupted.

IT was at a huge party recently that a visitor from out of town got a load of Binnie Barnes's backless dress—cut to practically below the hips—and exclaimed, "My God! She's been robbed!"

WILLIE FUNG, the Chinese actor, was being interviewed for a part. The director explained that the part, although small, was important. He concluded with, "And, besides, you can't expect to become a star overnight."

"Okey-dokey," replied the Oriental. "I come back to-morrow."

SOME one inquired of Pandro Berman, production head of RKO, if he had read "Gone With the Wind." "No," Berman answered, "it's already been bought for pictures."

SOON after the engagement of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, some indelicate fellow mentioned, in Mary's presence, the difference in their ages.

Mary made no effort to evade the issue. She was wearing a blue jumper, and her hair was done in a bunch of little curls, à la Shirley Temple.

She said serenely, "I believe every one is sixteen in the sight of God!"

THE open car had been standing in the rain (under the studio rain machines) for some time. So when Grace Moore plumped down on the seat she squealed, "Ooooo, it's all wet!" The comment wasn't in the script, but it sounded so naïve and amusing that they left it in anyway.

CONSTANCE BENNETT visited a shop near Hollywood and bought forty layettes for a maternity hospital. She didn't just stroll in and order them, either, but spent over two hours picking everything over so each one would be individual and charming. Then, since she'd kept the salesgirl overtime, she had her taken home in the Bennett limousine. That's thoughtfulness!

IF your college or club goes Hollywood and makes a motion picture of its own—and everybody's doing it, these days!—be sure to send a reel to Samuel Goldwyn. Since discovering Andrea Leeds in an amateur film, Sam promises to seek out all his future talent in this fashion.

ANYTHING for a gag! So Mrs. Pat O'Brien, commenting, wifelike, on Pat being an ice-box-raider and a pantry-snooper-arounder, had all the cupboards adorned with miniature padlocks. They don't work, though. Just curiously designed handles.

PRIVATE message for Dolores del Rio: the lad whom you hire to exercise your white bull terrier sometimes sneaks around the corner, pulls out a book, and reads for a couple of hours, while the pup snoozes. A nice old lady who's a neighbor of yours told me the awful truth. She blushed, too, at being such a tattle-tale!

WHILE Catherine Doucet would shudder with horror if any one called her a prig, she is, nevertheless, appalled at what she describes as "uncivilized" drinking that she observes round about town. Although she has a cellar well stocked with choice wines, her guests recently have been astonished to discover that she is serving nothing stronger than tomato juice or a nonintoxicating punch. It is just her gentle protest against what she considers a bad habit.

IDA LUPINO gave a party in honor of Hollywood's newest newlyweds, Grace Durkin and William Henry, MGM juvenile. They had to share the spotlight with some other romantic couples, but they didn't mind a bit because, as Bill said, "It only proves that love is the thing."

Ida said the hostess came very nearly not showing up. "My feet hurt and my ankles are swollen, and I get nervous around so many people. I've been fighting with every one at the studio, and I don't think my career is doing very well," she said.

Sue Carol and Howard Wilson had been married just three weeks before



Close on the heels of Eleanor Powell's triumph in "Born to Dance" comes word that she is next to star in "Broadway Melody of 1937."

ond were still at the hond-holding stage. Sue was wearing a wide gold bond wedding ring because she's superstitious and wants this marriage to last forever.

TOBY WING and Pinky Tomlin were ot the Lupino porty and were beaming, having recently onnounced their engagement. No one will believe, however, that they will ever actuolly reach the altar. Toby's close friends say she likes to be engaged frequently os a pastime and a meons of publicity but they don't think she is at all interested in getting married.

NOW this is whot this deportment would call being a star. Although Mae West is contracted to moke but one picture a year for Emonuel Cohen, he hos built a bungalow dressing room for her ot the General Studios that is the envy of ony one who is looking for o nice, cozy little house in which to live. And no one else can os much os put a foot inside it, even if Moe doesn't occupy it for nine months at o stretch. It is white, trimmed with blue on the outside. White predominates inside, ond the fixtures and hardware are copper. The furnishings are typically Mae West, being the last word in luxury besides being lavish and lush. Could we say more?



Lee Dixon is the latest whirlwind dancer to make Hollywood gasp. You will be excited, too, when you see him in Ruby Keeler's "Ready, Willing and Able."

MARY CARLISLE and Lew Ayres are the latest combination, romantically speaking, to burst upon the consciousness of the local columnists. It just goes to prove that newspaper censorship in England is enforced, for thot is where this romance started and got to the serious stage before any one here knew anything about it.

Lew had a new version of the black-eye-from-bumping-into-a-door story. He was limping ond leoning heavily on a cone ond explained thot "Believe it or not, a door fell on my foot!"

IN grief, Norma Sheorer proved herself as lovely and patrician as she wos in happiness. Refusing to accept friends' suggestions that she trovel in Europe, she preferred to remoin in the Sonto Monico home where she and Irving Thalberg were so hoppy. Alone, weoring o simple white suit, she walks olong the beoch where they used to stroll together.


Skin Flaky?



WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?



HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

**A dermatologist explains**

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

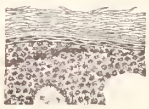
"A keratolytic cream has the ability to *melt away* dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

**For powder base—** Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

**For overnight—**To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

*Melt it Smooth ... Instantly!*



**How skin roughens.** Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can *melt* them off!

**8-Piece Package** Pond's, Dept. 14-VB, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 53*

the back of his father's car. "Da yau want me to bring in the rabe?" Alan asked Jean. "What rabe?" exclaimed his father; "I have na rabe."

He went out and laaked at the car and saw by the license number that it did not belang to him. Jean was frightened, and thaught maybe he might be arrested far theft. He called up the auta club, investigated the awnership of the machine, and then traced it ta Karlaff. The remarkable thing is that anly once in abaut ten thausand instances daes one key fit two lacks an automobiles.

**Triumph of Formality.**—Latest bulletin an Gene Raymand and Jeanette MacDonald is that they will spend their haneymoon in Hanalulu, and maybe ga an ta the Orient. The wedding will take place June 17, 1937, probably at high noan. The engagement halds the recard as the longest with fixed wedding date, and all annauncements most formally made in advance, in the histary af Hallywaod. It gives the impress af Newpart, Bastan's Back Bay, ar the like. And the colony is really samewhat astaunded about it. But, then, it's the carrect sacial way ta do things.

**The Romance Carousel.**—Young romances which are really flaurishing are thase af Betty Furness and Allan Lane, and Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr. These cauples are surprisingly faithful, and when Betty and Anne returned fram the East recently by plane they were greeted mast effusively by their respective swains.

Meanwhile, Bob Taylar and Barbara Stanwyck have apparently caaled their devotian, with Bab exhibiting a fleeting interest in Ginger Ragers, who had previously been attended by James Stewart. And Jimmy—ah, well, we give up; this ramance business is a regular merry-ga-raund.

**Thus Endeth the Book.**—The Pickford-Fairbanks chapter seems finally clased. The annauncement of Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Ragers looks like the last line, Mrs. Rogers being prafessionally knawn as Mary Pickford. And abaut a year aga, at this time, curiously enough, Dauglas Fairbanks and Miss Pickfard were very near a recanciliatian. Finis was written ta that, however, when Doug married Lady Ashley last spring. Mary and Buddy many times denied their intentian of wedding before the afficial pronauncement was made.

And don't be misled by those rumars af marriage between Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Gaddard. 'Tisn't true, or wasn't at least, at the time that samebadY suppasedly revealed their "secret" wedding that was suppased ta have taken place about a year ar sa ago.

**Raft Wins Point.**—For once it looked as if Gearge Raft were completely free of his contract with Paramaunt, which has always seemed pretty irksame ta the star. He actually secured his release just befare "Sauls at Sea" started, and it was about the third flare-up within a year.



**Ann Dvorak finds a cup of tea just the thing to stimulate her ability to concentrate on the script she is reading.**

Other studios started bidding for Raft, and then he met Producer William Le Baron at a party, and the twa ironed out the difficulty. And it seems as if this time it were really ironed out.

Raft's camplaint happened to be pretty legitimate in the case af "Sauls at Sea," because the character he was to play was painted in inkiest black. George, far a long time, has prafessed the determinatian to get away from enacting villains, and so, it is understood, the script far the sea story was partly revised. Raft receives about faur thausand dallars a week.

**Sue Carol Resuming.**—Almost simultaneausly Sue Caral, who was much favared as a leading waman a few years aga while she was the wife of Nick Stuart, remarried, and returned ta picture wark. Her new husband is Haward Wilson, wha acted in such films as "Lost Patral," "Car 99," and "Red Salute." Their ramance had been under way far mare than a year.

The picture which will return Sue to view for the first time in about three years is "A Doctor's Diary," in which the new player, Jahn Trent, and Gearge Bancroft and Helen Burgess are ta be seen. Sue just happened to visit the set, and was immediately engaged far a part by the praducer, Ben Schulberg.

**Cupid Also Likes Laughs.**—Despite the fact that Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Gaddard are prabably not wed, Cupid and the camedians are doing a lat of frolicking together lately. For instance, there's Harpa Marx, whose secret marriage to Susan Fleming was revealed as having accurred last September. Alsa Bert Wheeler, who plans definitely to wed Sally Haines, after romancing far twa years, in February; Pinky Tamlin, who will take Toby Wing as wife in the spring, and Harry Ritz, af the Ritz brothers, whose marriage to Charlotte Greenfield about three manths aga was kept a secret far a time.

Lady comics wan't be behind hand, either, if reparts may be believed that Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde, director, and Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson have their eyes on the altar.

**Olivia's Independent Sister.**—Joan Fontaine is the mast independent miss in movieland. You'll see her in "Quality Street," with Katharine Hepburn. She's the sister of Olivia de Havilland. But Joan has it stipulated in her cantract that no such references are to be included in publicity written abaut her. She's determined to carve her way alone. Joan was exceptionally good in a stage praduction of "Call It a Day" an the Coast, and was signed by Jesse L. Lasky. She's a blande.

**A Haunted Epoch.**—A strange series af tragedies has haunted Hallywaad of late. The death of John Bowers and Marie Walcamp, both papular stars of the alden day, reputedly

by the suicide raute, left an unhappy impressian af the pathetic fate which stalks sa many ald-timers. June Caprice died anly a few days later af pneumania, fulfilling again the rule af three, as applied in this particular graup.

Chic Sale had passed away previausly. Then a little later Madame Schumann-Heink, wha had just glimpsed film success in "Here's ta Ramance."

Curiausly, at the time that Madame Schumann-Heink passed away, her first film far MGM called "Gram" had just been O. K.'d far praductian. That same picture was ane prapased far Marie Dressler.

**All-star Revival.**—We heartily apprave the idea af a revival af "The Last af Mrs. Cheyney," with William Pawell, Jaan Crawfard, and Rabert Mantgamery as the leads, dan't yau? That shauld be ane af the flashiest films af the seasan, especially when yau cansider that Jaan and Bill Pawell have never played in the same feature at MGM.

Narma Shearer was the star in "The Last af Mrs. Cheyney" last time it was praduced, and da yau remember wha acted the part af the smart-talking nableman, which is the ane that Mantgamery will have? Nane other than Basil Rathbane. Whereas Geargе Barraud, naw scarcely ever seen in pictures, did the râle which Bill Pawell is ta play. But that is ta be built up considerably. It's the craak-butler.

**A Bewhiskered Gag.**—Just a little publicity stary sent aut abaut Clark Gable wearing a beard in "Parnell" caused mare af a furare than anything af a similar nature with the single exceptian af Marlene Dietrich's determinatian ta wear trausers a few years aga.

Mail was received fram all parts af the United States, a great deal fram fans, but same fram barbers' assaciatians advising that the idea be drapped far fear af a falling aff in the tansarial trade.

Alsa, it seems there are variaus bearded men's arganizatians in the United States which strangly advacated the idea.

After the stage play, there was nathing particular ta suggest that Gable ga bearded, and sa he decided in favar af just a mustache.

Gable later is ta play in "Idiat's Delight," the Pulitzer prize play, prabably with Garba.


If you do not . . .
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!



"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy
● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.

**Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!**

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle.

You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . you *actually* reduce at hips, waist and diaphragm . . . where fat first accumulates.





"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
*Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.*

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches."
*Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.*

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
*Miss Outda Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.*

"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"
*Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.*

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
*Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.*

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
*Mrs. J. J. Thom[illegible], New Castle, Pa.*



"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
*Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.*

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
*Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.*

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
*Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.*




**Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!**

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

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Notary Public

**PERFOLASTIC, INC.**
Dept. 662, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

# They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 49*

that usually restrain them and surged down to the platform to applaud.

Immediately afterward, Miss Powell announced that she was going to her home in Westchester for a rest and forbade the publicity department even to telephone her for days. But the next morning she was strolling down Broadway, hailing old friends and staring at the lobby pictures in the Winter Garden, where she played last year.

**Old-fashioned Blackmail.**—It is lucky for Lily Pons that she is blessed with a happy disposition. She lets others do the worrying, while she glories in her delight over her approaching marriage, the coming opera and concert season, getting back to her lovely little house in Silvermine, Connecticut, and planting the lily bulbs which Adolphe Menjou gave her.

While she was so blithe and carefree, her lawyer and a score of detectives were having their troubles.

An old blackmailing war was being waged against her. Expert photographers had superimposed her face on some one else's nude body and she was ordered to pay or the pictures would be put in circulation.

Finally the culprit was located—a prisoner out West who was whiling away his jail term working in the prison laboratory. This trick has been tried against most girls who have risen to any prominence, but so far as is known, only one was so foolish as to pay.

**The New Prima Donna.**—The biggest party of the month was given by Eddie Cantor to introduce his newest protegée to the New York press. Perhaps you have heard Deanna Durbin trilling away on his Sunday night radio program, but I think you would be even more impressed if you met her. Deanna has reached the ripe old age of fourteen. She has none of the bravura manner of a Bobby Breen or a Shirley Temple; she is just a natural, candid little girl with an amazing voice. She plays a leading rôle in Universal's "Three Smart Girls," and will go on making musical films for them. She thinks that it is a grand joke that she looks much older in her photographs.

**Just Call Her Miss X.**—Something of a prodigy in her own way is Judith Barrett, star of "Flying Hostess," who was one of the most enthusiastic guests at the party for Deanna Durbin. About five years ago she broke into pictures under the name of Nancy Dover, and played in innumerable two-reel comedies. She played Irene Dunne's daughter in "Cimarron." And then she up and married Cliff Edwards and tried to settle down. It didn't work at all, and after a clash of temperaments she obtained a divorce, took a new name, and got a contract with Universal.

**Ambassador of Good Will.**—Vanity is something you do not know you have until it gets a jolt. Anna Neagle confessed that ruefully when she arrived from England.



**Marie Wilson, quaintly original comédienne, announces her engagement to Nick Grinde, director.**

One of the two most popular British film stars—the other being Jessie Matthews—she found that she was little known here. All who saw her in "Peg of Old Drury" remember her with great enthusiasm, but her favorite picture, "Nell Gwynn," was slaughtered by the censors. She was a little hurt to find that people confuse her with a Warner newcomer, Ann Nagel. As soon as United Artists release her next picture here, she won't be confused with any one else, she can be sure.

She is the traditional blond English beauty, but with an irrepressible sparkle like champagne. The two great favorites of British audiences, and hers, too, are Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer. And she wants American audiences to adopt Sir Cedric Hardwicke with all the enthusiasm given Charles Laughton.

**Charmed Life.**—If all your dreams came true, things would probably happen to you just as they do to Tamara Desni. She was under contract to Alexander Korda to play small parts when the American director, William K. Howard, selected her to play a lead in his British film, "Fire Over England." And at the finish of the picture, Mr. and Mrs. Howard brought her to New York for a week's visit.

She saw all the shows, went to all the night clubs, met Clark Gable, Jimmy Durante, Jack Dempsey, and Kitty Carlisle. But most of all she enjoyed sitting in the window of her room at the Hotel Pierre, looking over Central Park and watching the lights flicker on. She is very tall and slender, and fairly hypnotizes every one who meets her in person. Soon we will see if she can do it from the screen.

**Little Man—What Now?**—Douglass Montgomery is out to get the rolling stone championship. He left Hollywood shortly after "Little Women" and went to England to make a picture with Constance Bennett. Since then he has toured Italy extensively, written a play, and waited around London for his next picture to start. Bette Davis was slated to play opposite him, and as you may recall, Warners and the British courts contrived to stop her.

Dashing over to New York for a few days to consult doctors about an ailing wrist, young Montgomery told me that he figured his greatest talent was guessing wrong.

"When I left Hollywood, immediately producers wanted me for bigger parts in better pictures than I had had. When I took the Bette Davis picture in preference to another, that was called off. I'm going back to London now to do a play with Raymond Massey and Adrianne Allen, so you can be sure I'll be offered something even better here," he said. But he looks so much more vital and interested than he did in his Hollywood leading-man days, I am sure you would approve, even if you do miss him on the screen.

# Loretta Young's Life Story

*Continued from page 57*

Mary, Queen of Scots. I would love doing such things."

Taking a keen interest in the mechanics of picture-making, she asks the technicians questions, and snaps scenes with her small camera and her own movie camera, proudly displaying the results to her family and friends at home. Now Technicolor opens a new and fascinating field.

In addition to romances, her reading includes plays and historical novels which might have film possibilities.

The dramatic fire of Katharine Hepburn, Luise Rainer, Elisabeth Bergner, and Garbo makes them the stars whom she most admires.

When Polly Ann and Sally married and moved into homes of their own, considerable light and laughter went out of the big house. One misses Sally's sparkle, particularly. Loretta's gayety is of the appreciative, chuckly kind.

Regarding Hollywood from a Bel Air hilltop, the white colonial manse seems too large for Loretta and her mother. They like it so well, however, that they will keep it.

Red-bricked walks wind upward between cascades of camellias. Rose vines drape the white pergolas with fluttering, pole-pink charm, and spill petals over the walls. In the rear a curved patio is backed by a mossy rock wall, in the center of which is a niche containing a blue-and-white ploque of the Blessed Virgin.

The entrance hall, paneled high in white, above which gold-figured wallpaper rises like a decorative bodice, has for its only contrasting touches vines trailing from ruby jars set on glass shelves. The drawing-room is formal, the white woodwork and the mahogany furniture of the South.

Meals are given a certain enchantment by the hand-painted dining-room walls: quaint figures, costumed in the frills of bygone ages, delicately limned in ashes-of-roses. The artist chose to use the girls' faces for some of the paintings in the garden scenes. Even Georgianna is there—a saucy minx in crinoline.

The house is a setting of dignified beauty for Loretta's slim and elegant grace. For chummy confidences, however, she takes her friends to the den, walled in knotty pine. A brick fireplace faces the modern bar. The furniture, with its red-and-ton leother, the gay scarlet-and-blue rug, and the red Venetian blinds are occents of color.

Odd lamp standards and shades, Japanese figures, and quaint statuettes, all testify to her artistic appreciation. The recessed shelves contain a mixed library: histories, biographies, os well os romantic novels and things written in the brittle modern manner.

Loretta's directoire bedroom is dointy in blue and peach, with o French carpet, 18th century wood carvings, and her exquisite Dresden figurines.

She isn't much of a cook, but she loves to sew. During her illness last year she made breakfast jockets for her mother and sisters and six slips for herself. Absolutely without folse pride, she will get down on her knees ond scrub her bathroom floor if the maid is very busy. Her own room is scrupulously clean and neat.

The idol of her little half sister, Georgianna Belzer, who is almost twelve, Loretta expresses much of her maternal spirit in doing things for the child. Particularly since the other girls married, they are comrades.

Touched by others' suffering, she gives generously to worthy causes and to help individuals, many of whom do not know the name of their benefactress. But she never discusses such acts and objects when her mother tells about them.

So Loretta stands to-day, young and lovely and kind, with unknown possibilities ahead of her in her personal life and in her work. With buoyant faith, she expects all her wonderful dreams to come true.

The End.



ackie Moran, remarkably appealing oungster in "Valiant Is the Word for arrie," celebrates his Paramount conact by owning the dog he always wanted but couldn't afford.


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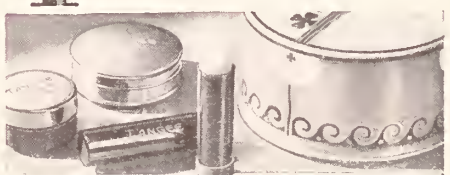


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## That Tough Tracy Kid

*Continued from page 47*

borhood—'I won't toke o both. I don't wont to. Well, just becouse I don't. If I could only toke one with my clothes on I wouldn't mind so much.' "

Among the many friends of the Tracy fomily who treosure the memories of Spence's boyhood days is Mrs. Henry Disch.

"He was in dresses when I first sow him," she reminisces. "He wos bubbling with life. I don't believe he ever sot still. I con't ever remember him sitting down in o choir or reoding a book. His brother wos o quiet boy. He liked to stoy inside ond listen to the tolk of his elders, but Spence wos olways outside with the boys."

Mrs. Disch bought herself o pair of solt ond pepper shokers with roised enomel dots on them. They cost a dollor ond o holf, and she wos proud of them.

One evening the Trocys were over for dinner. While the odults talked, Spence omused himself by picking the dots off the shokers. Mr. Disch kicked Mrs. Disch under the toble, ond she wotched with ogonized eyes the mutilotion of her precious shokers. Spence, unobserved by his parents, kept on picking the dots off and stacking them up until there wos a neot little mound beside his plote.

Mrs. Disch could stond it no longer. "Please, Spence," she said. "The dots belong on the shakers."

A long time ofter—it took o long time for him to sove o dollor ond a holf—he bought her onother set.

Another kindly friend of the Trocys recolls on incident about Spence.

"It wos on evening in eorly spring," she recounts, "ond I was returning from the grocery store with two big boxes of strowberries when I met Mrs. Trocy.

" 'What lovely berries,' " she soid. 'How much did they cost?'

"I told her they were ten cents o box, so she gove Spence o quarter ond sent him to the store. The next morning, when Mrs. Trocy wos out in the back yord, she told me she thought the grocer was unfoir, chorging me only twenty cents for two boxes ond her a quarter.

"Hm-m-m, I thought, ond when I went to the grocer's next morning I questioned him obout it.

" 'Why,' he soid, 'I chorged thot Tracy boy only ten cents o box, too. He spent the extro nickel for condy, ond ote it in the store before he went home.'

"I told Mrs. Trocy about it, but she only loughed. She did love her boy so much."

There ore other neighbors, relatives ond friends, oll proud of him, who hove comments to moke on Spencer Trocy os a boy. Listen to them:

Mrs. Lyle Fountoin—"A greot eoter. All the Tracys liked good food."

Joe Beormon—"A tough kid, but o good one. Ron with the hord-boiled gang of the neighborhood."

Mrs. Fountoin's sister goes more into detoil.

"I remember the time he returned ofter his first yeor os o freshmon ot Ripon College. He took me for o ride in his fother's car.

" 'Well, Spence,' I soid os we rolled olong, 'how ore you getting on with your studies?'

" 'Not so good,' he onswered. 'To tell you the truth, I'm not interested in anything but dromatics.'

" 'Then dromotics is what you should major in,' I soid."

Spencer Tracy took her odvice. And now thot the yeors hove passed quickly and slowly for some on Kinnikinnic Avenue ond quickly ond slowly for some in Hollywood, Spence's choice of his major study has proved to be correct.



**Judith Barrett's hat is of antelope, with a pompon of silver fox.**

## It's Never Been Told

*Continued from page 40*

two of the twelve young business ond professionol men thot made up the gong that eddied about the girls, colled for her ond took her to meet Koy ond Virginia.

She hod on some sort of rose-colored velvet gown, mode by one of the town's leoding costumers. It might have been a Louis Quotorze, trimmed with gold lace. Whotever it was, it illuminoted Koy's beouty until it was olmost breoth-toking. The costumer realized this possibility. Thot is why he had creoted it expressly for Koy ond secured her consent to weor it in the grond morch. He knew thot her appeorance in his dress would bring him fome.

But Koy, olwoys full of healthy fun, was restless in the velvet elegonce. The gong milled obout the smoll living-room, putting off its departure until the lost moment. Finolly Koy could stond the formolity of the dress no more. She retreoted to the tiny bedroom ond come out o few moments loter clod in the homemode poge costume thot her mother, the former octress, Kotherine Clinton, had mode for her. At lost she was comfortobly ottired. Of course she returned to the velvet mosterpiece before the party went on to the Beoux-Arts rout. But the gesture wos like to-doy's Kay. She would rother wear slocks or pojomos thon the eloborote dresses thot ore creoted for her by Worners' Orry-Kelly. She is not interested in fussy clothes.

About o year and o half after Kay met Lois, she and Virginio gove up their opartment, ond Koy ond Lois took one together. Kay wos moking thirty-five a week, Lois fifty; the apartment rented for seventy-five a month. It wos in predepression doys ond living costs were sky-high. Their one extrovagance wos thot eoch girl hod her own phone. They were toking no chances on losing an invitotion becouse the other one wos keeping Mr. Bell's device busy with her dote-making. Thot the girls borely got by on their joint earnings, didn't bother them at all. They were hoving a big time for themselves. Koy's beouty wos attroct-ing even more ottention—men, screen tests, proposals of this, that, ond the other thing.

Koy never bothered obout patroniz-ing the beauty salons to enhonce her looks. Her short, smart hair cut, which set the notion's style os soon os it was seen on the screen, wos contrived in a men's borber shop. Gown designers begged her to weor their creotions.

knowing thot Koy wos present ot oll the places where the smortest people gothered. Unconcernedly, Koy danced oll night, wos up eorly the next morning to take o screen test. She never even thought obout conserving her energies. She wos disgustingly heolthy.

Koy still hos fun, but it's not the riotous fun of ten yeors ogo. Her amusements ore tempered to spectotor sports, insteod of active othletics; to dinners, o few porties.

When Koy went to Hollywood ond a screen coreer, it spelled the end of the household of Froncis and Long. Four years passed, during which much hoppened, before the girls met ogoin.

Much hoppened, yes. Lois wos divorced from cortoonist Peter Arno; Koy wos morried to actor Kenneth MacKenno. One morning, at o little romshockle formhouse that she hod token for the seoson, so her smoll doughter could hove country air, Lois hod o wire from Koy soying thot she ond her new husbond were coming to see her. Knowing Koy so well, Lois was nevertheless o little frightened ot the prospect of entertoining o Hollywood stor. Supposing Koy hod chonged? To odd to her ponic, the woter moin had burst, which deprived the house of woter.

Lois, not without ingenuity, hurried to the small town's generol store ond bought oll ovoiloble old-foshioned chino receptocles and hastily thrust them in the conventionol spots in the bedroom. She wos relying on the healthy humor of the Koy she hod known to help her over a discomforting situotion. If Koy hod grown storconscious, she wos lost. If Koy hod not, she knew the scene would bring one of her heorty loughs. Koy ond her husbond orrived. Koy took one look, ond loughed thot throoty, lush lough tha. Lois remembered from their Thirty-ninth Street oportment doys. The week-end was a glorious reunion for the friends. P. S. The woter main wos repoired thot afternoon.

Their last meeting wos this past summer. Lois Long mode her first trip to Hollywood to write diologue.

"Kay, for the first time, is thinking of to-morrow, insteod of spending oll she mokes to-doy," said Lois Long. But with her sense of humor Kay is still vostly lovish. A good joke is still worth a deep, throoty Froncis-con laugh.

## The Origin of Star Names

*Continued from page 35*



BETTE DAVIS meons the beloved servant of God. In this instonce the ideo of servant is contained in both the first ond lost nome. Bette is o chonged spelling for Betty, which is short for Elizobeth, ond Elizabeth is from the Hebrew meoning a worshiper or servant consecroted to God. Dovis, on the other hond, is obviously derived from Dovid, which is also Hebrew ond meons beloved; but influencing this lost nome we have the Lotin word Dovus, which in oncient Romon comedies wos the stock nome for a servont or slove in the droma. Incidentolly, the Lotin phrose "Dovus sum," meoning: after oll, I'm only Dovus, a servont, wos equivolent in those doys to our modern expression "osk me onother."



JOAN BLONDELL meons the little light-hoired one who is a gift from God. Joon is o feminine version of the mosculine John, which comes from the Hebrew ond meons a gift from God. Blondell is a diminutive of the French for blond, and means the little light-hoired one. An interesting corollary on the nome Joan, by the woy, is thot between the thirteenth ond seventeenth centuries more thon o hundred and fifty outhors cloimed thot there wos a woman pope of that nome.



CHARLES RUGGLES meons the strong ond monly shoker, and the name suggests o hearty hondclosp. Chorles is German for strong ond manly. Ruggles is Scotch for one who shokes, rottles, tugs or pulls, ond is ultimotely derived from on Icelondic word meoning to rock.



GEORGE BRENT meons a former with a smooth brow. George is from the Greek meaning husbondmon, or former. Brent is of Anglo-Saxon origin, ond meons a high, smooth, unwrinkled forehead.





* Sylvia Sidney through the courtesy of Walter Wanger Productions, Inc.




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# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 12*

tainly there is beauty and talent, innocence and sophistication among the modern movie queens, but show me one who has earned the title of "America's Sweetheart" or any such endearing term from the masses. Something will be lacking in either looks, character, or human warmth in any one you name.

Grace Moore and Irene Dunne can be forgiven facial imperfections because of their voices; ditto Jeanette MacDonald's profile. Madge Evans, Janet Gaynor, Jean Parker, Mary Brian and a few others cash in on their reputations for sweet harmlessness. Bette Davis and Joan Crawford undoubtedly owe their prominence to enormous, staring eyes and distorted features.

Maureen O'Sullivan will never be anything but a street urchin in looks no matter how good are the rôles she is given, just as Loretta Young must always remain the thick-lipped Teuton she was born. Age has so patently overtaken Kay Francis, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Dolores del Rio, Marion Davies, Ruth Chatterton, and Gloria Swanson, that they are no longer in the running.

Ann Harding has never been anything other than a lifeless wax doll with a slightly sinister expression on her face, and Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich aren't even wax. They are pure wood, with their hollow cheeks and soapy eyes, false eyelashes, et cetera. If Katharine Hepburn or Margaret Sullavan have any talent, they do not take time off from their silly publicity-seeking stunts to show it.



On again, off again—that's the record of the Errol Flynn-Lily Damita marriage which occurred in June, 1935. Latest is their decision to give it another trial. So they're off on a second honeymoon.

And so what? Can Jean Harlow be considered really beautiful with her wide, ungainly face and hair like a woolly sheep? Or Myrna Loy, with her pug nose? Sylvia Sidney or Nancy Carroll, of the flat countenances and glittering eyes? Rochelle Hudson and Evelyn Venable are distinctly snobbish and repellent, and as for Carol Lombard and Barbara Stanwyck, who can stand their uncalled-for hysterics in every picture?

Ginger Rogers is thoroughly pretty and perhaps the best beloved actress today, but her field is rather limited. Frances Dee is sweet, and a real beauty, but we don't see much of her. And what has become of Kitty Carlisle? There was a queen!

And speaking of queens, reminds me that the laurels for perfection in every respect must go to two men. A couple of blond princes, composite pictures of charm, grace, physical perfection, and what winning ways and glorious voices! One with a trained baritone to make the welkin ring when he raises it, and the other with the natural soft cadences to steal your heart away! What a riot it would be if they ever played together! It's too much to hope for, but you must have guessed their identities, anyway. Nelson Eddy and Gene Raymond. Long may they reign!

ERNEST CAVENDER.

Carrollton, Texas.

## Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 59*

her followers. I give her credit, too, for sticking to her type through thick and thin and not trying to go grand or arty or ladylike. Her picture is a funny account of a Hollywood star in a small town and the rumpus she creates. Her support is splendid.

"As You Like It."—20th Century-Fox. Elisabeth Bergner's flight into Shakespeare isn't at all edifying. It is rather deplorable, even though it may have the indorsement of Europe and Sir James M. Barrie. She does more to keep Shakespeare off the screen than to solidify the bard's standing with the film-going public. There is less fault with the production and the condensed version of the comedy than with Bergner's *Rosalind*. But the picture still has the aspect and flavor of a photographed stage play. However, Bergner is the snag that stands in the way of accepting it even as a satisfactory adaptation. Instead of the warm and pensive heroine of literature, she is an antic, sexless creature—*Gemma* of "Escape Me Never," chirping the lovely speeches in a German accent. Undoubtedly it is modern but it is neither poetic nor glamorous. However, the fine company of bona-fide Britishers surrounding the star do justice to their native tongue and the picture is worth seeing on their account.

"Three Men on a Horse."—Warners. The current comedy success of the New York stage comes to the screen with none of its humor lost. Of its kind it is excellent diversion. I do not say this with reservation but as identification for those who know nothing about the play and are not, perhaps, likely to be interested in race-track loafers. For it is a wisecracking insight into the lives and psychology of that class. Witty, revealing, it is a perfect photograph of Broadway's side streets. At this writing the stage play is in its hundredth week in New York, so it must have unusual appeal for the majority. We have Frank McHugh—in his best performance, incidentally—as a quaintly dumb writer of greeting-card poetry, with a psychic flair for picking the right horse to win. This faculty is an attraction for professional followers of the races who attach themselves to him with hilarious results. All this makes for coarse, obvious entertainment hugely accented by clever direction and a cast more appealing to picture-goers than that in the stage version although two of the better members of the latter, Sam Levene and Teddy Hart, play their original rôles with hearty expertness.

"Theodore Goes Wild."—Columbia. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas are teamed in a gay, frothy, inconsequential comedy that serves beautifully to throw into high relief their ability to put across the light touch in a way that doesn't make the beholder squirm with embarrassment. Both are joys, Mr. Douglas because of his technique born of stage experience, Miss Dunne because she rises so engagingly to the occasion and brings so much personal loveliness and innate humor to the situations. Especially do I praise her for never losing her identity in the merry doings; never stooping to clown or becoming a jumping-jack in the delusion that it is comedy. She is still a lady, praise be, but such a daintily frolicksome one. The story has Miss Dunne, flanked by maiden aunts, in a small town, publishing hectic novels under an assumed name and meeting the metropolitan artist who illustrates them. The expected battle of wits and emotions follows, with a conclusion that is right if not surprising. The company is splendid, especially Elisabeth Risdon and Spring Byington.

"Tarzan Escapes."—MGM. How would you like to have a rustic house in a tall jungle tree, with an elephant to motor your elevator up and down? And a chimpanzee to turn the roast and the overhead fan, as well as Maureen O'Sullivan or Johnny Weissmuller for your mate? These are some of the charms of the new "Tarzan" picture; the excitements are supplied by man and beast, the comedy by "Cheetah," an amazingly well-trained chimpanzee. Mr. Weissmuller repeats his much-liked picturesque, athletic performance and Miss O'Sullivan is winning and convincing as the English girl who prefers jungle love to five-o'clock-tea at home. The fascination of the "Tarzan" pictures for young and old lies in wish fulfillment, as the psychiatrists call it. More than any other screen fiction they enable us to forget the world of realities and live enchantingly free of hampering conventions.




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# Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

JUNE VARNER.—Tommy Bupp was born in Norfolk, Virginia, about 1927. He is 51 inches tall, weighs 54 pounds, and has blond hair. Appeared on the screen in "Mating Time" at the age of fourteen months. His latest is "Conflict," with John Wayne. You might address him at the Universal Studio.

ONTARIO, CANADA.—Bruce Cabot lead the mob in "Fury." He was born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, April 20, 1910; six feet one and a half, weighs 180, dark-brown hair, gray eyes. Married to Adrienne Ames. He also appeared in "Let 'Em Have It," "Robin Hood of El Dorado," "Mercy Killer," and more recently, "Three Wise Guys," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "Don't Turn 'Em Loose."

DOROTHY HELM.—We published an interview with Michael Whalen in the November issue. This may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept. He was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, June 30th; six feet two; brown hair, blue eyes. Irving Thalberg was born in Brooklyn, New York.

D. S.—If you will send me a stamped envelope I'll be glad to tell you where you might get stills of all those films you list.

A. G.—Wendy Barrie was born in Hongkong, China, April 18, 1913; five feet five; red-gold hair, blue eyes. Her father was J. O. Jenkin. I haven't the information you ask about Frieda Inescort.

JESSIE FAN.—For a photograph of Jessie Matthews, address the Gaumont-British Studio, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England. A music publisher like G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street, New York City, might be able to supply a copy of the song she sang in "Evergreen" called "Springtime in Your Heart." For stills of "Champagne Waltz" such as you saw in Picture Play, address the Publicity Dept., Paramount Pictures, Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York, and for the one of "The Devil Is a Sissy," Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York. They cost ten cents each.

RICHARD HULMES.—Bobby Breen was born in Montreal, Canada, November 4, 1927. After "Rainbow on the River" he is to do "Boy Blue." For stills of "Let's Sing Again," address the Publicity Dept., RKO Pictures, RKO Bldg., Radio City, New York. The charge is ten cents each. Fan magazines always try to refrain from giving the nationality or religion of the stars. The next Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film after "Maytime" will not be produced until Mr. Eddy completes his concert tour.

B. G.—Nelson Eddy made his first screen appearance in "Broadway to Hollywood," released in 1933. That is his right name. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901; six feet, weighs 173, yellow hair, blue eyes.

B. Z.—For photographs of the stars address them at the studios listed on page 98, inclosing twenty-five cents with each request. For one of Hoot Gibson, address RKO; Tim McCoy, Columbia; Buck Jones and John Wayne, Universal.

CAROLYN KELLER.—Address the Publicity Dept. when requesting stills. For those of any MGM picture, the address is 1540 Broadway, New York, and for those of Universal, write to that company at 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York. Each still costs ten cents.

MUSIC LOVER.—Gladys Swarthout has not severed her association with the Metropolitan Opera Company. She will make an appearance at the Opera House this winter.

A COOPER FAN.—Jackie Cooper was thirteen on September 15th. He is about five feet six, weighs nearly 140, and has blond hair and hazel eyes. Is a sophomore in high school. One of the best ways of learning the duties of a cameraman is to apply for a job as assistant to an assistant cameraman. If you live in a big city you may be able to find a school which teaches the subject.

B. M.—Nova Pilbeam, the sixteen-year-old English actress who has been seen here in "Little Friend," "The Man Who Knew Too Much," and "Nine Days a Queen," is the daughter of Arnold Pilbeam, British actor. Her mother has no connection with the stage. Nova



Jeanne McCully prances through "Fun in the Fire House," the funniest title for a movie that we have found this month.

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has been acting since she was five. For stills of her pictures you may be able to obtain them by addressing the Gaumont-British Publicity Dept., 1600 Broadway, New York, inclosing ten cents for each.

M. L.—There doesn't seem to be any fan club listed in honor of Joan Blondell. She is appearing in "Three Men on a Horse" and will be seen next in "Gold Diggers of 1937." She became Mrs. Dick Powell on September 19th.

Nina May.—Desmond Tester, who played with Nova Pilbeam in "Nine Days a Queen," was born in London, England, February 17, 1919; five feet one, with auburn hair and hazel eyes. His parents are non-professionals. Has had stage experience. You'll see him in Maurice Chevalier's English-made picture, "The Beloved Vagabond." It is true that Nelson Eddy wears glasses for reading but surely that doesn't mean that he is going blind.

R. A. Y.—Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 28, 1908; five feet eleven, weighs 155; brown hair, dark-blue eyes. Educated at the University of Arizona. He was divorced from Lola Lane in 1933. Married Ginger Rogers in 1934, but they are now separated. Played with an orchestra before entering films. Made "Shakedown" and "Panic on the Air" for Columbia. For stills, write to the Publicity Dept. of that company at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing ten cents for each still desired. He is scheduled to make "O'Reilly of Notre Dame" for Paramount.

B. J. E.—After completing "Meet Nero Wolfe," Victor Jory went to Australia to appear in two pictures. We have never published an interview with him in Picture Play.

Betty Colin.—Tony Martin, who sang in "Sing, Baby, Sing," is a former night club singer. He also had a small part in "Follow the Fleet" as one of Fred Astaire's sailor buddies.

Ginger Rogers Fan.—The May, 1936, issue containing a gallery portrait of Miss Rogers, may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept. I regret to tell you that the January, 1936, number has been completely exhausted.

Doris T.—Karen Morley will be seen next in "Beloved Enemy," with Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne. She was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12th. Her son was three in September. "Too Busy To Work" was Dick Powell's second picture for the screen. Marian Nixon is still in films, now playing opposite George Houston in "Captain Calamity."

H. E. C.—An interview with Boris Karloff appeared in February, 1933. This issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept. I must ask you to send a stamped envelope if you wish a list of his films.




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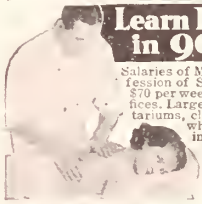
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# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

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Judith Barrett
Noah Beery, Jr.
John Boles
Alice Brady
Billy Burrud
Ricardo Cortez
Andy Devine
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Louis Hayward
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Alma Kruger
Bela Lugosi
George Murphy
Doris Nolan
Sunnie O'Dea
Walter Pidgeon
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Margaret Sullavan
Jane Wyatt

## 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Astrid Allwyn
Don Ameche
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Madge Bellamy
J. Edward Bromberg
Eddie Cantor
John Carradine
Jane Darwell
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
Alice Faye
Douglas Fowley
Judy Garland
Janet Gaynor
Sonja Henie
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
June Lang
Keye Luke
Tony Martin
Victor McLaglen
Warner Oland
Tyrone Power
John Qualen
Arthur Rankin
Bill Robinson
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Michael Whalen
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

## Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Jean Chatburn
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Julie Haydon
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
Elissa Landi
Ann Loring
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Abel
Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Smith Ballew
John Beal
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Margaret Callahan
Joan Davis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Katharine Hepburn
Louise Latimer
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
George O'Brien
Moroni Olsen
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

## Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
George Bancroft
Ralph Bellamy
Herman Bing
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Ronald Colman
Walter Connolly
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Edith Fellows
Jack Holt
Francis Lederer
Grace Moore
Chester Morris
Charles Quigley
Buddy Rogers
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Elisabeth Bergner
Charles Chaplin
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Andrea Leeds
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Merle Oberon
John Payne
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
C. Aubrey Smith
Douglas Walton

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Nick Foran
Kay Francis
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescort
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Patric Knowles
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Billy and Bobby Mauch
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Claude Rains
Phillip Reed
Craig Reynolds
Beverly Roberts
Winifred Shaw
George E. Stone
Verree Teasdale
June Travis
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

## Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Lew Ayres
Benny Baker
Bennie Bartlett
Jack Benny
Mary Boland
Beulah Bondi
Tom Brown
Bob Burns
George Burns
Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Irene Dunne
Leif Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Frank Forest
Ketti Gallian
Cary Grant
David Jack Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Harold Lloyd
Carol Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland
Jackie Moran
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Martha Raye
Shirley Ross
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney
Grant Withers
Charlene Wyatt

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Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll
Peggy Conklin
Henry Fonda
William Gargan
Frances Langford
Pat Paterson
Sylvia Sidney

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*By* RUSSELL PATTERSON

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What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed: "Isn't it a shame that Mary Nelson can't be here. What will we do without someone to play the piano?"

Amazed at my own confidence, I spoke up:

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* * *

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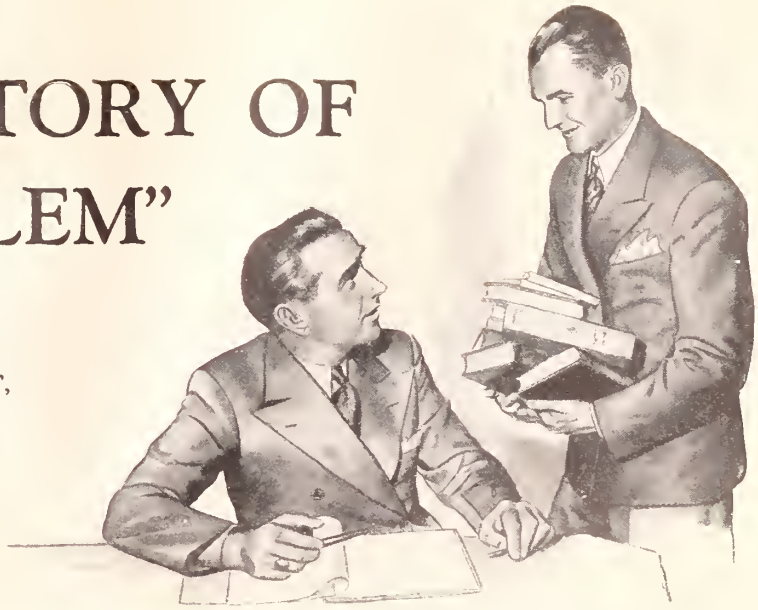
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# THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"



Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

By FRANK LLOYD

*(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty")*

NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . . "Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.



*Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"*



*Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero.*



*A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm.*



*Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword.*

ADVT

# WHAT THE FANS THINK



Nelson Eddy inspires a controversy. Has opera a place on the screen, or has it not? The cream of letters on the subject are printed this month.

### How Much Opera?

I HAVE just read the letters in December Picture Play, which is, by the way, the finest fan magazine, and the only one I read.

With all due respect for Miss Wokeling's devotion to opera, may I suggest that Victor Herbert's "Rose-Marie" is not so trite and light as she would have us believe. Of course, it cannot compare with "The Barber of Seville" or other of the purely operatic plays. When a person goes to see a Nelson Eddy picture, he is generally pleased to hear him sing "Rose-Marie," "Song of the Maunties," or other songs from Herbert's operetta. They suit his grand voice beautifully, and more people enjoy them than they would the more serious operas. Mr. Eddy would be very fine in opera—there I agree with the English fan—but do the majority of moviegoers want to see a feature-length film devoted entirely to opera?

Thanks, Sue Riddle, for your enlightening comments on Robert Taylor. Such a letter helps those who are unable to see a star in person to understand his true character. However, it must be admitted that Mr. Taylor is a good actor, and perhaps his popularity has merely gone to his head and that he will wake up to his mistake before it is too late.

I should like to express appreciation for the letters in praise of John Bales and Joan Crawford. Mr. Bales is a fine singer and has proved his acting ability in many fine films. Just why he has been neglected by 20th Century-Fox in the past, I cannot understand. He will, I hope, secure more and finer rôles now that he is a free lance. Joan Crawford is surely one of the greatest actresses in pictures to-day. She may have faults, but if she has, she keeps them to herself. She doesn't shun her public, nor "go Hollywood," nor indulge in publicity stunts as so many of the top-notchers do. She is always kind and generous, and

*Continued on page 10*

# DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!



*The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!*

*Giant cast!.. Sparkling personalities!.. Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!... Breath-catching gowns!.. Fun, frivolity, frenzy!.. Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!*



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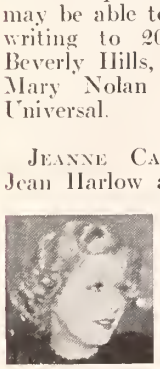
## BY THE ORACLE

ANN NELSON.—Freddie Bartholomew will be thirteen on March 28th. His next film is "Captains Courageous." Bonita Granville is in "The Plough and the Stars" and "Maid of Salem." Herbert Marshall is six feet tall.

CHARLES NICHOLSON.—For stills of Dolores del Rio in "Accused," you might address the Publicity Dept., United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, inclosing ten cents for each still desired. Hereafter when you and other readers wish information about stills I wish you would adhere to the rule and send a stamped envelope. Space is limited and it isn't fair to take up room by repeating addresses of the various publicity departments. You may be able to reach John McGuire by writing to 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. At one time Mary Nolan was under contract to Universal.



JEANNE CARPENTIER.—Stories about Jean Harlow appeared in the following issues: November, 1933; June and September, 1934; August, 1935; August, 1936. Clark Gable interviews: August, 1933; June, 1934; May, 1936. Any of these back numbers may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Department. The music and lyrics for "Cain and Mabel" are by Harry Warren and Al Dubin. The song hit of the picture is "I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs."



W. RUSSELL MCMENAMIN.—Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Sueur; Lionel Barrymore's, Lionel Blythe. Jane Withers and Bill Robinson use their right names. Shirley Temple's full name is Shirley Jane Temple, and Jeanette MacDonald's middle name is Anna. Shirley is of English-Dutch descent. Mitzi Green has been appearing at the Versailles a New York night club. She is contemplating a return to the screen.



MARY A. MAHON.—John King star of the serial "Ace Drummond," opposite Jean Rogers, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 1909; six feet two and a half, weighs 181; medium brown hair and blue eyes. Attended the University of Cincinnati night school. Was checker and stoker at the grain elevator in that city; associated with radio and furniture firms and an automobile ageney. Was in lumber camps in New Mexico and Arizona. Returned to his home town, then sang and announced over a radio station. In 1934 joined Ben Bernie and his band. Tested by Universal, and signed to a contract.

> All persons writing to The Oracle are requested to include their full name and address. This will permit a reply by mail if there isn't space here. For information about stills, casts, fan clubs, stars' films, please inclose a stamped envelope.

BETTY WEINACKER.—Fred MacMurray was born on August 30, 1909. That is his right name. He married Lillian Lamonte, a model, on June 20, 1936. Nelson Eddy, June 29, 1901. That is his real name. Rochelle Hudson, March 6 1915; five feet three, weighs 105. Carole Lombard, October 6 1909; blond hair, blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Swing High, Swing Low." Every one seems to think that Robert Taylor will marry Barbara Stanwyck. An interview with Simone Simon appeared in the January issue.



BYRON ANDERSON.—Marion Davies was thirty-nine on January 1st. She has been in pictures since 1917. Her next release has yet to be decided upon.

IRIS NELSON.—A Leslie Howard interview appeared in July, 1933. This may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept.



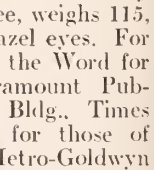
H. M.—Madeleine Carroll is appearing in "Lloyds of London" and is to make "On the Avenue," with Dick Powell. She is English; five feet five, and weighs 122.

MITZI.—We have used many pictures of Fredric March but no gallery portrait since September, 1933. This issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept.



A. M. EULNEO.—Gladys George was born in Maine, but she doesn't say when. She is five feet three, weighs 115, and has blond hair and hazel eyes. For stills of her in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," address the Paramount Publicity Dept., Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York, and for those of "The Great Ziegfeld," Metro-Goldwyn Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York. All stills sell for ten cents each.

MILDRED A.—Maureen O'Sullivan appeared in two films with Charles Laughton, "Payment Deferred" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



E. G.—Interviews with Irene Dunne appeared in March and November, 1936. Either of these issues may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Dept. That is Miss Dunne's real name. She is married to Doctor Francis Griffin. They have no children.

EVELYN N.—Bobby Breen has not been legally adopted by Eddie Cantor. The latter calls him "son" only for his radio programs. For stills of "Let's Sing Again," address the Publicity Dept., RKO Pictures, RKO Bldg., Radio City, New York. They cost ten cents each. Jackie Moran is with Paramount. In the film "Anthony Adverse," *Anthony* at the age of ten was played by Billy Mauch, and *Anthony's* son by *Angela* was played by Scotty Beckett. Billy is appearing with his twin brother, Bobby, in "The Prince and the Pauper" for Warners, and Scotty in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" for the same studio.



*Continued on page 96*

# SING! SWING! YOUTH HAS ITS FLING!



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Louise **FAZENDA**

Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

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Winifred **SHAW**



Carol **HUGHES**



Teddy **HART**



Ross **ALEXANDER**

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles... And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening".

Warner Bros.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

*Continued from page 6*

most of all, sincere. I have admired her longer than any other actress in pictures.

Norbert Lusk's fine editorial in tribute to the late Irving Thalberg was splendid. We have seen and enjoyed many pictures made possible by his personal efforts. He was one of the really great men in motion pictures. Such films as "Ben-Hur," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and "Mutiny on the Bounty," will remain as living reminders of his genius. K. Robert Whittemore.

403 South Liberty Avenue,
Endicott, New York.

### Eddy as an Opera Singer.

I BELIEVE Freda Wakeling's letter will bring forth a number of comments from readers of Picture Play who are both in favor of and against grand opera on the screen.

I, for one, agree with her to a certain extent, and see no reason why the finer type of music should not be accepted by the general public. However, I believe it will be some time before a full-length opera will be presented on the screen, as there are so many people who are more or less in a fog as to just what opera is all about. They will, of course, enjoy certain familiar arias that have been heard on the screen, through the medium of radio and on the concert stage, but they are not acquainted with the stories of the operas. I would like to see "Aida" brought to the screen, but that is because I have just finished reading the story; and I wouldn't go to see an opera I wasn't familiar with.

I agree with Miss Wakeling that when grand opera is brought to the screen that Nelson Eddy is the one to introduce it to us.

Marian E. Waddle.

1342 Second Avenue,
San Diego, California.

### Serious Music Lovers Rare.

HAVING read the letter from Freda Wakeling concerning Nelson Eddy in the December Picture Play, I feel moved to voice the opinion which I have had along these lines for some time. While I agree with Miss Wakeling that Mr. Eddy has the greatest voice of all the singers on the screen and that he is indeed worthy of singing great music, including opera, I feel that the movie-going public would not attend full-length opera pictures in sufficient numbers to make their production practicable—more's the pity.

People go to the movies for relaxation and to escape the monotony of their everyday lives. They want continuous action which will hold their sustained interest so that they are lifted out of themselves. One has but to notice the restlessness and snickers in a movie audience at some of the unsuccessful musical pictures when the stars suddenly burst forth into song for no apparent reason, to realize that unless the songs are worked in adroitly and form part of the action as in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose-Marie" and, as I confidently expect, in "Maytime," the movie-goers just will not "take" them. In movies, the story is the thing; in opera, the music is more important, the action secondary, and I do not believe the percentage of serious music lovers is great enough to warrant opera in the movies.

Nelson Eddy has the rare combination of an unusually fine voice and an appearance which satisfies the most fastidious requirements for a romantic lead, and I hope MGM will continue to bring him to us in our favorite operettas (that is, until some one gets up the gumption to write a new one for him), because he fills these rôles as no one else has ever done. Doris May.

182 Ashland Avenue,
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

### Nelson Wasted on Tripe.

I READ Freda Wakeling's letter in the December issue. I fully agree with her that Nelson Eddy is singing music unworthy of his voice. Those of us who listen to his radio programs know that. There certainly is a contrast when he sings a song from one of his pictures and then goes into an aria from an opera. Not long ago he sang an aria from "The Barber of Seville." It was terrific! After hearing that, I'd challenge any one that said Mr. Eddy couldn't sing operatic music to a duel with swords, though I've never held one in my hand.



Jean Parker is nothing less than a kitchen sorceress. She's materializing food out of an empty pan with the gas turned off. Oh, these cooking pictures!

All I could do was listen with my mouth wide open, and when he finished, I exclaimed some more, and I haven't stopped yet. I've heard Lawrence Tibbett sing that aria, and I have a word of praise for him. Nelson Eddy has such a different style in everything he sings that it's truly astonishing. It's a shame to waste his marvelous voice on such tripe.

There is something else I must get off my chest. Jeanette MacDonald sang two arias in "Rose-Marie." I ask you, is that fair? Miss MacDonald does not have a voice for operatic music. She should never attempt to sing it. She has a voice for lighter music, and I suggest that she stick to it.

Norma Reichstadt.

305 South 53rd Street,
Omaha, Nebraska.

### Nelson Eddy Overrated.

WITH regard to Freda Wakeling's letter in the December issue about Nelson Eddy, I'd like to put in my two cents' worth. In my opinion, Eddy is a very much overrated young man. He has a good voice; that is to say he has undoubtedly studied hard and handles his voice well. But his tones are often not as pure and mellow as they should be; and the quality of his voice leaves much to be desired. It reveals that same dullness and flatness that characterizes his speaking voice. It lacks life and animation and warmth. And that is something that a voice either has or hasn't. No amount of work and study will develop it when it is lacking.

Further, I would like to ask what was Miss Wakeling's idea in dragging James Melton into her letter? I'm rather afraid she doesn't know much about music or she would realize that it is scarcely true to say that he is "not much worse than a crooner." I have heard him on the concert stage and on the radio countless times and his voice is distinguished by exquisite clarity and mellowness of tone, as well as by that same life and warmth which Mr. Eddy's lacks. R. J. Kennedy.

132 Beacon Street,
Portland, Maine.

### "Romeo and Juliet" a Classic.

OUT of the hundreds of films produced each year, only a very few are of outstanding quality—only a few are classics that will go down in history. "Ben-Hur" was one and now "Romeo and Juliet" is another. Here certainly is a gem for the treasure house of beautiful films. Its presentation at His Majesty's Theater in London was an event of the year—society and film celebrities turned out for this great evening. Many police were needed to control the large crowds that gathered outside. The film was cheered by the most enthusiastic audience I have ever seen, and to every one's delight, Basil Rathbone, being the only actor in the film over here that evening, made a magnificent speech from the stage in which he paid a sincere and glorious tribute to Irving Thalberg.

Perhaps Leslie Howard is more the poetic dreamer than the passionate youth, but I cannot think of any one who could deliver the beautiful passages as he does. His gestures and sensitive expressions add to the charm of the words which he speaks with perfect naturalness and unaffected grace.

And who can say one word against Norma Shearer's beautiful and inspiring performance? She is well rewarded by the many months of study she put into this part. Her acting is truly enchanting, and no trace of accent mars the perfect beauty of her speeches. And any fear that her age might make the

rôle too mature for its original conception is banished by the easy and child-like unsophistication she so happily displays in her earlier scenes. It is indeed very difficult—almost impossible—to imagine any screen actress who could have played *Juliet* so well as Miss Shearer, and I'll warrant her acting will be voted the best and most outstanding of the year.

It is very interesting to compare "Romeo and Juliet" with "As You Like It," produced in England. One would have naturally thought Shakespeare in England would have been absolutely perfect. But, no, it is America who has achieved this accomplishment.

I'm afraid Elisabeth Bergner made a great mistake in playing *Rosalind*. Her voice is so terribly un-English and the accent so very noticeable against the very English voices of the rest of the cast, who, by the way, were excellent. Laurence Olivier makes a perfect *Orlando*. I am afraid Miss Bergner rather spoiled what might have been a very good film. To me, she was just *Gemma Jones* from "Escape Me Never" in fancy dress.

And now it's up to America to give us a perfect *Hamlet*. JIMI EDWARDS.

7 Carlton Vale,
London, N. W. 6, England.

### Bob's Handwriting.

NOT long ago I was fortunate to get enough of my favorite star's handwriting to give a fairly complete analysis of his character. I am referring to Robert Taylor, and the mention of this star's character recalls to mind a letter which was published in Picture Play for December in which the writer seems to be anti-Taylor. I am going to do my best to correct her impression of Mr. Taylor, not by my own unimportant opinion, but by the irrevocable facts of graphology.

I submit, therefore, for the hundreds of Taylor fans what his handwriting shows—the character of a gentleman, and a gentleman, in my estimation, is never conceited.

1. His heart rules. He is sympathetic, affectionate, and has a very warm nature.

2. He is definitely *not* conceited. This is shown by the plain simple capitals. The usual way he forms an "R" shows originality.

3. He is lacking in self-assurance and very sensitive.

4. Self-respect and pride. Extreme sensitiveness and close-mouthed.

5. Excellent imagination and keen vision. Fluency of thought.

6. Tendency to complete a task speedily rather than accurately. Good judgment and precision.

7. Friendliness, good entertainer.

8. A quick thinker, always on the go—either mentally or physically.

9. Physical strength.

I believe readers will agree with me that graphology is not like fortune telling. It is logical that a person should express his emotions through his hands.

PATRICIA FOWELL.

61 Woodlawn Avenue,
Northampton, Massachusetts.



What so grand as an actor for a father? That's what Carol Ann thinks of her darling daddy, Robert Young, who spends all his time with her when he isn't at the studio.

### Along Came Don Ameche.

THREE rousing cheers for Don Ameche! Here is a newcomer who is not receiving the praise he deserves. He was so grand in "Ramona" and so miscast in "Ladies in Love," that I should think 20th Century-Fox would come to their senses and put him in the right pictures.

I was just becoming a little weary with all the so-called actors who do nothing but walk about reciting lines, when this talented player came along. He goes about his work so seriously that it is a pleasure to view his unstinted, finished performances on the screen, and his fine, rich speaking voice is a delight to listen to.

He was an ideal *Alessandro* in "Ramona," so convincing and sincere, as if he had been born for the part, and I believe that of all the pictures he might make he will be best remembered by this one. I shall never forget his scene with the small-town doctor.

In "Ladies in Love," he did well what he had to do, but the part was definitely unsuited to him. I vote we have more of Don Ameche and that he be given bigger and better parts.

ROBERT SLOTTERBECK.

6010 Makee Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

### Speaking of Voices——

I HAVE been a reader of Picture Play for years, but this is the first time I have been impelled to write my views in "What the Fans Think," and all because of Norbert Lusk's—to whom my salutations—praise of John Geilgud in "Secret Agent." But, Mr. Lusk, you forgot this great actor's finest attribute—his beautiful voice and perfect diction.





● Don't tell *me* about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into *that!* Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's *different!*"




● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put *yourself* in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so *differently!*




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Slightly higher in Canada.

He also has great charm, but before everything, he is an actor. See him as *King Lear*, as *Noah*, to realize his power and versatility, and then contrast his "Hamlet," "Richard II," "Romeo," and "Richard of Bordeaux" with parts he has played in modern plays. In England, he has a tremendous personal following which I hope will be extended to America.

Speaking of voices, they interest me more than good looks. These in my opinion, have the loveliest voices on the screen: Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone, Leslie Howard, Franchot Tone, Rosalind Russell, Josephine Hutchinson, Margaret Sullavan, Maureen O'Sullivan, Merle Oberon, and Irene Dunne.

These the most individual: Greta Garbo, Arthur Treacher, Hugh Herbert, and Joan Bennett.

And these are affected and artificial: Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard.

And these just frankly hideous: Jean Harlow, Toby Wing—worst of all—Joan Marsh, Ginger Rogers, and Paula Stone.

M. Fawkner.

Macclesfield, Cheshire,
England.

### A Vogue With Men.

I THINK that Mary Edwards's letter in the November issue is rather absurd.

She says that men curling their hair is a feminine practice and curly-haired men of the movies make her sick. I wish to remind Miss Edwards that throughout the ages men of the artistic class have curled their hair. To-day the custom is no longer confined to the musician or the poet, but it has become the vogue among truck-drivers, grocery salesmen and even cops. And why not? Since women have adopted cigarette smoking, why can't men curl their hair without criticism?

J. Ferdinand Foltz.

704 North 6th Street,
Lafayette, Indiana.



One picture follows another for James Stewart. Here he is studying his lines for the rôle of "Chico" in "Seventh Heaven," opposite Simone Simon.

### A Masterly Exposition.

ONE Aircraftsman Read, a recent contributor to "What the Fans Think," is a bloke I hope to fill a stein with one of these days, should Dame Fortune favor our meetings. His exposition of my views of the Great Garbo was absolutely masterly.

But why did he not make a complete job of things by carrying the debunking process further? The microscopic business is superfluous when considering the disabilities of people like Marlene Dietrich, Ginger Rogers, (our own Jessie Matthews could dance her boots off), the Marx Brothers, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Shirley Temple, and a few thousand more. Were I to give a complete list of the people who give me a pain in the neck, I am afraid you would have to print a special edition, which would be at least one benefit I had conferred upon humanity.

While on the subject of moans, why can't some of the powers that be give Clark Gable a decent rôle?

And I really must add James Cagney to the list of definitely undesirables.

Three, or even more, cheers for Minnie Mouse! Richard Stanforth.

Leading Aircraftsman,
R. A. F. Station,
Scampton, Lincs., England.

### The Voice of Experience.

THERE are many ways in which Picture Play excels, but in nothing is this more evident than in the "What the Fans Think" department. The letters are real expressions of opinion—not press-agent blurbs. I wish to protest against Miss Fielder's reference to inefficient secretaries.

The secretary of a celebrity must handle an amount of work that would be divided among four people in a business office. I *know*. I have tried both. You must be mail clerk, telephone operator, letter writer, et cetera. I could go on and on and not tell the half of it. In my case, I also did some ghost writing. As any display of erudition would have been entirely out of keeping with the character I was impersonating, this was easy.

Nor was this all. I had to keep track of my employer's love affairs. The end of one usually dovetailed with the beginning of another, the result of faultless technique on the part of our hero. My job was to remember he was always available to the current heart interest and at the same time invent assorted excuses to stall off all others. With all these duties, would it be so very terrible if I occasionally mislaid a photo?

Although it has been some time since I moved on from this work to something better, it still irks me to read these everlasting complaints from fans about no

*Continued on page 94*

# Soft AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK

GARBO!

Her "Camille" is one of the great pictures, her performance one of the marvels of cinema acting that will live long in the rapidly moving panorama of screen achievement. Hers is the "Camille" that might end all "Camilles." There seems nothing more for the famous character to say and do until she is brought to us by television. But who will play *Marguerite Gautier* more implicitly, more eloquently, more poetically? There is no answer from the living. Garbo is the last word, must, it seems, ever be the last word until a nameless atom, now unborn, rises years hence as the new queen of dramatic art. Garbo leaves nothing desired, nothing unsaid. She is perfection and beyond perfection. She is sublime. Her impersonation of the fated Lady of the Camillias is as surely a work of art as painting, sculpture, music, literature.

SHE takes a character worn threadbare through repetition and makes it new, fresh, vital, and important. Not by changing her outward self, for she still is the Garbo of old. Nor, so far as her screen rôles go, is *Marguerite* different. Garbo has played other heroines whose tragic experience in love caused their undoing, others who sacrificed themselves for love and died in expiation of having loved too much. The Dumas heroine follows the Garbo formula. Why, then, is she different when she comes to life now? Why is Garbo's incarnation the greatest of this generation, comparable only to those of the legendary Bernhardt and Duse? For one thing the character comes to us rewritten, the play set forth simply, humanly, the flourishes of sentimentality gone, consciousness of "big" scenes muted. The big scenes are more poignant in implication than in elocution. I think, too, that Garbo is grand because she doesn't allow *Marguerite* to be sorry for herself. Instead, she allows us to discover that we are sorry for her. We know that she is fated, not because she has a cough, not that she is "immoral," but because she is too beautiful to live.

THE stage has given us scores of different interpretations, the rôle being capable of many variations. We have had *Marguerites* whose ready tears were the first concern of the actresses playing her: *Marguerites* of such advanced age that death in the last act seemed ready to catch up with them in the first; *Marguerites* too elegant to be promiscuous: *Marguerites* too physically frail ever to offer consolation to any man: some so statuesque as to suggest the obvious means of getting rid of *Armand's* father by ejecting him bodily: others frenetic, coarse, or just melancholy; and a great many with nothing to offer except memorizing the lines, standing aside from the part to let the playwright tell the story.

WHY Garbo is great, as I see the character, is that she is modern, forthright. She faces life bravely in the artificial half-world of Paris in the 1850s. She refuses to glorify the woman except by marvelous acting and inescapable glamour, but she is never sordid. She asks *Armand*, at their first meeting, to go out and buy her some marrons glacé. It is the petted darling, the favorite of rich men, who is speaking. She is spoiled, capricious, likes to be waited on and likes, too, to send a handsome young man on a trifling errand to show her power. And all this in Garbo's smiling request for candied chestnuts!

HOWEVER, it is not in any one scene that she shows her power to create a mood, convey a thought. It is not in trifles that Garbo is brilliant but in the sweep and completeness of her characterization. She creates drama when she turns her head or lowers her eyes. Her acting shimmers with infinite variety and she utters not a word that doesn't say more than the word. In the three most important epi-

sodes in the play, always the test by which an actress rises or falls. Garbo is, of course, superb. These scenes are the encounter with *Armand's* father, the moment when she pleads with *Armand* not to enter into a duel with *De Varville,* with his subsequent denunciation of her, and in her death scene. All three have been played in many ways, but I like Garbo's best of any that I have seen. She is so *reasonable* in her reaction to the elder *Duval's* plea that she give up his son. She disarms him of the reproaches the character usually heaps upon *Marguerite,* which pave the way for the conventional "Never! Never!" in which old-time actresses used to exult when it came to the show-down, followed by the famous letter-writing scene with its torrent of tears. Garbo shows it all in her eyes when the old gentleman has gone and the camera gives us a memorable close-up. She is like nothing so much as a deer with a dagger piercing its heart—or a dying swan.

SINCE this cannot go on and on, let us consider the death scene. Without benefit of make-up to create the illusion of mortal sickness, Garbo nevertheless shows it in her face because it comes from within. She is dying and we know she *knows* that she is dying. Her face has the luminous beauty of utter spirituality, her voice reduced to a whisper that is not of this earth, her body miraculously light and flat, hardly a body at all, as we see when she is lifted and carried. Garbo is not a small woman nor a frail one, as we all know. How does she do it? But it is never the physical aspect alone of her acting that causes wonderment and awe. It is her inner understanding, her marvelous adaptability to the camera, the power of that instrument to penetrate her mind and soul and to bring forth rich treasure.

NOW for Robert Taylor. His *Armand* is amazingly fine, the only portrayal of the character that has reached me to the fullest extent. Forty-year-old stage stars have read the lines beautifully, simulating youthful fervor but never convincing any one. Talented juveniles without number have played the rôle opposite veteran *Marguerites,* and portly tenors with the front of ambassadors have sung the part, but no one has ever been sorry for any of them. Mr. Taylor makes one sorry for him because he stands for youth and all youth's ardors and perplexities in conflict with a conventional world. Swept off his feet by first love, he causes one to share his belief that because of that love every problem of life is solved and that the future will be one grand, sweet song. His is the most truly romantic *Armand* that I have seen because he, like Garbo, communicates the feeling that he is on fire. He is dignified, simple, direct, avoiding all the earmarks of that repugnant type, the professional lover, yet persuading you to believe that he does love greatly and with the gentleness of true passion. Mr. Taylor does not tear his hair and rend his cravat, as I have seen some *Armands* in the stress of what passed for emotion, nor does he hurl money at *Marguerite* with the force of a load of brick in the gambling scene. I have seen them do that, too. He upbraids her for her perfidy tensely, but in an undertone, and thrusts the money at her as if he were heartbroken that their love had come to this. But he does not slight the drama of the scene. And, for the first time in my experience, he makes me as sorry for *Armand* as one expects to be for her when death finally separates them.

BECAUSE of Mr. Taylor's meteoric rise to fame, and the exploitation and attention lavished on him, he was on the spot when cast opposite Garbo. Comparatively inexperienced, he was given an assignment that would have frightened any actor of his age. But instead of relying on personality, popularity, charm, to carry him through in the face of the overwhelming performance expected of Garbo, he faced the task with courage, self-confidence and apparent study and concentration. The result is not only a tremendous increase in his popularity, but admiration and respect for him as an actor in quarters where they never existed before.

* * *

ROSS ALEXANDER is dead, a suicide at twenty-nine. Whatever the state of mind that causes a young man to end his life, we can only wonder in vain and sympathize. When he is on the crest of popularity in his chosen work, recognized by the public and encouraged by a yearly contract, we are doubly shocked and saddened by his will to step from his place in the sun and to draw a curtain between himself and those who liked and admired him. Of all the newcomers who came to the screen at the same time, Mr. Alexander most immediately became a favorite with Picture Play readers. Hardly a day has passed without comment and inquiries about him. He was so "alive," our readers said, and "different." Our sympathy to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Alexander Smith, and to his widow, the former Anne Nagel.



Photo by Tom Evans

FRED MAC MURRAY and Carole Lombard, who set a new record for perfect teamwork, as well as laughter and fun, in "Hands Across the Table" and "The Princess Comes Across," promise to top everything in their new picture, "Swing High, Swing Low." Mr. MacMurray is a trumpeter late of the army and Miss Lombard a dancer working as a manicurist. They meet in Panama.

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# YOUNG GROWN-UP



BY MABEL SHAW

HERE YOU ARE BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH NOVA PILBEAM'S CHARM, GRAVITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

always do well those things which we most wont to da. Dan't you think sa? Besides, I've really had lats af experience," she went an salemnly.

"My first public oppearance was at Blackheath, when I wos five years ald. It was an omateur praduction colled 'Children of Loughter,' and my father directed it. He is Arnold Pilbeam, and is the only other member of aur family wha was ever cannected with the theater in any way. He wasn't an octor; he was business manager for Sir Nigel Playfair far aver fifteen years, so I heard lots of shap talk fram my earliest days.

"I wanted to cantinue on the stage, but, af caurse, I hod to ga ta schaal instead. Besides, in England a child can't wark on the prafessianal stage until she's at least twelve years old, so I killed time by learning all I could in the meanwhile.

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**Nova Pilbeam is sixteen, still goes to school, and encourages no beaux. A world-famous actress, she is as far removed from the usual Hollywood ingénue as if films didn't exist. Below, you see her in the memorable "Nine Days a Queen."**

IN Barrie's whimsicol "Whot Every Womon Knows," he soys, in speaking of charm, "If o woman has it, she needn't have anything else. And if she doesn't have it, it doesn't much matter what else she has." Yet every naw and then, os thaugh to flout this populor apinian, fate gives a favored child nat anly the gift of compelling charm, but odds ta it tolent and fine intelligence as well.

Such o favored one is Nava Pilbeam, the very yaung actress whose exquisite portrayal of "Lady Jone Grey" in "Nine Doys a Queen" caused such a flurry of odmirotian fram critics and fans alike.

She isn't like any one else in the whole film firmament. At times she reminds ane strongly of Vilma Banky when Banky was ot her loveliest; yet the Nova of to-doy is even yaunger, mare naïvely sweet in her warmth and tenderness thon was the Hungorion star. As a motter af fact, there is something so wholly different, a lyricol quality almost hystericol, obout this sixteen-yeor-old girl thot disarms comparison with other stars, whether af the post or present. She is like an aria by Pergolesi, delicate, serene, ingrotioting.

This was my impression af Nova Pilbeam befare I met her; to say thot a lang, frequently interrupted chot in her dressing roam canfirmed my apinion instead af madifying it ane whit is the highest compliment I can poy her.

I found her pleased, though nat impressed, with her own success.

"Ever since bobyhood I've wanted ta act," she explains simply, "ond we





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

NELSON EDDY AND JEANETTE MACDONALD IN "MAYTIME."









# DREAM World



In "Maytime," a once great opera star relates the story of her rise to fame and the lover she met when it was too late. Fading back to 1865, the young sweethearts are played by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. The great maestro who has brought her to stardom is John Barrymore, upper center. Virginia Reid and Tom Brown, above, are the quarreling lovers to whom this tale is unfolded.



# STREAMLINE • ENTERTAINMENT

"Top of the Town" is a musical extravaganza of Broadway and Hollywood talent. The scene is New York in 1960. Doris Nolan and George Murphy, right page, play the leads. The former is an heiress with lots of daffy ideas. The latter, a band leader in a night club. With them, right, is Hugh Herbert. The troubadours with Gertrude Niesen, above, are Russell Wade, Walter Coy, and Michael Fitzmaurice.













# Waiting

"Quality Street" is the tale of a young girl who has waited ten years for a proposal from the man she loves, only to discover that he doesn't recognize her, due to her lost youth, when he finally returns from war. Then begins the gay deception as she sprouts out as her own niece. Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone head the cast. Left, Fay Bainter as the old maid sister, and Cora Witherspoon, a servant, watch the transformation. At top of the page is the famous street in Georgian England where the action of the story transpires.







IN VAIN





MAE CLARKE AND JAMES CAGNEY IN "GREAT GU



DCK POWELL AND MADELEINE CARROLL IN "ON THE AVENUE."











# WOMAN'S *honor*

"History Is Made at Night" has Jean Arthur being compromised so that she cannot get a divorce from her husband, Colin Clive, both shown right. In the same Paris hotel is Charles Boyer, left, who overhears the threat, and by staging a fake robbery helps the woman to escape. They meet again in America where Mr. Boyer has fled to avoid the police. The chauffeur, upper left, is Ivan Lebedeff. Leo Carrillo is the chef.













# CHANGE *of heart*

"Women of Glamour" is the story of a wealthy young painter, Melvyn Douglas, who is aware of the falseness of his surroundings. He is engaged to Leona Maricle, below, at the time he meets Virginia Bruce, a night club entertainer. The latter he has given a job as a model. While attempting to transform her he doesn't realize he is falling in love. Pert Kelton, left page, bottom, a pal in the night club. Playboy Reginald Denny with Miss Bruce, right, is an ardent admirer.











# MOVIE-Struck

"A Star Is Born," in Technicolor, shows a star in the making. Janet Gaynor, above, gets her big chance at a screen test, made possible by the reigning idol, Fredric March. Left, with Andy Devine. Below, make-up experts show their skill. Adolphe Menjou, right corner, as the producer, with secretary, Willy Morris.





Photo by Clarence S

**GRETA GARBO IN "CAMILLE."**

# GARBO

BY FREDERICK RUSSELL

**IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR BACK-STAIRS GOSSIP ABOUT THE SWEDISH GENIUS YOU WILL NOT FIND IT HERE. FOR IT IS ONLY THREE OF HER LEADING MEN WHO PAY TRIBUTE.**

GRETA GARBO, the unapproachable mystery woman, has probably created more curiosity and interest than any star in Hollywood by her persistent silence, her life as a recluse from the moment she leaves the studio where she is working. Little firsthand information can be obtained about the woman nobody knows.

Why is she so alone and lonely? Is it because she is still grief-stricken over her two tragic romances, Mauritz Stiller and John Gilbert? Why does she insist upon acting behind screens? Why are visitors excluded from her sets? What is she really like to meet, to know, to work with?

To find the answer to some of these questions, to discover the truth about Garbo, I have gone to those who know her best, probably the few who know her at all—three of her leading men. They have acted with her behind those impenetrable screens. They have seen her when she arrives on the set and when she leaves it. They have chatted with her between scenes. They know her, at least during her working hours.

First I approached Robert Montgomery, shortly after he had played with her in "Inspiration." That part nearly ruined Bob professionally, but he admitted that acting with Garbo was "an experience."

"But I don't see why everybody is so excited about it," he told me at the time. "Garbo is no different from anybody else. She is a human being. She talks and jokes on the set. She is interested in the theater, in books and her work—principally her work. She is a grand actress and a great artist.



Rex O'Malley, seen here with Garbo in the death scene of "Camille," has most to say about her. He says she was ill throughout the picture.



Photo by Allan

"But I will say that she's marvelous," he conceded.

Young Robert Taylor, the idol of everybody's cinema hours, was as excited as a schoolboy in anticipation of playing "Armand" to her "Camille." But I haven't seen Bob since, so don't know how he has survived the love scenes.

During the filming of "Camille," however, hints of a new Garbo romance began to issue from the set. It is far from just another Hollywood romance when the great Garbo is reported "interested" in somebody. And, to make these rumors more startling, they did not involve Bob Taylor, but a newcomer to Hollywood from London via the Broadway stage, Rex O'Malley, who plays "Gaston," a friend both to "Camille" and "Armand."

Rex made several silent films in England with Betty Balfour, but "Camille" is his first venture in talkies anywhere. His first, but not his last. Most of the major companies have been after him for several years, especially since his appearance on the Coast in a play. He always has consistently said "No" and remained on Broadway. Now that the ice is broken, he will return for another picture as soon as he completes his present stage engagement with Grace George in "Matrimony Ptd."

Rex's face lighted with a broad Irish grin when I asked him about these reports of romance with Garbo.

"Well," he admitted, "I've read that we're 'that way' about each other. Probably because she'd say 'good morning' to me when she came on the set. We chatted between scenes, too, and I usually had lunch with her at the studio.

"It's a funny thing," he confessed, "I'm probably the only person in the world who was not an ardent Garbo fan. Her work on the screen always left me cold. I never could understand what everybody raved about.

"I accepted the offer to play 'Gaston' with no eager anticipation of acting with Garbo. Of course, I considered it a lucky break to be in a Garbo picture first, but more because I knew it probably would

*Continued on page 64*

**Garbo has liked Robert Montgomery and found him amusing ever since they acted in "Inspiration" together. Believe it or not, they've been seen playing handball on the studio lot together.**

**Do you remember Gavin Gordon? He was Garbo's hero in "Romance" and remains the most awed and reverent of her leading men. He is playing in British pictures now.**

"But please don't quote me on Gorbo," he begged. "A chap interviewing me happened to pick up a chocolate elephant on my table. I told him thot Garbo hod given it to me as a joke. Imagine my surprise to read in a magazine later that I had discovered Garbo's sense of humor!

"I didn't discover it," Bob protested. "Her sense of humor happens to d'ffer from ours, that's all. The chocolate elephant was her idea of a grand prank."

And it henceforth occupied a prominent place in the collection of little animals of all kinds in his dressing room.

"Garbo isn't so different from anybody else," he pointed out. "She just happens not to like publicity, just as you and I don't care for certain foods. If she wants to walk alone in the rain, that's her privilege. If I wanted to walk in the rain, I'd wa k in the rain. And if I happened to prefer walking alone, I'd do that, too.

' But please don't write what I ve said about Garbo," he made me promise, "or she will be coming up to me on the set one day and asking, 'Vot do you mean by giffing out interviews aboud me?' "

I've kept my word to Bob for nearly five years, and I'm sure he'll forgive me for breaking it now. It isn't quite fair to keep his impressions a secret any onger, do you think?

After ta'k'ng to Bob, I went to Gavin Gordon, who was her leading man, you will recall, in "Romance." I found him almost as adamant as the star herself.

"If you don't mind ' he apologized with a reverent smile, "I'd rather not talk about Garbo." So I didn't get very far with him on that score.





Photo by William Walling

LOVELY Heather Angel is Ray Milland's heroine in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes," latest chapter in the adventures of the ingratiating, witty English detective. Sir Guy Standing presides over the new romantic thrills.

# ROBERT TAYLOR'S GREATEST Worry



BY JACK SMALLEY

THE MOST POPULAR ACTOR OF THE DAY FEARS

THAT HE MAY BECOME A STRANGER TO HIMSELF.

WITH bewildering rapidity, Robert Taylor has become the outstanding male attraction on the screen.

In New York he was mobbed by frenzied fans. In San Francisco at the very theater where Janet Gaynor got her start, her picture with Bob Taylor was billed: "Robert Taylor in Small-town Girl," with no mention of Janet.

In Hollywood he is the most sought-after young man in town. All over the country, billboards emblazon the name of Robert Taylor in pictures with Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, and Greta Garbo.

And a few months past, as time goes, Bob was an unknown, getting his first break in "Society Doctor," a film featuring Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce.

His salary was too small to provide him with a suitable wardrobe, and one was given him by the studio. His advancement was so slow that he asked the studio to cancel his contract, and planned to go East and look for a job with some stock company. He was still known as "Doc" Brugh to his few pals; he seldom appeared in public, and never went to night clubs; and about the only girl he knew was Irene Hervey, another youngster with MGM.



So startling a transition as Bob has gone through cannot help but be overwhelming. Before all these things happened to him, life was a fairly simple matter. Now he finds himself in constant turmoil.

Of course, all these changes must have an effect on Bob. He talked it all out frankly, and with striking candor the other day, and for the first time revealed his reactions to fame.

"Put yourself in my shoes for a minute," he said. "I grew up in a small town. I liked music, liked to read, and had a lot of friends who liked me for myself alone. I'd got used to seeing my face in the mirror when I shoved, and I'd got used to my hair cut and the way I looked. I was used to being called 'Buddy' by my parents and 'Doc' by my friends. My name, Spangler Arlington Brugh, was too tough a combination for my pals; but, after all, it was my name, and I was proud of it.

"Then, all of a sudden, I'm somebody else entirely. I'm Robert Taylor. I see myself on the screen, and that guy up there is a stranger to me. I look at him with complete detachment. Usually I groan at what he does, because he has a lot to learn about acting. Bob Taylor, furthermore, is positively bedeviled by a lot of strange complications. He must worry about making a hit. He is surrounded by agents, producers, lawyers and gales of free advice. Yes, gales of it, and all absolutely free!

"If you think I'm kidding, let me tell you that in seven days I've lost twelve pounds.

"Because of Bob Taylor, Doc Brugh can't sleep and can't eat. It scares me. For the first time in my life I'm scared.

"I'm afraid of becoming Bob Taylor!"

It's the first time in his life that this sensation of being frightened has happened to Bob. I've never seen a fellow so devoid of all fear. Long ago I heard what happened to his schoolmates when they kidded him about his good looks. Physical fear isn't in him. And he has a fist as big and brawny as a prize fighter's.

When he was slated to be Garbo's leading man I asked him if the prospect didn't make him a trifle scared. He said no, and meant it. Yet the Garbo jinx

is no loughing motter in Hallywoad, ond an actar or actress must also feel the constraint af acting with this legendory figure. Bob wasn't warried then, nor did he express ony fear af the alaof Garba when he went to wark in "Camille." He hos self-confidence, and is not afroid af people. But he is afraid of Bab Taylar.

"I've alwoys been a skeptical sart of persan," he continued. "And as a skeptic, I can't help but daubt matives. I make few friends because I'm forever doubting that they like me.

"Naw, then, with thot mentol make-up, how am I going to believe that it isn't Bob Taylar that peaple want ta be seen with—not Doc Brugh? I have na illusions abaut the speed with which screen favorites tapple from their pedestals. Fame is fleeting. Where wauld all thase peaple ga if Bob Taylar faded fram view? Wauld they stick ta the reol Taylar, a chop named Arlingtan Brugh?

"I have no intentian of marrying, but suppase I shauld some day, say in six or seven years. Would the girl be accepting me, ar that fellow Taylor, wha gets rafts af fan letters and all that gaes with screen popularity?

"As a skeptic, I'd be tempted to doubt her. And that wouldn't make far much happiness.

"But that's all purely speculative. What is mare to the point is that I'm afraid I'll actually turn into Rabert Taylar. And that wauld mean I must ga on farever warrying about making a hit and keeping on hitting. I must be continually beset by agents and lawyers and advice and take it all ta heart as Rabert Taylar, the actor, rather than as Dac Brugh.

"Sametimes I get sa scared af becaming Bab Taylar that I have ta light aut. Get away where nabady knaws me and I can be my old self, wearing ald pants and old sweaters."

Here again the force of Bab Taylor's orguments were borne aut by an actual incident. I happened ta knaw that he ond his pal, Spencer Tracy, were planning o fishing trip aff the caast af Mexica. Yet life wos so complicoted far both of them that their plans were forever being disrupted.

The friendship af Taylar and Tracy, by the woy, is

*Continued on page 88*

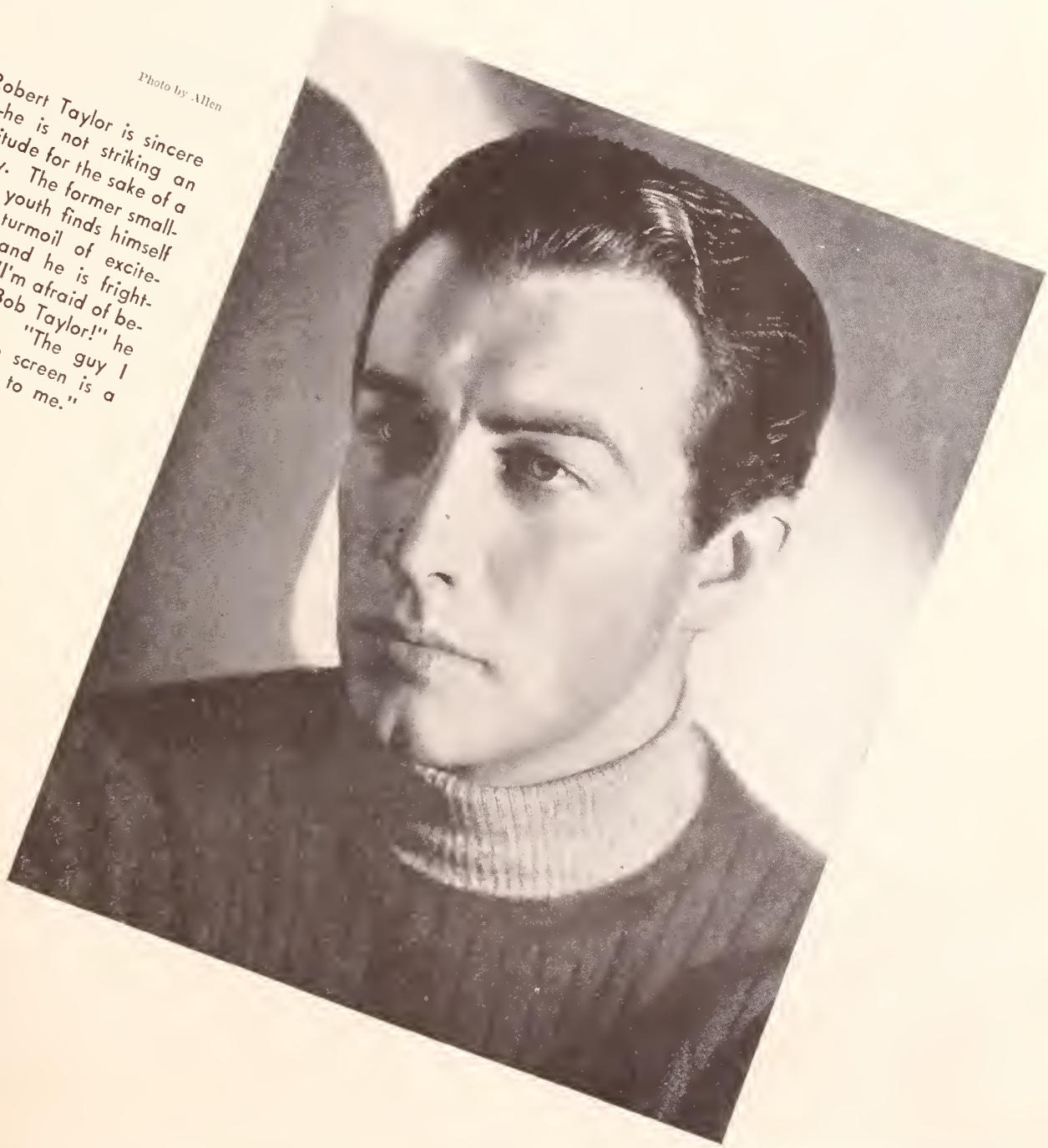


Photo by Allen

Robert Taylor is sincere—he is not striking an attitude for the sake of a story. The former small-town youth finds himself in a turmoil of excitement, and he is frightened. "I'm afraid of becoming Bob Taylor!" he exclaims. "The guy I see on the screen is a stranger to me."

# THEY SAY IN NEW



Photo by Cosmo-Sileo

**THAT HARDY OLD SIREN, THE STAGE, LURES HOLLYWOOD STARS TO MANHATTAN. HERE YOU FIND AN UNCENSORED REPORT OF THEIR GOINGS-ON.**

THE biggest moments of this, Broadway's most resplendent season, are unlikely ever to be filmed, so Hollywoodites are scurrying to town to enjoy them.

The big moments, need I add, are nine short plays by Noel Coward. It takes three evenings to see them, but most people want to go back at least twice more to chuckle and sigh, and marvel at the virtuosity of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence.

To do honor to their infinite charm and sly malice, the local gentry put on their best sables and largest emeralds, making it possible for visiting stars to attend without being conspicuous.

Margo ond Froncis Lederer looked on in humble admiration. So have Ruth Chatterton, Errol Flynn and Lili Damito, Gladys Swarthout, Gail Patrick, Melvyn Douglas, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Constance Bennett, and others much too numerous to mention.

**Side Shows Have Their Moment.**—Occasionally people stop marveling at Gertrude Lawrence long enough to notice thot there are other notoble personalities around town. A glimpse of Lily Pons ond Lawrence Tibbett arriving at the opening of the Metropoliton Opera rewarded the film fans who hod hung around the door for hours. Mary Pickford doily delivers Buddy Rogers to the stage door of Loew's State, where his orchestra is playing.

Bill Robinson's fiftieth anniversory os o tap dancer was duly celebrated ot the Cotton Club amid whoops from world-famous film voices. Nightly the visiting stars crowd into the Club Bali to wotch a troupe of voodoo dancers. Katharine Hepburn, striding along with the free-and-easy lope of o greyhound, pauses to watch the installotion of pipes in Rodio City Plaza thot will moke it the most talked of ice-skating rink in the country. Bobby Breen holds forth in person and on the screen at Radio City Music Hall. In person a pleosant and engaging little boy, he exhibits oll the theotricol flourishes of a pompous tenor when he storts to perform. Obviously no one reod the reviews of his picture to him.

**First Stop for Sight-seers.**—Week in, week out, there is one theotricol ottroction in New York thot never foils to send an electric thrill through the audience. That's the Rockettes who dance at Radio City Music Hall. Visiting stars often go backstage to congratulate them on their uncanny precision and skill, and their idols at the moment are Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor, and Merle Oberon, recent visitors.

Stars who have fraternized with the Rockettes invariably leave vowing that they will never complain again about being overworked. These bright-eyed and cyclonic young girls actually work on the stage only sixteen or twenty minutes a day, four minutes at each performance. But they rehearse every day from nine to twelve, again after the early-afternoon and early-evening performances.

Before and after rehearsals and at odd moments throughout the day, they pose for photographs and have costume fittings. Sometimes one or two of the girls have difficulty learning a new routine, in which case any or oll of the rest are apt to stay after the last evening show to coach them. Every Rockette must give to each week's new dance not only consummate skill, but joyousness ond verve. You will never have any of them pointed out to you at night clubs.

**The Disconcerting Sonja.**—Sonja Henie, bland Norwegian who brings to figure skating the art and groce of a ballet dancer, likes her first film and doesn't care who knows it. Now, 20th Century-Fox showed "One in a Million" to her on a Fridoy just before she left Hollywood. On Monday in New York she saw it twice. On Tuesday she wos pretty busy being interviewed, but she managed to ask a few friends if they would like to see it with her the next day.

"Maybe I'll be like Charles Laughton," she said with the oir of one who would be very proud indeed to be like Charles Loughton in any woy. "Whenever ony one says that they would like to see his 'Henry VIII' ogain, he says 'So would I.' "

**The Smiling Sphinx.**—Miss Henie is one of those people who amiably but very definitely frustrates ony ottempts at a flow of conversation. She con answer olmost any question with "Yes," "No," or o holf-choked giggle thot suggests that she finds answering questions obout herself just too ridiculous for words. She seems o bit on the buxom side for the camera, or so she appeared with her five

# YORK— BY KAREN HOLLIS



Week in, week out, there is one attraction in New York that never fails to thrill—Radio City Music Hall's famous Rockettes.

feet two mantled in bulky furs, her broad face surmounted with a bunchy toque. But she has winning ways. I found her frankness particularly endearing the one time that she indulged in a whole sentence. "One doesn't make friends in the studio—every one thinks only of herself."

**Unveiling a New Star, Perhaps.**—Having signed a skater and found a promising actress in Miss Henie, 20th Century-Fox is now busily engaged in making tests of one

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Spencer Tracy's severest critic is his young son John, whom he hopes some day to please. So far the boy prefers "Tarzan" Weissmuller as an actor.

Lili Damita and Errol Flynn are disarmingly candid, taking no pains to conceal from the public what they think of each other at the moment.

Gloria Swanson, keen, alert and magnetic as ever, is considering a stage début.





# She SHALL HAVE Music

BY MALCOLM H. OETTINGER



Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Hurrell

## ROSALIND RUSSELL IS A LADY OF QUALITY WHO MAKES NO CAPITAL OF IT.

IT wos true. Rosalind Russell was in New York. Even her best friends told me. But it seems that she was incognito, fast becoming a favorite rôle of the transient stars of both sexes. They are not to be chided here, nor can they be blamed.

Manhattan represents Nirvana, surcease from their earthly cares, freedom from retakes, time clocks ond other infernal mochines; in a word, vacation.

However, by using my police card, my good-luck piece and my wishing lamp, I was led to believe that a dark woman was soon to cross my path.

First it wos necessary to go to one of the upper Fifth Avenue caravansories, knock twice at the door of a tower suite, and meet the lovely Metro-Goldwyn emissary, who blindfolded me, pocked me into o moving van and had me delivered on Miss Russell's doorstep.

Rosolind is a lody of quality who makes no capital of it. She is on the tall side, darkly attractive, with big brown eyes, a quizzicol smile and extremely graceful hands. Her legs are models of symmetry, too, now that I think of it.

She is ou courant with the world of politics, sports—field and stream included—ond literoture, in addition to the theater, legitimate ond photographed.

It wos to lunch thot we were bound. She decided thot "21" wos too crowded, too noisy, too filled with people onxious to see and to be seen. "Besides," she added with o practicality that won me, "the tables are set so cheek by jowl that I'm always ofraid I'm eoting some one else's soup."

You get olong well with ony girl who worries about getting herself into the wrong dish. It is a mark of complete sophis-

tication and breeding to be concerned about trespassing on your neighbor's mulligatawney.

So we found the Hapsburg, a quaint café that was undoubtedly what Uncle Leo would call a speakeasy in another era. Next door stood a sedate, cosy house—Philip Barry's, said Miss Russell.

"I know," she said, as we climbed the steps, "because I once spent an afternoon in there reading a part for Mr. Barry. To no avail. Then a year later, after the play had opened and closed, a friend took me there to dinner. And Mr. Barry said to his wife, 'My dear, Miss Russell would have been perfect for that girl in "The Joyous Season," don't you think?' And I looked at Mr. Barry to see if he was having me on, as Noel Coward says. But he wasn't. He was deadly serious. So I had to strangle my laughter and tears long enough to explain to him that I was the same girl he had heard read the part for a whole afternoon some months before."

All the funny things don't happen in Hollywood, you see. It isn't big enough.

Then Rosalind allowed as how she couldn't have a cocktail, but how about beer? The waiter looked pained at hearing this Park Avenue princess give voice to such mundane desires, but he returned mournfully bearing the foaming flagon.

"I think honeydew would start us off well," ventured Miss Russell.

The waiter solemnly shook his head, disapprovingly.

"No?" said Rosalind.

"Not with beer, madame," said the waiter.

With charming grace she accepted her defeat, settled upon the omelet Parmesan, and talked of things that interest her and reveal her.

She was wearing a green tweed suit with a silly little peaked hat that gave her a startled expression, but was probably just off the boat. By the time her personality had come to a fine bead I really thought it was quite a decent hat.

She likes to shoot craps, boasts a masklike impenetrability whether winning or getting even, stays up late when not on call at the studio, and insists upon original models when selecting her wardrobe. She rides a horse better than most men, likes airplanes at a distance, and regrets "Lady Venitia," that Eden Musée heroine of "Under Two Flags."

It was to be her big chance, until the temperamental Miss Simone was removed from the picture in favor of Miss Colbert, whose salary was so big that her rôle wos built up to equal it, sadly deflating "Lady Venitia," and reducing the Russell performance to two or three uninspired scenes.

She is wise beyond her twenty-seven years but not disillusioned, smart but not cynical.

Her rise to acclaim in "Craig's Wife" came smoothly ond without any visible effort. There was the not unusuol sequence of dromatic school, summer stock, Broadway bits, and Hollywood, with the surprise centering upon her cometlike course in films.

"One of my favorite rôles will always be the first one I had—the diplomat's wife in 'The President Vanishes.' It was the sort of thing you could give hidden qualities. But soon after that they put me on the merry-go-round doing lady stuffed shirts, duchesses, bores. I'm not complaining, mind you. I'm just thinking aloud."

Miss Russell confessed that she had been actively reluctant about essaying the title rôle in "Craig's Wife." The MGM tycoons committed her to the part; that is, they promised Harry Cohn that Columbia could lease Miss Russell's services for the picture. Then Rosalind heard

*Continued on page 91*

Photo by Graybill



**Rosalind Russell is wise beyond her twenty-seven years but not disillusioned, smart but not cynical. She likes to shoot craps, to visit shooting galleries, and she hates second-rate things and imitations, especially in clothes. And she rides a horse better than most men.**

# EVEN HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW

WHEN a man's mother thinks her son is the most wonderful thing thot ever happened, we sit back ond smile indulgently—but when his mother-in-law thinks the same, that's news!

Melvyn Douglas's mother-in-law, Mrs. Walter Gohagon, thinks Melvyn's just about tops in sons-in-law. And it was delightfully refreshing to ears that have heard nothing but complaints obout daughters' husbands and sons' wives, to listen for once to a womon who regards her son-in-law os a son.

"Melvyn is one of the finest and most unselfish men I hove ever known," said this charming, soft-spoken woman who, incidentally, has three boys of her very own, "and I don't say it becouse it makes good publicity, but because I really mean it. He has olways treated me with the same deference and affection he has shown his own mother, who just about adores him.

"I've just come from California where I stayed with them for two yeors." (Imogine living under the same roof with a son-in-law for two years ond still speaking so highly of him! But pardon the interruption, Mrs. Gahagan, and please go on.) "He ond my daughter, Helen, live in o beautiful place that has four gardens, one of them growing rambler roses that are as lorge as chrysanthemums. They live on ideal existence and I loved being with them. Helen told me how much Melvyn liked hoving me there.

"'Mamma,' she said, 'Melvyn's told me, time and time ogoin he'd like to have you with us permanently.' It was the nicest compliment I've ever received, but fond os I am of them ond of my little grondson, Peter Gahogan Douglas, I think young people should live by themselves.

"What I like most obout Melvyn is the intense interest he takes in my daughter's career"—Helen Gohagan is o fomous stage actress—"and though his own work meons o greot deal to him, he is still big enough to put it aside whenever Helen is doing a play and to devote oll his time and attention to her. He hasn't allowed his own growing prominence to make him forget thot Helen has o career, too.

"Most Hollywood couples are jealous of each other's success, but not my children. Helen is delighted ot his ropid strides in pictures even though her own picture, 'She,' did not go over very well. She helps him with his enunciation ond he helps her with production detoils."

The complimentary remarks thot Mrs. Gahagon makes obout her daughter's husband ore all the more remarkable, all the more surprising





**"Melvyn is one of the finest and most unselfish men I have ever known," says Mrs. Walter Gahagan, his mother-in-law—and after a two-year visit in his home, too!**

**On the right is Helen Gahagan, famous stage actress, who is Mrs. Melvyn Douglas. Below, Melvyn plays a scene in Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," with Freddie Bartholomew.**



# LOVES HIM

BY ETHEL H. BARRON

GREATER GLORY THAN THIS HATH NO MAN! BUT ADMIRERS OF MELVYN DOUGLAS AREN'T SURPRISED. THEY'LL BE INTERESTED, THOUGH, WHEN THEY READ THE REASONS.



Photo by Lippman

Melvyn Douglas is always for the under dog, ... gan. Even when he was earning little, he ... than he could afford. He spends a gr... clothes, too.

and all the mare sincere in view af the fa... did nat approve af her daughter's choic...

"I did nat even know Helen was canten... she said with a smile. "She had never c... and her heart was set an a stage career. ... once ar twice in her dressing raam, but ... did like ta discuss her work with her lead...

nat suspect that she was interested in him ar erwise. He had never been ta the hause and sa I was shacked when she said ta me, 'Mamma, I think I'd like ta marry Melvyn Dauglas. I like him better than any ane I've ever met.'

"I was heartbraken. First af all, Mr. Gahagan had just died and I was very much upset. Then—and you must pardan a fand mather's partiality ta her child—I thought even a prince wasn't gaad enaugh for her. Melvyn wasn't wealthy, he had heavy respansibilities at home, and I had heard sa much about the insecurity and infidelity of stage marriages. I confided my fears ta Helen. She said, bless her, 'Mamma I always said I would never marry withaut your cansent. I still mean it. If yau don't apprave of him, I wan't marry him.

"I wanted my child's happiness above everything else. Far nights in succession I cauldn't sleep—I gave it sa much thaught. Then finally I came ta a decision. I said ta myself, 'Let her marry him. She laves him. Wha am I ta stand in her way?'

"They've been married five years naw and they still adare each other. I've never seen twa peaple get along sa well. They never squabble. If ane gets angry, the ather remains still. And naw there's little Peter ta add the last drap ta my daughter's cup af happiness."

Interviewing Mrs. Gahagan was as delightful an experience as interviewing her charming san-in-law wauld have been.

She lives in a large impressive-laaking hause in Brooklyn, right acrass fram Prospect Park. Standing in a raw af equally elegant mansians, it was built in a generatian that had plenty af raam and plenty af time and seems ta be quietly disdainful af the madern apartment hauses that have been built araund it since.

Mrs. Gahagan is a lavely, cheery little person wha walks with a slight limp, the result af an automabile accident which happened an her way to visit the Dauglases. It is small wonder that Melvyn laves her. Gracious, braadminded, she's the sart af mather-in-law that a man af his type shauld have, for Melvyn himself fairly exudes culture and refinement.

I asked her to tell me abaut Melvyn and she acquiesced immediately.

"...id you see 'The Gargeaus Hussy?" she asked ... 'Wasn't he wanderful in it? It's really the first ...at has given him an appartunity to ...hat, incidentally, is the way he really ...te the part of 'Senator Randalph ...lvyn in mind."

...ahagan whether the Douglases were ...wood scene.

...he said. "Their best friends are Dan ...er, and Gearge O'Neil who adapted ...t Obsessian' far the screen. Otherwise ...rowd does nat see them. They like ta ...nd ta travel by car ta aut-af-the-way ...th Valley. They taak a trip araund the ...e settling in Hallywaad where Petie was ...he places they visited, they liked China

(Continued on page 60)



JULIE HAYDON

# On and

REVEALING PARAGRAPHS ABOUT THE STARS ON DUTY AND OFF, NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OTHER PUBLICATION.

DO you wonder whot octors do when they have long, tiresome woits on the set? Well, one night recently when Joon Crowford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, ond Frank Morgon hod to work lote on "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," they played a joke on some of their friends.

In turn, eoch one colled some other stor ond, pretending to be a newspoper reporter, asked for o statement on the Duke of Windsor-Mrs. Wollis Simpson situotion. It was greot fun when some of the stars they called took it big ond gove long, serious opinions on the subject.

Did some one soy thot oll Hollywood wos pixilated?

FINDING herself in the hoppy position of one of filmdom's leading box-office lodies, Corole Lombord is having herself o time. Before signing o new controct, she rushed oround the studio osking friends among employees, "Hove you had a vacotion this yeor? Do you want one—with pay? I'll put it in my controct!" She did insert severol such clouses—ond the studio signed without o murmur.

JAMES CAGNEY hod o ploce to go, but no one to go with him. He wonted to go East ond see if his form on Mortha's Vineyord wos still there, but when he suggested the trip to his wife he got only cold, forbidding looks. She soid it wos too cold to go Eost.

"But it's fifteen degrees wormer on the islond than it is on the moinlond," he argued.

"Yes," she replied with a withering look, "zero on the moinlond and fifteen degrees obove on the island. I'll stoy here."



DONALD WOODS



SYLVIA SIDNEY





JEAN MUIR

# Off the Set

AT last something besides a "minks" coat has became important in the eyes af Simane Siman, and that is her râle in "Seventh Heaven." Befare the picture went into praductian, she could be faund day after day in the projectian raam running the Janet Gaynar-Charles Farrell versian af this picture over and aver and aver.

BELIEVE it ar nat, Nelsan Eddy is studying tap dancing.

"Everywhere I ga," he explained, "I'm asked ta sing. I thought if I learned ta da a little tap dance I could dance far peaple, tao."

A NICE-LOOKING office bay at the MGM Studio is Jean Guglielma, nephew af the late Rudalph Valentina, wha is learning the business fram the graund up. The fact that he has changed his name ta John Valentina may indicate that he has secret aspiratians ta follaw in the faatsteps af his famaus uncle.

IN the United States, theater managers consider a picture ar stage première a success if enough stars attend, because the presence af "big names" insures a big audience.

In England, hawever, theaters da everything ta keep stars away fram their apenings. They say the stars anly attend apenings ta attract attention and that their display an thase nights is vulgar. Recently, ane English manager camplains, the presence af Marlene Dietrich at a Landan apening disturbed the audience so much that they fargat ta pay attentian ta the show.

SIMONE SIMON is naw living in the house accupied by Joan Blandell and Dick Powell immediately after their marriage. Simone laaked at the place at least a dazen times befare she decided ta take it. Then, ane evening she called up at dinner time and wanted ta came aut far another inspection. The twa girls did nat knaw each ather.

"Yau've seen the hause a dazen times," Jaan infarmed her caldly, "and the servants are preparing dinner. Yau can came aut ta-marraw afternaan."



CONSTANCE WORTH



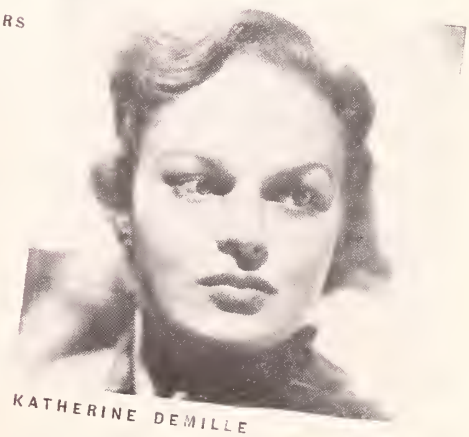
BETTY GRABLE



IDA LUPINO



BUDDY ROGERS



KATHERINE DEMILLE

# On and Off the Set



JEAN PARKER



LILY PONS



UNA MERKEL



ANNE SHIRLEY



SALLY MARTIN

Next doy Simone phoned ogoin to inform Joan she hod rented the house ond would be reody to move in within three or four doys.

"Well, thot's tough," Joon snopped, "becouse my leose still hos six weeks to run, ond I'm not reody to move out yet!"

Thot's telling her, Joon!

HERBERT MUNDIN ond his wife recently gove o demonstrotion of why picture people ore commonly supposed to be boors. At o hotel in Detroit a guest wos osking the doormon for some directions. Before either of them hod finished, Mr. ond Mrs. Mundin came out of the hotel, elbowed the guest oside without so much os on "excuse me" to ask the doormon if Mrs. Mundin could purchose some galoshes in the hotel.

ALAN MOWBRAY, working on the set of "The King ond the Chorus Girl," Worners' big speciol, wos urging them to hurry up. "I've got to get through this picture," he orgued, "becouse Trem Corr is woiting for me."

Trem Corr is the smoller of the independent producers. And they soy the English hove no sense of humor!

OTTO KRUGER secretly entered o Los Angeles hospital to hove his nose done over in the belief it would get him more screen work.

It is our belief thot it is Mr. Kruger's smugness rather thon his nose thot keeps him out of rôles.

FRANK ALBERTSON, one of our very best juveniles, ofter being kicked around Hollywood for yeors, is now scoring the hit of his life and one of the seoson's outstonding successes on Broodwoy in "Brother Rot." The chonces are thot by the time you reod this, some picture company will hove signed him to o contract—ot three times what he was getting when he wos in Hollywood begging for work.

WE were omong those who scoffed ot stories obout Gorbo shedding the rôle of recluse. Thot is, until we sow her shopping in a souvenir store ot Palm Springs the other doy. With us wos o young man who hod written several orticles obout her, so we dored him to introduce himself ond cloim credit for them. We wonted to see her run from him, os she had once done from us.



CONSTANCE GODRIDGE



MARGOT GRAHAME



FRANCES LANGFORD

When he spake to her, however, Greto, instead af dashing far the nearest exit, dazzled him with a smile and waited far further remarks. That praved tao much far aur young friend. He stoad stammering far o mament, then fled in ponic fram the Presence.

Garbo loaked bewildered, as if she couldn't understand such shyness.

PROFESSIONAL jeolousy, the reparted couse of a recent battle between ane of our greoter feminine stors ond on important actress wha supparted her in a picture, wos nat the real reasan far discord. Actually it started because of the star's distaste far the deckhand language ond humar af the supporting actress.

The ironic part of it is thot the star plays "unrefined" characters an the screen, ond often puts on the same act in real life far its publicity value. The actress whase language shacked and affended her, on the cantrary, is ane af the more exclusive film calany sacialites.

SURELY Jeon Harlow is ane af the mast easily recognized stars. Jean, hawever, didn't find this the case recently when purchasing lingerie at a new shop.

"May I pay by check?" she queried, adding as she saw the saleswaman's frightened laak, "I'm Jeon Harlaw, yau knaw."

Far identificatian she praduced a platinum pin initialed J. H., a studio wardrabe memo, ond a nate starting "Dear Jeanie." Still the woman wasn't canvinced.

Fartunotely a fan with an account at the store come forword ta vouch for Jean's identity.

WE saw Gladys George the ather day just after on interviewer had left her. Gladys was bubbling with enthusiasm.

"He's the most interesting person yau con imagine—he's had such o colorful life!" she exclaimed. "I faund out all abaut it, and guess I bared him ta death with oll my questians. But aren't people's lives fascinoting when they really have been places, seen things, ond accomplished samething?"

We didn't ask, but we did wander what the interviewer found out concerning Miss George. Seemingly, it was Gladys wha did all the interviewing.

*Continued on page 86*



MARGO



CHARLENE WYATT

# HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

FLASHING THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STUDIO TOWN BY THOSE WHO KNOW IT.





THE biggest shindig af recent days in Hollywaod was the ane celebroting the twenty-fifth anniversary af Adolph Zukar, president of Paramaunt, in the film business. It was amazing in showing the new goodfellowship in the studias. The high paint was when Jack Benny, Bert Wheeler, and Gearge Burns, af Burns ond Allen, did o toke-aff an the hanaree af the party, alang with Darryl Zanuck ond Louis B. Mayer. A few yeors ogo na players would have dared to satirize the big executives af the films; but on this accasian it was quite "au fait." The evening rather ron ta impersanatians, far Larry Blake, wha is saan ta be seen in "The Road Back," and who is ane af the cleverest mimics ever, gave his impressians af Lianel Barrymore, Wallace Beery and ather prominent male stors. The peak of the evening was when Irving Berlin, the sang writer, wha is naw producing pictures in Hollywaod, sang ane of his earliest hits, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and everybody joined in the chorus. Marguerite Clork, onetime favarite af the films, came aut af the abscurity af privote life ta take a baw at the function, and practicolly every bright star in pictures was present. Martha Raye and the Ritz Brathers were amang thase cantributing to the wilder phases of the entertainment, while Gertrude Niesen appeoled with her vaice.

**Grace Moore's Elegance.**—Tops in hame canstructian is apparently ta be attained by Grace Moare, who has finally decided to settle in Hollywood, despite the numeraus reports af friction between the picture magnates ond herself. Interesting is the fact that she will damicile herself in o southern colanial type of house. That's fitting, since Grace wos barn sauth af the Masan-Dixon line. Specificatians call for seventeen raams and seven bathraams, which is samething of a record. It's one af the largest monsions proposed since stars suddenly began ta take up the ideo thot big homes were the thing ogoin. That ideo, papular in the baam times of the silent films, recently suffered a falling off due to the depressian, and the uncertainty attending success in the earlier talking pictures.

There's safety in numbers, thinks Simone Simon in the upper picture, for she's never seen twice with the same cavalier. The one with her here is John Swope, rich and not in films.

Mary Alice Rice, bottom, Lynn Gilbert, and Polly Rowles illustrate the variety of California's famed climate.

**Barrymore Stage Tour.**—Soon you may get a glimpse of John and Elaine Barrymore—Caliban and Ariel—together in a stage ploylet. It's their intention to make a tour of the picture theaters. Elaine, of course, has done theater as well as rodio work, ond John believes his wife has marked talent. Incidentally, he's a vary happy mon, and is showing decided progress in the renewal of his career. Curiously, he seems to be putting his odventurous life of the sea behind him, for he is disposing of his cruiser, the "Infanta," and also of his Tower Road home, where he lived while married to Dolores Costello. John and Elaine have been occupying a less pretentious residence, which the colony calls their "love nest."

**A Marital Uncertainty.**—Nobody knows nowadays just what the situation will be between Errol Flynn ond Lili Damita from one minute to the next. They reached the breaking point a while ago, and then become reconciled almost within a week. There were rumors at the time that Flynn's interests had centered elsewhere, in Eostern socio! circles to be exact. However, the reconciliation was then pronounced, and it looked as if Errol ond Lili would be off to Europe. At this point the studio intruded on the serenity of events and haled Flynn back to Hollywood for "The Prince and the Pauper." Lili went abroad. Now the old question is revived: "Will absence moke the heart grow fonder?" Or "wisie-worser."

**Introducing Miss Griffin.**—Meet Mary Fronces Griffin. She's the little daughter of Irene Dunne. Just about a yeor old now, she was adopted by the star as o sort of Christmas gift for her husband ond herself. Really, the adopting wos done much eorlier, though, as is generally the foshion, Irene kept it a secret. The child was under the care of Doctor Griffin, who still spends much of his time in New York. Bringing the child to Hollywood owaited the completion of Irene's new home. Regrettably, the star's happiness was blighted by the deoth of her mother just a week or so before Christmas.

**Threats, Threats, Threats.**—One extortion plot seems alwoys to lead to another in Hollywood. For exomple, there was Freddie Bartholomew, who recently received a letter demanding fifty thousand dollars which stirred up excitement, and shortly after five thousand dollars wos "requested" of Ginger Rogers ond her mother under penolty of deoth. Along about thot time, news was heard of some convicts ottempting to intimidate Lily Pons. It turned out that the trouble-maker for Ginger was a twenty-year-old sailor who played a trombone!

**A Potential Entrancer.**—Beau de luxe of movieland during ensuing months, we prophesy, will be none other thon Michoel Brooke, the Earl of Warwick, who was signed at one thousond dollars o week by MGM not so many months ogo. Brooke, for all practicol purposes, is a bachelor acquisition in the colony, since he is instituting divorce proceedings against his wife. So far, however, he's not exclusive in his attentions, but that won't be for long in a town where handsome men are always at a premium, and foreign handsome men are even more so.

**More Than Romantic Flame.**—In the later stages of the filming of "Camille" the two bright stars of that picture nearly went up in flames. And it wasn't just on account of

*Continued on page 66*





Hollywood rates Tyrone Power the most important discovery among leading men for 1936, just as Robert Taylor was in 1935. And Tyrone is only twenty-two!

Deanna Durbin, juvenile singing star, must take a long rest. Skyrocketing to success imposes penalties on growing girls.

BY HELEN LUDLAM

# Cupid Corners GERTRUDE

**IF GERTRUDE MICHAEL'S PLANE HADN'T BEEN FORCED DOWN, AND SHE HADN'T BEEN SENT TO THE HOSPITAL FOR THREE MONTHS, SHE WOULDN'T BE WEARING A TWENTY-CARAT DIAMOND TO-DAY. NOW READ ALL ABOUT HER ROMANCE!**

AS Gertrude Michoel poured teo I olmost choked on o chocolote cookie. There on the third finger of her left hond wos o diomond the size of—well, to be exoct, it was o twenty-corot stone. It hodn't been there when I sow her o few doys before.

"Soy, whot's oll this? Does thot ring meon business, or hove you follen heir to the crown jewels?" I osked.

The lovely color thot surged over Becky Michoel's foce told me thot I hod been right the first time.

"Rouben Momoulion!" I shrieked.

She shook her heod, eyes sporkling.

"Whot, not Momoulion?" Somebody must hove done some pretty fost work to chonge thot verdict. And then I bethought me of o certoin gentlemon whose nome hod cropped up frequently in previous conversotions.

"So thot's who it is," I soid occusingly. She loughed ond blushed ogoin, but she didn't shoke her heod.

It just shows thot you con't escope destiny. Hod Becky gone to Englond lost October when she wos scheduled for o picture there, this might not hove hoppened.

Fote took oll the trouble to moke that plone from Los Angeles go into o forced londing, deloy it seven hours in the roin so thot our foir possenger could cotch o cold, ond fix it so thot insteod of being on every-doy, self-respecting cold, it wondered down ond settled in her kidneys ond then coused complicotions, so thot insteod of boording the "Queen Mory" she wos rushed to the hospitol.

And the some Fote—or Cupid, moybe he hod o hond in this, I wouldn't put it post him—kept her in the hospitol for three months. Thot's whot Fote con do when she is in o determined mood.

**Rouben Mamoulian, the director, had been Miss Michael's most persistent suitor until a man she'd met eight years ago popped up and crowded him out.**

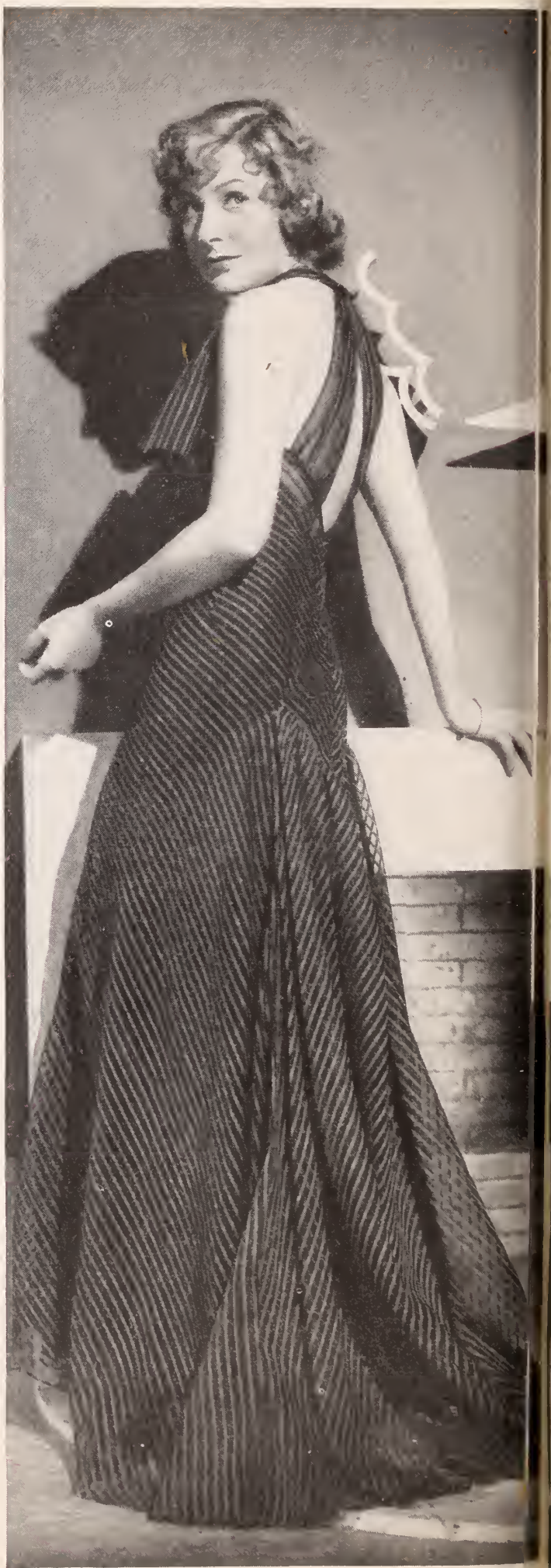


Photo by Richee

At first Becky felt pretty sorry for herself. Equal to her disappaintment of lasing the London engagement was her regret that she olso missed being there during the mast thrilling periad in centuries, when the lave stary that racked the warld was unfalding.

Then an ald friend called, and I guess na ather person's love story is half as thrilling and as sweet as ane's own, and Becky forgat her disappaintment. But I'll have ta go back abaut eight years ta give yau the full picture af this ramance.

When Becky was sixteen she spent a few weeks in Atlontic City with her mather. One marning she took her usual dip, pleased to find thot she had the beoch ta herself except for a lane bather. After she had disparted herself ta her heart's content, she started home. There was the lane bather an the beach evidently in acute distress.

"What's the matter? Have you same seaweed in yaur eye?" asked the mermaid in an executive tane.

Well, it seems it was seaweed ar something peculiar which the tall, slender yaungster promptly remaved from the outraged aptic and, thot being that, she started for her hatel.

But the lane bather had taken care ta get her nome, and next day invited her and her mather ta tea. The Michaels were leaving and did not accept, and the incident went aut af the girl's mind—almast.

Shartly after her return ta the Alabama town in which she lived she was astanished ta hear the telephane aperotor say that New York was calling her. She was sa excited she cauld hardly hear his vaice ar what he said or wha he was—for, of caurse, it wos the lone bather in distress, Mr. E. F. Jeffe, vice president of the New York Edison Campany ta yau.

After that there were repeated canversatians which so interested the town that the aperator opened oll the wires and let every ane listen in to Becky Michoel's New York call!

She lost tauch with him during the yeors she was in the Cincinnati Canservatary af Music and starting her career on the stage. Thase were lean ond shabby years in New York. The family fartunes had callapsed after her father's death and Becky, wha was as praud as Lucifer and went thraugh life with her chin ta the maon, would nat laak up any ane she had known in the ald days os grand os Mr. Jeffe.

What would she da if he asked her to lunch at the Crillan ar to dance at the Ritz?

One particular instance stands aut in her memory, and while it has nathing ta da with Mr. Jeffe, it is a part of what she calls thase "starvation days." This happened abaut the time she was cast in a Rachel Crathers play, "Caught Wet."

In most theatricol campanies the girls gang up and lunch together Dutch treat. While Becky was always invited ta join the crawd, she cauld never accept because she had na maney, sametimes nat even far car fare. So she had ta invent imaginary glamarous lunch dates. One day it was at the Astar, anather at the Ritz, and then she would ga to the library or walk around the black trying ta farget her hunger until she could decently return to the theater.

One noon she sat in the corner drug stare drinking water—she didn't hove to pay far that—when Douglas Blockley, wha had played in a stock company with her, walked in. He changed his name ta Rabert Kent, and is now going ploces with 20th Century-Fax. He invited Becky to have a sandwich, but the Alabama pride was too strong. She had just had lunch, thank you.

Meonwhile, our Mr. Jeffe didn't farget his mermoid, for

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**It is hard to believe that the glamorous actress of today was once so hard up that she refused invitations for lack of clothes, and from the man she is engaged to marry now.**

Photo by Richee



**Gertrude Michael will be the bride of E. F. Jeffe, vice president of the New York Edison Company, if Cupid continues to shoo away Mr. Mamoulian now that she is in Hollywood.**

Photo by Hendrickson





Photo by Hurrell

# Glamour IS NOT ALL

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER



DOLORES DEL RIO IS ONE OF THE MOST VIVID, INTERESTING AND ARRESTING FIGURES IN HOLLYWOOD. ONE WHO HAS KNOWN HER FROM THE FIRST TELLS HOW SHE MANAGES TO BE MORE THAN THAT.



"All husbands, friends and families should be shocked from time to time. It is good for them!" says Dolores del Rio, who shocked her husband, friends and family when she enrolled for courses in the University of Mexico.

She thinks that it is wrong to get too close to anything, too engrossed. Boredom will surely follow, she says. Her husband taught her to laugh at herself.

Photo by Hurrell

THE most important thing in life is to refuse to become bored!" Dolores del Rio was speaking, and I gazed at her in amazement. Bored?

Now, I have known Dolores for a long, long time. I have seen her at the peak of triumph and I have seen her pale with despair. I have seen her when she was trying bravely, jauntily, to disguise heartbreak, and I have seen her when she was almost smug with content, with peace. But I could never have associated the word "boredom" with that vivid, tempestuous figure.

It took a deal of conversation before I understood what she meant by that remark. I think it explains, in part, the new Dolores with whom we are just becoming acquainted.

I used to think that no one in Hollywood would ever really know Dolores. I went on location trips with her, and those are occasions to establish an intimacy which compares with that engendered by attending boarding school or going camping together.

I attended parties at her home. I devoured made-in-a-hurry spaghetti with her at midnight.

Once we went shopping together, and she induced me to buy the dog-gonedest pair of scarlet beach slacks you ever saw. They were "more cuter," she opined, than the conservative numbers a wise saleswoman was showing me. Those beach slacks! Well, I'll tell you that story sometime. I'll titivate you right now by confiding that a prominent star borrowed them!

I sat, enthralled, watching her play ping-pong. You know how beautifully she dances. You should watch her at sports! She moves like a lovely flame. I sympathized when she gathered a fascinating bouquet of poison ivy. I commiserated when her tiny and adored griffon made an unfortunate alliance with an elderly and rheumatic Airedale.

These episodes are offered merely as samples of friendly and informal relations between two women. Despite them, I didn't know Dolores del Rio until comparatively recently. Neither, I think, did any one else in Hollywood. Dolores, you see, has been working out a new pattern of life. I think it is an interesting pattern and I'll try to tell you about it. To explain, I shall have to go back a bit.

Dolores's life has divided itself, strangely, definitely, into four separate and distinct parts.

Of the first part, she told me, "I think that I resent, more than anything else in my life, the nine years I spent in a convent. They tried, sincerely, to protect us, to shield us from the unpleasant knowledge of what life was about. That, I am sure, was wrong.

"One's early education should equip him to meet life, teach him something of how to meet it eagerly and with courage. It isn't fair to send a girl into the world, allow her to undertake marriage when she is so woefully unequipped as I was."

That was the first section of Dolores's life. The second began when she, at sixteen, married Jaime del Rio and attempted, for two years, to live up to, to measure the ideals of what a model Mexican wife should be. Housewife, hostess, possibly a mother.

This sort of existence was not for Dolores. She shocked her husband, her friends, her family, by enrolling for courses in languages and history at the University of Mexico.

Reminiscing about this event, she remarked, placidly, "All husbands, friends and families should be shocked from time to time. It is good for them!" *(Continued on page 63)*



"The Great Barrier" was produced by Gaumont-British in the Canadian Rockies.

BY SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK

# MAKING "THE GREAT BARRIER"

MORE THAN A LOCATION STORY, HERE WE LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN METHODS OF PICTURE-MAKING. PUNGENT, AMUSING, INFORMATIVE.

GAUMONT-BRITISH have compony on locotion ot Loke Louise, Conodo, storring Richord Arlen in 'The Greot Borrier.' Curious to know difference in British production methods ond ours. Go up ond write o story obout it."

Thot wos the wire I received from the editor of Picture Ploy. A three-thousond-mile trip to sotisfy curiosity seemed like o big order, but o Mook never yet turned down on ossignment. So off I went.

My first glimpse of British production methods come the morning ofter my orrivol. The entire compony wos gothered in the lobby of the hotel. A pleosont little chop with a block mustoche ond dressed to kill wos bustling busily obout. He wos George Busby, the compony monoger.

"Why oren't you people out on locotion?" he demonded of Arlen.

"Our coll wos for nine o'clock on the set," Dick exploined. "It's only eight now, ond thot gives us plenty of time to get there."

"But why nine?" Busby insisted. "Why not eight? The sun is up—it's light enough to shoot."

"It's light enough here," Dick told him, "but where we're shooting everything is foggy until nine ot the eorliest."

"Nobody ever tells me anything," George remorked in on oggrieved tone.

I reflected thot with on Americon compony, nobody would hove hod to tell the business monoger onything. If he wos on the job he would hove mode it his business to find out the night before whot time they were colled for. The chonces ore if the sun rose in one ploce ot seven he would hove ossumed it would rise in onother ot the some hour ond hove hod the compony there on the chonce they might get in on extro hour of shooting.

The British, I wos to discover, hove their own method of moking pictures, ond hell or high woter will not chonge them. There ore certoin economies thot must be observed, let come whot moy. They were olreody weeks behind schedule, ond the picture hod cost olmost twice whot the originol budget colled for. Cors cost fifty dollors o doy ot Loke Louise. As o result, they were cutting down on tronsportotion, ond olthough fifty dollors o doy seemed o smoll item to me when o million-dollor production wos involved, they were olwoys short of tronsportotion.

We finolly storted forty miles ocross country through some of the most gorgeous scenery mon ever looked upon.

"We've shot oll through here," Dick soid. "The Kicking Horse Ropids over there ore in the picture. Look down there"—pointing for below us—"where the roilrood goes into thot tunnel. It mokes o complete figure eight under-

ground and is severol thousond feet higher when it comes out in the open again. That's in the picture, taa."

I neglected ta mention, this picture is the history af the Canadian Pacific Railway with all the romonce ond difficulties that attended its building. A group af men tried ta have it run dawn thraugh St. Paul and across the United States, anly going back inta Canado at the western terminal. This wauld have completely cut off the eastern part af the dominian from the western and left them with absalutely no means af transportatian.

By the time all this had been explained ta me, we had reached our destinatian. We got out of the cars and started climbing down the side af a mauntain. Dawn, down, we climbed. Finally, in a valley between two mauntains, we reached some rapids rushing madly alang. The cameras and saund equipment were set up. The action wos rehearsed agoin and again. And then we waited—but far haurs.

"What's wrang?" I whispered ta Dick. "Why dan't they shaat?"

"They're waiting far the sunlight," he answered.

"But they've lights ond reflectars enaugh to light up this shot," I said. "It seems to me they're wasting an awful lot af time."

"They want the sunlight an the water in the background over there," he explained, painting acrass the rapids.

"But they can get the effect af sunlight with lights and reflectors," I insisted. "I've aften seen it dane in Hallywaad."

"They haven't enough lights and reflectors with them for that," Dick said wearily.

"You mean," I gasped, "they'd send a company the size of this one on a location trip thausands of miles from the studia with insufficient equipment?"

"Oh, no," he grinned. "There's plenty of equipment—but it's at Revelstoke. You see, that's where we went when we first landed in Canada. We worked there a while, then we left about two thirds of the company there and the other third is here. The business manager wouldn't let the electrician bring along what he termed a 'proper amount of men,' so the head electrician wauldn't bring any mare equipment than the crew he has with him can canveniently handle—regardless af what we need."

"But what's the rest of the company daing at Revelstake when the principals are all here?" I wondered.

"Waiting for us to finish these shats here. Then we all go back to Revelstake and finish the picture there."

"Look here, Dick," I began, "I know I'm dumb. You and my family have impressed it on me often enough. But why didn't they bring the whole company here at first, do what they have to da here, and then ga ta Revelstake, get thraugh with you and finish the picture? What's the use of having two thirds af the campany idle at Revelstake while they're insufficiently manned here?"

"Ask me another," Dick suggested.

Time ware on. I figured the averhead must be seven ar eight hundred dallars an haur. One haur's delay wauld have paid the expenses af a lat of electricians. We had already waited three haurs, and delays like this, I discavered, were an everyday occurrence.

I recalled how, an the call sheets in Hallywood studios, they always pravide "caver" shats whenever a lacatian trip is ardered. "Campany ready ta leave the studio at 7:00 a. m. far ..... In case af bad weather, report ....."

"Why don't they shaat same other scene where they don't need sunlight?" I asked next.

My inquiry was answered with shrugs. No one said anything. I was to discaver later that the British are



**The picture tells the story of the tremendous obstacles and dramatic hindrances in building the Canadian Pacific Railway in a wilderness.**

methadical. They set aut to make a certain shat ane day. If they don't get that shot, they get nothing. They haven't yet acquired the American way af quickly adapting shaating schedules ta meet changing conditians. When Claudette Colbert hurt her head in an accident during the filming af "Maid af Salem," the company shat scenes far a week or ten days in which she didn't work. The whale schedule was rearranged overnight.

Dick and I returned to the set. It was almost one



**Richard Arlen and Antoinette Cellier, the heroine.**

o'clock. We hod been there since eight forty-five, ond not o shot hod been mode. The fog hod long since lifted, but there wos no sun.

"Do we hove to hove sun for this shot?" Dick osked Milton Rosmer, the director.

"No-o," Mr. Rosmer admitted, "but it would be prettier if we did!"

At one thirty the sky began to lighten. Excitement filled the compony.

"Get reody," colled the director. And then, "Shoot!" os the sun come out strong.

J. Forrell MocDonold, Dick, ond Borry MocKoy stepped out from behind o rock, waded through water, poused on o little rise of ground ond took cognizonce of their surroundings. They were followed by o number of Indions corrying their pocks ond supplies.

"Cut!" Rasmer ordered.

The sun hod disoppeored ogoin.

"That wosn't quite right," Rosmer soid regretfully. "We'll hove to wait until the sun comes out ogoin ond shoot it over."

Three times they shot thot relotively unimportont scene. It took onother hour to get those three shots. After the third shot Rosmer ond the comeraman held o conference. They decided it would hove been better if it hod been photographed from o different ongle.

An Americon director would hove reheorsed the compony from every conceivoble ongle during those long hours of woiting, but, opporently, it hod never occurred to Rosmer thot the first ongle he hod selected would not be the best. Nor did it seem to bother him thot he hodn't mode this discovery ofter the first shot.

At two o'clock the sun peeped through ond the scene wos photogrophed from the new ongle, only to discover the old one wos better ofter oll!

"Lunch!" colled the assistont director. "Back on the set in on hour."

"Woit!" yelled the property mon. "The principols will eot ot Field (o little town obout seven miles oway). The rest of the compony will hove box lunches here."

"There's thot closs distinction ogoin," one of the grips loughed.

When we returned from lunch we discovered the crew hod moved over to onother locotion obout three or four miles owoy. Only thot one shot hod been needed in the old locotion, ond from nine until two hod been spent in getting it. An Americon compony monoger would hove been tearing his hoir out over the mounting costs. If the director couldn't hove got it the way he wonted it ot the end of on hour, he would hove hod to get it os best he could. But the Gaumont-British monoger wos bock ot the hotel in Loke Louise, swimming in the gloss-inclosed pool.

The new location consisted of more mountoins with o rovine between them this time insteod of ropids. The three principols were to wolk olong a narrow poth, still followed by the Indians. The remoinder of the ofternoon wos spent in getting two more shots.

We drove bock to the hotel in dorkness. I wos silent, exhausted mentolly from the stroin of wotching so much time wosted in getting two inconsequentiol shots—from thinking of the money thot hod been frittered owoy. The others, evidently, were used to it. They loughed ond chotted, kidding eoch other, ond hod o fine time on the ride home.

"Tired?" Dick inquired solicitously when we were in his room ot the hotel.

I grobbed o Scotch ond sodo. "How in hell," I demonded,

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**A scene from "The Great Barrier," with Richard Arlen, the star, at the far right.**

# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"CAMILLE"**—MGM. Screen play by Zoe Akins, Frances Marion, and James Hilton. From the play and novel by Alexandre Dumas.

CAST:

Marguerite.....Greta Garbo
Armand.....Robert Taylor
Monsieur Duval.....Lionel Barrymore
Nichette.....Elizabeth Allan
Nanine.....Jessie Ralph
Baron de Varville.....Henry Daniell
Olympe.....Lenore Ulric
Prudence.....Laura Hope Crews
Gaston.....Rex O'Malley
Gustave.....Russell Hardie
Saint Gaudens.....E. E. Clive
Henri.....Douglas Walton
Corinne.....Marian Ballou
Marie Jeannette.....Joan Brodel
Louise.....June Wilkins
Valentin.....Fritz Leiber, Jr.
Madame Duval.....Elsie Esmonds

**"THE PLAINSMAN"**—Paramount. Screen play by Waldemar Young, Harold Lamb, and Lynn Riggs. Based upon data from stories by Courtney Ryley Cooper and Frank J. Wilstach. Material compiled by Jeanie Macpherson. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

CAST:

"Wild Bill" Hickok.....Gary Cooper
"Calamity" Jane.....Jean Arthur
"Buffalo Bill" Cody.....James Ellison
John Lattimer.....Charles Bickford
Louisa Cody.....Helen Burgess
Jack McCall.....Porter Hall
"Yellow Hand".....Paul Harvey
"Painted Horse".....Victor Varconi
General George A. Custer.....John Miljan
Abraham Lincoln.....Frank McGlynn, Sr.
Van Ellyn.....Granville Bates
A young trooper.....Frank Albertson
Captain Wood.....Purnell Pratt
Jake, a teamster.....Fred Kohler, Sr.
Sergeant McGinnis.....Pat Moriarity
Tony, the barber.....Charles Judels
Quartermaster sergeant.....Harry Woods
A Cheyenne Indian.....Anthony Quinn
A river gambler.....Francis McDonald
A boy.....George Ernest
General Merritt.....George MacQuarrie
Breezy.....George Hayes
Dave.....Fuzzy Knight

**"BELOVED ENEMY"**—United Artists. Screen story by John Balderston, Rose Franken, and William Brown Meloney. Directed by H. C. Potter.

CAST:

Helen Drummond.....Merle Oberon
Dennis Riordan.....Brian Aherne
Cathleen.....Karen Morley
Tim O'Rourke.....Jerome Cowan
Gerald Preston.....David Niven
Lord Athleigh.....Henry Stephenson
Burke.....Donald Crisp
Jerry O'Brien.....Ra Hould
Ryan.....Granville Bates
Rooney.....P. J. Kelly
Connor.....Leo McCabe
Callahan.....Pat O'Malley
Casey.....Jack Mulhall
Colonel Loder.....Claude King
Thornton.....Wyndham Standing
Perrins.....Robert Strange
Trump.....Lionel Pape
Hall.....John Burton
Hawkins.....Leyland Hodgson
Alroyd.....David Torrence

**"THAT GIRL FROM PARIS"**—RKO. Based on a story by Jane Murfin, from an original story by W. Carey Wonderly. Screen story by P. J. Wolfson and Dorothy Yost. Adopted by Joseph A. Fields. Directed by Leigh Jason.

CAST:

Kitti Monet.....Lily Pons
"Windy" McLean.....Gene Raymond
Whammo Lonsdale.....Jack Oakie
"Butch" Strogoff.....Mischa Auer
"Laughing Boy".....Frank Jenks
Hamacher.....Herman Bing
Claire.....Lucille Ball
Coat room girl.....Patricia Wilder
Purser.....Harry Jans
Ship's captain.....Landers Stevens
Proprietor of inn.....Joseph De Stephani
Drunk fortune teller.....Michael Mark
Peasants.....Louis Vandernecker, Nellie Nichols, Genaro Curci
Waiter.....Louis Mercier
Immigration officer.....Willard Robertson

**"ONE IN A MILLION"**—20th Century-Fox. Story and screen play by Leonard Praskins and Mark Kelly. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

CAST:

Greta Muller.....Sonja Henie
Tad Spencer.....Adolphe Menjou
Heinrich Muller.....Jean Hersholt
Danny Simpson.....Ned Sparks
Bob Harris.....Don Ameche
Ritz Brothers.....Themselves
Billie Spencer.....Arline Judge
Adolphe.....Borah Minnevitch
Goldie.....Dixie Dunbar
Girl in band.....Leah Ray
Ratoffsky.....Montagu Love
Hotel manager.....Albert Conti
Girl in band.....Shirley Deane
Chapelle.....Julius Tannen
Girls' band.....June Gale, Lillian Porter, Helen Ericson, Diane Cook, Bonnie Bannon, June Wilkins, Clarice Sherry, Pauline Craig, Georgia Spence.

**"BANJO ON MY KNEE"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Based on the novel by Harry Hamilton. Directed by John Cromwell.

CAST:

Pearl.....Barbara Stanwyck
Ernie Holley.....Joel McCrea
Newt Holley.....Walter Brennan
Buddy.....Buddy Ebsen
Grandma.....Helen Westley
Warfield Scott.....Walter Catlett
Chick Bean.....Tony Martin
Leota Long.....Katherine DeMille
Slade.....Victor Kilian
Ruby.....Minna Gombell
Judge Tope.....Spencer Charters
Choir.....The Hall Johnson Choir
Jules.....George Humbert
Gurtha.....Hilda Vaughn
Hattie.....Cecil Weston

**"BORN TO DANCE"** MGM. Screen play by Jack McGowan and Sid Silvers. Based on an original story written by them in collaboration with B. G. DeSylva. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

CAST:

Nora Paige.....Eleanor Powell
Ted Barker.....James Stewart
Lucy James.....Virginia Bruce
Jenny Saks.....Una Merkel
"Gunny" Saks.....Sid Silvers
"Peppy" Turner.....Frances Langford
Captain Dingby.....Raymond Walburn
McKay.....Alan Dinehart
"Mush" Tracy.....Buddy Ebsen
Aerobats.....William and Joe Mandel
Sally Saks.....Juanita Quigley
Georges and Jalna.....By Themselves
Policeman.....Reginald Gardiner
Floorwalker.....Barnett Parker
The Foursome.....J. Marshall Smith, L. Dwight Snyder, Jay Johnson, Del Porter

**"SING ME A LOVE SONG"**—Warners. Story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Sig Hezig and Jerry Wald. Directed by Ray Enright.

CAST:

Jerry Haines.....James Melton
Siegfried Hammershlag.....Hugh Herbert
Chris.....Allan Jenkins
Lola Parker.....Ann Sheridan
Mr. Barton.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Mr. Malcolm.....Charles Richman
Mrs. Parker.....Georgia Caine
Officer.....George Guhl
Head waiter.....George Sorel
Detective.....Robert Emmett O'Connor
Jean Martin.....Patricia Ellis
Gwen.....Zasu Pitts
"Red".....Nat Pendleton
Sprague.....Walter Catlett
Mr. Willard.....Charles Halton
Blakely.....Dennis Moore
Goodrich.....Granville Bates
Waiter.....Adrian Rosley
Miss Joyce.....Linda Perry
Detective.....Harry Hollingsworth

**"AFTER THE THIN MAN"**—MGM. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

Nick Charles.....William Powell
Nora.....Myrna Loy
David.....James Stewart
Selma.....Elissa Landi
"Dancer".....Joseph Calleia
Aunt Katherine.....Jessie Ralph
Robert.....Alan Marshal
Casper.....Teddy Hart
Abrams.....Sam Levene
Polly.....Dorothy McNulty
Lum Kee.....William Law
Doctor Kammer.....George Zucco
Phil.....Paul Fix

**"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"**—Warners. Screen play by Warren Duff. Based on play, "Sweet Mystery of Life," by Richard Maibaum, Michael Wallach, and George Haight. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

CAST:

Rosmer Peck.....Dick Powell
Norma Perry.....Joan Blondell
Genevieve Larkin.....Glenda Farrell
J. J. Hobart.....Victor Moore
"Boop" Oglethorpe.....Lee Dixon
Morty Wethered.....Osgood Perkins
Hugo.....Charles D. Brown
Sally.....Rosalind Marquis
Irene.....Irene Ware
Andy Callahan.....William Davidson
Doctor MacDuffy.....Olin Howland
Doctor Bell.....Charles Halton
Doctor Warshof.....Paul Irving
Doctor Henry.....Harry C. Bradley
Chairman.....Joseph Crehan
Lucille Bailey.....Susan Fleming

**"RAINBOW ON THE RIVER"**—RKO. Screen play by Harry Chandlee, Earle Snell, and William Hurlbut. Based on the novel "Toinette's Philip," by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Directed by Kurt Neumann.

CAST:

Philip.....Bobby Breen
Mrs. Ainsworth.....May Robson
Barrett.....Charles Butterworth
Ralph Layton.....Alan Mowbray
Julia Layton.....Benita Hume
Father Josef.....Henry O'Neill
Toinette.....Louise Beavers
Lucille Layton.....Marilyn Knowlden
Selina.....Lillian Yarbo
Lilybell.....Stymie Beard
Hall Johnson Singers.....St. Luke's Choristers

**"STOWAWAY"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by William Conselman, Arthur Sheekman, and Nat Perrin. Directed by William A. Seiter.

CAST:

Ching-Ching.....Shirley Temple
Tommy Randall.....Robert Young
Susan Parker.....Alice Faye
The Colonel.....Eugene Pallette
Mrs. Hope.....Helen Westley
Atkins.....Arthur Treacher
Judge Booth.....J. Edward Bromberg
Kay Swift.....Astrid Allwyn
Richard Hope.....Allan Lane
Captain.....Robert Greig
Dora Day.....Jayne Regan
First mate.....Julius Tannen
Chang.....Willie Fung
Sun Lo.....Philip Ahn
Second mate.....Paul McVey
Mrs. Kruikshank.....Helen Jerome Eddy
Alfred Kruikshank.....William Stack
Latchee Lee.....Honorable Wu

**"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN"**. Paramount. Story and direction by Jo Swerling.

CAST:

Larry.....Bing Crosby
Susan.....Madge Evans
Patsy.....Edith Fellows
"Gramp".....Donald Meek
Hart.....John Gallaudet
Henry.....John Armstrong
"Crowbar".....Tom Dugan
Miss Howard.....Nana Bryant
Warden.....Charles Wilson
Concessionaire.....Harry Tyler
Carmichael.....William Stack
Mr. Briggs.....Tom Ricketts
Louis Armstrong and his Swing Band

# THUMBNAIL



"Camille."



"The Plainsman."

"Camille."—MGM. For little short of a hundred years the famous old story of the Parisian courtesan who lived and died for love has received representation in every language, has been played by actresses of almost every race and color, to the glory of some and the defeat of many. Never, however, has the story been so sumptuously produced and very rarely indeed has it been as well acted by every one concerned, while only two of the great names of the drama may be compared to Greta Garbo's conception of *Marguerite Gautier*. They are Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse. It is doubtful, too, if either could have brought to the screen the same values that they gave their acting on the stage. Garbo, then, cancels memory of every one that has attempted the character in films, including the most illustrious Alla Nazimova and Norma Talmadge. If you think the story is hackneyed, as it is through familiarity, then see the picture to marvel at the intelligent treatment given it and the strong emotional response it stirs. If you by any chance do not list Garbo among your favorite stars, then see the performance of Robert Taylor. If you have been skeptical of Mr. Taylor's ability as an actor, you will change your mind, I think, and applaud him for a sincere, manly performance instead of being, as many *Armands* have been, just a pillow for the Lady of the Camellias to weep upon. More extended comment on page 13.

"The Plainsman."—Paramount. In this sweeping melodrama of the West, Cecil DeMille forsakes that artificiality for which he has often been criticized. He concerns himself with frontier life, human, exciting, thrilling, a picture that takes its place beside "The Covered Wagon," spectacular and elemental. It is done with splendid authority and meticulous regard for detail but never at the expense of intimacy and the development of character. Mr. DeMille's mass effect here consists of a magnificent charge of mounted Indians against the white survivors of a battle, a spectacle in which the director lets himself go with terrific impact. The story is fictionized history, with characters such as *Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, Buffalo Bill, General Custer* and the Indian chiefs *Yellow Hand* and *Painted Horse*. Villainy and heroism, treachery and sacrifice are uncolored by compromise. In this bold saga of the fabulous West excellent acting is found, with, of course, emphasis on Gary Cooper who finds congenial background for his forthright presence and laconic speech. He makes *Hickok* credible and winning. Jean Arthur is fine as *Calamity Jane*. So, too, is Charles Bickford's villainy, and brilliant moments come from every one in the impressive cast. This is a thriller de luxe.

"Beloved Enemy."—United Artists. The furious Irish Rebellion of 1921 becomes the background of a tragic romance between its leader and an aristocratic English girl. Set forth with dignity and restraint, it doesn't achieve the perfect conviction expected of a picture produced with such rich intelligence and taste. It seems to me that *Dennis Riordan* wouldn't have time or conscience for dalliance and dreams, even with Merle Oberon to tempt him, or that we should be expected to become absorbed in the love of two individuals

"Beloved Enemy."



"One in a Million."



# REVIEWS

NORBERT LUSK



"Banjo on My Knee."



"Born to Dance."

when the welfare and the lives of so many are trembling in the balance. Or, still more, to accept the turbulent background as a secondary consideration. Perhaps I am captious. However, I still think "The Informer" had the last grim word to say on the subject of Ireland in the early '20s. On the score of a perfect production this justifies unstinted applause. It is distinguished and beautiful in every detail except the attempt to dovetail romance with a background of seething hatred. Brian Aherne is fine as *Dennis Riordan* and Miss Oberon is a miracle of gentle, sensitive eloquence as the British emissary's daughter. Jerome Cowan is a memorable figure who avenges what he believes is the betrayal of his people.

"One in a Million."—20th Century-Fox. Sonja Henie, Norwegian ice-skating champion, proves to be a winsome little actress in a showy picture designed to introduce her as a star. Her maneuvers on the ice are dazzling, incredible, and the novelty of a skating star is enough to put the picture over with lovers of popular entertainment. More than this, however, is the brilliant company of expert players surrounding her and the high percentage of hearty laughs that make the picture above the average. The Ritz Brothers, daffy comedians beyond compare, are in top form. Extraordinarily resourceful in their clowning, they are never tiresome because they never seem to reach the end of their rope. Their burlesque of a bullfighter is masterly, their number called "The Horror Boys of Hollywood"—Karloff, Laughton, and Lorre—hilarious mockery. The unpretentious story has Adolphe Menjou, impresario of a girls' band stranded at the Swiss hotel discovering what he thinks will be a gold mine in the skating of Miss Henie, the innkeeper's daughter. Of course there are complications before Miss Henie comes into her own at New York's Madison Square Garden. Mr. Menjou is especially fine, Arline Judge pungently amusing as his wife, and Don Ameche and Jean Hersholt are attractively sincere.

"Great Guy."—Grand National. With James Cagney freed from the domination of Warner Brothers, what do we get when the rebel has his own way? A run of the mill photoplay. Even though we are told that the maestro will not budge from his study into the remunerative bedlam of a studio till every word, every implication and every thought and feeling are "right," we are given nothing more than an ordinary picture. Remember when Ruth Chatterton would not emerge from seclusion till the mood, the tide and the seismograph were "right"? She gave us "Lady of Secrets," in which even the furniture was clumsily arranged. I don't know why these gifted children try to buck the "machine." It does much better for them than when they are independently on the loose. Now, there isn't anything wrong with Mr. Cagney's picture. The plot is right, his part is right and the people surrounding him are right. It is significant, perhaps, that no one has much to do except Mr. Cagney and no one has a chance to shine. Even Mae Clarke, splendid actress of "Waterloo Bridge" and other films, his heroine in past successes, does scarcely more than promenade. The picture's hero is employed in the bureau of weights and

"Gold Diggers of 1937."



"After the Thin Man."



# THUMBNAIL REVIEWS



"Stowaway."



"That Girl from Paris."

measures, his object to detect dishonest shopkeepers, but what he does with the privilege is only tolerably interesting. The success of this picture depends on how much you have missed Mr. Cagney during his fight for independence.

"Banjo on My Knee."—20th Century-Fox. A modest and engaging picture, this is original, too. Considering how precious originality is in pictures, you shouldn't overlook this example of it. The river-bank riffraff along the Mississippi are its people, their rowdy carefree existence the picture's chief concern. There is music, notably "With a Banjo on My Knee" and "There's Something in the Air," and selections by the invaluable Hall Johnson Choir. Romantic interest, such as it is, centers on Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck whose characterizations are appealing. But it is Walter Brennan, as Mr. McCrea's father, who contributes the richest and most characterful study. He is star of the proceedings if not their hero. Buddy Ebsen "belongs" and so do Helen Westley and Walter Catlett. This is not a pretty picture nor a strong one, but it is free and easy and friendly.

"Gold Diggers of 1937."—Warners. This annual musical is an institution now. Popular demand via the box office is the reason, in case some of us may wonder. This has more of a story than its predecessors, being based on a stage comedy dealing with a hypochondriac who is insured for a million dollars by Dick Powell. While the ailing man's villainous partners do all they can to hasten his death, Mr. Powell works hard to keep him alive in order to enjoy his agent's commission. Glenda Farrell, hired to destroy the victim with her love, marries him instead and he takes on new life. All this is broadly funny, of course, and the picture ends with a great big Busby Berkeley splurge of girls. Lee Dixon, a whirlwind dancer, is a hit.

"Born to Dance."—MGM. Lively, entertaining, a hodepodge rather than a unified piece, Eleanor Powell is put forth as a tap-dancing star who, for all her supremacy in her field, cannot act and therefore has difficulty in maintaining her stellar position. But she is pleasant. Because of the prominence given her one is inclined to get a little tired of her tapping, too, for it is repetitious, as any dancer's would be under similar circumstances. However, so many people and so much glib, glittering nonsense have been put into this showy musical that there is little cause for complaint. Only it could have been better than it is. Offer to introduce me to Garbo and I couldn't tell you the story. The incidentals seem much more important, the people more interesting than the parts they play. James Stewart in especial brings conviction to the part of a routine hero, making it stand out, and Una Merkel, Virginia Bruce, and the others count. You will not pass by without a laugh Reginald Gardiner's burlesque of a policeman trying to be an orchestra leader.

"After the Thin Man."—MGM. Brilliantly following the memorable "Thin Man," this sequel is one of the best pictures in recent months whether one saw its predecessor or not. It is gay, glib comedy combined with murder mystery in a pattern that every studio has imitated and no one has equaled. More than glitter and excitement, though, is its likableness. Those ut-

*Continued on page 96*

"Sing Me a Love Song."



"Rainbow on the River."



*Continued from page 55*

Came the day when Edwin Carewe saw her at a party (Dolores was not yet eighteen) and recognized the compelling personal quality which she possessed. The result of that meeting you all know. Dolores and Jaime went to Hollywood. Dolores zoomed to spectacular heights. The marriage crashed and Jaime died, tragically, abroad, while Dolores lay, sobbing, in Hollywood. The third period of Dolores s life came to an ogonizing finish.

"Everything happened to me," she told me. "Things seemed to crash all about me, things of which the public knew nothing and of which Hollywood guessed only vaguely. Tragic, terrifying things. I was in the midst of intrigue, tossed by cross-currents of human purposes, pursued by molice, the center of sordid situations. I wos hurt, bewildered, afraid to express myself. I became terribly afroid of peopie.

"I used to feel as if I were choking. I still feel it sometimes." She put her hand to her throat. "I sholl never quite recover from it."

And we used to wonder why we did nat quite know Dolores, why we never really felt acquainted with her! Now we are beginning to know.

There was her illness which lasted two years, the result, really, of the strain to which she had been subjected. She emerged, married Cedric Gibbons, and then an astonishing thing happened. Dolores came alive.

The first picture she made after her marriage and her return to the screen was an extremely bad one. She was unfortunately cast, unfortunotely exploited, the whole set-up was disappainting.

"Four years ago I should have been devastated," Dolores told me. "Now this fiasco seems almost funny."

Then she made "Rolling Down to Rio," and on the evening it was previewed she declined to attend the performance. "It doesn't matter," she remarked. She stayed at home, reading a book on travel in the Orient, while Cedric went to the preview.

When Dolores told me these things I could not believe her. The anxiously ambitiaus girl I had known, the girl wha agonized over each scene in a picture, who pored over press notices, who wept when those notices were not favarable.

She tried to explain. "I hove goined perspective. Cedric hos done that for me. I shall never know that searing, troubled ambition again. It is gone. I have done, I think, my best work in pictures since I ceosed to be so anxious about it. I can stond now, at some mental distance from my job and view it dispassionately."

She went on, quietly, "I was alwoys too close to things. First I was too close to my family, then to my first husband and our home. Then I was too close to my job in pictures, too engrossed. That is what I mean by being bored. You mustn't let yourself be too close to anything! You will be bored if you do. You will grow stereotyped and stale.



**If you saw "Tarzan Escapes" you saw "Cheetah" and loved her. Here is the amazing chimpanzee in an informal moment with Johnny Weissmuller.**

"In the first place, I think thot I felt young too long. All that sheltering, that protecting of me was wrong. I wos treated, even in my professionol days on the screen, os a chit, a schoolgirl who could not be expected to know what anything was about. I thought of myself in that fashion."

Then she said o thing which I think is one of the most important, one of the most interesting things that ony woman in pictures has said to me.

"It is a fine thing to be mature. It is lovely to reolize that you are a grown woman, with a woman's responsibilities, her obligations and her privileges. It is fine to realize thot you are answerable for your own actions, dependent upon your own decisions.

"I don't mean that you do not take advice and seek counsel. I mean that you are o rounded, complete individual, old enough, as our grandmothers used to put it, to know your own mind. This is the beginning of freedom."

The first thing that Dolores had to learn in this new phase was to laugh at herself a little, sometimes. She had been so serious, so intense. But Cedric, who loved her, helped her to goin the perspective which led her to chuckle (to her own enormous astonishment) ot her own extravagant reactions. He began by smiling at her, ond she ended by smiling with him at herself. Thot was extremely healthy.

"Cedric made me see that most actors are children, that few of us are reolly quite sane. We make such large mountains of such smoll mo'ehills. He made me see that I was funny—almost ridiculous—sometimes. But he never emborrossed me or made me rea.ly ashamed."

With this growing perspective her interests suddenly widened. She began to learn tennis, golf, to take swimming lessons. She plans a kenne where she will breed fine bul terriers. She became interested in books of travel, in the study of languages. She pores for hours over maps.

"Cedric ond I plan to trovel. I want to go everywhere, see everything, learn about everything. I've just found out how smoll my world has been."

Dolores is animated now, whereas she used to be feverish. She hos real poise, ond one used to feel always that she was merely on the defensive. She is prettier than she was in those early, troubled days. Happiness has done that for her.

Perhaps she is not a great actress. But she remains one of the most vivid, the most interesting, the most orresting figures in Hollywood.

*Continued from page 36*

be a success rather than from any excitement.

"When I first went ta Hollywood," he continued, "I waited around far abaut three weeks before anything happened. They weren't ready far me at the studio yet. I nearly lost my mind trying to find samething to do. My chief diversion was getting into my car and driving down Hollywaod Baulevard and back. And then maybe daing it again.

"Having friends in Hallywood means very little. They're all toa busy, warking all day and going to bed at nine a'clack sa that they can be up at six and an the set again next marning. That, I think, is why there is little night life there.

"When I did start working," he went an, "I realized what a strenuous life it is. Yau're just taa weary after a day at the studia to do anything at night except learn yaur lines for the next day and sink into bed.

"Make-up proved my first major prablem. What looked well an Robert Taylar made me look like a painted dall in the first tests. His is very high coloring that must be toned dawn. I have no natural calor, and we finally discovered that I photographed better with no make-up at all.

"When I first met Garba, I thaught that I'd never be able to work with her," Rex explained.

"The only films I had made before voice came into the picture were in the days when acting befare the camera consisted mostly of mugging all aver the place, expressing everything with exaggerated grimaces and gestures. Much as yau must da an the stage to project yourself to an audience.

"I faund Garbo quiet, subtle, suppressed, underacting. She did nat 'give' me anything. I faund it difficult to respand, until I learned to tone down my perfarmance, too.

"I soon learned the fascination of Garbo," he confessed. "She doesn't act. She lives her râles. She was 'Camille' during the entire filming of the picture.

"She is marvelaus to work with. Inspiring. A truly great artist. And beautiful. Beautiful beyond words of descriptian.

"The stories of her aloofness are greatly exaggerated," Rex insists. "She isn't haughty ar cold. She is shy. Very shy. She is still afraid of people.

"She has tried to avercome that fear. Sometimes, when there were visitors on the set, she would try to forget them, ignore them and go ahead with a scene. But she cauldn't. They invariably would send her all to pieces. And she'd have ta ask to have the screens put up.

"I can understand that," Rex explained. "It isn't easy to play an intimate love scene with what seems like the entire warld looking on. It is almast impossible. It affects her work. She knaws it. She is extremely sensitive as well as incredibly shy.

"Besides," he pointed out, "she is a very sick woman. She suffers constantly fram pains in her tummy.

"We gat on, I think, because I was very ill, tao, shortly after I started working, and had to have an aperation. That delayed productian three weeks. When I returned, she always came over ta ask how I was feeling. We had lots of fun discussing our aches, pains and symptams together.

"I never saw her outside the studio," he replied ta my question. "She was much too ill to go anywhere, and I didn't go out at all while I was working. I didn't attend a single Hollywood party. I was too tired, and, besides, what fun would it be spending the evening meeting the same people you had been working with all day?

"When the picture was finished, I hated to say good-by to her," Rex related. "I suppose Garba says 'gaod-by' to a new leading man in every picture, but saying that final 'good-by' to her was samething else again."



**A bona-fide British nobleman enters upon a picture career. One of the oldest titles in England, he is the Earl of Warwick who chooses to be known on the screen as Michael Brooke.**



**Between scenes of "The Holy Terror," singer Tony Martin entertains Jane Withers, who is somewhat of a singer herself.**

# Lines... Dry Skin



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Continued from page 51

the hot love scene between Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor that happened to be in progress at the time. It was really no joking matter. Somebody had carelessly thrown a cigarette in the vicinity of Garbo's billowy white gown in a garden scene, and the garment caught on fire. The blaze also spread to Taylor's trousers. However, he played the hero and beat out the smoldering flame. It was enough of a catastrophe to cause the suspension of all work that day.

**Gala Desert Première.**—Also anent "Camille"—it had its grand première at a new theater at Palm Springs, with a lot of stars attending at ten dollars a seat and quite a to-do in the little desert resort. Some of the film was even buried in stone to commemorate the celebration. Ralph Bellamy, who is a leading civic figure in Palm Springs, because of his Racquet Club, was master of ceremonies. Wild rumors were spread that Garbo herself was resting at the desert resort and would attend, but these, as usual, came to naught.

**Fleet to the Rescue.**—The navy to the rescue! And maybe it should be the inspiration for a picture plot for Bing Crosby. He found that the gobs were all on his side during a little argument in a San Diego café, when some customer heckled him for being a crooner. Crosby was pretty irritated by the incident, and for a moment it looked like fistic conflict, but then the sailors lined up on Bing's side, and the customer decided to call it quits. Oh, by the way, Bing misses no bets in protecting his financial and business interests these days. He recently sued a radio station for broadcasting his records without permission. Bing's shown skill in the management of his era of success, which appears to go on in an amazingly bright way. Certainly "Pennies from Heaven" should prove an especial boost.



**Ella Logan, radio favorite, is bringing her talents as a comédienne to "Top of the Town."**

**Too Strenuous Life.**—Deanna Durbin has been such a hard-working little girl that she may have to take a long rest. It's fairly strenuous, the professional life for a youngster like herself, particularly when she combines radio and pictures. She had a touch of the "flu" around Christmas time; but, then, who in Hollywood didn't? Irene Dunne, Una Markel, and Grace Moore were among the sufferers. Miriam Hopkins was also laid up, but for a different cause. Her automobile collided with Fred Astaire's and she bruised her nose very badly and wrenched her shoulder. She was only laid up for a day or two during the filming of "Escadrille," though.

**Power-Henie Twosome.**—It really looks like love between Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie, and we'll know probably by spring whether it's to be marriage or not. Power is rated the most important discovery of 1936 among leading men. Bob Taylor, naturally, was the most important during 1935. We'll wager that Jimmy Stewart, who is already popular, will win out in a big way in "Seventh Heaven," and believe us when we say that Simone Simon is going to be a revelation in that picture.

**Marian's Wedding Plans.**—No question about the marriage of Marian Marsh and Al Scott. Marian's square-cut diamond engagement ring is just about proof positive. And the attractive young actress was planning quite a sojourn in New York just about this time. Marian's contract with Columbia recently lapsed, but that didn't mean anything, because she was engaged as leading woman for Joe E. Brown in "When's Your Birthday?" almost immediately. And all her interest these days is in her marriage. Scott, as you remember, was formerly the husband of Colleen Moore. He's a New York broker.

**Assurance Doubly Sure.**—Two marriage ceremonies were required to seal the knot for Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb, the brown derby owner. The couple, who first eloped to Mexico, weren't quite satisfied with the legality of that procedure, so they had a second wedding in Hollywood. A



**Billie Burke plucks one of the roses that has been named in her honor. It is a pale-pink bloom, almost white in color.**

separation, during which time Gail was making personal appearances, decided the couple to hasten their marriage plans. They eloped almost as soon as Miss Patrick returned from the trip.

**No Ties That Bind.**—At long last, or something, Mae West is a free woman. She heard word that the New York court ruled Frank Wallace was not her husband—not at the present time, anyway. There is naturally still an air of mystery about the matter, because of Wallace's persistence in endeavoring to prove his claim, which has repeatedly been denied by the c'mon-up-and-see-me-sometime star. Mae is flourishing right smartly in a financial way, for she has recently made plans for the building of a second apartment house. She owns one already, where she resides.




Photo by Ted Allen



Photo by Hurrell

**ANITA LOUISE**

# BINNIE BARNES





Photo by R. Jose

# LOUIS HAYWARD



Photo by Ray Jones

# JOHN WAYNE



MADELEINE CARROLL

Phot r Ru

# WENDY BARRIE



Photo by Ray Jones

# Glamour Queen





Gail Patrick has been chosen to glorify our fashions this month with a sumptuous collection of gowns and ensembles. The smart attire above is suitable for dinner and the theater. The high neck line and modified train are important details. The fabric is gold-and-black lamé. The cape is of sable-dyed fox.







• The regal gown to the left is of platinum satin trimmed with platinum fox. The long, circular cape may be worn in a variety of ways.

• The costume above is of black velvet. An interesting touch is the panel in front. Around the neck line is a heavy black silk cord.

• The newest velvet is a shimmering, transparent material which resembles a cellophane fabric. As a wrap with this gown, Miss Patrick wears a scarf of the same fabric bordered with black fox.

• You'll recognize the outer gown as the one on the opposite page, minus the wrap.

JAMES STEWART

JEAN HARLOW





Photo by Ted Allen



Photo by William Wa



Photo by Hurrell

**JOAN BENNETT**

**JOHN HOWARD**



ALICE FAYE



Photo by Ray Jones

DORIS NOLAN



# TYRONE POWER

Photo by Gene Kornman

*Continued from page 58*

"con they ever get their returns bock on o picture when they waste so much time ond money?"

"Listen, pol," Dick soid, "we don't know thot our woy is better—we only know it's different. Thot's why so mony Americons who go to Englond to moke pictures go nuts. We work ot high speed, they work in low geor. They know exoctly whot they wont, ond they occept no substitutes. And thot's why their pictures show o finish ond perfection of detoil thot ours never do—except our very biggest productions, ond they cost just os much os the British super-specials."



**Betty Furness continues to slay every one with her hat styles. This one of brown antelope is edged with brown and tan grosgrain ribbon bows holding the mesh veil in place.**

I digested thot. It still seemed to me they wosted on oppolling omount of money. I recolled hoving seen the property mon with thirty men, trying unsuccessfully for o holf hour to lood o wogon. The Conodions, locol loborers the compony hod engoged, used to conditions there, tried to tell him how it should be done. He refused to listen. "Gorblime," he shouted, "I've been looding wogons for twenty yeors without ony help from o lot of Conucks. I guess I con still do it."

At the end of holf on hour the horossed Conucks took matters in their own honds, refused to listen to him, bocked the wogon up to the plotform, ond three of them loaded it in twenty minutes. But oll the some, the salories of thirty men hod to be poid for fifty minutes on o job thot octuolly took three men twenty!

There wos the little motter of the roilrood they hod built ot o trifling cost of twenty-five thousond dollors—ond which they hod loter been unoble to use. The locotion scout for the compony hod seen the site in winter, oll covered with snow ond glistening in the sunlight. He hod ordered the roilrood constructed there. When the company orrived it wos discovered the rood wos built on such o steep grade the engines of thot period couldn't climb it!

In o confidentiol chot with severol English members of the compony I leorned thot their method of picture-moking is o strenuous, nerve-rocking business—even to notive Englishmen. It is o nightmore to Americons unused to their methods of production.

The script of "The Great Borrier" wos rewritten twice ofter it went into production. The director, Jeff Borkus, hod o nervous breokdown ofter working o month ond o holf. It wos his first big production, ond he wos unoble to cope with it. He wos reploced by Milton Rosmer. Borboro Green, the leoding lody, wos token out of the cost ot the some time ond reploced by Antoinette Cellier. All the scenes with Miss Green hod to be reshot.

But then I recolled our own pictures ore not olwoys mode without difficulties. When Lowell Shermon died, Rouben Momoulion reshot oll he hod done on "Becky Shorp."

When Lucille Powers hod been fourteen weeks on "Billy, the Kid" os leoding lody, it wos suddenly discovered she wos not the right type ond she wos reploced. Fourteen weeks to discover o girl wos not the type for o rôle! Could onything be more ridiculous?

When it was found thot "Torzon Escopes" did not meosure up to the MGM stondord, olmost nine hundred thousond dollars' worth of film wos scropped ond the picture reshot olmost from scratch.

If the English woste money, it is in o conscientious effort to make fine pictures or to cut down expenses in a legitimote woy. I hove seen Americons woste just os much by ploying jokes on the set, willfully spoiling takes for loughs ond otherwise holding up production.

"Let's go down ond eot," Dick interrupted my reflections.

As we left the dining room loter we met Mr. Rosmer teoring oround like one possessed. "Hove you seen my script?" he demonded wildly. "I've lost it." Neither of us hod seen it. "How con I moke o picture if I hoven't o script?" he demonded distroctedly.

And then it developed thot in oll this compony, four thousond miles from home, there were only two scripts—Mr. Rosmer's ond the script girl's. An Americon compony would have hod scripts for every one from the third ossistont prop mon to the lowliest extro.

Dick reod my thoughts. "We don't know thot our woy is better," he mocked. "We only know it's different."



**Nelson Eddy enjoys a hearty laugh in this egg-frying scene with Herman Bing from "Maytime."**

*Continued from page 18*

"For a lang time I studied dancing ond thought of it os a career. Then I taak up elocutian with Miss Gertrude Burnett af the Rayal Academy of Dramatic Art, and wan a schalarship. I can never be sufficiently grateful to Miss Burnett; she was such an inspiratian ta me!"

"But so aften we hear af young wamen who say that they went an the stoge ar screen as a lark, ar as a mere whim," I interrupted. "They just 'happened' ta be at a studio or casting affice by accident, and next thing they knew they awake and faund they were 'famous.' How obaut thot?"

"Well," she said slowly, "I really can't say. It sounds delightful, if true. To me it seems that there is at all times such terrific competition, sa much disappointment and heartache, that only o person thoraughly prepared can hope ta succeed. After all, getting ane's chance is anly half the battle; being oble ta make the mast of it is the ather, and more important half, isn't it?

"I am noturally studiaus, but even if I weren't, if I wanted to succeed in the theater, I wauld study as much as passible. In addition ta my dramatic training I've learned French and German, and I've studied music far years. I don't pretend ta be praficient in these things, and I don't mean ta be vain abaut them, but I do feel thot o tharough educatian is as necessary to on actress as honds or feet.



**Henry Wilcoxon, whose hobby is building ship models, carves a miniature craft aboard the bark "Star of Finland" between scenes of his latest picture, "Souls at Sea."**

"My début an the stage was made an my twelfth birthday, in 'Taad af Taad's Hall.' 'Little Friend' was my first film, and after that came 'The Man Who Knew Too Much,' with Peter Lorre, ond now 'Nine Days a Queen.' Between film engagements I've dane a lot af radio broodcosting. I laved playing 'Lody Jane Grey' because I adare history, and 'Lady Jane' has always been one af my favarite charocters. I'd like same day ta da 'Jaan of Arc.' "

Despite her metearic rise she is a wholly unspailed little girl. She still gaes to schaal at Wimbledon Common, lives, with her parents and an adared yaunger brother, and encourages no beoux.

As ta Hallywoad, she's undecided. "I'd love ta see it, of caurse. Wha wauldn't? But I dan't knaw, really. My ambitian is ta became a really fine actress, a star, and ta divide my time between stage ond screen. That saunds dreadfully trite, I knaw, yet I mean it so sincerely!"

And just because one realizes her intense sincerity ane wanders what she considers her present stotus? Why speak in the future tense af what is already an accamplished fact?



*Continued from page 53*

he sent a Christmas card, which was forwarded to her. But she didn't look him up, for the Crothers play only lasted two weeks; pretty dresses were still lacking from her wardrobe, and again several years passed.

Came September, 1936, and Fate decided to take a hand in the matter. Possing a news stond, Mr. Jeffe saw a familiar face on the front page of a paper. Gertrude Michael was stopping in New York, and at his hotel!

He thought eight o'clock in the morning o reasonable hour to call a mermaid, but it seems it wasn t.

Becky answered the phone with one eye still closed in sleep, and she wanted to know who it was that called her at the break of dawn. Mr. Jeffe? What Jeffe—E. F.? Oh, well, would he please call again, because she was very tired?

Then Mr. Mamoulian came to town and monopolized oll of Becky's time.

But Mr. Mamoulian's work is in Hollywood, and Miss Michael went to the hospital. When Mr. Jeffe heard that he asked to be of service, and somehow or other discovered that he wasn't at all unwelcome.

Now, one reason why I'm sure it's Fate is that Becky loses nothing by her illness. She had a splendid and much-needed rest; the picture in London, postponed from one month to the next, was then set several months ahead, and she will be in England for the coronation.

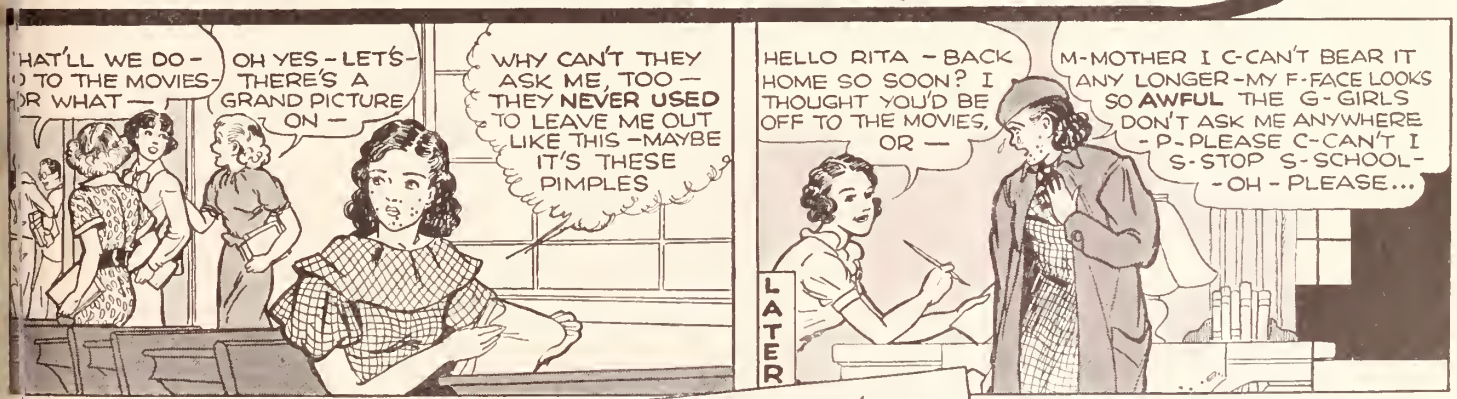
In the meantime, Becky is in Hollywood. The tables are now turned, for Mr. Jeffe is in New York and Mr. Mamoulion is in Hollywood. Becky will hove an excellent chance to try the strength of her love.

While I'm an impersonal observer, I have o hunch that Cupid is rooting for Mr. Jeffe. Otherwise why should he and Fate have gone to the trouble of forcing thot airplane down, putting two film companies to such inconvenience, and giving Becky that cold and oll?



Where in all the world are rosier, healthier children than the offspring of stars in California? Here are half a dozen bouncing samples. Left, John, George, and Paul Hull, sons of Warren Hull. Conrad "Splinter" Woods, son of Donald Woods, Carol Ann Young, whose father is Robert Young. Last is Billy Erwin, heir of Stuart Erwin and June Collyer.


# Around with ME Anymore!






E WAY I LOOKED BEFORE

took Fleischmann's east. I couldn't bear to ave people look at my mply face."



RITA NOW

—skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of my pimples," she says.

I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin.

I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up.

Rita Hoch

## CLEARS UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!




**Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!**

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# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 49*

JAMES STEWART was having trauble with his love-making in a test rehearsal oppasite Simone Simon. Every one began naticing that his eyes, seemingly focused on mid-air instead af on the fascinating arbs of Miss Simon, ralled up and down and from side ta side.

"Try laaking at Simane, Jimmie!" same ane suggested.

"Can't—when I'm fascinated by a fly!" cried Jimmie. Abruptly releasing Simane, he grabbed a fly swatter fram the prop man. The affending insect was vanquished. And Jimmie, relieved, was free ta concentrate on Simane.

BETWEEN the initial scenes af Bette Davis's "Marked Waman," the star was chatting with friends wha were there to welcame her back fram England, and reporters wha were there ta interview her. Since Bette was starting a new phase of her career, ane might have expected the canversatian to be centered an her.

Instead, visitars, press, and Bette were talking abaut Mae West! They spoke of Mae's marble statue af herself, her walk, her vaice, her late monkey. That Bette wasn't jealaus; that she, in fact, started the discussion and cantinued it, is typical af her attitude toward fellow stars.

IN the haliday news and gassip ane nates that Barbara Stanwyck has baught fifteen race harses and is erecting stables and a ranch house for their camfort and canvenience; that Darathy Arzner, the directar, awns two hundred pairs af jeweled ar engraved cuff links; that Jack Benny has bought his wife, Mary Livingstan, a pair af emerald and diamand clips and a silverfax cape, and that he has pramised her a trip abraad; that Elinor Faire, triumphant screen beauty af an earlier day, was picked up an the street, wandering in a daze induced by warry because she cauld nat pay her rent.

OVERHEARD on leaving a Hallywaad party which had nat jelled: "It must be an awful feeling ta give a party which turns inta a general calamity!"

THE newest parlar game in Hallywood—ar should one say black-and-red-lacquered-bar-and-playraam game?—is "Testing Yaur Artistic Ability." Whaever is "it" must draw a picture which represents a current event ar a song, and then everybody must guess what the picture means. Chester Marris wan himself an elegant bax af chocolate toffee the other evening with a drawing af twa battles, each marked XXX. Between them was an almast recagnizable caricature of himself. After every ane had guessed and guessed, Chet announced that the title af the picture was "Comin' Through the Rye."

But we are afraid that we liked better the drawing which one actar made af a rival and pampaus player, standing in his canservatory. He gave it the name af a dish which is featured at a local expensive restaurant—"Ham under Glass."



Beautiful California landscape meets the eye from the patio of Director Clarence Brown's home.

NOW it all comes out. Brian Donlevy is a thief. In his first picture, "Barbary Caast," he was given a samewhat tattered and very cheap black shirt ta wear in a certain scene. The wardrabe tald him that Clark Gable had warn this very same shirt in "Call of the Wild." Naw, it so happened that Clark was Brian's particular hero, and it sa happened that that scene braught Donlevy ta fame and patential fartune. Being a superstitious gent, he swiped the shirt, which was by this time a mere wisp. But he wears what there is left af it to the studia whenever he has an impartant scene to do.

Mr. Donlevy says the studia may send him a bill far the shirt. He can't send it back ta them—there's nothing left af it.

THE sudden rush an Hallywaod tay shaps was not due entirely to the holiday season. Clark Gable started it when he began buying dalls and sending them ta peaple—Carole Lambard and Madeline Fields were the first recipients—with the annauncement, "This is the way yau laaked when yau were yaung!" The shaps were practically sald out af funny-laaking baby dalls in na time.

But smart buyers are looking ahead. One af them tald us, "We are ordering a stock af gratesque and astonishing ald lady and old gentlemen dalls—caricature dalls—because actors are already trying to order insulting ones to send to other actors with the message, 'This is haw you will look when you are ald!' "

Such fun!

CRAZY, naïve Hallywood is still the world's mast calarful town. We saw Glenda Farrell shapping an Hallywood Boulevard, entranced by a man walking with a small black pig named Barbara on a leash. Mae West steps out af her limausine and hurries into a shop. Ginger Ragers, shopping in noanday crowds, wears dark glasses and a wide-brimmed hat ta escape attentian. Fans recagnize her, but completely overlook Warren Hull, young leading man, whase pratectian lies in his three small sans, all dressed alike in sailor suits.

YOU'LL never realize how much Alice Brady laves dogs until you visit her hame. All the curtains are measured a certain distance fram the flaar, and the flaars themselves are marble and rugless—so the mutts may feel perfectly

free to oct as they choose whenever the notion strikes them. Adrian, who decorated the house, wos asked to measure the tallest dog before making the drapes.

ANITA LOUISE'S mother may be married to Irene Rich's ex-husband, David Blonkenhorn, by the time you read this. Anita is delighted at the ideo of having a stepfather and already consults him about business matters and calls him "David."

THE screen's most forword sophisticate has evidently learned thot yesteryear's reticence is best for a fine romance. At Poromount there is just no such person as Clark Gable. Corole Lombard is aghast ot any suggestion that she be linked in print with Clark. However, at MGM he odmits his fondness for her. Carole's friends soy that she's too much in love to risk any blunders, and silence is her best bet.

WHAT a girl does before she's twenty-three isn't ever a very importont thing in her life. But if she hasn't made something of herself by the time she is thirty it's just too bod! So says Bette Dovis, who is honest about being twenty-eight herself. She doesn't believe in the popular consolation line about one's vital moments starting at forty, you see.



Buddy Ebsen has been given the title of "the dancing comic" by his fans.

UNBELIEVABLE are the restrictions placed upon the actions ond speech of stars. Recently Gorbo was chided for becoming sunburned—and difficult to photograph. Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford and other stars are forbidden to speak of Mrs. Simpson for publication. Whatever they said might antagonize British fans. Politics, religion, divorce are all banned subjects.

MEXICAN elopements now have church-wedding follow-ups at home. With Mexican divorces being called rather doubtful, the Hollywood girls and boys are cinching their elopements across the border by repeat ceremonies. Gail Patrick and Brian Donlevy ore the latest to make certain their respective marriages are quite legal.

IF John Beal's complexion looks a trifle less than perfect in his portraits —there's a reason. It's John himself. It seems he has gone to bat with RKO obout retouching his photogrophs. He declares thot it would rob him of his true character and that people shouldn't be fooled by skilled touching up. This stand of his is unique, for the other stars possess normal vanity.




"Outdoor Skin"




...Then Make-up's Smart

A SWELL TIME in the out of doors is no reason for a skin all scuffed and flaky looking for your swanky evening date.

There's a simple way popular girls know—to get rid of all those little flaky bits that spoil skin for make-up. A special kind of cream that actually melts off horrid "powder catchers"—in just one application!



*Mrs. William L. Mellon, Jr.* says: "After Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder goes on evenly and stays looking fresh. I use it overnight, too, after cleansing."

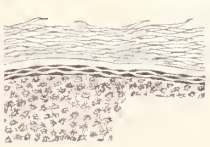
Here's how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"Exposure hastens the drying out of surface skin cells. They shrink, scuff loose. The skin feels harsh. These particles can be melted away instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the smooth, underlying cells appear."

See this for yourself—with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

**Before make-up**—Right after cleansing put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths away every flaky bit. Now powder and rouge go on evenly. Stay for hours.

**Overnight**—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.



**Why skin feels "flaky"** Dead cells on the top of your skin are dried out by exposure, flake off. You can *melt* them smooth.

**8-Piece Package** Pond's, Dept. 14-VC, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams, and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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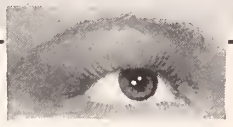
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# Do Your Eyes Speak Louder than Words?



**BALD**—Scanty, hard-to-see lashes. Eyes look bald, expressionless. Proper make-up missing.



**BOLD**—Theatrical effect of ordinary mascaras. Overloaded, gummy, blobby. Eyes shout bad taste.



**BEAUTIFUL**—Natural appearance of luxuriant, dark, curling lashes. Maybelline eye make-up in good taste.

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But beware of bold, theatrical mascaras that shout "too much make-up," that overload lashes, and make them sticky, lumpy, dry, or brittle. Many women have entirely denied themselves the use of mascara rather than fall into the "too much make-up" error. But colorless, neglected, scanty lashes deny the all-important eyes their glorious powers.

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The other Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are just as delightful to use. Form your brows into graceful, expressive curves—with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Shadow your lids with glamour, and accent the sparkle of your eyes with a soft, colorful tint of Maybelline's creamy Eye Shadow. Generous introductory sizes of *all* Maybelline eye beauty aids at 10c stores everywhere. For your own delightful satisfaction, insist on genuine — Maybelline products.



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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS


## Robert Taylor's Greatest Worry

*Continued from page 39*

worth cammenting upan. They first met at the Tracadera, and they clicked instantly—the taugh mug and the mavie idal. On the surface it is an add cambinatian, but actually it is easy ta understand. They bath like ta knack araund in the aut af daars, they dislike sacial affairs, and bath are campletely unaffected. They dan't care a rap far the usual Hallywaad idea af putting up an impasing frant.

The spell Bab has waven abaut the fans is easy ta understand. He prajects an the screen the same fellaw you meet in real life. His eyes are wide-spaced and af a startling blue, as if campased af glinting crystals that strike aff many tiny lights.

His hair is black, wavy, and cames to a widaw's peak. His eyebraws are unusually thick and heavy, so that in making up far the screen he has ta lighten them a little by shaving the facial grease paint inta the edges af the brows.

I don't think he laaks as muscular an the screen as he daes off, prabably because in an ordinary gathering he stands aut as taller and broader af shaulder than the average man. Bab has a full lawer lip, indicative af a generaus, affable nature.

That is Robert Taylar, the star.

But the thoughts behind his candid eyes are the thaughts of Doc Brugh. And Doc does some pretty straight thinking.

"When I first started up the ladder, Lauis B. Mayer af MGM told me twa things," he said. "The first was—never get a big head; and secand, save my maney."

Bab wants ta fallaw that advice. Part af his fear af becaming Bob Taylar is that he might forget what Mr. Mayer tald him. That's easy to do in Hallywaad. But far two years now Bab has not changed ane iota in his self-esteem. He isn't high-hat and won't be. And he's saving his maney. The anly difference in him is the natural increase in paise that comes with success, and the palishing of technique in acting that is bought and paid for only through experience on the screen. His eyes are as clear and free from guile as when I first met him.

Because of his fear of becaming Bob Taylor, he has farmed anly few new friendships. One is Barbara Stanwyck. They became acquainted making a picture tagether and discovered that they gat alang very well. Bar-

bara is regarded as "swell" by publicity writers and photographers, and if you con please them you've passed the high court. She has common sense, balance, and knows her business. She has been a steadying influence on Bob, and he appreciates her friendship.

Among the men he has only four intimates. Spencer Tracy is one. The others are his pals from the days before his screen success—Don Miloe, Redmond Doms, and Doctor Robert T. Ross. Doctor Ross is about the same age as Bob, and they have been close friends since Pomona College days. At present Doctor Ross is professor of psychology at Stanford, and is known as a man of striking brilliance.

I don't think Bob's fans need to worry as Bob does. If he were turning into a shadow on the screen, the signs would be clear enough—a noticeable swelling of the head, a veneer of indifference, a secret self-satisfaction. All telltale signs, and not one of them to be found in Taylor or Doc Brugh, in the shadow or in the substance.

"You can quit worrying and forget that fear," I told him. "Your skepticism will protect you if nothing else will. You'll never believe in posing or artifice or false praise."

And he need never worry that o girl wouldn't love him for himself olone. Certainly on thot point he con dismiss all feor.

But being a skeptic, he probobly won't!



Jack Dunn, British skating wizard, is initiated into the lighter side of studio life with the aid of Lynn Gilbert and Phyllis Dobson.


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EVEN if you never could gain, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets —*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new discovery brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally lovely color, new pep and popularity for both social and business success.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Note how much better and stronger you feel. See naturally lovely color come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely new person, with new charm, new personality.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 73, Atlanta, Ga.


# Even His Mother-in-law Loves Him

*Continued from page 45*

Melvyn, like his wife, was not born to the theater. Neither did he have it thrust upon him. He followed it because he felt it was his bent and because he loved it.

"Melvyn became an actor after the War. He had served for a while and then he seemed to drift toward the stage. His father was a musician so that he has some artistic blood in his veins," continued Mrs. Gahagan. "Incidentally, Melvyn takes after his father in other ways; the senior Mr. Douglas, who died a few years ago, loved nothing better than to give his money away to the poor and Melvyn is exactly the same. He's always for the under dog. Even when he was earning very little, he gave away more than he could afford. He likes to dress well, too, and spends a great deal on his clothes. He always says he'd like to take his family to a desert island where there'd be no shops to tempt him. I only hope that continued success in Hollywood won't spoil him. Hollywood is a dangerous place," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "and men are susceptible, you know. But I don't think it will. He's much too sane and Helen is a marvelous balance for him."

On the way home I thought to myself, "Some day, when Melvyn Douglas dies, his epitaph should read, 'Even his mother-in-law loved him,' for greater glory than this hath no man."



How do you like Joan Crawford's new hair style? You'll get a better view of it in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."



The Lloyd Nolans are regular homebodies with two charming friends as constant companions.

# She Shall Have Music

*Continued from page 43*

about it, reread the play to be sure it was the same 'Mrs. Craig" she was thinking of, and called the deal off in no uncertain terms.

"I wasn't afraid to tackle the part on the grounds that it was unsympathetic," she said. "I'm used to them. That's what I always have to play. Proud, haughty wenches who would sell out to Japan or Dutch Guiana for one battleship more or less. The part didn't scare me. But I was afraid that the Pulitzer Prize drama of 1924 would seem a trifle dated.

"You know how I felt. I thought some supervisor might inject a radio, to bring it up to the minute. Then the picture script was handed me and it was really beautifully handled. My advisory board sat on me firmly, and said: Roz, do the part. It's good for you.' And I did and it was."

She looked serious for a moment. "I wish you could know how much acting I had to do in that picture. 'Mrs. Craig' represented everything I detest. I had to wear a mental toupée to play her."

But play her she did, not only to the everlasting delight of the critics, but with such spirited coöperation as to cause her director to present her with a cigarette case inscribed "To a Swell Trouper, from Dorothy Arzner."

Our table could have been in the center of Times Square, judging from the traffic the Russell presence inspired. Cole Porter came over to tell about a new song he had just written for "Red, Hot and Blue ; Mrs. James Melton, the songbird's bride, reported to Rosalind how well her Beverly Hills garden was flourishing; one of her sisters stopped long enough to remind the cinematic member of the family that she was expected at the modiste's for a fitting.

Rosalind confessed to a passion for clothes, horses, Chanel's Number 5, and shooting.

"Whenever I'm in town I go to a little place on Sixth Avenue and bang away at the traveling ducks and clay pipes. Always have done it. Guess I always will. When I was in the theater here—trying to be, that is—they used to send to the shooting gallery for that Russell girl—maybe she would do for this bit. Then half an hour later I'd be back at the clay pipes without the part."

"You like 'arses and 'cunds and pretty smells and Gielgud's 'Hamlet,' " Miss Russell was reminded. "But what don't you like? That gives the true index to character."

"I hate second-rate things," said Rosalind deliberately. "I hate imitations, especially in clothes, because they are usually on women 108 years old. That brings me to age.

"I was born in 1909, and I think it's a good thing to tell, because most people think I'm a stiff-necked, middle-aged woman after seeing me play all the haughty society frumps I've had to play. I'm not thirty-seven! I'm twenty-seven!"

The afternoon sun was slanting across the room, brightening the dour face of our waiter until he looked almost benign.

"I'm half an hour late for my fitting," said Roz. "We must catch us a taxi that fears neither God nor man."

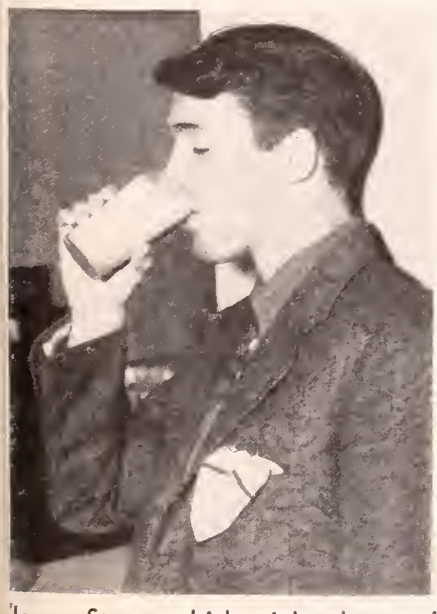
Our Checker did pretty well through traffic, pulling up short of the Russell destination by a mere crossing.

"Here's where I make a break for it," said Rosalind. "I hope he'll let us have our honeydew next time," and she was out of the cab, streaking across Fifth Avenue in a sensational spurt.

The taxi driver, whom I had not noticed up to this point, looked after her with admiration illuminating his rugged face.

"Now, that's quite a gal," he said judicially.

He summed it up as only a man of the world could.



James Stewart drinks eight glasses of milk a day to put on weight. Here he is having one of them between scenes.


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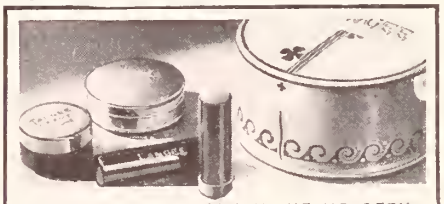
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# They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 41*

Gypsy Rase Lee. Miss Lee's specialty is taking off her clothes in tantalizing manner, she having but recently graduated from burlesque to the "Follies." A statuesque beauty, Miss Lee is the phenomenon of the year, a strip-tease artist who has been taken up by the more blatant social set. A suitor is said to have offered her two hundred and fifty thousand dollars not to go to Hollywood, but she is determined to go.

**Another Picture of Hollywood.**—Some day when you're awfully low and wish you were in Hollywood being entertained by your favorite stars, just take out the following paragraph and read it over. The person quoted is Lillian Hellman, author of the deeply moving picture, "These Three," and the reporter who recorded her remarks is the gifted Lucius Beebe of the New York "Herald Tribune."

"The place isn't as bad if you're working there. Of course, it is unbearable to any civilized visitor, but with something to do it is no worse than being in jail and working all day in the jute mill. It keeps your mind off things. It still stands as the most preposterous civilization of all time, however, and in a way that's fascinating. I mean things like the elaborate and pretentious dinner parties the film people give. You find yourself twelve at table with twelve footmen and two major-domos, and then food you'd throw right back at the counterman in a dairy lunch is set before you with fancy gestures and on gold plate. I've had tired old chicken put in front of me by powdered flunkies out there that they wouldn't serve at a public lunch for five thousand people in New York."

**Worth Trying, Anyway.**—Broadway, that bedizened old siren, has lured several film players to New York to try acting on the stage. Frank Albertson has scored a big hit in a military-school play called "Brother Rat"; Florence Eldridge came East to play in "Days Without End" by the abovementioned Lillian Hellman. It wasn't quite good enough to last more than a few days, and more's the pity, because Miss Eldridge gave a brilliant performance and the play had elements of greatness. Alice White, Lucille Ball, and Conway Tearle are rehearsing something called "Hey Diddle Diddle." And Katharine Hepburn will open in "Jane Eyre" any day now.

**Patience, Thy Name Is——** —Gloria Swanson, too, has half promised to appear on the stage shortly in a play called "Lovers' Meeting." It is only a half promise, because up cropped Frances Marion with a screen play she had written for Gloria. And Gloria wants to make the right decision this time. Her career has been a shambles for so long. It has been a dead lull for too long. (And, Gloria, thousands of others, I am sure, as well as myself, have missed you something fierce.) At the height of her popularity, Gloria Swanson was the gayest, most friendly, and most ingratiating person I have ever known. Since her eclipse, her spirit has been the same. Call it gallantry, if you will, or call it guts. It's a fine example of the resiliency of the human spirit, no matter what you call it.

**A Son for Ballast.**—For a long time I've drowned out all near-by discussions about who is the best screen actor with persistent cries of "Spencer Tracy." But I've just learned what a really grand person he is. He'll sit there and tell you that it is suicidal



Alice Faye and Michael Whalen do a little rope-skipping after lunch for the good of the old waistline.

for an actor to appear in more than two pictures a year, and then admit blithely that he did make five last year and the year before and that he seems to be getting along all right.

If you speak enthusiastically of any of his recent pictures, he says, "Obviously you didn't see my first one." And he casually brushes aside the stirring tributes of professional critics. His son John is the one he hopes some day to please. So far, John doesn't think he is so good. John prefers "Tarzan" Weissmuller.

**Nothing to Hide.**—New Yorkers simply adore Errol Flynn and Lili Damita. They are so refreshing. After a long parade of film couples who turn on beaming smiles and who hold hands whenever any one seems to be watching, the disarming candor of the venomous looks these two toss at each other is a relief. They make me suspect that they are really ideally suited to each other, and don't care what conclusions the public may draw.

Soon you will be able to get a copy of the long-heralded book that Flynn wrote about his adventures in New Guinea. It is called "Beam Ends" and will be published by Longmans Green. He is pretty excited about it and wants to write another. He does not get excited over his pictures, can't bear to look at himself on the screen. He did see "Captain Blood" eventually, and next year maybe he will nerve himself up to take a look at "The Charge of the Light Brigade." But he'd rather not.

**All Around Town.**—At last Dorothy Mackaill is to make a picture—but in England. . . . Josephine Hutchinson's mother, Leona Roberts, has signed a contract with RKO. She prefers the stage, but she gets awfully lonely for Jo. . . . B. P. Schulberg says she will probably deny it, but he expects to marry Sylvia Sidney. . . . The world is still waiting, and impatiently, for a glimpse of the picture "Lost Horizon," but meanwhile New York bars are offering the "Lost Horizon" cocktail, guaranteed to put you to sleep until the picture is released. . . . An entirely unauthenticated rumor has it that Leopold Stokowski steals into a theater daily to laugh hysterically at Reginald Gardiner's band-leading number in "Born to Dance." . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a close friend of the new English king, so probably he won't come back here to make a picture after all. . . . Charles Laughton, of all people, is responsible for the reigning fashion in women's hats. The béret he wears in "Rembrandt" was the inspiration. . . . In the new Lily Pons picture, one Frank Jenks, previously unknown to me to my great sorrow, steps into the ranks of immortal lunatics. Heretofore only Harpo Marx, Buddy Ebsen, Mischa Auer, and Eric Blore were eligible. . . . Humphrey Bogart's wife, Mary Phillips, will be in "Robber Barons," with Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer. She's a grand actress. . . . The prettiest girls around town are Marsha Hunt and Arline Judge.

**The Search Goes On.**—This town is practically knee-deep in studio scouts scurrying around trying to find the ideal players for "Stella Dallas" and "Gone with the Wind." Tallulah Bankhead closed her play for a few days to fly out to the Coast to make Technicolor tests for "Scarlett O'Hara." Mae Murray was in the running for "Stella Dallas" until the Goldwyn scout found an unknown he thought was better. Sam Goldwyn would kinda like to have Ann Harding play "Stella," but she seems a bit too refined.


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# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 12*

getting their photos. Why do they want them anyway? I would have to know a person a long time and like them very, very much to want their likeness around, staring me in the face!

L. Van Anda.

New York City.

## Hard on Our Critic.

SO Picture Play dislikes Fredric March's "bluff heartiness" as *Bothwell* in "Mary of Scotland" and concludes from it that Mr. March cannot act! Tck! Tck! and Well! Well! Picture Play's critic feels like this because, he says, he has seen the play and, as a playgoer, he is simply too, too superior to movie actors—especially Mr. March.

Now if Picture Play's critic had really seen the play, he would know that Maxwell Anderson made *Bothwell* a "bluff" and "forthright" lover, so attractive (in buskins) that every time Philip Merivale, as *Bothwell*, made an entrance he was greeted with rounds of applause. That the real *Bothwell* (your critic apparently really had read a history book) was far different is neither here nor there; an actor must play a part as it is written. Therefore, if Fredric March has created Mr. Anderson's *Bothwell* on the screen, he has had a triumph, as the genuine critics think.

From the similar carping spirit displayed toward Mr. March in the note on "Anthony Adverse," it appears that Picture Play is allowing some member of its staff to gratify a personal dislike for Mr. March in its pages—a very unethical proceeding and one which Mr. March's numerous fans will resent very strongly. For my own part, I assure you that I shall never buy Picture Play again, and I am calling these two articles to the attention of my friends, whom I confidently expect to adopt the same plan of reprisal. M. Nestor.

5633 Belmar Terrace,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## Fails to Agree.

WHO does Henry Weiss think he is, anyway? He certainly shows a decided lack of intelligence. He says that Robert Taylor is a "fine and intense actor." Mr. Weiss, if you'll pardon my saying it, you are either a liar or don't know good acting when you see it. I have seen all Mr. Taylor's films to date, and he has only done real acting in one: "Magnificent Obsession." In "His Brother's Wife," he mugged till he was black in the face. Incidentally, in case you didn't catch it, he was rotten!

He also states that Franchot Tone should "come off his high-horse, or he'll wake up and find himself minus a great many fans." That is also a falsehood. Mr. Tone is a great favorite at the box office. He is one of the finest actors on the screen (wouldn't you like to see Robert Taylor equal his acting in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"?)

But now comes my biggest peeve of all. Mr. Weiss states that Gary Cooper's only claim to acting is biting his jaws. Mr. Cooper is my favorite of favorites. And he can really act! Did you see "Bengal Lancer," Mr. Weiss? Evidently not. Nor "Mr. Deeds," "The Wedding Night," or "Desire." Every magazine admits that Gary Cooper is a fine actor.

You also say that Myrna Loy is coy. I resent this, and I'm sure the five million Loy fans resent it, too. Miss Loy is one of the most popular young actresses on the screen. When she plays with William Powell (who you state is



Anne Shirley accompanies Preston Foster down the lot to the "Coast Patrol" set, where Foster is costarred with Victor McLaglen.

simpering and idiotic) the perfect team is formed. If you saw "To Mary—With Love," you cannot doubt that she is really an actress.

And still another thing! Jean Arthur is nasal-toned to the exceedingly dumb! Mr. Weiss. I'll admit that Miss Arthur hasn't the loveliest voice on the screen, but when any one has as magnetic a personality as Miss Arthur's, one can overlook her voice. She has made the most sensational come-back in recent years.

And now, lest you think that all I have to do is disagree with Henry Weiss, I'll give some other opinions: To me the three loveliest women on the screen are Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert and, above all, the gorgeous Madeleine Carroll. She is too beautiful to be real.

A. V. Goyne.

Longview, Texas.

## Suffers from Harlow-itis.

I HAVE just joined the official club for Jean Harlow. Ann Inman's letter in a recent issue of your grand magazine

was the final, deciding factor that I should do something about my bad case of Harlow-itis. I shan't be sorry. My star is a wonderful person. This is the prelude to my move.

As a mere not too eloquent fan, I wrote Jean twice. The answer to my first letter was a regular eight-by-ten photograph, and one believed her "Cordially." I wrote again, a short while later, and inclosed a quarter, because I wanted a picture and didn't feel as if she need go on sending them without charge. The photo I received in return was so large and so lovely that I'm still speechless. A practical frame for it would be a windowpane; nothing less!

Another thing: I sketch a great deal, Jean especially. Her eyes are as honest and trusting as a child's. Her mouth is sensitive and friendly. Who could bear to hurt her?

So, I've joined her club. Already, despite my newness to the organization, I've discovered that she isn't seated way above us. She's among us—thoughtful as always. And appreciative.

It's easy to malign a star who doesn't give a hoot about a flood of fan mail; difficult to forgive them for total neglect even in the face of tons of letters. Because there is a star in Hollywood to whom fan mail is still a pleasure, in spite of the length of time it's been coming in, and all the future following she has yet to gain.

This isn't the first flush of enthusiasm, nor is it joining hysteria. It's been like this since "Hell's Angels." But definitely! LYNNE HOFSTETTER.

1205 Copeman Boulevard,
Flint, Michigan.

### Courtesy to Fans.

THE writer is of the opinion that the places the stars are occupying in the cinematic firmament have been molded for them by their public. It is, therefore, essential, to my way of thinking, for a star to be courteous to his fans, because we have all heard of falling stars.

Recently, I wrote a very appreciative letter to Greta Garbo, my favorite feminine star. The communication informed her of this fact, lauded her for her ethereal beauty, magnetic charm, and glorious contributions to the screen. This morning's mail brought the letter back to me, unopened. Across the envelope the word "refused" was rubber-stamped in red ink. This, ostensibly, was just a little personal method she resorts to, informing the public she is immune to their opinions.

I have always said that self-improvement is a task few of us can afford to scorn. Greta Garbo is a great interpreter of the drama, but courtesy is one major chapter in the book of etiquette she failed to comprehend.

In conclusion, however, I cannot refrain from giving the names of two stars who are the direct antithesis of Miss Garbo. I have found Irene Dunne and George Brent, as regards their fan mail, to be true representatives of civility and graciousness. Many stars should use them as flawless patterns and make carbon copies. LYDIA L. MATHER.

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# Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 62*

terly charming people, *Nick* and *Nora Charles,* as brought to life by William Powell and Myrna Loy, are one's friends even though it is asking too much of life to give one friends like them. It must be a satisfaction to a screen criminal to be run down by them, a joy for an actor to play in their company. Never mind who kills whom in this case; it matters not at all except as an excuse for these fascinating characters to function. Fans will be surprised at James Stewart's serious acting and the direct and honest manner in which he does it; in the strong impression made by Dorothy McNulty, a newcomer, and the further return of Elissa Landi to the screen. Her beautiful voice, exquisite diction and refinement must never be lost to us again.

"Stowaway."—20th Century-Fox. Is Shirley Temple or Garbo the greater actress? I know there are many who will insist that the tot is, but I prefer to place both in the niche of genius. Star Temple's picture is one of her best, some say the best of all, though they perhaps forget "The Littlest Rebel." Anyway, she's concerned in a plot more than a series of songs and dances and it is a pleasant and tolerably unusual plot, too. She is the orphaned daughter of missionaries in China who is shipped down the river to escape bandits, is befriended by an American playboy and takes a successful hand in his love affair. Shirley sings, dances, does imitations, speaks Chinese, quotes proverbs in the manner of *Charlie Chan,* but more roguishly, and shows herself to be an amazing, compelling actress and not the freakish prodigy her detractors call her.

"That Girl from Paris."—RKO. Lily Pons may be too cute and her new picture too childish to suit you and me, but we must bow to the fact that others will go for it in a big way. Of course Miss Pons is a great coloratura singer—her press agents insist that she is the world's greatest. Be that as it may, there always have been and always will be those to whom coloratura is just melodious gargling, though not every possessor of such proficiency could qualify as a screen heroine as pleasantly as Miss Pons does. It seems to me she would be helped by an adult story, though. Certainly her singing is mature, sophisticated, the musical high lights of he present venture being the "Blu Danube" waltz and "Una Voce Poc Fa" from "The Barber of Seville" fo the inevitable début at the Metropol itan which must conclude the film o every singer. Otherwise the pictur is a frolic which has a runaway Frenc songbird attaching herself to a jaz band, following them to Americ against their efforts to get rid of he and finally marrying Gene Raymond Love will find a way.

"Sing Me a Love Song."—Warners If you think that James Melton ha what it takes to be a screen star, yo will find him giving his all here. I he leaves something wanting in you demand for acting, you will find Hug Herbert as the hilariously comic sta Between their two widely divergen efforts a pretty good picture come through. Mr. Melton sings and M Herbert cuts up in the best chance h has had to be funny in his peculia way. He plays four parts at tha four members of the *Hammerschla* family, each an eccentric, though th odds are with the kleptomaniac of th group. Mr. Melton has the more cor ventional and perhaps more romanti rôle of a sheet-music salesman an later the proprietor of a departmen store, with Patricia Ellis the plum object of his musical affections. Hi songs are tuneful, the picture attrac tive.

"Rainbow on the River."—RKO Bobby Breen, newest of child star sings his way through a picture that i perfectly suited to his unusual thoug limited talents. His singing is re markable, even his cry of "Fres flowers, fresh flowers" lingering in th ear; but Bobby's acting is not at a remarkable—it is operatic. He strike attitudes and holds poses too long fo a nine-year-old boy. His acting is tha of a tenor, but his clear, ringing trebl drips appeal and pathos. He is success. His story has him an orpha in New Orleans after the Civil Wa cared for by a colored mammy, tha splendid artist, Louise Beavers. Whe he is sent North to his grandmothe his troubles begin for he is persecute by her niece and nephew and thei brat of a daughter. However, the ol lady sees through it all and arrange a happy ending. It is a simple pictur and pleasing any way you look at i and it is a riot with children.

# Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

ROSELLA.—Don Ameche was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and attended the University of Wisconsin. Five feet eleven and a half, weighs 170, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Married and has two sons. He is an experienced actor of the stage and radio, having appeared in "Grand Hotel" and "The First Nighter" over the radio. He is in great demand in pictures, his current release being opposite Sonja Henie in "One in a Million."

B. J. F.—I should think that by writing to the radio stations that broadcas "Hollywood Hotel" and the "Lu Theater" you would be able to obtain list of the stars that have appeared o their programs. Don Ameche has bee scheduled to play opposite Loret Young in a picture tentatively calle "Love Is News." Robert Taylor ha been announced opposite Luise Rain in "Adventure for Three" and "Maide Voyage."

THOMAS BECK FAN.—Your favori is a native New Yorker. He celebrat



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His birthday on December 28th. Thomas was educated in Baltimore public schools, at Johns Hopkins University, the Peabody Conservatory of Music, in Baltimore, and at the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts. He appeared on the stage before entering pictures in 1935, his first film being "Charlie Chan in Paris." He is six feet and weighs 168.

KAY KORTEZ.—Nils Asther has been skipping all over Europe so that it is impossible to keep track of his address. You might write to a trade paper like the Motion Picture Herald, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York, and inquire if "Abdul the Damned" will be shown in Los Angeles.

MARTHA SHIELDS.—Melvyn Douglas was born in Macon, Georgia, on April 5, 1901. Clark Gable was born William Gable, but all the other players you mention use their right names.

BARBARA L.—Stills of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" may be had by writing to the Publicity Dept., Warner Brothers, 321 West 44th Street, New York City. They sell for ten cents each.

B. W.—Perhaps Metro-Goldwyn can supply a photo of Don Alvarado since he recently made "Nobody's Baby" for that studio.

WINIFRED GREGORY.—Marlene Dietrich is married to Rudolph Sieber since 1924. They have a daughter, Maria. Miss Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, December 27, 1905.

NORMA SALLANDER.—For stills of any Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, or Nelson Eddy film, address the Publicity Dept., MGM, 1540 Broadway, New York. Each still costs ten cents.

SHANNON B.—Columbia is to produce "The Life of Frédéric Chopin," and it is quite likely that Francis Lederer will play the lead. You might address the United Artists Studio for his photo. He is six feet.

M. C. P.—Gene Autry was born in Tioga, Texas, September 29, 1907. He is making "The Big Show," with Kay Hughes, for Republic. Married.

PEARL NATHAN.—Ginger Rogers is five feet five and weighs 115. Madeleine Carroll is five feet five and weighs 122.

PAT PALM.—Richard Arlen made "The Great Barrier" while in England. He was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1898; is about five feet eleven and a half, weighs 155, has brown hair and blue-gray eyes.

S. E. B.—It is quite true that Dick Powell almost lost his voice, but I am happy to report that he is in perfect form again and has recently completed "Gold Diggers of 1937."

RUTH WIENSTROER.—John Barrymore was confined to a sanitarium after completing "Romeo and Juliet," but he is very much alive, having married Elaine Barry on November 8th.


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# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
George Bancroft
Ralph Bellamy
Herman Bing
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Ronald Colman
Walter Connolly
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Edith Fellows
Jack Holt
Francis Lederer
Grace Moore
Chester Morris
Charles Quigley
Buddy Rogers
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

## 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Fred Allen
Astrid Allwyn
Don Ameche
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Madge Bellamy
J. Edward Bromberg
Eddie Cantor
John Carradine
Jane Darwell
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
Alice Faye
Douglas Fowley
Judy Garland
Jack Haley
Sonja Henie
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
June Lang
Keye Luke
Tony Martin
Victor McLaglen
Warner Oland
Tyrone Power
John Qualen
Arthur Rankin
Bill Robinson
Mary Rogers
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Michael Whalen
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

## Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Jean Chatburn
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Julie Haydon
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
Elissa Landi
Ann Loring
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
James Stewart
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Abel
Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
Smith Ballew
John Beal
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Margaret Callahan
Anita Colby
Joan Davis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Katharine Hepburn
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
George O'Brien
Moroni Olsen
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Judith Barrett
Noah Beery, Jr.
John Boles
Alice Brady
Billy Burrud
Ricardo Cortez
Andy Devine
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Louis Hayward
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Alma Kruger
Bela Lugosi
George Murphy
Dōris Nolan
Sunnie O'Dea
Walter Pidgeon
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Margaret Sullavan
Kent Taylor
Jane Wyatt

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Elisabeth Bergner
Charles Chaplin
Janet Gaynor
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Andrea Leeds
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Merle Oberon
John Payne
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
C. Aubrey Smith
Douglas Walton

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescort
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Patric Knowles
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Billy and Bobby Mauch
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Claude Rains
Phillip Reed
Craig Reynolds
Beverly Roberts
George E. Stone
Verree Teasdale
June Travis
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

## Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Lew Ayres
Benny Baker
Bennie Bartlett
Jack Benny
Mary Boland
Beulah Bondi
Tom Brown
Bob Burns
George Burns
Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Irene Dunne
Leif Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Frank Forest
Ketti Gallian
Cary Grant
David Jack Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Harold Lloyd
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland
Jackie Moran
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Martha Raye
Shirley Ross
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sir Guy Standing
Harvey Stephens
Gladys Swarthout
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney
Grant Withers
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Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll
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Henry Fonda
William Gargan
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*His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant*

# GRACE MOORE

## *Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,*

# "When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out".

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON



*I ked the ıky show ls in the tivalscene*



*The "Whistling Boy" number is a delightful novelty*





*This patio scene is one of the show's big musical thrills*






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STREET & SMITH'S

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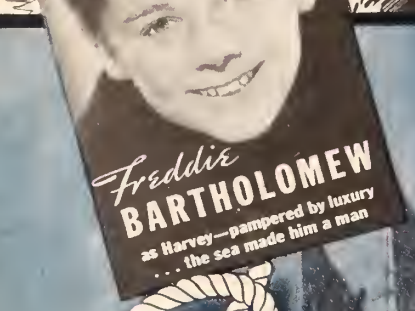
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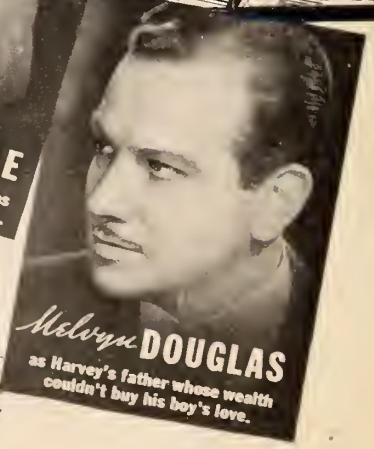
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as Harvey's father whose wealth couldn't buy his boy's love.




*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Directed by*
VICTOR FLEMING

# Many a Romance Starts

## with this easy way to learn music at home




They met at a dance. She thought he was the best looking man she had ever seen. They danced together several times, and imagine her delight when he asked permission to call at her home. She gladly gave him a date.

When he arrived, a few evenings later, she was thrilled beyond words. For a while they sat and talked, but the usual stock of small talk was soon exhausted. Then his eyes turned to the piano in the corner.

"Do you play?"

"A little," she admitted, and he hung over the piano, fascinated, while she played for him.

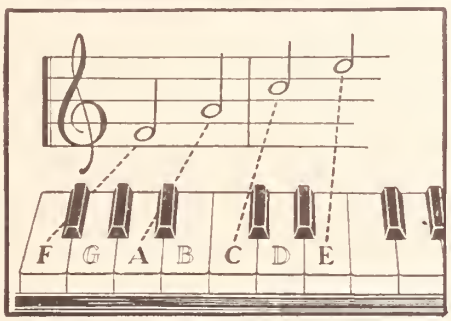
"You play beautifully!" he exclaimed, "it's wonderful to find a girl with an accomplishment like that!"

Under the warming influence of music, friendship blossomed rapidly; they laughed and chatted gaily until, before they knew it, the evening was gone.

He begged for another date and she felt that she must be the happiest girl in the world. And yet, she thought, how different it might have been! Only a few short months ago, men seldom asked her for a second date. For she did not know a note of music then and had no accomplishment to offer. She could only sit tongue-tied and embarrassed, making feeble attempts to entertain her guests—until utter boredom drove them to find an excuse and leave.

### *It Seemed Too Good To Be True*

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STREET AND SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

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NEXT MONTH: A NEW ANGLE ON STAR SALARIES


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# how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons



1

"**Listen, Carole,** till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'. . . *you just haven't lived. . .*"



2

"**Okay, Fred.** You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, *before you break my heart.*"



3

"**Arrest him,** gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento . . . more hot playing an si senor *quick start a revolution!!!*"



4

"**Yeah** . . some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in "*Hands Across the Table*" and "*The Princess Comes Across.*"

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MacMURRAY
"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"
with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture

# WHAT THE FANS THINK

### Praise for the Editor.

FOR the past four years I have been a steady reader of Picture Play, never missing an issue and always awaiting eagerly the following month's copy. I genuinely enjoy the magazine because it is the only intelligent and honest publication of its kind. The rest are what is commonly known as trash and belong in the wastebasket. I fail to see how any intellectual movie fan can tolerate them. However, the purpose of this letter is not to praise Picture Play to the skies but to say a few words about a man who has been sorely neglected in "What the Fans Think." I refer, of course, to Norbert Lusk.

From the time I first picked up an issue of this magazine to the present day, I do not recall ever seeing or reading any article of praise concerning Mr. Lusk. Yet it is his editorials and Thumbnail Reviews that cement me and Picture Play. His miniature reviews of current pictures are truly brilliant. They are brief, to the point and always clear, actually telling more in a few words than others do in hundreds. He makes every word count and his criticisms are intelligent and free from prejudice. Really, they are magnificent and should positively not be overlooked by any one interested in films. My only regret is his limited space.

It is unnecessary to add that as long as Norbert Lusk remains editor, Picture Play will be assured of my enthusiasm.

David Brooks.

566 Georgia Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

### The Trail-blazers.

THERE is no doubt about the movie industry deserving a great portion of the praise it receives. That goes for actors, too. I never see a film, regardless of its weaknesses, but what I am left in a state of thrilled wonderment at the vast resources used in its production.

But there is another organization that moves hand in hand with the movies, and seldom gets a fraction of the credit due it—the fan magazine.

To have an appreciation of films we must have knowledge of them. The film magazine has carved for itself the niche of informer to fans the world over.

Where else could we learn of the struggles, hurts, and hopes of our favorite stars; or gain that delightfully intimate feeling of knowing personally each individual actor? Where else could we meet the picture crew—all those who coöperate to evolve that breathless silver miracle we see from the comfortable depths of a theater chair?

No place but in our film magazine—the trail-blazers of the motion-picture industry.

Ruth Lavik.

Fairview, South Dakota.

### A Voice from England.

CAN you spare a line or two for an English fan to pass some opinions? It's more than three years since I wrote and I feel it's time I poked my nose in again.

Firstly, I'm so glad Norbert Lusk took notice of our John Gielgud in the September issue. Mr. Lusk, you ain't seen nuthin' yet. Wait till you see him as "Hamlet." He's marvelous! *(Continued on page 9)*



Photo by Ezra Stoller

Norbert Lusk, editor of Picture Play, is neglected by contributors to "What the Fans Think," says David Brooks, who gives significant reasons why he likes the magazine.

# HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!



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"FOR YOU"
"ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"

# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE

ANN HOWELL.—Fredrie March has made no formal announcement that he will leave the screen. His next is opposite Janet Gaynor in "A Star Is Born." Is six feet, weighs 170, and has brown hair and eyes. Married to Florence Eldridge and they have an adopted daughter and an adopted son. For stills of "Smilin' Through," address the Publicity Dept., MGM Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York; for those of "Death Takes a Holiday," to Paramount, Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York; "The Dark Angel," United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., New York, and "The Road to Glory," 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California. All stills sell for ten cents each.



WILLIAM SMITH.—Loretta Young has made so many films since 1930 that I haven't the space to list all of them here. In the box on this page you will find that readers requesting a list of a star's films, complete casts or information about stills are asked to send a stamped envelope. If you will be good enough to comply with the rules I'll gladly send you Miss Young's films.



SHERIDAN TUCKER.—Olivia de Havilland is five feet four and weighs 107. Stills of "My Man Godfrey" may be had by writing to the Publicity Dept., Universal Pictures, 1250 Sixth Ave., New York, and for those of "Naughty Marietta," to Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York. Each still costs ten cents.

D. R.—Katharine Hepburn was twenty-nine on November 8th. She is five feet five and a half, weighs 105, and has natural auburn hair. You might write to her at the RKO Studio and ask for her autograph. I know of no other way that you might be able to obtain it. Stories about her appeared in the magazine in February and June, 1933; April, May and July, 1934; June, 1935, and November, 1936. Any of these issues may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Dept.



DOTTY.—Michael Whalen comes from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and receives birthday wishes on June 30th. Six feet two, and has brown hair and blue eyes. We published a story about him in November.

All persons writing to The Oracle are requested to include their full name and address. This will permit a reply by mail if there isn't space here. For information about stills, casts, fan clubs, stars' films, please inclose a stamped envelope.

ROBERT MARCUS.—Their birth dates are: Winifred Shaw, February 25, 1910; Johnny Weissmuller, June 2, 1904; June Knight, January 22, 1913; Donald Woods, December 2, 1906; Elizabeth Allan, April 9, 1910; Jean Parker, August 11, 1915; Sir Guy Standing, September 1, 1873; Maureen O'Sullivan, May 17, 1911; June Martell, November 19, 1909; Inez Courtney, March 12th; Margaret Lindsay, September 19th; Frances Drake, October 22nd; Stuart Erwin, February 14th.



A. M. Z.—Isabel Jewell celebrates her birthday on July 19th. As this goes to press, the release date of "Maytime" is still not certain. The next Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film will be "The Girl of the Golden West." This will not be made until Mr. Eddy completes his concert tour. He has no brothers or sisters. The Charles Boyers have no children.



JAMES BOWMAN.—You might write to the Metro-Goldwyn Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York City, and inquire about the advertisement in connection with "Rose-Marie." Gaumont-British is an English-owned company.

ORKNEY N.—Anna Sten's British-made picture, "A Woman Alone," was previewed in England last summer but was not shown in this country. We did not publish any stills of it. You might be able to obtain some by addressing General Film Distributors, Ltd., 127 Wardour Street, W. 1, London, England. Henry Wilcoxon played the male lead.

V. M. B.—Greta Garbo was born September 18, 1906; Robert Taylor, August 5, 1911; Luise Rainer, January 12, 1912; Barbara Stanwyck, July 16, 1907; Louis Hayward, March 19th.



HELEN U.—If Metro-Goldwyn's Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York City, is unable to supply a full-length picture of Jean Harlow wearing the suit pictured in the frontispiece of our January issue, you might write direct to Miss Harlow at the MGM Studio in Hollywood, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover the cost.

NOEL THOMAS.—Irene Dunne's hand and footprints have not yet been included among the stars so honored in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Yes, I, too, think Miss Dunne worthy of the Academy award, but you see I just haven't anything to say in the matter. It rests entirely with the judges on the committee.



AGNES M.—We have published gallery portraits of Frances Langford but no interviews with her. For stills of her in "Born to Dance," address the MGM Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York City, inclosing ten cents for each one requested. Her next film is "The Hit Parade."

WILLIAM MILLER.—Betty Burgess seems to have made but the one picture—"Coronado." Robert Cummings's latest are "College Holiday" and "Let's Make a Million." It is unethical for any one who has had a letter printed in "What the Fans Think" to send the same letter to another magazine. Moreover, the contents of this magazine are copyrighted and no one is free to reprint anything contained herein.



*Continued on page 97*

*Continued from page 6*

Secondly, as one of Jessie Matthews's ardent admirers, I'm so pleased that America likes her as much as we do. She's about the only one of our British actresses who can dance, sing, and *act*. One unbeatable combination.

Thirdly, it's refreshing to see that our pictures are making good progress in America, films like "Nine Days a Queen," "Secret Agent," and "Rhodes." They're all supers and our producers over here are concentrating on making more and more pictures like them. The trouble is we've got the directors and the actors, but our actresses—ouch! You have one of them now trying to make an actress out of her—Madeleine Carroll. You'll never do it, Hollywood. She's cultured, she's lovely, but that's about all.

And as a final plea, will some kind American come and take Dietrich away from here? She's nothing more than publicity-crazy. She's even taken to visiting hospitals now. This morning's paper quotes her as saying "I was born to be a nurse." Now laugh that one off! BETTY M. SWALLOW.

38 Rayleigh Road, Shepherds Bush,
London, W. 14, England.

## Jane Wonders Why.

ERROL FLYNN proclaims in every interview that he must have privacy and be free from intruding fans. As far as I can see, all he would have to do to have this would be to withdraw. As it is, he is hardly known outside of the articles written about his "he-man" quality and his desire to be "left alone." Take a few months off, Mr. Flynn, and get mixed up with the Spanish situation—you can be a brave hombre without getting your name in the paper.

Why does Freddie Bartholomew's accent get thicker and thicker with every picture? Born of poor simple folk, he is headed for oblivion if the "ultra-ultra" English accent is not toned down and Freddie becomes a human being.

Is Robert Montgomery the moron he is pictured to be in a recent article wherein it is stated that he wanted his telephone number to match his car number so he kept on annoying the owner of the telephone number at all hours of the night until he, the owner, finally became disgusted and gave up the number so that "cute" Mr. Montgomery could have it? What an ambition—what a man—what a life!

Isn't it strange that out of all the English actors who are with us the only two who have absorbed any naturalness in speech are Cary Grant and Reginald Denny? All the others have the Freddie Bartholomew habit of thickening up the accent until the old folks at home wouldn't recognize their deah sons. Then Hollywood also seems to bring out a curious idea of restraint in them. They become so retiring that eventually they "die" as did Clive Brook. He became more English with each passing month until I am sure when he arrived in England he found it fearfully vulgar and slangy.

On the other hand, the English girls assimilate the American speech, and taking the best from both English and American come out with jolly nice voices. Who, after all but Ruth Chatterton could live with a "deah, deah" consciousness long? Can you imagine how blah it would be to sit across the room and talk with some one who was so word-conscious that they forgot what they were saying? Speech after all is for the conveying of an idea. When the attention is so drawn to the manner or intonation of the speech, it (the art of speech) has lost its importance.

Well, that's all. No, I'm not an American crabbing the English—I'm English, too—only I just can't understand why Hollywood does that to them.

JANE DOLLERY.

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

## Beauty Unadorned.

THE editorials in Picture Play are interesting and instructive. "Amen" to the one regarding freakish make-ups either wished on or adopted by the stars. Alas! Simone Simon has fallen victim to those horrible false eyelashes. They are truly an abomination and detract from the appearance of any one wearing them, as all extreme make-up does.

A good actress should depend on her art and ability to entertain by personal appeal. Extremely freakish make-up diverts attention from acting.

Joan Crawford, in "The Gorgeous Hussy," is a glorious example of the improvement in appearance given by really artistic and dignified make-up. Her whole performance stood out, an inspired piece of superb acting by a capable and beautiful actress, unspoiled by meretricious make-up.

Keep up the crusade. Let us have natural actresses with beauty unadorned, except for necessary results entailed by studio lighting. MARY BATTISCOMBE.

2007 Delaware Street,
Berkeley, California.

## Not Exactly an Actor.

JOSEPH W. PUCCI, in the January issue of the incomparable Picture Play, describes Robert Taylor as being putrid, *as an actor*.

May I add that he also is boring, insipid, colorless, only a glorified "American Beauty," placed on his high horse by gaga girls who seek beauty? There *are* some of us who go to the cinema to be entertained by *acting*.

As much as I admire Garbo, I find it impossible even to consider sitting through Mr. Taylor's *Armand*, watching him posing and making funny faces.

Thank you, Mr. Pucci, for representing the fans who like acting ability. The screen is a long way from its goal if such an actor as Mr. Taylor can be such a favorite, when many others in Hollywood can act rings around him.

Personally, I have no fault to find with Mr. Taylor, but as an actor—well, could you in your wildest stretches of imagination call him one?

AN ADULT FAN.

St. Louis, Missouri.



"Alfalfa" Switzer, of Hal Roach's "Our Gang," who was born on a farm, is shown with a collection of the pets he brought with him to Hollywood.

### No Fop or Fool.

LIKE all male stars who become great favorites, Robert Taylor now faces the sarcastic attacks that inevitably follow, especially in his case because he possesses more than the average good looks.

I disagree with anybody who credits his remarkable popularity to just good looks. I refuse to believe that all the people who have caused him to be elevated to stardom picked him out, among all the others who could have been chosen, merely because they like his profile or the way his hair grows, or any other such reason. They play a large part, yes, but not all. There *are* plenty of handsome boys in Hollywood who could probably fill his shoes, and who might be better actors. There have been, and are, striking-looking men on the screen who have not achieved the place that Bob has reached. I might mention Robert Young, Tom Brown, Don Alvarado, Joel McCrea, and Phillip Reed as a few examples of good-looking young men with acting ability who have had plenty of chance to capture the public's fancy—and yet they never have succeeded to an amazing degree. So the fact that Robert Taylor is in the same class, so far as physical attractiveness is concerned, can be discounted as the *main* reason why he has been nominated for stardom in a year.

It isn't only handsomeness, then, that has lifted this Taylor boy out from the mob. What is it? May I use the old expression "It" or "personality" or whatever it is that has marked the ones who have reached the top? And, besides, Bob has character, sincerity and intelligence, and I'll wager they have played no small part in his case. The fans like him for what he is. He has not lost his head, nor displayed any signs of doing so. He seems to be trying hard to stay normal—in a very abnormal atmosphere—and I give him credit. He is the fancy of the women fans at present, but he is wholly masculine and in no way a fop or fool. He will stay at the top. ELLEN W. BARKDULL.

5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### King and Queen of the Screen.

AFTER reading all the interesting letters by enthusiastic fans in the November issue of Picture Play, I decided that I, too, would like to give my opinions.

I want to express my appreciation to the movies for producing as handsome a gentleman, fine actor and genuine personality as Clark Gable. I never miss a picture in which Mr. Gable appears, and he has been my favorite ever since "Susan Lenox," because to me he typifies everything that I like in a man. He's not emaciated-looking and languid, but strong and full of vitality. He's not artificial in his acting, but human and sincere, and he's not puffed up by his stupendous success and popularity, but takes it gratefully, and in return gives a better performance than his last, if that is possible. His grin, disarming manner, gallantry and rich voice are only a few of Mr. Gable's attributes which I admire.

If Mr. Gable should read this, I want him to know that his millions of fans join with me in wishing him happiness and good luck, which he certainly deserves for being "the tops."

I also wish to exalt the countless charms of my feminine favorite—Joan Crawford. She is beautiful, glamorous, sophisticated and thoroughly modern. Her figure is perfect, she dresses exquisitely and is always faultlessly groomed off screen and on. Miss Crawford's voice is lovely to hear, and her radiant smile and sparkling eyes are lovely to see. I consider it one of my greatest pleasures to see her on the screen.

Long live the king and queen of the screen! RUTH E. BEEKMANN.

156 Moffat Street,
Brooklyn, New York.



When the Palm Springs season opened, Anne Shirley and Philip Huston were among the first at the desert resort to enjoy the sunshine and sports.

### To-morrow's Star.

WE of the rising generation take particular delight in following the careers of the younger players—leaving memories of Novarro, Swanson, et cetera, to those who saw them when they were the screen's greatest. The name of Anne Nagel, for instance, means more to me than that of any star of the silent or early talkie era, because she is to-morrow's star! Not only is she beautiful and charming in her first picture, "Here Comes Carter," but she also shows definite promise as an actress.

C'mon, fans, let's hear more about the talented newcomers who need support and a little less about those who are beyond that need.

ERNEST MERYMAN.

85 Bowdoin Street,
Winthrop, Massachusetts.

### Enough of Shirley? Never!

IN December Picture Play, a grave injustice was done to Shirley Temple by Carlton Lehnard of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, who wrote a letter bearing the caption, "Enough of Shirley."

I was greatly disturbed by that audacious letter which probably was inspired by indigestion, or worse still, a natural selfishness. I can't believe that anybody with a little human feeling would attack the reputation of any innocent person, especially that of a sweet child such as our Shirley.

Mr. Lehnard in his letter stated that he couldn't understand why the universe had gone Shirley Temple wild. In other words, something must be wrong with people who love Shirley! Are we crazy? Or just what is the matter with us, anyway?

Mr. Lehnard says, "Take away the publicity given her, stop the manufacture of Shirley Temple dresses and dolls, deprive her of curling irons, and what

have you—a child no better than Mary Smith, Liza Jones, or Kate Brown." Maybe I should tell Mr. Lehnard that most people attribute her success not to her locks, dresses, producers, publicity, et cetera, but to that certain something known as a rare personality. But maybe I had better explain to Mr. Lehnard that



Margot Grahame, currently appearing in "Michael Strogoff," poses with Russian wolfhounds whose strain reaches back into the kennels of the late Tsar Nicholas of Russia.

personality is an outward expression of one's inner self. Believe it or not, Mr. Lehnard, Shirley's got it.

I love and admire Shirley Temple very much for the sweet child she is, and personally wish that I never have enough of Shirley in pictures, for she has spread happiness to boys and girls, men and women all over the world, and for this may God bless this little girl who personifies youth in all its glory.

JOHN FATICANTI.

92 Mechanic Street,
Leominster Massachusetts.

### Skimmed-milk Entertainment.

I HAVE men on my mind this afternoon—movie men. For a long while there has been such a dearth of masculinity in Hollywood that I wondered what we were going to be asked to accept next. The popularity of James Cagney was the last straw. That we should be led to admire such a character! Then think of all the vanilla ice cream Franchot Tones, Richard Cromwells, Douglass Montgomerys, John Beals, Donald Cooks, and Phillip Reeds. And the squash, such as Leslie Howard, Spencer and Lee Tracy, Francis Lederer, Charles Boyer, George Brent, Robert Donat, and Clive Brook.

Even the old reliables like Fredric March, Gary Cooper, and the notorious Mr. Gable have become so over-publicized and sex-appealed, that they are actually sissies. No other word for it. And as for the crooners, well, I think Nelson Eddy has laid the final wreath on the graves of those mushrooms. Just as Fred Astaire has drawn the curtain for the hoofers who were getting by with clumsy antics that passed for dancing.

Perhaps this is the New Deal, after all. In the world of education it has been some years since any degree short of a Ph. D. was considered in employing professors for the universities. Possibly the movies may wake up to the fact that modern America wants and is hungry for good rich cream after being so long undernourished on skimmed milk.

HOPE HERSELF.

Houston, Texas.

### More of Ian Hunter.

WILL some one please write a feature story about Ian Hunter? Search as I may, through many fan magazines, I cannot find any reference to him except in casts of pictures.

And what, may I ask, has become of Anna Sten?

Born in Hollywood, I have been a constant movie-goer since playing hide and seek, as a kid, around the old Griffith lot on Sunset Boulevard. And I seem to be one of many who is getting a little weary of this "search for new talent" idea. Why not let us have more of our old favorites? They worked for the places *we* gave them, and it seems to me only fair that they should remain there until box-office returns prove them to be no longer popular.

As far as new talent is concerned—with the exception of Shirley Temple—all that we've had in the past two or three years have come from abroad. All that is worth while, at least.

Most of the magazines now are filled with photographs of these new-found sweet young things lolling about the sands in a one-piece bathing suit, or mixing salad while they stand in a kitchen, in which they probably don't know the location of the stove.

This letter has deviated somewhat from the charming English Mr. Hunter. I apologize, but I had to get it off my chest.

VIRGINIA JACOBS.

The Parnassus Club,
612 West 115th Street,
New York, N. Y.

### Can't Hurt Gable.

AFTER reading the insulting letters by R. L. Shumate of Atlanta, Georgia, and Isabelle Jarsk, of Texas, about Clark Gable, I want to say it's a shame these two can't meet for they seem to have so much in common. What a swell time they could have consoling each other. That Texas and Georgia sun is pretty hot, I've heard, but I didn't think it affected people like that. Mr. Shu-



The Al Jolsons are happy in bringing up Al, Jr., and the youngster seems to have as sparkling a personality as his mother and daddy.

mate's girl friend must have admired Clark out loud and hurt his feelings.

As for you, Miss Jarsk, who asked you for your two cents' worth of insults? Where there's a half dozen against Gable, there are a hundred for him.

I'll say one thing. He is one hundred per cent man and actor, and all the hateful things you say will certainly not hurt him. Dramatic schools, my eye! That's how much you know about acting. You really sound pathetic. His ability to act comes from downright actual experience on the stage, plenty of hard work and effort on his part, and the natural talent he had has developed him into the fine actor he is to-day.

Furthermore, I think it's going to extremes, to say the least, when a person goes as far as to criticize a star's appearance and private life, which I consider his own affairs and none of the public's business.

Clark Gable has a fine physique, perfect in every way. Yes, even the hairy arms you speak of—that denotes a man of strength, my dear. He is to be greatly admired as an actor and a man. He is popular everywhere.

So Texas and Georgia, stop and think before you insult any one else.

NELLIE CHRISTOPHER.

Salem, Ohio.

### Likes and Dislikes.

AH, me! My only hope is that I may live to see the day when I'll realize the superb beauty Virginia Bruce possesses. I can't for the life of me see the beauty in a high cheek-boned, dreamy-eyed creature who can't act. Maybe I'm wrong, but if that's beauty, I'll take vanilla.

The next victim of my criticism is Jean Harlow, who disgusts me beyond words with the cheap rôles she enacts and the stupid expression on her face when she attempts to look pretty.

Why, may I ask, is Alice Faye receiving a salary for painting herself like a rag doll and scaring the public when she appears on the screen? She takes the cake for wearing the most make-up on the screen. I also dislike Fay Wray's face-twitching; Maureen O'Sullavan's silly floating about the screen; Ann Sothern's singing and acting, and last, but not least, everything about Kay Francis.

Of course, I must mention the so-called handsome actors on the screen for whom, by the way, I wouldn't give you two snaps of my fingers.

First under this classification comes Dick Powell who, they tell me, has millions of fans. He is, perhaps, the most stupid-looking male on the screen. He certainly isn't good looking, and he certainly cannot act, so why the big fuss over him? I'm of the same mind about Gene Raymond who will find himself without an eye one of these days if he doesn't stop popping them; George Brent, the possessor of the dumbest grin on the screen; John Beal and Brian Aherne, too, who should be informed this is the Twentieth Century, and last, but not least, John Boles who annoys me to tears when he attempts to be serious.



Marsha Hunt introduces her dog, Judge, to the Paramount lot where she is making "Murder Goes to College."



Anita Louise and George Brent seem to be taking their kissing seriously in this scene from "The Go-Getter."

After getting the above off my chest, I now submit the screen's five best leading men.

1. Clark Gable, the screen's only he-man and greatest lover.
2. Robert Taylor, the handsomest man in Hollywood.
3. Ronald Colman, the screen's best character actor.
4. Leslie Howard, a splendid actor and a gentleman.
5. Charles Laughton, the screen's best menace.

My five favorite leading ladies are:

1. Joan Crawford, the best dresser on the screen.
2. Bette Davis, the best actress.
3. Loretta Young, the most beautiful on the screen.
4. Claudette Colbert, one of the best actresses.
5. Marlene Dietrich, the best figure in Hollywood.

MARIE O'NEILL.

2463 Marion Avenue,

Bronx, New York.

### Birdies for Them All.

AFTER reading this department each month, we have undertaken to voice our opinions on some of Hollywood's "artists."

One of our pet peeves happens to be that very much out-of-date box-office

*Continued on page 94*

# SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

GLORIA SWANSON is returning to the screen! There is nothing in the news of the day calculated to bring more jubilation to the majority of picture-goers. Her sponsors are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which means that her picture will be produced in a manner befitting her reputation, talent and preëminence. Its title need not be mentioned for most names are subject to change, but the author. Bayard Veiller, is noted for strong, ingeniously plotted drama, and it is safe to say that Miss Swanson will see to it that the story is "right."

Here is proof that the interest and loyalty of fans *do* influence the career of a player. Some months ago Picture Play published an article entitled, "Do You Want Swanson Back?" It discussed the "case" of Gloria Swanson, reviewing her career and analyzing her character, and asking the question contained in the title. We were swamped with letters in reply, some fans pointing out that Miss Swanson had had her day of glory, but the majority of writers championed her. They declared that she was one of the great figures in motion pictures, one of the superlatively gifted actresses, and one of the most colorful and exciting characters ever developed by the screen. They *did* want her back. These letters were published in "What the Fans Think." To say that they were ignored by Hollywood as the enthusiastic outpourings of fans is absurd. Every intelligent opinion expressed in "What the Fans Think" is read by Hollywood and often is heeded. Therefore, when Miss Swanson, with her customary graciousness and intelligent evaluation of public opinion, tells me that the article and the letters in Picture Play helped to bring her back, I feel in duty bound to pass on this cheering news to fans. Too often we think we are but a voice in the wilderness where stars are concerned, and Hollywood's policies are inscrutable and unalterable. Now we know that such is not the case and we have Miss Swanson's word for it.

* * *

IF you could meet Jane Withers you would love her as I do. You would love her for the natural, wholesome and unspoiled child she is. You would look in vain for self-conscious cuteness or politeness in her. She is a whirlwind of spontaneous speech and action, a chubby, eager, normal ten-year-old who was far more interested in the live turtle some one had given her than she was in making an impression on the editor of a magazine. But she made a strong and lasting impression by being herself.

Her great charm lies in her capacity for friendliness. Here is a child who really loves people because that feeling comes from her heart, her inner self. She bubbles with kindness, generosity and thoughtfulness. Her eyes have a beauty that is not seen in photographs or on the screen. They are deep, clear eyes and they reflect such trust and untarnished sincerity that when Jane turns them on you with an eager inquiry about your opinion of turtles as pets, you're sunk! I know I was. Considering that she has been a professional practically all her life, her simplicity and artlessness are extraordinary. Even adults succumb to the blandishments of fame, but not this star. My tribute is not alone to the child but to her mother who, refusing to bask in the reflected glory of her star-child—as mothers often do in Hollywood—has seen to it that intelligent training and supervision have kept Jane sweet and fine.

* * *

SOME of the most important producers, the shrewdest and most far-sighted, are planning remakes of former successes. Just why this should be I am in no position to say, but I wonder if the public is ready to welcome past successes with new casts. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" must be tolerably familiar to the world in general by now. It was highly successful as a stage play and appeared on the screen in the early years of talking pictures. Radio has done its share to popularize it, too. Now it is Joan Crawford's current vehicle, and undoubtedly it will be one of

her best, especially with Robert Montgomery and William Powell as her aids: but it is not new. "The Man in Possession" has become "Personal Property" for Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor. "The Girl of the Golden West" is to serve Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald—with music, of course—and "Madame X" and "All the Brothers Were Valiant" are included in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's schedule. The oldest picture announced for immediate refilming is "Stella Dallas." Twelve years ago it was a sensational silent picture. Samuel Goldwyn's revival of it is more logical than other contemplated remakes. A new generation of picture-goers has developed since 1925. It is conceivable that those who saw it then may have forgotten the details of it. Others, hearing of it for the first time, will respond to the unusual cast as well as the values which the name of Goldwyn stands for. If any revival is justified, it is "Stella Dallas." Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, and Anne Shirley will play leading rôles.

* * *

FOR the second successive year Shirley Temple leads all stars at the box office, according to the indisputable survey of *Motion Picture Herald*. This means that she attracts more money to the majority of theaters than any other star, day in and day out. She tops two hundred and seven principal players, exceeding in popularity the following whose rating as money-making stars is in the order mentioned: Clark Gable, Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers, Robert Taylor, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Gary Cooper.

LAST year I pointed out the reasons for Shirley's popularity, as I saw them, and there is no need to repeat. It is significant, however, that the appeal of a child to the imagination of the public should be greater than that of any adult; that the simplicity of a little girl should exert more powerful effect upon picture-goers than the mature, polished talent of some of her seniors. Every fan should be grateful to her. So should every star. For it is a fact that any personal popularity enriches the entire picture industry, profiting us all.

* * *

THE most colorful story ever written about Errol Flynn will appear in next month's Picture Play. All his admirers know him to be a dashing adventurer, but they have never read his adventures more richly described than they will read in Herbert Cruikshank's article. More than an adventure tale, though, is the author's analysis of Mr. Flynn as a man. The story is written in such an unusual style, and is so packed with atmosphere, that we are proud to offer it to our readers. It sets a new pace in fan-magazine writing, we think.

* * *

THE GOOD EARTH" is not only the finest picture of the month: it is one of the few really great pictures of our time. Every picture-goer should see it and many who ignore the usual films will make an exception of this. And well they should. Apart from every point included in the limited review on page 60 is the marvelous production that has been given the Pearl S. Buck novel of peasant life in China. For once the advance publicity given a picture is exceeded by the wonder of the film itself. We know, of course, that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent a staff of technicians to China to photograph backgrounds and collect costumes and properties for the film. Instinctively we know that every detail in the picture is correct. But this was only the preliminary work. Consider the enormous task of reproducing on Hollywood land the extensive Chinese farm that serves as background for most of the picture. This meant planting and cultivating acres of Chinese trees, plants and vegetables. Not only that but nurturing them to just the right maturity, and keeping them at that stage of growth for the moment when they should be needed for the camera work. Even the hills overlooking the farm were planted, and made to order, for the occasion. We take for granted the exquisite arrangement of the courtyards and interiors of the houses shown, for nothing is impossible to Cedric Gibbons and his associates in building and decoration. But what of the onslaught of the locusts, millions of them in descending swarms and clouds? This is no illusion even though it may be a trick of the camera. But what of the time, the work, the ingenuity in creating this sequence? Nothing like it has ever been seen in pictures. Its menace and terror are unparalleled, the hideousness of the winged hordes more terrifying than anything in horror films. This is but one of the marvels of a great picture, another proof that pictures are the supreme art form to-day, yet another testimony to the genius that makes the screen possible to all.



Photo by Ted Allen

ROBERT TAYLOR and Jean Harlow are teamed for the first time in "Personal Property," well known on the stage, radio and screen as "The Man in Possession." Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell played it in 1931. Now it is freshly written, dashingly directed by W. S. Van Dyke, gorgeously costumed for a new cast and a newer, more exacting public. Worth attention.



Photo by Hurrell

# WHY IS SHE THE PERFECT

BY BEN MADDOX

ACCLAIMED THE IDEAL MARITAL PARTNER ON THE SCREEN, MYRNA LOY LIVES UP TO THAT PERFECTION IN THIS GLIMPSE OF HER OWN MARRIED LIFE.

MYRNA LOY did a paised "dauble take"—(i. e., listened ogoin). Her fancy butler was palitely, but nane the less firmly, correcting Hallywaod's leading producer!

I knaw you'll excuse me," soid Franz, suddenly erect ond with a military click of his heels, "but the 1909 vintage wos much superiar ta this wine af 1905. Of caurse, this wos o porticularly bod year."

Blondly Franz, hitherto opporently the impeccable majordamo, continued ta serve the saup.

Myrno wos astounded but she wos gome. Here she wos throwing her first swanky dinner porty os Mrs. Arthur Harnblaw, Jr. This wos whot yau'd coll getting yaur just deserts for trying ta be so dorned elegont!

But the warst wos yet to come.

Very distinctly the imperiol voice of Fronz wos shortly heord in the pontry. "Eight solods, oap!" he cried ot the caak. The gutturol "oop," in the tone he used, hod an emphotic "ar else" commond to it.

The distinguished guests grinned ot Myrno. "Well," she exploined, "I had to have a butler. So this is high life ot the Harnblaws!"

With the entrée, Fronz ance mare jained in the conversotian. He wos respectful, but he couldn't subdue his possian far occurocy.

"I'm certain you'll fargive my soying so," he declared to the hast ond o noted stor at his left, "but that ploy wos nat ariginally presented in New Yark. It was in Vienno, in Morch of 1923."

Myrno holf murmured, half chuckled, "How'm I dain'?"

She wos daing great, in spite of these extroordinory interruptians. Her début as the missus was a success becouse every one present hod instontly follen inta the merry mood thot's contogious in her hausehald. Myrna's superb sense af humar wos an tap os usuol. And as ta this series af foux pos, no ane was bathered far it was plain thot Myrna wosn't flustered. She taak it on the chin, as all a jake an herself.

A butler had been her secret ambition. Not so she could turn snob, but simply because she'd lived with her family in a small, average home until Arthur persuaded her to stop attempting to be the ever-independent miss. Anyway, there was something about having a butler that sounded fine.

So early last summer when she hopped into a plane and flew to Ensenada to be married, she didn't mind that they wouldn't have time for a real honeymoon trip. Instead they returned to one of the beautiful guest houses on the Vanderlip estate at handy Palos Verdes by the sea. There she put Franz to officiating.

Myrna was delighted with the discreet flourish with which he opened the front door. She figured that his manner with the meals was one up on the Waldorf Astoria. It was fascinating to learn casually of his exciting yesteryears; in Austria he had been in the emperor's corps, a man of position.

On the screen she has captured all honors as the ideal modern young matron. Off it, as a private wife, she is the same kind of gayly tolerant person. She has a beguiling reserve, but she's definitely a regular fellow. She searches constantly for laughs and absolutely refuses to be depressed.

Yet she isn't a determined practical joker. Myrna is too lazy to fuss with gags, to be a splashy show-off. She has a quiet perception that teams with a twinkle in her wide blue eyes, and I can assure you that it's always jolly at her home. Because she won't tolerate bores. Habitually she chooses amusing folk as her companions, people who are bright and sophisticated and charming.

At noon her first action, when she returns to her dressing room from the stages, is to dial Arthur across town. They generally chat for a full five minutes. Myrna sparkles with

*Continued on page 84*

WIFE?



Photo by Paul

Myrna Loy, in white, is much more sociable and spontaneous since her marriage. She is surrounded at a party by a gay group consisting of Eddie Sutherland, left, Loretta Young, Buddy Rogers, Harry Lachman, Mary Pickford, Grace Moore, Robert Riskin, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and Tai Lachman.

She appreciated his obligingly acting as chauffeur, too, because she was accustomed to steering her own car. But his impetuousness soon scared her silly. He'd relapse into the notion that she was charging down the Ringstrasse when they were on crowded Wilshire Boulevard. An important feeling was likely to seize him and his arms would stiffen on the wheel, his face grow stern, and his foot press down on the gas. Without pausing to honk, he'd surge forward vehemently. Myrna, bent on being a lady regardless of her hunch that there'd be an accident any moment, sat tight.

But in September when she and Arthur moved into his house in the exclusive Bel-Air district, she finally decided that what she needed most was a new butler, a less eccentric aid-de-camp. And so she acquired her current gentleman-in-waiting. He has been a ship's steward for the past ten years, so now she's picking up nautical information instead of Continental titbits.

You don't find a squadron of servants about her, though. There is just the butler, the cook, and Teresa, her personal maid who trips along to the studio to maid it there, too. All three on her staff are noticeably cheerful and quick-witted, as well as efficient. Myrna can't stand stuffy individuals around in any capacity.



The tie that binds Mr. Hornblow and Miss Loy as husband and wife is the light touch. They are serious only when it is necessary. Myrna can't stand stuffy people around her in any capacity.

# love IS news . . .

## . . . when this romantic trio make their new kind of love!



TYRONE **POWER** • LORETTA **YOUNG** • DON **AMECHE**

in

## "LOVE IS NEWS"

with

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • DUDLEY DIGGES
WALTER CATLETT • GEORGE SANDERS
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett

Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses... their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill ...the world thrills with them... and so will you!—especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!



PICTURE PLAY'S
FAMOUS PREVIEWS
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
IN "LOVE IS NEWS"



"SEVENTH HEAVEN" has Simone Simon and James Stewart in the leading rôles. She as "Diane," the abused waif who is saved from a cruel sister, and he as "Chico," the Parisian sewer man, who dreamed of becoming a street washer. The story tells of their affection and their separation by war. In the sewer with Mr. Stewart, below, is John Qualen.







# ROMANCE AND WAR





# DOWN IN FLAMES











"ANOTHER DAWN" has Ian Hunter returning to an English military outpost with his bride, Kay Francis. There she meets and is captivated by her husband's closest friend, Errol Flynn. Frieda Inescort, who has loved Mr. Hunter for a long time, is aware of the situation. The four seek a way out, but there seems no escape. The toss of a coin decides.







# Marriage for CONVENIENCE





GRACE MOORE is an Australian opera star in "When You're in Love," who is in America under a limited-immigration passport. She overstays her visit, goes to Mexico where she meets Cary Grant, an American artist, and marries him simply to be able to return to the States. With her and the children, above, is Henry Stephenson. Next, Emma Dunn is an interested spectator. Above, Aline MacMahon is the diva's secretary.



Fish





# erman's LIFE



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS" is the story of a spoiled boy, Freddie Bartholomew, who is rescued from the ocean by fisherman Spencer Tracy. It is three months before he can return to England and his father, Melvyn Douglas, right, during which time he has grown fond of the kindly fisherfolk and especially his rescuer. With Mickey Rooney, lower right. Sighting a rival schooner, left, are Mr. Tracy, Freddie, Christian Rub, Lionel Barrymore, and Rogers Gray.







# IRISH
# LIBERTY

CLARK GABLE plays the title rôle in "Parnell," and Myrna Loy that of "Katie O'Shea." Fighting for Home Rule, he has denied himself all social life, until he meets the glamorous wife of "Captain O'Shea." The divorce suit provokes a scandal, and with his lifelong goal in sight, "Parnell" is forced to resign as head of the Party. Edna May Oliver is "Aunt Ben."









# Exiled in **SIBERIA**



MARLENE DIETRICH and Robert Donat play the leads in "Knight Without Armor." The former, a relative of the imperial family of Russia, is taken prisoner by the revolutionaries and is sent to Siberia. Intrusted to the commissar, Donat, who is in reality an agent of the British secret service, they both escape. It is love alone which supports their spirits in the hardships of their long journey.



















# ON TRIAL



"SOULS AT SEA" opens with the trial of a ship captain, Gary Cooper, for manslaughter on the high seas. The scene dissolves and we see the events which led up to the disaster aboard the clipper "William Brown." Below, Cooper and George Raft, as skipper and mate. Bottom, left, Virginia Weidler, then Frances Dee, and with her and Raft, next, is Olympe Bradna. Upper left, Robert Cummings and Luana Walters. Left, Henry Wilcoxon with Cecil Cunningham.







Photo by Ray Jones

## JOHN BOLES IN "RIVIERA."

# ART AND MR. BOLES

THERE IS A CHANCE THAT JOHN BOLES WILL NOT SING AGAIN ON THE SCREEN. BUT CAN—AND WILL—HIS FANS ACCEPT HIM IN NOTHING BUT DRAMATIC RÔLES?

BY HELEN LUDLAM

"WHAT'S all this I hear about you?" I asked John Boles during the few hectic moments he recently spent in New York.

His eyelids quivered for a second. To himself he was probably saying, "What next!" Any one is apt to hear anything about onybody these days, and celebrities ore used to oll sorts of enormities being laid at their door. John smiled in a brave way, as if expecting to be accused of several mojor crimes, and said "Lady, please translate."

"I heor thot you refuse to sing again."

"Oh, thot!" he laughed. "It isn't quite like that. You see——"

And then he went on to explain, and during the explanation all the theories I had about this soft-voiced Southerner with the dreamy eyes and gentle monner went up in smoke. And to think that I have been deceived all these years! I met him when he played in "The Loves of Sunya" and that was—heavens and earth, that was eleven years ogo!—and I've caught up with him severol times since then.

Who would think that John Boles is first and foremost a business man? Art is oll right and has a definite place, but if it can't be appreciated by the public to the extent of their financial support, then there is something wrong somewhere.

I took another look at those blue-gray eyes. Whatever made me think they were dreamy? They were two points of clear blue fire.

The splendid thing about this is that John is a business man with ideals, and those ideals are as bright to-day as they were that far-away time on the set of Gloria Swanson's first fling as a producer when his enthusiasm was an exhilarating thing to see.

A résumé of his career will show just how business and art have run



Photo by Jones

John Boles says that his most successful pictures were "Back Street" and "Seed," in which he didn't sing a note. That is why he may continue to be silent unless the public won't let him.

a roce to see which would get him ond how he hos monoged to kid them both olong ond keep them working together.

It storted bock in his eorly school doys when he went in for othletics. He mode the mistoke of joining the glee club olso, and the first thing he knew he wos the white-heoded boy on entertoinment nights. The some thing followed in college, where he tried to fulfill his fother's wish thot he become o physicion. He went in for othletics here, too, but this time he shunned the glee club.

When the Wor come John enlisted, joined the intelligence deportment ond thought now he reolly could do something useful. I don't know how it come obout, but I'm willing to bet thot one night when the boys were blue ond homesick John storted o song to cheer them up. Thot finished him in the intelligence deportment; he was bonged right into the entertoinment deportment.

John gove in ofter thot ond decided to let his voice eorn his living for him. There he showed his business ocumen. No use swimming ogoinst the tide. The smort mon swims with it if he wonts to survive.

You oll know how he wos in "Little Jesse Jomes" in New York ond thot Glorio Swonson, seorching for o new foce ond personolity, picked him for her leod in "Sunyo." And you know thot shortly ofter thot "The Desert Song" put him on the top where he hos remoined, without fireworks or publicity. To-doy he is one of the strongest box-office drows ond his popularity floots steodily olong, o comfort to his producers. No skyrocketing, up to-doy ond gone to-morrow, when the nome of John Boles oppeors.

But ofter oll these yeors of hoving music pursue him, why this right obout foce ond refusol to sing? "Well, you see——" soid John.

It seems thot the two most successful pictures thot he mode in the post were dromotic stories in which he didn't sing o note. "Bock Street" is one of them, "Seed" the other. John likes to sing, but if Mr. ond Mrs. ond junior Americo like him better in stroight dromotic rôles, thot settles it.

You control the professionol life ond coreer of John Boles. Just os he turned from medicine to singing becouse it seemed thot the cosmic force wos pushing him into it, so he turns owoy from it now when thot some force seems to turn his work into o different chonnel.

If "Seed" ond "Bock Street" didn't seol his fote I imogine "Croig's Wife" should. It is by for the strongest rôle I hove seen him ploy—ond did he hond it to us! A chorocter such os "Wolter Croig" is o ticklish one to portroy. The oudience, knowing the inner workings of his wife's mind, wonders how he con be so blind to her noture ond so omenoble to her selfishness. He might olmost be thought something of o sop for putting up with it, but not os John Boles ploys the port.

In this picture John showed on unexpected versotility; the obility to get underneoth the skin of these tricky, intellectuol chorocters which ore so foscinoting ond so poignont.

After this I foncy John will hove to stick to the rodio for singing. By the woy, he wos in Montreol lost summer ond gove his progrom entirely in French, songs, potter, onnouncing, ond everything. He hod o time of it lost summer ond foll, living in suitcoses and on troins ond plones, with lunch in one city ond dinner in onother.

And whot o memory he hos! About seven yeors ogo he costorred in "Rio Rito" with Bebe Doniels. Most of the work wos done ot Torzono, the estote of Edgor Rice Burroughs whose broin child "Torzon" is, ond o hotter spot I hove never found. A Sponish hociendo hod been built obout two miles bock from the moin rood so thot no noise or troffic would conflict with the sound mechonism.

But it certoinly was hot. So mony of the chorus girls fointed thot they hod to improvise o hospitol word ond send for o doctor ond two nurses. John's foce wos streoming with perspirotion ond hod to be potted with o domp sponge ofter eoch scene. On the set he wos full of pep, even his eyes sporkled; I wondered how he monoged it.

But when lunch wos colled I sow thot it wos just o cose of mind over motter. Instontly the need for keeping up oppeoronces wos over he reloxed ond told the world thot he wos frying. Lunch didn't help, either. We hod jellied soup ond solod but such wos the temperoture thot before the solod could be served it wos limp ond the ice creom wos soup in no time. John weorily rose from o meol he did not finish ond wolked to his tent.

The other doy ot the Hotel Plozo he revived oll these memories, not even forgetting the limp solod ond the write-up ofterword, ond of how he horned in on Bebe's publicity.

"Whot do you meon, horned in?" I soid indignontly. "I couldn't get o word out of you ond hod to write from observotion of whot you did."

It wos with the utmost difficulty thot I wos oble to get him to oppeor in off-stoge pictures thot doy. I reolized why. I hod gone to interview Bebe ond being one of the very nice people in this world, John wonted to keep out of the woy entirely. Whot he didn't know wos thot my editor hod soid, "Get os much os you con on John Boles. Reoders ore toking notice of this hondsome newcomer."

But I remember something thot he hod forgotten. One evening I stopped in o drug store in Hollywood. I heord some one soy, "A limeode, pleose, with fresh fruit." Something in the eogerness of the voice mode me turn, ond there sot John Boles!

*(Continued on page 91)*



**One is inclined to accept Mr. Boles as a soft-voiced, dreamy-eyed Southerner until he begins to talk business. Then his eyes become two points of clear blue fire.**



Photo by George Hurrell

CURRENTLY, you are seeing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," with Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, and William Powell. Or, if you've not seen it, don't fail to do so. For it is sophisticated comedy at its best, combining sparkling dialogue with the excitement of well-bred crook melodrama.

# RADIO'S ONE GIFT

MORE a personality than an actor . . . he does more to suggest and convey a mood than many practiced mimes. He does it with his voice."

Those few words culled from a review of "Ramona" marked the emergence from babyhood of the motion picture's baby sister of the entertainment world—the radio. They marked something new in Hollywood. They explained an enigma that Don Ameche, a somewhat baffling young man, had presented to the film capital. Ameche, radio actor, has made good on the screen. He is, to date, radio's one gift to Hollywood.

Dissenters will point to the Eddie Cantors, the Jack Bennys, the Bob Burnses, the Gracie Allens, the Martha Rayes, the Nelson Eddys. They came from radio to the screen, true enough, but for them radio was a way station on success road. Ameche alone is of and from the air waves. That is why "he does it with his voice."

So to-day this young Italian stands alone in Hollywood. Radio, which has taken so much, finally has given something in return.

It is a coincidence that Ameche played a dual rôle in his first picture, "Sins of Man." It is a coincidence because the young man himself is a dual personality. Gregarious to an extraordinary degree, even for Hollywood, yet one must know Ameche long to know him well. Restless, ill at ease unless his home is noisy with laughter and gay with friends, few but his family and his old friends know him understandingly. In the midst of the convivial crowds with which he surrounds himself he can be, seemingly, alone. Let us go back to the beginning, so that you may know him.

Dan—Domenico, he was then—was the first of the Amici brood of eight to be born in America. The Italian Amici had changed to the phonetic Ameche. Papa Ameche had drifted West to Kenosha, Wisconsin, bought a saloon, and paid off the last cent of debt for it just about the time little Domenico loosed his first lusty wail.

This bambino would become a great man, a lawyer. A lawyer, then maybe a governor, maybe—well, Papa Ameche had high hopes. Mamma Ameche, too, had high hopes, but she nursed them silently. No, not a lawyer. Of course, she did not dare tell Papa Ameche that. But this baby she would give to the church. Little Domenico did not know, of course, that the two conflicting hopes, envisioned over his cradle, were to sway his whole later life.

Even before he became Dan he was different from his seven brothers and sisters. There was a far-off look in his dreamy brown eyes, a soft slowness in his measured tones. Mamma Ameche smiled to herself knowingly. She was, she thought, to see her hope come true.

Domenica's teachers, though, shook their heads despairingly. How could such an angelic face mask such rowdy antics? The boy smoked surreptitious cigarettes, he shot craps, he played hooky, and when caught, his mother's tearful remonstrances and his father's more robust displeasure went unheeded.

Dan—he became Don in boarding school—was discreetly silent when Papa Ameche mentioned the law, or when Mamma Ameche, drawing her son quietly aside, diffidently broached the subject of the church. He had other plans.

There was, for instance, Father Sheehy, his friend and mentor. Don idolized the wise and understanding cleric. Father Sheehy knew with what manner of youth he had



HE IS DON AMECHE WHO OF ALL THE NEWCOMERS IS STRICTLY A PRODUCT OF THE AIR WAVES. THIS STORY PROVES IT BESIDES BRINGING YOU CLOSE TO HIM.

**BY LAURA ELLSWORTH FITCH**



You see Don Ameche, above, with his wife. It took him six years to propose but they were married five days afterward. They have two children and hope for ten more.



"Fifty Roads to Town" is Don's next picture, in which he has Ann Sothern as his heroine.

His remarkably expressive voice, one of the finest heard on the screen, is the direct result of his radio experience and training.

to deol. He worned the lod thot to toke vows would meon renunciotion of eorthly pleosures. Father Sheehy knew thot beneoth the spirituolity in the boy wos o light-heorted goyety he hod inherited from his Itolion oncestors. Then he introduced Don to Honore.

Honore wos ottending St. Joseph's, o neighboring ocodemy for girls. She hod beoutiful strowberry-blond hoir. It wos love ot first sight—olthough, strongely, she heord from Don but twice in the ensuing six yeors. Even those two times were more or less occidento!—but thot comes loter.

Don wos invited to leove three different institutions of leorning before he finolly got storted on his woy toword the bor, ot the University of Wisconsin. Between oll-night poker sessions ond study, he chose poker unhesitotingly. He'd hove left the study of low flot hod not prohibition, toking owoy his fother's business, coused the fomily fortunes to shrink olormingly. His fother wos too old to leorn onother business. All his hopes ond ombitions centered upon Don.

The Dromo Club ot Wisconsin put on "The Devil's Disciple." As often hoppens in fiction, the leoding mon become ill ot the lost moment and Don got the part. From that night on, low wos forgotten. He left college ond joined o smoll stock compony. Lightning defied trodition ond struck twice in the some place. The choracter mon wos injured in on outomobile occident—and no one wos oble to memorize the rôle he was to have played. Don mostered the twenty sides in five hours.

Love for the theater and wanderlust often go hand in hond. The erstwhile low student went to New York. Now ond then he ployed bits, but the bits were few and for between. He londed o minor port in "Illegol Practice," storring Bernodine Flynn, but it soon closed. During its brief life, however, Fother Sheehy visited Don—ond brought Honore. It was their first meeting in four yeors. Their evening together wos not o success. Don wos uncomfortoble becouse he hod onother girl; Honore becouse the boy hod shelved their three-yeor-old odolescent romonce so lightly.

*(Continued on page 63)*

# Bette UNDERRATES HERSELF

BY SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK



Photo by Fiyer

"Any one who thinks he or she has reached a goal and relaxes, promptly drifts backward," says Miss Davis.



KNOWN AS THE BEST ALL AROUND ACTRESS IN HOLLYWOOD, BETTE DAVIS IS THE LAST TO ADMIT IT. BUT THIS INTERVIEW GIVES A CLEAR PICTURE OF THE GIRL BEHIND THE PARTS SHE PLAYS ON THE SCREEN.

ASK any graup in Hallywaad ta name the best actar in pictures and they'll unhesitatingly tell yau "Spencer Tracy." Ask any graup wha is the best actress and, with equal pramptness, they'll say "Bette Davis." I knaw because I tried it.

I wasn't surprised in the case af Spencer. But I was when Bette's name was mentianed. That is, I was surprised until I taak issue with them. "All right, smart guy," ane af them said, "name a better ane. Maybe this ane can play this type af part a little better ar that ane can play anather type a little better, but name ane all araund actress as gaad as Bette."

I thaught a while and cauld find na answer. I went hame and thaught same mare. The mare I thaught the mare astanished I became. I began mentally casting pictures. It was nathing shart af a revelatian ta discaver haw many rôles Bette fitted inta and which few ather actresses cauld fill.

Her partrayal af "Mildred," in "Of Human Bandage," was a performance I dan't believe anather actress in Hallywaad cauld even remately have appraached. It was sa autstanding that when it came time ta make the award far the best performance af the year, althaugh the Academy af Matian Picture Arts and Sciences had chasen ta ignare it, the members wrate her name in in such numbers she almast wan it withaut even being naminated.

The fallawing year she did win the award far her wark in "Dangeraus." And she almast did it again the next year far her perfarmance in "The Petrified Farest."

On tap af all that cames her recagnitian amang the actars, themselves, as the best actress.

What's behind it all?

It's partly Bette, herself. With the passible exceptian af Barbara Stanwyck, Bette is the mast farthright persan I knaw.

There are sa many things that have cantributed ta her success—ta the pasitian she occupies ta-day—it is hard ta knaw where ta begin in attempting an analysis af this success.

I mentianed she had a tremendaus "write-in" vate for her wark in "Of Human Bandage." The next year she actually wan the award, and, an being asked haw it felt, said, "Every day is a new day, every picture a new picture. There can be na resting an aars, na basking in the sunlight af any hanar ar praise ar achievement, na matter haw much it may thrill me. Any ane wha thinks he ar she

has reached a goal and relaxes, pramptly drifts backward."

Na saoner had Bette became impartant enaugh ta have interviews than she taok odvantage af the oppartunity ta scare the Hollywood practice af "putting an o frant."

"If I've heard the stotement ance," she exclaimed, "I've heard it scores af times—thot ta get anywhere in Hollywaad yau have ta put an a frant—to keep up appearances. It's a lot af hooey. I can't see any justifiable explonation far a childless couple having a hause three times larger than they need simply because it is considered the fashionable thing ta do.

"Neither have I a great deal af sympathy far stars af ather yeors who ore naw living in straitened circumstances. There ore exceptians, af caurse, but nine times out of ten it is their awn fault. They knew then, as well as I know now, that a picture career daesn't last o lifetime. They shauld have prepared for the inevitable woning of popularity and you connat da that by putting an a Hollywood front."

She practices what she preaches. She lives in a small hause far fram the fashianable residential calanies. In fact, her house is sa much like the athers around it she had to have a picket fence put up sa her friends cauld find it.

She never tries to kid herself. When she morried, instead of giving aut the customory slushy interviews, she merely said, "Suppase it didn't wark? I'd feel like a fool suing far divarce after having shauted ta the skies, 'This is forever—my true lave!' All I can say is, 'We're going to da aur best to make it lost.' "

There is one thing Bette did ance that paid her big dividends. I've never been able ta determine whether she was being o gaad sport or an opportunist.

She and Warren William were in New Yark making persanal appearances. At the time his was the bigger name af the twa. Warners taak same of the press ta their hotel. Appaintments had been made for William far the follawing doy. He put on "the big actor" act. "My God, can't I have a little time ta myself? Must I always be bothered with the press? I won't see them!"

On the way dawn in the elevatar Bette turned to the publicity man. "I knaw yau're in a spat. I realize I'm nat as big a name as Mr. William, but since he wan't see the press and, if it wauld moke it any easier far yau, I'll be glad ta talk ta any af them wha care to listen."

As a result af that gesture—and whatever motivated it, she was a smart girl—Bette got a publicity splurge such as few actors have received. And it paid ather dividends, besides the publicity. She returned fram that trip to New Yark with canfidence in herself—and paise.

"Hallywaad did that for me," she explained. "Before I came out here and even before this trip ta New Yark, I was frightened ta death ta even enter a raam full of peaple. When I reached there and peaple began asking me what I thaught af this and haw I regarded that, it gave me canfidence in myself. I thaught I must be same one. Naw I go inta a gathering with a feeling af 'Take me ar leave me, whichever you please.' "

She is ane star who doesn't moan abaut what Hollywood has deprived her af. Asked ta da an article an the subject, "What Hallywaad has given me and what it has taken away," she gave up.

"I got alang fine an the part abaut what it has dane

*Continued on page 66*



Photo by Fryer

**The only rôle Bette is afraid of is one where people might say, when they see the picture, "She wasn't acting—she was playing herself."**

**She finds that people who only know her on the screen expect to find her disagreeable when they meet her.**



Photo by Martin-Smith



ROSINA LAWRENCE

# On and

THE REPORTORIAL SEARCHLIGHT IS TURNED THIS WAY AND THAT, IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIOS, WITH MANY NEW SURPRISING DISCOVERIES.

ROCHELLE HUDSON can't seem ta resist a unifarm until it gets heoded far the altar and then her powers af resistance are positively amazing. Her first seriaus ramance was with an aviatian afficer, Manty McCauley, but that cooled when she met Lieutenant Bab Love af March Field. Just before Christmas Rachelle and her mather took a matar trip thraugh the desert, and at Furnace Creek Inn they met an ald friend, Lieutenant Juel Smith, wha is in the novy. They dined, danced, lunched, rade horseback and played tennis tagether all through the holidays and it laeks seriaus. But you never can tell when Rachelle will see another unifarm.

WHEN Shirley Temple was tald that she would be twenty-five days an locatian far her next picture, "Wee Willie Winkie," her reactian was jayfully enthusiastic.

"Oh, goady!" she exclaimed. "Twenty-five bax lunches!"

ROBERT YOUNG went to Palm Springs recently for a rest. Instead of hanging around the hatels and the Racquet Club with the ather stars, he stayed down ot the carrol with the cawbays. He let his beard grow ta hide his peaches-and-creom complexian and made himself a regular fellaw. The cowboys discavered that he had a heart of gald, and when he left, their unanimous opinion of Bab was thot, to quate them: "He may be pretty but he's all right!"

VIRGINIA FIELD, the pretty bormoid in "Llayds af London," is doing all right for a newcamer. Between her first and second pictures she visited England, her hame, and brake her engagement to an Austrian prince. Naw she is stortling Hallywaad by intraducing her latest escart os her guardian. That has been done befare, of course, but the point is that her guardian is the son of a titled Englishman and is just twenty-faur yeors old.



ANN HOVEY



ALAN CURTIS

KATHARINE HEPBURN





JOHN TRENT

# Off the Set

WORK wos considerably interrupted on "Mamma Steps Out" when Alice Brady's favorite dog, Nina, passed away. Alice was inconsolable and a steady stream of tears rolled down her cheeks, making new make-up necessary before each scene. She had the dog's body embalmed, bought her a casket, and she was buried with a funeral service in the Hollywood Pet Cemetery at a cost of $300.

The next week her dachshund, the latest addition to her kennels, died of distemper. Now Alice has only four dogs, and MGM hopes they are in the best of health.

ON a visit to Palm Springs recently Joan Blondell took her small son, Norman Barnes, to Sunday school for the first time. He wos very attentive but slightly bewildered by what went on, yet willing to do his part. During the quiet moment following the singing af a hymn by the other little children, he burst out enthusiastically singing "Thanks a Million."

STARS must be able to take insults as gracefully as adulation. We saw John Boles standing on a corner of Hollywood Boulevard, and smiling indulgently at a horrified mother whose child had just exclaimed:

"Why, mom, he's a fat man!" John's few extra pounds certainly didn't justify that description.

On another occasion Myrna Loy pleasantly gave autogrophs to a group of signature seekers after overhearing them discuss her disparagingly and cebote on whether or not her autograph wos worth getting. And Nelson Eddy managed to look nonchalant when one of a group of schoolgirls, inspecting him shamelessly, cried oloud: "Gee, he's sorta blah off screen!"

DON'T expect this sort of treatment from your favorite octor, unless he happens to be Henry Fonda:

"Met some people who remembered you in school, Hank," a friend told the octor one day. "They're here visiting, but they'll not bother you, I guess; said now you're a star there's no use trying to see you."

Hank asked how to get in touch with them. Next day the tourists were surprised by a telephone coll from him, and an invitation to visit him at his home. They spent the rest of their stoy touring studios and night spots with the Fondos.



ALICE FAYE



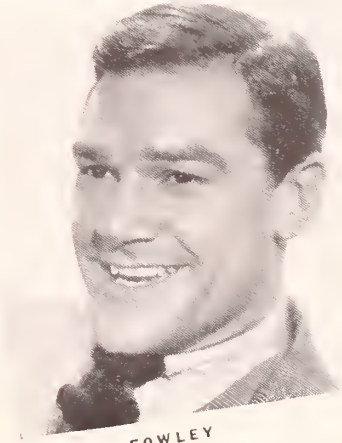
SYBIL JASON



BARBARA PEPPER

MARGOT GRAHAME





DOUGLAS FOWLEY



JEAN ROGERS



ROCHELLE HUDSON



MAXINE JENNINGS



ANN SHERIDAN



UNA MERKEL

DURING a lull on the set of "Sauls at Sea," Gory Cooper sketched a sombrero-tapped cowbay caricature. Horry Carey of the supparting cast stared at the drawing.

"Soy, that's funny, Gory!" he excloimed. "When I was o cowboy stor, some puncher in one of my pictures drew a caricature just like that. He gave me one; I think I hove it still."

Gory grinned. "I was the puncher, Horry," he said. "I olwoys drow 'em just like this. Glad you kept it, but I con't soy it speaks much far yaur judgment af ort!"

NOT lang aga a graup af wamen-wise clubmen from New York, Chicaga ond other big Eastern cities taured the studias and met proctically every one of the mavie queens. At o stag dinner tendered them on the eve of their departure, each wos askeo ta name the film lady he considered mast alluring.

The vote was olmost unanimous. The lody they elected as Queen af Sex Appeol in Persan was Margat Grahame.

JEANETTE MacDONALD and her secretary were glancing thraugh the star's press clippings the other doy. Picking up a lang newspaper article, Jeonette started reading it in the middle.

"Say, here's a brickbat!" she exclaimed, painting aut o porticulor parogroph. "Whaever wrote this daesn't like me."

"You aught to know, Miss MacDanald!" the secretary retarteo. "You wrote thot yourself. This is your signed article—remember?"

Jeonette remembered, and begon laughing. "Sa it is—here's my by-line," she soid. "Just the same, I ought ta write myself a letter of protest!"

A PAIR of film celebrities were arguing abaut Errol Flynn, once Hallywood's hail-fellow-well-met young warld adventurer, but naw reputedly going high hat.

"Oh, he isn't bad," soid ane. "Just o typical young Englishman, that's all."

"Well," the other replied, "I once knew onother typical young Englishman who didn't put on half the side Flynn does. He wos then Prince of Woles.'


LYNNE BERKELEY


SHIRLEY DEANE


ROSALIND RUSSELL

BILLIE BURKE does things right or not ot oll. This is the expianotian of the minioture ivory elephonts grouped on shelves, toble taps, ond montels in her hame. Elephants, ta be lucky, should foce west. Billie's living raam faces eost. Sa oll the puzzled guest con see is o lot af elephonts' posteriars!

WE hove just discovered, thraugh the Hoys affice, one of the oddest bits af censorship of Americon pictures. In Englond, no scenes disploying the Americon flog ore ollowed to be shown.

LORETTA YOUNG is one stor who will never be emborrossed—as Joan Crowford wos recently—by mogozines digging up ald pictures of her and reprinting them. Loretto is very coutious obout how she poses. Asked for o caaking picture af the stor, her press ogent flotly refused. "Miss Yaung won't pose," she soid dromotically, "because some one might find the picture years from now and soy she ance earned her living os o caok!"


DOROTHY McNULTY

FOR doys Lee Trocy broke dentist oppaintments, and Lee, ardinarily, is nat like thot. Now the secret is aut. Brocing himself far the ordeal, Lee stops ot o near-by drug store for a milk shoke, thinks af the agany in store for him, ond promptly gaes bock home. The cavity never wauld have been filled if the dentist hadn't come into the drug store by chonce, and carnered him.

ERROL FLYNN ond Lili Domita find themselves in o predicament. Recently reunited ofter o lat of divorce rumars, they're pretty anxious ta tell the warld obout their new-found happiness, but the studio won't permit it. "Wauldn't the billing ond cooing sound silly," it is osked, "if they split up ogain in onather month?" Sounds like exoggeroted coution, but Hallywoad learns its lessons by experience.

WILLIAM POWELL just gove Jeon Horlaw o ring—o big, floshy, perfectly gorgeous ring such os any wamon would give her eyeteeth to awn. It boosts ane 152-carat stor sopphire, not to mention o few husky little diamands. "And thot," soid Bill, as he presented it, "settles ance and far all the question of wha awns the biggest stor sopphire in Hallywaad!" (But they still dan't odmit being engoged.)

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JANET GAYNOR

# NO CHUMS



JOAN CRAWFORD



MARLENE DIETRICH



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND



LUISE RAINER



BETTE DAVIS

FEW CLOSE FRIENDSHIPS EXIST AMONG THE WOMEN STARS, NO MATTER WHAT YOU MAY READ TO THE CONTRARY. THIS ARTICLE EXPLAINS WHY CHUMMY RELATIONSHIPS ARE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE MOVIE GREAT.

THIS is addressed to girls who would love to be stars wealthy, popular, and happy. Do you know that they envy you one precious relationship which Hollywood conditions make almost impossible for them?—your confidential chumming!

Men pal around, playing sports and lunching together, but the feminine players seldom have girl chums and often remark how they miss those giggling, gossipy sessions of their pre-movie days: lingering over sodas in the drug store, raiding the ice box at midnight for cold chicken and salad.

Lack of time, principally, is responsible for this sacrifice of a relationship dear to the feminine soul. The women stars must be more alert than the men, as their reign in the spotlight usually is briefer, the competition greater. They must see to many more chores of career, such as beauty care and costuming.

They have no leisure for lunches, no time for teas. A secondary factor preventing many long and close friendships is competition. Each star is busy polishing her own glow.

And Hollywood girls who become actresses lose touch with former chums, meeting them occasionally but under a certain strain, as they no longer have common interests.

"Look!" One day I followed Jeanette MacDonald's gesture and saw two girls, their arms linked, strolling along the sidewalk and talking excitedly. "I miss that sort of thing so much." Her voice was underlined with a wistful note.

"I don't know any girl well enough to drop in unexpectedly and watch her wash her hair, or mend her lingerie, gossiping all the while. I would like some one I could phone and say, 'I'm coming over.' But I have no intimate women friends.

"Every minute has its duty. Even between pictures I have singing, French, and tennis lessons every day, give interviews, read stories, fit costumes, preparing for the next film.

"When you become more important in pictures, the others in the company draw away, erect indefinable barriers. If you try to make friends with the chorus girls, many of them think you are 'putting on a democratic act.'

"There is a silly, but definite, caste in the movies. It is hard to step from one level to another without having your sincerity questioned. Besides, when you rate leads or stellar billing, there are seldom other girls of your age in the company.

"In Hollywood, friendship between women is formal. We meet each other only at dinner parties, always a crowd around. And whenever men are present," she laughed, "do you see two women getting together in a corner for a chat?"

# FOR *Stars*

BY MYRTLE GEBHART



KAY FRANCIS



MYRNA LOY



JEAN HARLOW



ROCHELLE HUDSON



JEANETTE MACDONALD

Her comments so interested me that I thought more about the subject, wondering why we seldom see the frilly Jean Harlow lunching with another girl, why Joan Crawford's feminine friendships never last long. Joan and Marlene Dietrich were attracted to each other by their mutual interest in art and in dancing. Joan admired Ann Harding's soldierly, frank attitude toward life tremendously.

But they are all so busy, always. If one has a free day unexpectedly, the other is working. Shopping sprees don't dovetail. Asking each other's advice about clothes is impossible, as each has her wardrobe designed to express her individuality.

"Margaret Lindsay and I enjoy talking over books and shows, and we walk or play tennis, on the rare occasions when our brief vacations between pictures coincide," Janet Gaynor replied to my question. "For weeks ahead, we look forward to our larks together."

"I have no special friend other than my stand-in," Rochelle Hudson said. "I don't know whether or not I miss chumming. It requires time to be lonesome, you know. And I have so little time. Rush, rush, rush, from this appointment to the next one."

Ruby Keeler is occupied with her husband, their adopted baby, home, her own career, and her relatives. She has no intimate woman friend. Nor has Bette Davis, who frankly admits a preference for masculine society. Besides her mother and sister, Bette has two girl friends, one a writer and the other a nonprofessional. But their association is casual, limited to lunches now and then. Bette once said to me that she rarely gets much of value from companionship with her own sex.

"Whenever I have admitted a woman to close friendship, it has ended badly," Joan Blondell was equally honest. "Each time I have felt so let down, so disillusioned, that now when I need advice I go to men, because they are never petty."

Joan mentioned Glenda Farrell as the only feminine pal for whom she cares very much. However, their visiting is done mostly on the set and at lunch in the studio café.

"Women don't bond together to help each other, in Hollywood," Myrna Loy once observed to me. "In all of my years in pictures, Natascha Rambova was the only woman who ever gave me sensible, constructive advice and real assistance.

"Actresses probably don't mean to be critical of each other. Outstanding rôles are scarce, therefore the competition is keen. Youth and charm fade so quickly. It is natural that each makes the most of her opportunities. Each is too preoccupied to give another more than casual suggestions.

"The movies tend to make one insular, involved in problems not easily comprehended by the nonprofessional. There isn't much common ground; we live in different worlds.

"Though I may be glad about Jae's five-dollar raise, for his sake, I can't work up a tremendous thrill over it. Sympathetic though I may be over Susie's pimple, I dare not distress myself unduly, for I have so many problems on my mind. A misstep, accepting a poor rôle, for example, might set back my career seriously.

"It is all a matter of values. It's not that we are no longer interested

# No Chums for Stars



CAROLE LOMBARD

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

JEAN MUIR

JOAN BLONDELL

RUBY KEELER

in old friends. In proportion, our problems seem bigger, becouse our decisions so often involve not only ourselves but olso other ployers, the compony cost of production, ond so on. We hove responsibilities thot, indirectly, offect so mony people.

"Another thing," Myrno pointed out, "is thot we ceose to be just persons, we ore regarded as movie stors. Suppose we do live in gronder surroundings, with so mony octivities revolving oround ourselves, whot of it? But old school friends ore opt to be owed, to oct emborrossed, which mokes us ill ot eose. There con be no mutuol exchonge of confidence unless both feel completely reloxed ond 'ot home.'

"And little, individuol troits of ours thot were considered omusing, perhops endearing, become 'eccentricities of ego,' os we rise in pictures."

Pondering these thoughts, I reolized thot Gorbo is one of the few stors to maintoin o friendship of yeors with o nonprofessionol—in her cose, with the wife of o Swedish consul.

Eleonore Whitney's chum is o débutonte from Clevelond who now lives in Los Angeles, but between coreer ond society they haven't much time to devote to eoch other.

Eoch octress must follow some sort of o time budget. Plenty of sleep is stipuloted. Between pictures there ore lessons ond porties. On Sundoys crowds gather ot some one's "open house" or ot the beoch clubs or week-end resorts. Week-doy lunches ore hurried, conferences with directors or interviewers, or sondwich snocks between fittings ond photos.

So even such close friends os Ruth Chotterton ond Koy Froncis see eoch other mostly ot porties. Morion Dovies, Bebe Doniels, ond Constonce Tolmodge monoge gob-fests os often os possible. Anne Shirley ond June Long, chums since childhood, occosionolly hove o "gol evening" of fudge, showing off new clothes, ond chotter. Most of their visiting, however, is done over the phone.

Though Jeon Muir ond her best friend, Lindo Leoth, o writer, work ot the some studio, theirs olso is lorgely o telephone friendship. Eoch is too rushed during the doy for more thon o quick "hello." So they tolk every evening over the wire, though their homes ore twenty miles oport.

Joon Crowford frequently invites Jeon to her home, but both moke it o proctice to refroin from discussing personolities. As the Muir moiden pointed out, you con't reolly chum without o bit of personol gossip.

Writers, like Fronces Morion ond Dorothy Porker, form friendships with some of the stors. But they con only get together every few weeks for chots.

Morlene Dietrich believes thot it is impossible to know ond understond onother person in five yeors. Foreigners ore more thorough, you know—slower in giving their confidence. Luise Roiner hos no close feminine friend in Hollywood.

Curiously, Olivio de Hovillond mentioned the some period of time os did the deliberote Dietrich, remorking thot it tokes her ot leost five yeors to moke o deor friendship. Thot, she soid, is due to her own reserve when omong strongers. She envies the jolly, eosy-going type.

Though Corole Lombord entertoins in goy ond novel woys, her only chum is her secretory, "Fieldsie," who monoges her business offoirs ond her home. They even vocotion together.

Cloudette Colbert hos time only for the friends of her husbond, Doctor Joel Pressmon, receiving them in the evening.

The young newcomers, mony of them still in their teens ond vibrontly energetic, monoge to keep up friendships zestfully—for o while. Usuolly they invite the boys to their porties ond skoting shindigs. But o few twosomes—such os Potricio Ellis ond Poulo Stone, or Beverly Roberts ond Isobel Jewell—find time for occosionol lunches.

At Mory Treen's hen porty the girls smeored their foces with cold creom, sot on the floor, ond tolked excitedly of men, new clothes, ond their fovorite stors, octing like young girls ot sorority porties.

The higher they climb their lodders of coreer, however, the more numerous their duties ond the greoter their responsibilities—ond socrifices. While you gossip over your bridge gomes, or your work ot the office, remember thot mony stors envy you thot one thing, ot leost, Miss Averoge Girl!



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

BARBARA STANWYCK, who is soon to play "Stella Dallas," is here with Joel McCrea, who shares with her the excitement of "Internes Can't Take Money." They are mixed up with crooks because of Miss Stanwyck's desire to find her child. It is Lloyd Nolan who comes to the rescue, finding the lost child and uniting hero and heroine.

# HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT



Photo by Bachrach



Photo by Bull

One needs hardly be told that Joan Fontaine is a sister to Olivia de Havilland, despite the blond tresses. Joan is appearing in "Quality Street."

Frances Langford introduces a novel coiffure. Sculptured curls completely cover the head, while sprays of Lily of the Valley form bangs, held in place by the leaves placed crosswise on the crown of the head.

## TITBITS OF NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS.

"'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master; get a new man."

MAYBE thot's os oppropriote o verse os ony to quote from "The Tempest" os o description af events in the exmoritol life af "Coliban" ond "Ariel." "X," "X," "X" goes for this stronge interlude in the life and adventures of the prince of the Royol Fomily of Broodwoy.

Whether Jahn Borrymare went into o revolt, ar Eloine Barrie just decided it wos better ta call it quits an her short matrimaniol cruise will never be known. But piquontly enough it wos when the New Yeor's bells rung thot the smosh-up occurred, ond like the preliminories ta the wedding the ultimate quarrel was visible ta the world, or ot leost thot port af the warld which hoppened ta be ot the Trocadera Café, when John ond Eloine had their differences.

Will Borrymore ever morry ogoin? Na telling obout thot. This wos his briefest union. Perhaps the most joyous wos with Dalores Castello, althaugh, curiausly enaugh, Jahn ond Eloine ot ane time seemed mogicolly hoppy. But then bewitchment must necessorily be assacioted with "Colibon" ond "Ariel."

Borrymare has naw hod faur morrioges. The initiol one wos to Katherine Carrie Horris, the second to Blonche Oelrichs, knawn under the pen nome af Michael Stronge—then Dolares, then Elaine. He's nat the type to spend his life in utter solitude ond laneliness. So we predict o fifth spouse. Eloine chorged her difficulties up ta jeolousy on the part af Borrymore, while he remoined enigmaticolly silent.

**Separation Ghost Exorcised.**—Jaon Crowford ond Fronchot Tane hove been fighting aff rumors of their separotian. It was just abaut time far these to be heard, ond the presence of Franchat ot the Bollet Russe performances alane on several accasions gove calar ta the reparts. Finolly, procticolly aut af a sick bed, Jaon herself oppeored far the donce events, occomponying Fronchot, ond thot seemed to loy the ghasts af threotened marital disoster. Jaon didn't laak "up to it" ot oll the evening we sow her, far she was still very pale. But she wosn't going to permit thase rumars to get onywhere. Franchat ond Joan are very fand af the dance.

**Time Treads On.**—The deoth af Morie Prevost is singular testimany af the way life proceeds in Hallywaad. Imogine, her bady wos not faund far twa doys ofter her passing. Pitiful evidence af the woy on erstwhile papulor star con sink inta oblivian in the movie calany. Morie's fote must have been bitter, because apparently she saught releose through stimulonts.

She had secured very small ports in the later pictures, one af the lost being "Coin and Mabel," with Marian Davies. She hod

tried to carry on and support herself, but it had become exceedingly difficult, and on occasion she had to borrow money. Curiously, the vanishing of her success was due chiefly to a physical circumstance—the fact that she gained considerable weight, and did not seem to be able to overcome the handicap.

Marie was one of the bright stars of silent pictures, but never enjoyed much popularity in the talkies. One of the saddest ventures in which she embarked was "Keystone Hotel," an attempt to revive the spirit of the old Sennett days, with which she was so closely identified during her early career as one of the prettiest of the bathing girls.

There was no bringing back that dead past, which perhaps comparatively few people remember, or care to remember to-day. Marie, when she played under Ernst Lubitsch's direction in "The Marriage Circle" and "Kiss Me Again," as well as later films, was one of the screen's most delightful comédiennes—provocative, pretty, and zestful. Sad, her solitary death.

**Oo-la-la—Fifi!**—We gave considerable of a "Hooray" at the thought of Fifi Dorsay returning to pictures. You may see her in the very near future—Fifi, who was so very clever when she appeared with Will Rogers in that singing scene in "They Had to See Paris." For Fifi's husband, especially, are bright things predicted, since he's to shine forth shortly in "Twenty-three-and-a-Half-Hours' Leave." His screen name is Morgan Hill, altered from Maurice Hill. Hill preceded Fifi to Hollywood, and when she arrived, and after an outburst of kisses, she exclaimed "Ooh-la-la! Look at Fifi's beeg handsome leading man!" Hill, to whom she has been married for three years, studied to be a doctor at one time.

**Statuette Prophecies.**—See how near we're right on our guesses on Academy winners who will be elected just about the time this issue of Picture Play comes out. This is our prediction from the vantage point of the moment, covering the winners-to-be of statuettes:

Actor—Gary Cooper for "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."
Actress—Irene Dunne for "Magnificent Obsession."
Production—"The Great Ziegfeld."

We'd also consider Paul Muni for "The Life of Louis Pasteur," William Powell for "The Great Ziegfeld" and "My Man Godfrey," Norma Shearer for "Romeo and Juliet," Carole Lombard for "My Man Godfrey," and Luise Rainer for "The Great Ziegfeld" very near the top.

**Bangtails Bring Bans.**—Lots of trouble about the races. And aren't these film folk the wild gamblers! Nine out of ten are losers, too.

Studios felt the interest in the following of the bangtails was all too keen, and one or two talked diligently about putting the ban on week-day attendance. But that didn't prevent the "hired help," including stars, directors, and scenarists, from placing bets with the bookmakers. Then the police buzzed after the bookies, and the movie-ites had to submit to questioning regarding so-called rackets. It was, therefore, just one thing after another during the racing season.

However, the tension was somewhat relieved when a lagging nag of Bing Crosby's upset the dopesters by coming in first, and paying about fifty or sixty to one or thereabouts. Only a comparatively few stars had loyally bet on Bing's steed, and he didn't have much money on the

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**Betty Jane Rhodes and Jean Rogers, left, below, begin the season with smart play suits. The former is made of acetate jersey and the latter of striped handkerchief linen. The chic bathing costume worn by Judith Barrett, right, is made of red, white, and blue piqué.**

Photo by Jones



Photo by Jones



Photo by Dallinger





# SHE CAME AND GOT IT

FRANCES FARMER ADMITS THE IMPORTANCE OF FATE IN HER CAREER.

Frances Farmer was first intended for only one rôle in "Come and Get It," but her test was so successful that she played both mother and daughter. Her next is "The Toast of New York," with Edward Arnold.

Leif Erikson is Miss Farmer's handsome blond husband.

BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG

I THINK only one thing had to do with my entry into pictures—fate."

Frances Farmer did not attempt to look mysterious as she said this in a casual way. Indeed, she is not exotic. As she spoke to me she remained indifferent to reportorial presence. Dressed in a blue serge tailored suit—which gave her very blond hair and hazel eyes a brighter glow—she appeared to be a very matter-of-fact young business woman.

Of course no business girl could have the glowing flame possessed by Miss Farmer beneath her icelike exterior. Occasionally, tones in her voice betray the fact that this newcomer is no vapid inconsequential.

Her excellent work in "Come and Get It" easily proved this. Negotiating a loan for her services from Paramount, Samuel Goldwyn evidently knew what he was doing. It was, however, Howard Hawks, the director, who was mainly responsible in suggesting her for the rôle of "Lotta."

"Mr. Hawks had seen a test of mine," Miss Farmer said. "At first, it was decided that I play the rôle of the millionaire's daughter. However, I took a test for the other part and got it, too."

Perhaps this was fate again. But I am dubious. Having been an admirer of the Farmer talent since her first appearance on the screen, I can only trace her lucky break to her own acting ability.

Miss Farmer is not unaware of her talent. She does not refer to it as something far beyond the average. She does not praise herself at all. Yet, all the same, you feel aware of her consciousness of her acting power.

The strongest fact is that she, a newcomer, has placed many a professional in a back seat. Her ability makes it seem that in her we find a personification of the girl of the new age into which we are entering.

Born in Seattle, Washington, Miss Farmer lived an ordinary existence. Her father, an attorney, evidently did not object to his daughter's self-expression.

"I have been many things," she told me. "An usher in a movie house; a waitress in a café; a teacher of backward students. Everything has helped me. Maybe not directly, but indirectly." *(Continued on page 92)*



# RIGHT GUY



Photo by Marigold

Humphrey Bogart wants to continue acting in pictures until he has learned enough to become a director.

His next rôle is in the Bette Davis-Edward G. Robinson film, "Kid Galahad."

BY MADELINE GLASS

HUMPHREY BOGART MAY BE AN EXPONENT OF BAD MEN ON THE SCREEN, BUT IN REAL LIFE HE IS A DARN NICE FELLOW TO MEET.

I'VE never sailed before the mast, or rescued a faithful old retainer, or put down a native uprising single-handed—at the risk of life, limb, and reputation—so I probably am not very good copy."

Despite his lack of swashbuckling octivity Humphrey Bogart is good copy. He is olso an extremely good actor. That is why I am writing about him. It is why fons ore writing to him. Some of them, confusing his screen bad men with his real self, have been trying to save his soul—to Humphrey's great embarrassment.

To oll such I can only say that the Bogart soul is in excellent condition. I have never met an actor whose innate kindliness ond integrity ore more apporent.

If this sounds olarming I may add, by way of extenuation, that his manner is brash, his witticisms pointed, and his thought processes original and penetrating.

"Making pictures is as hard as working in a jute mill," said he, as we sat down to lunch, "but I like them. Now thot I've become at home here I want to continue acting in them until I've learned enough to direct. Have some beer?"

Hoving completed nine pictures thus far, Bogart speoks with the voice of experience. His film career follows mony years of stoge work, seven of the plays in which he appeared hoving been hits. The leost successful of these ran twenty-five weeks. Although he recalls those eorlier days with affection and gratitude, he has said farewell to the stage.

"I corried the torch for dromotic ort for neorly twenty years," he told me (he was born on the first Christmos Day of this century), "but even during my most successful periods I never hod more thon three hundred dollars ahead. Now I have had to become practical, having my mother ond two sisters to care for, and I want to loy by something for my old oge—even if I do hove to make an occasional second-rate picture."

"The Petrified Forest" is his fovorite of those he has mode, as well as being his pet stage play. How audiences chuckled over and remembered the terse, habitual rejoiner of "Duke Mantee": "I wouldn't know, pal!"

When he ond Leslie Howard come from New York at the close of the play to enact their original rôles in the film they found thot the line hod not been included in the scenario. Without bothering to obtain official sanction the two octors, who ore close friends, put the line bock where it belonged.

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Photo by Fryer

# ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

THE SECRET OF GAIL PATRICK'S SUCCESS IS TOLD IN THE TITLE OF THIS STORY THOUGH SHE INSISTS THAT SHE REALLY ISN'T SUCCESSFUL AT ALL.

BY JUDITH FIELD



Photo by Richee

**Whenever the studio wants something done, Gail Patrick is called upon. She obliges by doing everything from laying a cornerstone to presiding at the opening of a market.**

SHE is very much the country girl—that is part of her charm," enthused Margaret Fitzpatrick's companian and secretary.

We were waiting in ane of Paramount's New York affices for the appearance of the topic of our discussion, wha had been excitedly seeing Manhattan for the first time in her life.

"She adapts herself ta everything," went an her friend. "Whatever yau want ta da, she wants to da.

"Whenever the studia wants samething done, they call upan her. And she obliges by doing everything from laying a carnerstone ta presiding at the apening of a market.

"She is always anxious to learn—anxious far criticism."

These gaad words were in reference ta a tall, lithe, handsome young waman from Birmingham, Alabama. A farmer Southern belle with a sparkling smile and dark, deep, humarous eyes. A Bachelor of Arts who studied to be a lawyer. An ex-panther girl who entered the contest mainly because the prize was a plane ride to Los Angeles—and she laves ta fly. A featured actress with persanality and many interesting possibilities. In ather wards: Gail Patrick, wha has become the theme af frequent conversatians since her vivid partrayal in "My Man Godfrey" made the picture hers as much as Carale Lambard's ar William Pawell's.

Althaugh ane's instinct is ta discount the recammendations af a friend as being averfand and favarable, an introductian ta the Patrick girl soon changes that idea.

She came farward, a warm, gracious person, wrapped in sleek, silky black caracul and wearing a pill box hat af grasgrain in the same calar, jauntily slanted aver ane eye. Far fram being ane af the bird-in-a-gilded-cage type af mavie ladies, she is truly natural, lively and aware. After clasping my hand in a firm, hearty grasp, she stooped ta pick up the glaves that drapped ta the flaar when I arase to greet her.

Gail Patrick has ane af the laveliest of vaices; rich, mellaw, vibrant, it lingers in the memory. Her hair is dark brawn, her ankles are slim and her feet lang and narrow. Altagether, she presents an arresting ensemble which does nat overawe but, rather, invites claser acquaintance.

She had been traveling in the interests af Adalph Zukor's Silver Jubilee. Thaugh the territary in her gaad-will taur included anly the Sauthern States, she had made the trip ta New York as a favor to friends. The Maharajah and the Maharanee of Indore, no less.

Wealthy Indian rulers though they were, with all the royal trappings an income of $70,000,000 a year can bestow, Gail, upan meeting them in Hallywaad, had treated the twa in just the way they wished ta be

treated. Merely as a normal young man and his wife who were on a trip around the world.

Inasmuch as the three-year-old daughter of the couple was expected on an incoming liner and the Maharajah, being ill, was unable to make the cross-country trip, Gail had been delegated to meet the child and be a responsible companion for the twenty-year-old mother.

Thus, for the sake of all concerned, she had traveled ten thousand miles in eight days. Quite an achievement! And apt to make most of us a little tired and irritable. Particularly, since, in making connections along her Southern route, Gail had not only to dash around like mad but also miss meals when she was hungry. However, her disposition was apparently not affected.

Nor is she a frail flower who rates her beauty sleep of first importance. For, after flying all night, she and her friend arrived in New York at five thirty o'clock of a bleak winter morning. And instead of tumbling into bed, they at once began their sightseeing. After all, it seemed, they had made a list of places they must visit and down or thereabouts was as good a time as any to start.

So the two girls were driven around Central Park in a taxi; gasped at the grandeur that was Radio City in the early-morning light; rode down to Wall Street in the subway, saw the Stock Exchange; visited Trinity Church; even went to the automat.

And having got that much off their chests, ran to an airport to meet the later arriving Maharanee. However, there was Brooklyn Bridge, the Empire State Building and the new Triboro Bridge still to be covered. All of which came under the heading of business that had to be finished.

'We are like the typical American tourists,' smilingly announced Gail. "The only thing we lack is a trailer."

She relaxed in a swivel chair and confided: "A trip like this can either make you feel awfully cocky or depress you. As a matter of fact, I was very depressed in Jacksonville, Florida. The way the people down there adore one just because you happen to be a movie actress! They acted as if I were a star," she spoke in wonder, adding in quick self-depreciation, "and all the while I was embarrassed because I know I haven't made a success; nor done anything to be particularly proud of."

This unpretentious lass thought that she had surely left homage far behind her when she came to the Big Town. But she doesn't know her fans. Invited to the French Casino for dinner, a little cigarette girl paused, stared at her for a long minute, and queried: "Aren't you Carole Lombard's sister?"

Surprised that she should be recognized at all, Gail shook her head and explained that the relationship had existed only in the picture.

"Well, you should wear dark glasses," the other advised, "because all the Hollywood actresses who come to New York wear dark glasses so that they won't be recognized."

Slightly pink-faced, Miss Patrick apologized: "I didn't think I had a public in New York."

There is a reason for that recurrent twinkle in this girl's eye. She can tell a joke on herself.

"The other evening I was invited to El Morocco," she related. "I went dressed up in all my finery. And I was very much impressed when the waiter bowed us to a ringside table. I thought, 'Hm-m-m' "—she raised her eyebrows in demonstration—" 'my escort must be very important.' It never occurred to me that it might be on my account. However, I began to feel pretty big when photographers came up and asked me to pose this way and that. After I'd been smiling from ear to ear, one of the cameramen said, 'Now come on, Miss Drake, let's have that million-dollar smile again.' "

She must have told that story in unconscious defense of her refusal to accept any commendation for her work. When some was offered she turned it down and with quick honesty pointed out:

"I'm not satisfied with the progress I've made at all. I don't think I've made any progress—and I grow very impatient about it. There can only be a turning point when one has reached a place in one's career where you really feel that you have accomplished something. I haven't reached that as yet."

As to what such an accomplishment would be, Miss Patrick revealed that she would like to do the type of rôles formerly played by Kay Francis.

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No sooner was this interview written than Miss Patrick obliged Robert Cobb, manager of Hollywood's Brown Derby, by marrying him with an obliging smile.



Photo by Acme



Photo by Wide World

Sonja Henie is the sports reporters' dream girl just as she is the star who is making loads of money for 20th Century-Fox just now.

Kitty Carlisle, who blossoms amazingly in "White Horse Inn" on the stage, will return to pictures when the Tyrolean extravaganza is filmed.



# THEY SAY IN NEW

## HOLLYWOOD RATES THANKS FOR ITS GIFTS TO THE STAGE, BUT SHOULDN'T TAKE OUR RADIO COMEDIANS AWAY.

BY KAREN HOLLIS

MUTTERINGS af discantent hove been seething amang audiences at radia braadcasts here. Hallywood is taking all aur free shows away, just because they need the comedians to brighten their pictures.

Burns and Allen brought their amiable lunacies ta aur local broadcasting studias for anly o few weeks before they strayed to Hollywaad and Paramount. Fred Allen is packing up his troupe ta jain 20th Century-Fax far "Solly, Irene, and Mary." Ozzie Nelsan's orchestra has relinquished Harriet Hilliord, who skipped aff ta Hollywaad to appear in "Stepping Toes" for RKO. And Milton Berle, newly elected king af night life by ane newspaper calumnist, gaes ta jain RKO in o revue type af picture called "New Faces."

It's an autrage! New York lods an just-out-of-college earnings con give o girl quite a whirl af entertainment when tickets ta these braadcasts are ta be had for nothing. But Hollywood taak them away. And what did we get in return? Our stage gat Morgo, Marguerite Churchill, Brian Aherne, Kitty Carlisle, Frank Albertsan, Walter Huston, Pauline Frederick, Katharine Hepburn. But—at $4.40 a ticket!

**Not New, Just Grown-up.**—Smiling, wavy-haired, trigger-witted Milton Berle, whose radio program has been on autstanding success—it comes late enough on Sunday night so that even motion-picture exhibitors can get home to hear it—is really a screen veteran. At the ripe age of six he appeared in Pearl White serials.



Photo by Fryer

# YORK—

Fernand Gravet, veteran of twenty-six pictures in Europe, has made his first in Hollywood, "The King and the Chorus Girl."

Luise Rainer and her playwright husband, Clifford Odets, are prepared for a descent of visiting friends from Broadway.

Margo's stage and screen future is all settled between the Theater Guild and Samuel Goldwyn.

**Let the Studios Try to Top This One.**—Elsa Maxwell, whose life work seems to be thinking up parties for the international social set, gave a barnyard party in a ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, and in the midst of all the oidos and screaming Kay Francis managed to distinguish herself. She called the square dances in a hearty manner that even Bob Burns—had he been there—might have been proud of.

Some of the dowagers were pretty coy trying to establish that square dances were before their time or outside the interests of their set, but Constance Bennett—looking like a French designer's dream of a pastel milkmaid—stepped right up, bowed, and swung and sashayed with the best of them, including the hog-calling champion of Ohio who was sought for the occasion.

Kay wore an Alpine peasant dress, somewhat startlingly garlanded with a necklace of carved emeralds and diamonds. Ethel Merman was hilarious as a Keystone cop with pink chin whiskers, her one regret being that there were no custard pies to throw. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks managed to look sleek and urbane in truly rural dress, and the Fredric Marches might have stepped right out of a county fair poster.

All was merriment, except for those sensitive souls who are belligerent advocates of the S. P. C. A. Real, live pigs, terrified by the bright lights and slippery floor, skidded around helplessly. And Constance Bennett, suddenly ashen pale, vanished.

**Aimed at Your Hearts.**—The new matinée idol, or at least the young man Warners hope will become your undisputed favorite, is Fernand Gravet, who hustled through New York recently on his way to Paris from Hollywood. He had just finished "The King and the Chorus Girl" under Mervyn Le Roy's direction, and his main concern was to get back home and renew his accent. Without it, he fears he would be just one more actor in Hollywood. And young Fernand, whose profile is so like the Duke of Windsor's, is accustomed to being the actor wherever he is.

Veteran of twenty-six pictures made on the Continent, he is a great European favorite. Somewhat calm and reserved in manner, he speaks with Gallic swiftness a patter made up of all the current bywords. He loves this, adores that. He is fascinated by American motion pictures. Hollywood, he thinks, is wonderful. So wonderful that he could hardly wait to get back to Paris.

**Once a Guest, Forever a Hostess.**—When Luise Rainer married Clifford Odets she succeeded in shutting the world outside, just as she had hoped. Only two close friends were present. But hardly were they married, when his old pals, members of the Group Theater in New York, entrained for Hollywood en masse. A few of them had been promised jobs; others went out on speculation. Miss Rainer had called on them at their rehearsal farm at Nichols, Connecticut, last summer. They were grimly intent on returning the visit.

**The Hero Behind the Camera.**—Many a reporter who looks on players as people to be met in line of duty, cheers when hearing that George Cukor, the director, is in town. He'll argue with you, disagree with you, hoot at you. On his last trip, he took the trouble to lug along a large painting of "Juliet's" tomb, done by an eminent Italian artist, from which the MGM set was copied. That was the answer to reviewers who said that the set looked like mail-order catalogue modernistic.

We have his hearty assurance that the search for a leading woman for "Gone with the Wind" from among the ranks of unknowns is genuine. He wants to find a girl for the part who is not now on the screen. There has been widespread suspicion that talk of giving the rôle to a newcomer was just a bid for publicity, that in the end it would be given to some star.

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# THE Man Behind THE MAKE-UP



EVERY TRUE FAN KNOWS, OF COURSE, THAT BORIS KARLOFF ISN'T A MONSTER IN REAL LIFE, AND THAT HE IS A MASTER OF DISGUISE. BUT HERE IS INTIMATE INSIGHT INTO HIS INNER SELF—NEW, UNUSUAL, FRIENDLY.

HE'S an Indian prince. He's an exiled member of the Russian royal family! He's an aperative of Scotland Yard. Without his dread make-up, he's handsome and dashing. He's deformed and gruesque. He's pale and emaciated. He's really horrifically mysterious.

These were only some of the legends floating around about Boris Karloff after his rise to stardom in "Frankenstein." I could laugh at them, because I had known the man intimately for years; in fact, I lived with him for a few months when times were somewhat lean for him—and leaner for me.

His studio apparently thought that it would be good publicity to enshroud the man himself in mystery-cum-secrecy.

Mr. Karloff lives very much like a modest English country squire in a quiet, well-ordered home. He likes his dogs, birds and roses.

The three pictures he recently made in England are not horror films as we know them. Such stories are barred in Great Britain. So you will see Karloff practically as he is in real life.

"I'm utterly content with life," says Boris, thereby setting a precedent in Hollywood.

All photos by Dallinger





# BY DICK PINE

They ignored his first name and billed him simply as Karloff. He was not allowed to see an interviewer except in make-up, and was never photographed except in character. His progress from dressing room to sound stage was guarded with gauze, masks, and screens, lest somebody might penetrate the secrets of those frightening faces. He rarely appeared in public, and his address and telephone number were deep secrets.

This couldn't last forever, of course, and to-day Boris is permitted to lead a normal life, play cricket, feed his ducks, play with his dogs, and exhibit to the outside world the face that God gave him. And, when all's said and done, it isn't such a bad face at that!

Boris was one of my first intimates after I landed in Hollywood fresh from England. He was playing a most villainous heavy in a "quickie." He was busy being horsewhipped by Evelyn Brent.

He had been fifteen years away from home, and was homesick. We would go to the coffee stand, and Boris would drink gallons of poisonous black coffee, and would ask me if the Pall Mall restaurant on Haymarket was still serving such excellent food, and if Regent Street still ran into Piccadilly Circus.

His few intimates in those early days knew that Boris was a good actor. Directors would say: "Boris Karloff? Oh, yes. Fine actor. Nice fellow." But that was all. Nothing was done about it.

The few parts that came his way were mostly bits in horse operas and the like, but this notwithstanding, I never heard one bitter word from him in regard to his lot. He took every bit that came his way, and was thankful for what he could get.

I used to go, during the motion-picture industry's annual summer slump, and watch him being dramatic under a green spotlight in one of Dostoevski's morbid ditties, or something equally turgid. Sometimes he was paid for it, meagerly; more often he was not. There would be a number of his friends in the audience, on passes, and pathetically often we would make up the majority of the house. As I say, we always knew when he was good, and would go away protesting that if Boris could only get a break —— Well, he got it at long last.

He was always inordinately interested in make-up. I recall his putting walnut shells into his nostrils to make them spread for the rôle of a native in "Tarzan of the Golden

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# THUMBNAIL



"The Good Earth."



"Fire Over England."

"The Good Earth."—MGM. One of the great achievements of the screen is this flawless adaptation of a wonderful book. Nothing even faintly like it has been seen before. The subject is new, the production astonishing and the acting is grand. It is a long picture and often moves slowly, but there are episodes of excitement so intense that they are almost unbearable. One cannot doubt that two years of preparation preceded actual filming. While the story deals with Chinese peasants who wrest a meager living from the soil, it is a profound study of man and civilization everywhere. The film stirs not alone because it acquaints us with unfamiliar viewpoints and customs, doing more to bring Chinese character and psychology close to us than anything hitherto written or screened, but because it reveals human nature with truth and compassion. We see *Wang Lung*, tiller of the soil, marrying *O-Lan*, kitchen slave in a great house, that she may bear him sons to help maintain his land. Patient, plodding, doing a man's work in the fields, she fulfills her destiny. Famine descends upon the farm and the children are fed dirt until a better day comes. *O-Lan* causes prosperity to return, the land yields rich harvest and *Wang Lung* is wealthy. Softened, demoralized, he falls into evil ways until brought to his senses by disaster—a plague of destroying locusts. His fight to prevent destruction of his crops is the climaxing marvel of the picture, the horde of locusts the most horrible villains the screen has ever portrayed. Paul Muni is superb as *Wang Lung*, Luise Rainer moving beyond words as stiff, stupid *O-Lan*, her exquisite expressiveness disguised by disfiguring make-up but the soul of a great actress shining in breath-taking beauty.

"You Only Live Once."—United Artists. The terror of stark realism is here, plus adroitly arranged suspense. The result is a disturbing, depressing picture finely directed by Fritz Lang, who made much of "Fury," and splendidly acted by Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney. It is a burning indictment of our criminal code, or rather our refusal to permit an ex-convict to become a law-abiding citizen. At the same time it does not glorify the jailbird nor does it plead for him. It simply states facts, shocking by the simplicity of their exposition, depressing by man's injustice to man. We are asked to contemplate the hopelessness of a young fellow on his release from prison. Finding a girl who is willing to marry him in spite of his record, their honeymoon is cut short when the proprietor of a country hotel recognizes his picture in a detective magazine. Then begins the struggle to find a job and hold on to it until his record causes him to be arrested for a crime he did not commit and he is sentenced to die. Finally, he shoots down a priest who tries to convince him that he has been pardoned. In a wild attempt to elude pursuit, he and his wife are killed after she has given birth to a baby. All this makes for more than a run-of-the-mill crook melodrama. It has depth and compassion, tensity and horror.

"Fire Over England."—Magnificently eye-filling describes this British picture directed by one of Hollywood's aces, William K. Howard. It dazzles the eye, stimulates the mind and imagination with its intelligence, but lacks that emotional appeal necessary to make a great picture of a serious subject superbly produced. I might qualify this and say that it has moments of glowing intensity and excitement, but they are quenched by periods when one does not quite know what is happening: when the story and its motives subside and are obscured. The picture is more than a spectacle, though. It is rich in character studies and the authentic pomp of royal courts. Chiefly

"You Only Live Once."



"The Plough and the Stars."



# REVIEWS

Norbert LUSK



"Stolen Holiday."



"Three Smart Girls."

it concerns Queen Elizabeth, Philip of Spain and the defeat of the Armada, with the likable figure of a brave English youth serving his sovereign and winning her lady-in-waiting. All this makes a literary, scholarly picture, the artistic panorama of a colorful period. First acting honors go to Flora Robson who brings to life an *Elizabeth* imperious but human, a queen who admits remorse for the death of *Mary of Scotland,* instead of the monster usually described. The entire cast is representative of the finest talent in England.

"The Plough and the Stars."—RKO. If you are still interested in the Irish uprising in 1916, or are hopeful of another "Informer," then you should see this. But if you are tired of the subject and consider everything said, as I do, this will strike you as unnecessary and perhaps boring. Of course it is splendidly acted, especially by members of the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin. Their ability to depict the strange Irish character is equaled by no one in Hollywood for they have done nothing else all their professional lives. However, they are incidental here to Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck, the latter screaming and agonizing without ever seeming to belong to the scene or the authentic portrayals of the Dubliners. Mr. Foster is excellent, however, even going so far as to alter his speech, something Miss Stanwyck fails to do. They are concerned in that phase of fighting in Ireland known as the Easter Week Rebellion in which the Republican volunteers captured the post office from British officials. The most interesting characters are the noncombatants, the most illuminating acting coming from them, too.

"Stolen Holiday."—Warners. Kay Francis lends her presence, which means her charm and style, to a curiously unreal, synthetic picture. It does not draw on her ability to do anything but wear clothes. As there are plenty of these, there can be no complaint on that score. But Miss Francis will get nowhere as an actress in pictures such as this. It happens in Paris and Miss Francis listens to an odd proposal from Claude Rains, who describes himself as a financier. If she will pose as Mr. Rains's hostess at his parties he will set her up as head of lavish dress shops in Paris, London, and New York. Miss Francis does and they both profit enormously. Then she falls in love with Ian Hunter, but there can be no happiness for her because of her obligation to Mr. Rains. Tricked into a marriage with him, she discovers that he is a master crook. Never fear, everything comes out right in the end. Mr. Rains's performance is extraordinary. He suggests evil and perversity as no other actor can. Alison Skipworth contributes a realistic note, too, but neither escapes the artificiality of the picture as a whole.

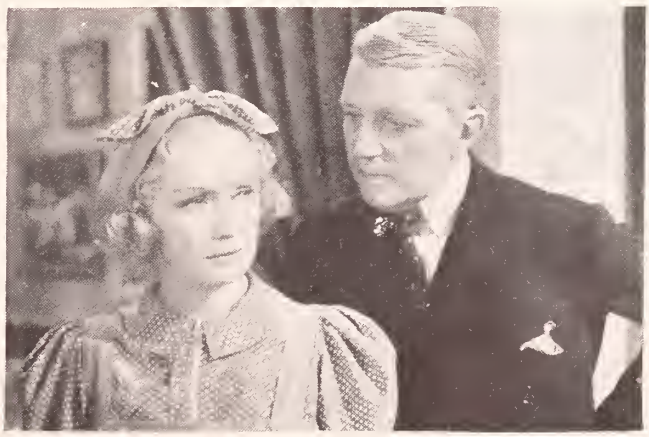
"The Black Legion."—Warners. Better than that critics' favorite, "Fury," is this grim, terrifying study of organized mob violence. Not a pretty picture, it is ruthless in depicting the brutal tyranny of the lawless when dealing with the individual—and the helplessness of the latter. Obviously inspired by the exposure of floggings and killings by a secret society in Michigan, it has more than local significance. It enlightens the general public and warns those who may incline toward organizations similar to that pictured on the screen. Their propaganda is insidious, their hold on members relentless, their dictates fiendishly destructive. Here we have a factory mechanic who, failing to be appointed foreman, is embittered. He listens to the propagandist of the hooded legion who points out that foreigners are taking jobs away from

*Continued on page 96*

"The Black Legion."



"Men Are Not Gods."



**"THE GOOD EARTH"** MGM. Based upon the novel by Pearl S. Buck. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Tess Slesinger, and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin.

CAST:

Wang ..... Paul Muni
O-Lan ..... Luise Rainer
Uncle ..... Walter Connolly
Lotus ..... Tilly Losch
Old father ..... Charley Grapewin
Cuckoo ..... Jessie Ralph
Aunt ..... Soo Yong
Elder son ..... Keye Luke
Younger son ..... Roland Lui
Little foot ..... Suzanna Kim
Ching ..... Chingwah Lee
Cousin ..... Harold Huber
Liu, grain merchant ..... Olaf Hytten
Gateman ..... William Law
Little bride ..... Mary Wong

**"FIRE OVER ENGLAND"**—United Artists. Based on the novel by A. E. W. Mason. Screen play by Clemence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov. Directed by William K. Howard.

CAST:

Queen Elizabeth ..... Flora Robson
Michael Ingolby ..... Laurence Olivier
Cynthia ..... Vivien Leigh
Earl of Leicester ..... Leslie Banks
Philip of Spain ..... Raymond Massey
Elena ..... Tamara Desni
Burleigh ..... Morton Selten
Spanish Ambassador ..... Henry Oscar
French Ambassador ..... Lawrence Hanray
Cooper ..... Roy Russell
Amberley ..... Howard Douglas
Illingworth ..... Cecil Mainwaring
Tarleton ..... Francis de Woolfe
Maddison ..... Graham Cheswright
Gregory ..... George Thirlwell
Hatton ..... A. Corney Grain
Richard Ingolby ..... Herbert Lomas
Don Pedro ..... Bobby Newton
Don Escobal ..... Donald Calthrop
Admiral Valdez ..... Charles Carson
Sir Richard ..... Lyn Harding
Don Miquel ..... Robert Rendell

**"YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE"**—United Artists. Original story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Fritz Lang.

CAST:

Joan Graham ..... Sylvia Sidney
Eddie Taylor ..... Henry Fonda
Stephen Whitney ..... Barton MacLane
Bonnie Graham ..... Jean Dixon
Father Dolan ..... William Gargan
"Muggsy" ..... Warren Hymer
Ethan ..... Charles "Chic" Sale
Hester ..... Margaret Hamilton
Rogers ..... Guinn Williams
Doctor Hill ..... Jerome Cowan
Warden ..... John Wray
District attorney ..... Jonathan Hale
Guard ..... Ward Bond
Policeman ..... Wade Boteler
Kozderonas ..... Henry Taylor
Girl stenographer ..... Jean Stoddard
Messenger ..... Ben Hall

**"THE BLACK LEGION"**—Warners. Screen play by Abem Finkel and William Wister Haines. Based on an original story by Robert Lord. Directed by Archie Mayo.

CAST:

Frank Taylor ..... Humphrey Bogart
Ruth Taylor ..... Erin O'Brien-Moore
Pearl Davis ..... Helen Flint
Mike Grogan ..... Clifford Soubier
Billings ..... Paul Harvey
Judge ..... Samuel Hinds
Metcalf ..... Eddie Acuff
Tommy Smith ..... John Litel
Osgood ..... Charles Halton
Charlie ..... Francis Sayles
Jones ..... Harry Hayden
Ed Jackson ..... Dick Foran
Betty Grogan ..... Ann Sheridan
Cliff Moore ..... Joseph Sawyer
Alf Hargrave ..... Alonzo Price
Buddy Taylor ..... Dickie Jones
Prosecuting attorney ..... Addison Richards
Mrs. Grogan ..... Dorothy Vaughan
Joe Dombrowski ..... Henry Brandon
Nick Strumpas ..... Pat C. Flick
Barham ..... Paul Stanton
Old man Dombrowski ..... Egon Brecher

**"THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS"** RKO. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. From the play by Sean O'Casey. Directed by John Ford.

CAST:

Nora Clitheroe ..... Barbara Stanwyck
Jack Clitheroe ..... Preston Foster
Fluther ..... Barry Fitzgerald
The "covey" ..... Denis O'Dea
Bessie Burgess ..... Eileen Crowe
Brennan ..... F. J. McCormick
Mrs. Gogan ..... Una O'Connor
Irish leaders ..... Arthur Shields, Moroni Olsen
Uncle Peter ..... J. M. Kerrigan
Mollser ..... Bonita Granville
Rosie ..... Erin O'Brien-Moore
Langon ..... Neil Fitzgerald
Barman ..... Robert Homans
Sergeant Tinley ..... Brandon Hurst
Corporal Stoddard ..... Cyril McLaglen
Sniper ..... Wesley Barry
Priest ..... D'Arcy Corrigan
Women at barricades ..... Mary Gordon, Doris Lloyd

**"THREE SMART GIRLS"**—Universal. Screen play by Adele Comandini and Austin Parker. Directed by Henry Koster.

CAST:

"Penny" ..... Deanna Durbin
Donna Lyons ..... Binnie Barnes
Mrs. Lyons ..... Alice Brady
Lord Michael Stuart ..... Ray Milland
Judson Craig ..... Charles Winninger
Count Arisztid ..... Mischa Auer
Joan ..... Nan Grey
Kay ..... Barbara Read
Binns ..... Ernest Cossart
Wilbur Lamb ..... Hobart Cavanaugh
Bill Evans ..... John King
Trudel ..... Lucille Watson
Dorothy Craig ..... Nella Walker

**"STOLEN HOLIDAY"**—Warners. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Original story by Warren Duff and Virginia Kellogg. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

CAST:

Nicole Picot ..... Kay Francis
Stefan Orloff ..... Claude Rains
Anthony Wayne ..... Ian Hunter
Suzanne ..... Alison Skipworth
Anatole ..... Alexander d'Arcy
Helen Tuttle ..... Betty Lawford
Francis Chalon ..... Walter Kingsford
LeGrande ..... Charles Halton
Ranier ..... Frank Reicher
Dupont ..... Frank Conroy
Deputy Bergery ..... Egon Brecher
Prefect of police ..... Robert Strange
Mademoiselle Delphine ..... Kathleen Howard
M. Borel ..... Wedgewood Nowell

**"MEN ARE NOT GODS"**—United Artists. Directed by Walter Reisch from his own story.

CAST:

Ann Williams ..... Miriam Hopkins
Barbara ..... Gertrude Lawrence
Edmund Davey ..... Sebastian Shaw
Tommy ..... Rex Harrison
Skeates ..... A. E. Mathews
The producer ..... Val Gielgud
Katherine ..... Laura Smithson
Stanley ..... Laurence Grossmith
Painter ..... Sybil Grove
Mrs. Williams ..... Winifred Willard
Gallery attendant ..... Wally Patch
Porter ..... James Harcourt
Piano player ..... Rosamund Greenwood
Cashier ..... Noel Hewlett
Kitty ..... Paddy Morgan
Iago ..... Nicholas Nadejin
Cassio ..... Michael Hogarth

**"CRIMINAL LAWYER"**—RKO. Screen story by G. V. Atwater and Thomas Lennon. Adapted from a story by Lonis Stevens. Directed by Christy Cabanne.

CAST:

Brandon ..... Lee Tracy
Madge Carter ..... Margot Grahame
Larkin ..... Edmundo Ciannelli
Bandino ..... Erik Rhodes
Molly Walker ..... Betty Lawford
William Walker ..... Frank M. Thomas
Brandon's assistant ..... Wilfred Lucas
District Attorney Hopkins ..... William Stack

**"THE HOLY TERROR"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed by James Tinling.

CAST:

"Corky" Wallace ..... Jane Withers
Danny Walker ..... Tony Martin
Marjorie Dean ..... Leah Ray
Lil ..... Joan Davis
Axel Svenson ..... El Brendel
Pelican Beck ..... Joe Lewis
Lieutenant Wallace ..... John Eldredge
Maria Blair ..... Gloria Roy
Commander Otis ..... Andrew Tombes
Redman ..... Gavin Muir
Carson ..... Fred Kohler, Jr.
Flandro ..... Victor Adams
Honorable D. H. Phelps ..... Raymond Brown

**"GREAT GUY"**—Grand National. Screen play by Henry McCarthy and Henry Johnson. Based on the "Johnny Cave Stories," by James Edward Grant. Directed by John G. Blystone.

CAST:

Johnny Cave ..... James Cagney
Janet Henry ..... Mae Clarke
Pat Haley ..... James Burke
Pete Reilly ..... Edward Brophy
Canning ..... Henry Kolker
Hazel ..... Bernadene Hayes
Cavanaugh ..... Robert Gleckler
Burton ..... Joe Sawyer
Tim ..... Matty Fain
Al ..... Edward Gargan
Mrs. Ogilvie ..... Mary Gordon
Joel Green ..... Wallace Clark
Mayor ..... Douglas Wood
Hanlon ..... Edward McNamara

**"GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN"**—Warners. Screen story by Norman Reilly Raine. Based on the James Oliver Curwood novel. Directed by William Keighley.

CAST:

Steve Russell ..... George Brent
Jo Barton ..... Beverly Roberts
"Bullhead" ..... Barton MacLane
Jefferson Russell ..... Robert Barrat
Bjorn Skalka ..... Alan Hale
"Red" Munro ..... Joseph King
Ole Oleson ..... El Brendel
Jordan ..... Joseph Crehan
Gaskett ..... Addison Richards
"Gander" Hopkins ..... Roscoe Ates
"Plug Hat" ..... Billy Bevan
"Kewpie" ..... Bert Roach
"Turpentine" ..... Vic Potel

**"HIDEAWAY GIRL"**—Paramount. Screen play by Joseph Moncure March. From a story by David Garth. Directed by George Archainbaud.

CAST:

Helen ..... Martha Raye
Toni ..... Shirley Ross
Mike ..... Robert Cummings
Count de Montaigne ..... Monroe Owsley
Tom ..... Louis DaPron
Muriel ..... William Francis
Colette ..... Elizabeth Russell
Freddie ..... Ray Walker
"Bugs" ..... Ed Brophy
Captain Dixon ..... Robert Middlemass

**"ON THE AVENUE"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Gene Markey and William Conselman. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

CAST:

Gary Blake ..... Dick Powell
Mimi Caraway ..... Madeleine Carroll
Mona Merrick ..... Alice Faye
Ritz Brothers ..... Themselves
Commodore Caraway ..... George Barbier
Frederick Sims ..... Alan Mowbray
Aunt Fritz ..... Cora Witherspoon
Jake Dibble ..... Walter Catlett
Eddie Eads ..... Douglas Fowley
Herman ..... Stepin Fetchit
Miss Katz ..... Joan Davis
Joe Cherry ..... Paul Gerrits
Herr Hanfstangel ..... Sig Rumann
Joe Papaloupas ..... Billy Gilbert
Mr. Trivet ..... Douglas Wood
Harry Morris ..... Paul Irving
Luigi ..... Ricardo Mandia
Stage manager ..... John Sheehan
Cabby ..... E. E. Clive
Kelly ..... Harry Stubbs
Potts ..... Edward Cooper

*Continued from page 39*

With the closing of "Illegal Practice" ill fortune seemed to snow Don under. The theater was in the doldrums. His father's little fortune had vanished. Don returned to Madison, bent upon helping out. He worked in an automobile factory. He toiled in a mattress manufactury. He even wore huge callouses on his honds working with a road construction gang. Bitterness engulfed him. He had failed. Perhaps, he felt, it was a judgment. Perhaps his mother was right; maybe he belonged to the church to which she hod pledged him as a child. He was about to enter a religious order when, one night, the telephone rang.

It was Bernadine Flynn, calling from Chicago. Would Don come to the city and try out for a new radio series? Would he! He scraoed together the tare—ond three days later was in the cast of "The Empire Builders." He brought the voice that had won him out of schoolboy scrapes to radio—and radio loved it! More and better parts followed. And Honore was visiting in Chicago.

She hod graduated from a course in nursing, and landed a job in a hospital there. When she returned home for a vocotion he followed her ond proposed. It had token him six years —but they were married in five days!

Don's radio success is history. He climbed rapidly to the top. He sent his younger brothers and sisters to school, provided a home in Chicago for his parents. But the restlessness thot alwoys had consumed him beset him once more.

Even the advent of little Ronnie didn't calm the surging flame. He gloried, though, in parenthood. He wants to have an even dozen children, ond Honore shares the wish. Don, Jr., came after Ronnie—but Don, Sr., and Honore look forward eagerly to the remaining ten of their quoto.

Then came o movie test. There wos jubilation. Honore wos opprehensive, but to Don it meant going ploces ond seeing things. Joyfully he entrained for glamorous Hollywood, of which he'd heard so much, but never seen. The return trip was doleful. He hadn't made the grode.

Back to rodio—and restlessness. It wos thot restlessness to which he owes his present success. If he hadn't been restless, unsotisfied, he would have refused to make the second movie test. That come a year loter. A screen executive, in Chicago, met Don at a porty, and urged him to come to New York for a screen test.

Don's impulse was to refuse. He'd gone to Hollywood—and come back. Thot had wounded his vanity. But New York wasn't Hollywood. Whot if the new test did flop, too? It was something to do, wasn't it? He went —and the rest is not too oncient history.



Dorothy Lamour, former radio singer, plays the rôle of a Panama café singer in "Swing High, Swing Low," in which she lures Fred MacMurray away from Carole Lombard.

# The Man Behind the Make-up

Continued from page 59

Lion." He had a very sore nose, but was very pleased with himself, and looked sufficiently awful on the screen to win a small modicum of acclaim. This self-torture in the interests of his art was, I believe, his own idea.

We lived together for a time, after his divorce from the vividly interesting young woman to whom he had been married.

She was a dancer by profession, but by talent and inclination she should have been an important artist of design. Apart, they were two of the most charming people any one could wish to meet. Together, they were match and gunpowder. Their occasional meetings always ended in drama. Afterward, Boris would pace the floor, declaiming against all women and the institution of marriage.

I used to be convinced thot he felt the boards beneath his feet, and sensed the footlights and the audience beyond. Suddenly, his emotions satisfied, he would sit down, light his pipe, whistle for his dog, and relax for a session with his literary god, Conrad, as cool as a cucumber, where another man would have been a nervous wreck.

I thought at the time that if only I could succumb to good old dramatic outbursts of that sort, forget my British reserve, I might be able to achieve the customary unworried calm of a Karloff. I envied him. That, I used to think, is what it means to be an actor. To be able to dramatize your moods, act them out, and forget them as you forget last night's performance.

Whatever his secret, whatever the resources of strength or of the power to relax upon which he drew, they stood him in good stead in his fight with Hollywood. For it was a long, hard-fought battle of endurance. A battle of years. Perhaps that knack of blowing off and then forgetting it is the essence of his present success.

In the days of our early friendship I used to wonder about him a great deal. I did not know then that he was born Charles Pratt, of a British clergyman father, with numerous brothers in the civil service. All I saw was a tall man with very dark skin; straight, coarse, slightly graying hair; opaque, black eyes, with curiously tinted whites. And bearing a Russian name.

This last puzzled me most, for I could not see a vestige of Russian ancestry in him. His whole background, as he revealed it in conversation, was unmistokably British. He couldn't have been anything else. I believe his swarthiness can be traced to the thousands of gallons of strong black coffee that he has consumed!

The last time I saw him, we were drawn up before a blazing fire in his study. He had been to England; visited the spots for which he had longed; tasted triumph in his native land. With a Scottie restively dreaming at our feet, we talked of the old doys and the somewhat hectic struggle for existence we had known.

Opposite us sat the present Mrs. Karloff, a lady of sweet dignity and serenity, reading a story which had been suggested for Boris's next starring vehicle, and which she discussed later with a shrewd, critical sense of dramatic values. She afterward trounced me unmercifully at ping-pong.

"Wouldn't you like to do some other kind of rôles?" I asked him.

"Why should I? So long as there is a box office for so-called horror pictures, I'll gladly be the bogy man. These rôles of mine have provided me with peace and happiness; given me practically everything I have ever hoped for. I'm utterly content with life."

Horror pictures are barred in England, and they cast him in straight parts in the three pictures he made over there. We, who believed in him so strongly in the early days, and who never imagined for one moment that he would become Hollywood's ace frightener, will be very interested to see what they have done with him. The man is capable of sensitive, finished performances, without benefit of bizarre make-up. One of these days some one will recognize that fact. Perhaps it has been the British!

He lives very much like a modest English country squire. He has a miniature estate where he may putter with various rural pursuits; may entertain quietly and with dignity; may be his "own self." A Scotch and soda, a brace of dogs, a pipe, and a pile of phonograph records. Boris is content. There is your spine-chilling bogy man!

No temperament; no glitter; no practical jokes or other Hollywood didoes for Boris. I'm willing to bet that he'll never succumb to those things.



One of Picture Play's writers, Helen Pade, enjoys a pleasant chat with the up-and-coming Craig Reynolds on the set of "The Go-Getter."







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*Mrs. Arthur Richardson*

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# Bette Underrates Herself

Continued from page 41

for me, she said, but I couldn't think of a single thing I've lost by being a screen actress. I've heard a lot of people talk about giving up privacy, freedom, their right to a normal happy marriage, and all that. But I've found I still have all the privacy I need, as much freedom as is good for any one, I've been able to keep my sense of humor, a pretty good balance and perspective. And my marriage, after four years, is still a success. No, Hollywood has exacted none of the so-called penalties from me."

You may be wondering what all the foregoing—Bette's honesty and forthrightness—have to do with her being the screen's best actress. They have plenty to do with it. It is her inherent honesty that comes through on the screen. It makes her characterizations believable.

Although she has been a star for some time, it was not until "Of Human Bondage" and her succeeding pictures that she achieved real importance. Then every one wanted to know all about it. Critics wrote, "Overnight she has become the screen's most important actress."

"You read things like that," Bette mused, "but when you go back into people's beginnings you find they have spent years of training preparing for that overnight leap to fame. There is no such thing as 'a born actor.' There never yet has been a great pianist who played solely by ear, with stiff, uneasy fingers. An actor depends on projecting emotion by the very thing the pianist needs—technique. And the only way to acquire technique is by hard work and constant practice."

She has worked hard to acquire that technique. She started out at the Sargent School of Acting in New York, where her work was so outstanding she won a two-year scholarship. There followed four years on the professional stage during which time she appeared in New York in "Broken Dishes" and with Richard Bennett in "The Solid South." The balance of the time was spent either with touring companies or with stock companies. In Hollywood she took whatever parts were assigned her without a murmur until she had mastered the technique of the screen.

As a result of her clear-headedness, she never carries her screen characters into her private life. I commented on the difference between Bette in person and Bette on the screen.

"Thanks," she replied simply. "That's a compliment. I've found that most people who know me only on the screen and then meet me, expect to find me somewhat like my characterizations—especially the 'mean' ones.

"I'm afraid my screen characters are strictly artificial. I create them for the screen and try to leave them there. To carry them into private life is artistic suicide because becoming identified with an artificially created, private-life character sufficiently novel or eccentric to be attention-arresting would be to become typed. And for an actress with a desire to play a diversity of parts, being typed would be fatal."



It's all right, Lilli, we'll see that motorists keep their eyes on the road. Miss Palmer is appearing in "The Great Barrier," with Richard Arlen.

"Speaking of diversity," I interjected, "what kind of parts do you want to play?"

"Any kind where the girl has character," she rejoined promptly. "On the stage I toured a year with Blanche Yurka in 'The Wild Duck.' I played 'Hedvig,' which is God's gift to every ingénue. That's tops for young girls on the stage. In pictures, of course, there was 'Mildred' but I doubt that another part like that will ever be written. I can't hope for more parts like those two but as long as the girls are interesting I don't care what they are or what they're like. The only part I'm deathly afraid of is one where people might say, when they see the picture, 'She wasn't acting—she was playing herself.'"

"What kind of part would that be?" I asked.

"I can't imagine any one bothering to write such an uninteresting part," she grinned, "so my fears are probably groundless. When I think of myself at all it is as a person with a fair sense of humor, a fair amount of intelligence, no particular charm or glamour and rather colorless. You can see a person like that would have no place in a picture."

Bette underrates herself. She has a terrific sense of humor and one of the most electric personalities imaginable.

"Bette," I queried once, rather curiously, "what is there left for you to go on to? You're famous, you're making a lot of money, you've won the highest honor in your profession. You might win it again but it would only be a repetition. What are you looking forward to?"

Bette never batted an eyelash before replying: "Ambitions are like tires—I always carry a few spares. The chase is generally more interesting and more important than the goal. Fulfilled ambitions bring smugness, stagnation, and failure in the midst of success. It is only by continually seeking new accomplishments a person can keep mentally fit. That's why every one should have more than one aim in life. Then it's impossible to pat oneself on the back as being a complete success."

I've tried to show you Bette Davis as I see her. And when you see her that way—see the girl behind the screen—it isn't so hard to understand the qualities she brings to her work—the qualities that have earned her the title of "The best actress in Hollywood."

# FAVORITES OF THE FANS · CLARK GABLE

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





Photo by William Walling

# OLYMPE BRADNA



Photo by Gene Kornman

# SONJA HENIE

# GARY COOPER

Photo by William Walling





Photo by Manatt

# TOM BROWN



Photo by Ted Alle

# MADGE EVANS

# MARY CARLISLE

Photo by William Walling



# Designed for













• Jean Arthur offers some striking creations this month. Beginning on the left page, one is designed for grace, having a softly draped shoulder line and skirt.

• Next is a coat dress of heavy smooth-surfaced wool, trimmed with military braid.

• The beige-gray gown of slipper satin has crisscross shoulder straps of crystal and turquoise beads.

• The pajama ensemble is made of cloth of gold. The harem trousers are finely pleated.

• The formal gown, above, is of jet-black bugle beads.

• A fitted peplum jacket, trimmed with sable, accompanies the slipper satin gown which you see on the opposite page.

# MARGOT GRAHAME

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrac





Photo by Robert W. Coburn

# MERLE OBERON



Photo by Ted Allen

Photo by Elmer Fryer

# DONALD WOODS

# JEAN PARKER





Photo by William Wall

# LEIF ERIKSON

# JAMES ELLISON





# FRANCES LANGFORD

Photo by Ted Allen

forgets thot essentially it must be a genuine home. The one meal that's positively on schedule is breakfast, served at seven o. m. She insists upon sending Arthur off to Paramount, where he's o producer, with o well-balanced, hearty meal.

The tie that binds this couple is their accent on what's best described as the light touch. They are serious when it's necessary. Both decline to be oppressively earnest as a steady diet, though, and it is this diverting ottitude thot's mutually enchanting.

The struggle for stardom hos not only been professionally fruitful for Myrna, but along the woy she's attained the philosophy men connot resist. She occepts every situation with a nonchalont, let's-moke-the-most-of-it smile. If she ever feels like complaining, she stifles the impulse quickly.

She isn't fond of flying, but when Arthur wanted to fly to Mexico for their wedding she grociously acceded. Like all executives, he often has to remain downtown for extended business duties. Does she become the neglected soul? I should say not! She lets Arthur know she's sorry he can't get home for dinner and then briskly trots over to visit her mother and brother. Dello, her mother, is still a pol. And the problems of David, her twenty-four-yeor-old brother who is making o nome for himself ot a Los Angeles art school, ore of sincere concern to ner. The last time Dave fell out of love he dashed to her again for consoling od-vice.



Cecilia Parker's Empire coiffure was especially designed to accompany the new type gowns. The curls cover a maze of real rosebuds.

Since she has morried Myrno is a lot more sociable. Her husband has ob'-gotions to fulfill, and she desires to be all o wife should be.

Still, he, too, prefers excellent music ond reoding to the Trocadero. They hove a collection of fine records, ano they're avid bookworms—Myrna by choice, ond Arthur becouse he must be on the lookout for screen moterial. When Myrna is indulging in the newest batch of novels, she tokes on half-o-dozen ot once, skipping hither and yon with astonishing impartiality. "The only novel I've stuck to from beginning to end in ages is 'Gone With the Wind,'" she confesses candidly.

Their two faithful spaniels mean mo-e to her than jewelry.

Which is one simple but typico! reason why Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is maa obout Myrna Loy. He knows there isn't a trace of falseness in her. He says she's a beouty, but—thank Heoven—is not floored by the fact.


# to Clear up your Skin! Make yourself Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!




**S FREE FLEISCHMANN CARD FROM YOUR GROCER**

ecome a good dancer
.p of this exciting new
RTHUR MURRAY!
newest popular steps
lead . . . how to follow
Diagrams . . . photo-
ake every point clear.

nber—this book is NOT
LE. The way to get a
o save Fleischmann Yeast
s. Paste these on the
SCHMANN DANCE
you get from your grocer.

Send it in—the book is yours!

*If your grocer has no Dance Cards,* you can still get the book by sending the 81 labels in an envelope, or pasting them on a piece of paper. Be sure to enclose your name and address. Mail labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington St., New York City. (This offer good until August 31, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)




**"Eat it regularly,"** says Dr. R. E. Lee, famous physician, "and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help clear up **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

● After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25—important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is helpful in clearing up a pimply skin because it clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 *cakes every day*—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water.

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# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 45*

CLARK GABLE believes in preparedness. His new station wagon, for use on hunting trips, contains an artfully concealed bed, lots of room for provisions, and even a short-wave radio set for sending messages as well as receiving them. So he can get away from it all, Clark insists. But not too far away!

FRIENDS of Pat O'Brien notified him that they were going to Hollywood and would be at a certain apartment house after January 1st. On January 2nd Pat hied himself to greet them, walked into a comfortable and lavishly furnished reception hall where a lady was busy at the telephone. Pat waited politely until the lady finished her conversation and turned to him, inquiring, "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to speak to the manager or the reception clerk. Some friends have an apartment here."

The lady surveyed him with calm amusement. "There **is** no manager, nor is there a reception clerk," she informed him. "Moreover, there are no apartments. This is a private residence; it belongs to me and I am very busy. Will you please go away now?"

The crimson O'Brien, overflowing with apologies as well as with gratitude because she had not called the police, went away.

IT was Fred Keating who remarked, during the recent "unusual" electric storm: "You can't fool me. That's not lightning. It's a publicity stunt. Jean Harlow is flashing that star sapphire that Bill Powell gave her."

WE don't know whether or not this is a libel on Carole Lombard, but, s'help us, it happened. A blond young thing, carrying a Pekingese dog, encountered a friend in the Roosevelt Hotel lobby. "My gosh! What have you done to him?" shrieked the friend. "Red nail polish on its toes and—and is that rouge on its nose?"

The blonde tilted her chin. "And why not?" she inquired belligerently. "Carole Lombard does it to her Pekingese, Push-face, and that dog gets its pictures in all the papers!"

WE were disturbed over the sad plight of Dolores del Rio's press agents when, after arranging for her to indorse a nationally advertised dentifrice, they discovered that never, in her professional life, had Dolores had a photograph taken smiling! Not a tooth in a car load of Del Rio pictures. A deal of high-powered and expensive persuasion was required before the Mexican beauty consented to unveil her pearly teeth for the gentleman who told her to watch for the birdie. The reasons for this reticence are beyond us. Dolores has nice teeth.

PRODUCERS certainly are having their troubles, despite the encouraging reports from the box office for the past year. As if it weren't bad enough for a round two dozen of Hollywood's most promising young actors to be laid low with influenza, the industry lost one of its oldest and most trusted troupers. Jenny, the four-ton elephant you have seen in practically every animal picture which has been released in the past twenty-two years, succumbed to pneumonia the other day. Jenny was a distinct loss.

And that's not all. Five trained lions, whose faces and roars are familiar to every picture-goer, found themselves strike-bound in Honolulu for several weeks. As this is written, production is being delayed on several pictures until the lions can be rescued. The crew of the Chino Clipper declined regretfully, but politely, to transport these important actors across the intervening stretch of Pacific Ocean.

YOU'D be scared to death if you were calling on Irene Dunne and someone tried to reach you by telephone. There you'd be, sitting quietly, and a wall panel would swing out just back of your neck, or the arm of a chair would lift with a horrid sort of silence. Just as you shrieked, "Eeek!" and started to run, you would be informed that you were wanted on the phone, and there would be the phone, peering eerily out of whatever had opened. She has 'em hidden in statues and in bookshelves. Nine of them. We don't know what Irene does with such mundane objects as waffle irons and toothbrushes, but we'll bet it's something fancy and spooky.

MADGE EVANS is one player—probably the only one—who doesn't keep a scrapbook. "Who'd look at it but me?" she demanded. "I've never done anything worth remembering. If I ever got the Academy award, that would be something worth preserving. I don't even keep stills of the pictures I've been in."

Which is just another evidence of Madge's sane outlook on life.

YOU might try Robert Montgomery's sure-fire retort to angry speed cops. He was overtaken on Wilshire Boulevard the other day and again his three little words did the trick. "Where's the fire?" shouted the irate officer in the unoriginal manner the law likes. Bob smiled sweetly. "In your eye," he murmured. This modest witticism invariably results in no ticket.

A CERTAIN producer had given his staff a script to read and asked for opinions. Every one was wildly



**You enjoyed the incomparable Ritz Brothers in "One in a Million," and now they are cutting capers in "On the Avenue."**

enthusiastic about it except the producer. In the face of persistent urging from his assistants that he produce the picture, he lost patience. "All right," he exclaimed in exasperation, "I'll take it home to-night and read it again. I'll even read it with an open mind—but I warn you I don't like it!"

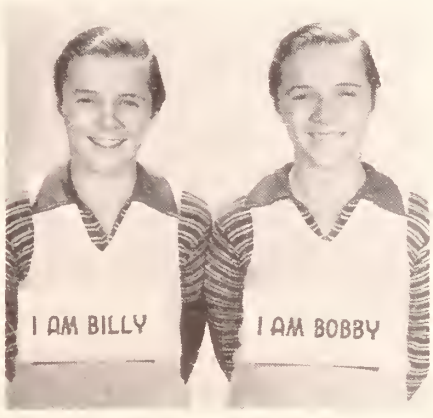
TWO years ago Ann Sathern spent all her maney an clothes, boasting the most varied and stylish wardrobe in the younger set. Now she brags about not buying a thing to wear; instead she purchases china. It all goes to show what love and a wedding ceremony will do.

JEAN HARLOW undoubtedly has a sense of humor for she can kid herself. When she heard the report that the scenes for her lastest epic were being acclaimed as superbly beautiful in the cutting room she exclaimed, "I photograph so well it looks as though some one stood in for me."

A HOLLYWOOD separation is the latest modern convenience. You fight and live opart, but you make no move for a divorce. Consequently, no one can romantically entangle you. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are sponsoring the new idea.

HERBERT MARSHALL'S new heartbeat is Lee Russell, an MGM player. The surprising part of it is that she looks enough like Gloria Swanson to be her younger sister.

THESE Hollywood escorts always do things up dashingly. Rochelle Hudson went out with Austin Porker, suave scenarist, on on unusually cold evening.




Billy and Bobby Mauch, the twelve-year-old twins in "The Prince and the Pauper," wear signs so every one will be able to distinguish them.

She complained about the weather. Next morning she was awakened by her mother demanding to know why a whole case of canned heat had just arrived.

ALL the time Claire Dodd was with Warners she snubbed the studio publicity boys and the fan writers. She said she didn't have to advertise herself. Now, however, Claire is free-lancing. And she has hired Hollywood's highest-priced personal press agent to remind the world that she is still among those present.

YOU have heard much of Dolores del Rio's ultra-modernistic hause, of her Parisian wardrobe and sophisticated ideas. The unpublicized fact is that she has a shrine of the Blessed Virgin built into her bedroom and keeps a candle constantly burning there.

PAUL MUNI continues to drive his three-year-old Ford himself. He has more cause to put on the ritz than any one in Hollywood, but he abstains from a fancy front. Novices who are assured that they must be "impressive" take note.




AFTER A DAY in the open—how does your skin feel when you start to freshen up for the evening?

All dry and "tight"—Your powder "catches"... looks splotchy ... uneven.

There's a quick answer to that. A *special* cream *melts* all that harsh surface roughness into supple smoothness. Does it in just one application.

**How melting softens . . .** A distingnished dermatologist explains:—"Exposure hastens the natural drying out of cells on the surface of the skin, causing the familiar dry and 'tight' feeling. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts off these dead cells—reveals the soft, young cells beneath. Then skin feels soft and smooth instantly."

That is why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so popular now with all active outdoor girls.

**For powder base**—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

**For overnight**—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

**For protection**—Before long hours out of doors, put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin won't rough up!



*Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland*

"After a long ride has made my skin feel dry and tight, Pond's Vanishing Cream makes it soft and smooth again."

**8-Piece Package** POND'S, Dept. 14VD, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name_____

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# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 51*

horse himself, but the news was cheering, because most of the racers owned in the cinema colony have been loping in at the finish line after most other horses had arrived there.

**Spaghetti à la Comique.**—You have not seen Mecca—or should it be Rome?—in Hollywood until you have attended one of Hugh Herbert's Sunday night spaghetti parties. Hugh himself is the chef, and prepares the spaghett' according to a recipe supplied by none other than Enrico Caruso, whom he knew personally when he was acting in the theater.

Convivial souls like Mary Boland, Dick Foran, Smith Ballew, and the character actor, Addison Richards, assemble and eat tons of the dish, with the supply appearing quite unlimited. The sauce is the thing. It takes hours to prepare, which is significant of its fine lineage. Herbert is very democratic in his guest list, and invites a rare guest or two on every occasion.

At the party we attended, Valerie Bergère, who appeared in the original stage production of "Madame Butterfly" when it was produced by David Belasco, was present, and when the dinner bell rang—there is a dinner bell, and a large one—she exclaimed: "It sounds just like an old-fashioned theatrical boarding house."

**Younger and Younger.**—That romance between Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland may be one of the youngest in Hollywood, but it is certainly a flourishing romance. We heard much about it, of course; but we actually saw the display of fervor on Jackie's side at a party given by Ida Koverman. The young man was all nerves and restlessness until Judy arrived on the scene, and as soon as possible he captured her for a tête-à-tête which went on and on. We hear that Mickey Rooney would like to be a rival, but Jackie seems to have the inside track.

**Miriam Buys Gilbert House.**—Memories of other years will be completely eradicated from Jack Gilbert's home before Miriam Hopkins becomes its inmate, for she will do it over completely. She purchased the show place recently for $42,500, endeavoring at the outset to keep the matter a secret, for the buyer's name was given as Louis M. Childs. Miriam is smart enough to know that a film name generally means a rise in price. So she concluded the deal through a substitute. That means, doubtless, that Miriam will spend more of her time in Hollywood. She has always divided her allegiance between New York and the Coast. Can it, by any chance, portend a marriage? Of course, there's Anatol Litvak.

**Swiftly to the Altar.**—Hollywood has had its share of swift marriages lately. No surprise, the wedding of Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets did occur with suddenness, and they are "oh, so very, very happy," despite that Miss Rainer worries continually because she isn't acting in more pictures, work being a real habit with her. Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent chose Mexico as the goal for an elopement. Same for Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb. While Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane decided to go through with a second ceremony in Los Angeles, following their below-the-border flight. Then didn't Ann Harding's sudden marriage to Werner Janssen sort of take you by storm? Jubilation over that was only marred by the fact that Harry Bannister initiated new proceedings for more of his daughter, Jane's, time.



Dick Powell likes nothing better than a good swim. Here he is getting in trim for "The Singing Marine."

**The Swarthout Raiment.**—Prize award for most amazing dress in Hollywood should go to Gladys Swarthout. At the Adolph Zukor jubilee dinner and broadcast she appeared on the scene in ecclesiastical attire, no less. Which is certainly recognizing the formality of such an occasion. Her gown was a modified cardinal's robe with gold girdle and tassels, and her head was crowned with a red cardinal's cap.

When she first arrived in Hollywood the motif of her dress was mandarin, and she became well-known for that.

Unluckiest of stars in respect to the pictures that are made with her, Miss Swarthout invariably wins her public by her voice and distinctive beauty, as well as perhaps also her striking costuming. She was the hit of the evening at the Zukor celebration.

**Loved by the Stars.**—Best job discovered in the vicinity of the movies in a long time is that of the marrying justice at Yuma, Arizona. There are rewards for this work of both a financial and sentimental nature.

One judge recently retired with a fortune, it is said, and that wasn't all. He was kissed by Claudette Colbert right on the mouth, by Jean Harlow on the cheek, and by various other stars, including Loretta Young, Heather Angel, Gloria Swanson, and Lili Damita.

This always happened in that moment of exuberance which followed having the knot tied—evidence of the stars' appreciation of his courtesy when, in several instances, he rose out of bed at odd hours to perform a ceremony.

Elaine Barrie is one bride who is supposed not to have bussed the judicial gentleman, but think of all the other tributes! Who wouldn't want to run for judge in Yuma?

**Government Reaps Harvest.**—If you're curious to know how much stars receive after their taxes, both Federal and State, are deducted in California, here are some interesting figures:

Mae West got about $170,000 aut af $480,000 which she received for her pictures in 1935; Marlene Dietrich, $140,000 out of $345,000; Bing Crosby, $130,000 out of $320,000; Gary Cooper, about $115,000 out of $260,000; Charles Chaplin, $90,000 out of $216,000; Worner Baxter, about $85,000 out of $203,000; Joe E. Brown and Janet Goynor, $80,000 out of $170,000, ond so on.

Players in the so-called lower brackets kept a much tidier sum, amounting to about two thirds of what they were poid. Thot goes for most of those who were above $50,000, but not $100,000, like Ann Harding, George Raft, Ruby Keeler, Edmund Lowe, W. C. Fields, Ginger Rogers, Joon Bennett—and can you imagine Shirley Temple being in that level? Still, that was in 1935. She's getting much more now.

**Two Hardy Adventurers.**—Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson have lost their boot, which was the pride of their lives during the past summer and fall months. Erikson hasn't the nome of a famous moritime explorer, who wos supposed to hove discovered America before Columbus, for nothing. He likes sea-roving immensely. But the soiling craft of the two, which had on auxiliary outboard motor, was wrecked during the Pacific winter storms, and so in its place Mr. and Mrs. Erikson secured a kind of land yacht, in which they will hie themselves about the Stote of Colifornia. It's o sort of truck with built-in sleeping accommodations.

Frances is proctically as rugged a person as her husband, far she slept on hard boards when she took her trio into Russia and has no aversion to making her bed right on the ground when she goes into the desert or the high mountains. She once helped to take charge of a girls' summer comp, you see.

**That Dangerous Man, Taylor.**—The gardenias that William Powell sent Jean Harlow constantly during the filming of "Man in Her Hause" caused no end of a stir. They were a doily reminder while Jean wos working in this feature with Robert Taylor. Proof, also, thot Bill still retains his ardor ofter a full two years, which is really something.

Right on the heels of the film Jeon and Bob went to Washington to attend the President's Boll, and we wonder whether Bill wasn't a bit worried during thot interim.

Curious about Toylor—he and Clork Gable are quite good friends, and yet they're terrific rivols these doys at the box office. Maybe Clark is going to try to prevail on Bob to slow down his wild rush a little.

**Extras See Hopes Glimmer.**—Life of extras isn't a joy any more, if it ever wos, regardless of the number of spectacular productions made in 1936. Fewer of these supernumeraries were placed in films than during 1935, and the total amount of money paid them, $2,420,000, was $150,000 less than the preceding yeor.



Martha O'Driscoll, rising young star, is pictured in a lovely play suit of gay printed cretonne with a bonnet to match.


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**Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade** ...Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a natural blush-rose...Paris bans a "painted look". Tangee *isn't paint!* Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.



**Tangee Lipstick's special cream base keeps lips soft all night...** Always apply Tangee at bedtime ...39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's special offer.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee — don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



*Painted* *Tangee*

*World's Most Famous Lipstick*
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ PP47

*Continued from page 57*

"We'll find just the right person when the time comes," he remarks philosophically. "After all, we found Freddie Bartholomew, didn't we?"

**Fun for the Film Scouts.**—Burlesque is the newest field to be raided by picture companies. Gypsy Rose Lee, most eminent of the statuesque beauties who has made an art of taking off her clothes and waving them at the audience, has been signed by 20th Century-Fox. And now Ann Corio, a close second in popularity with burlesque audiences, has been offered the rôle of Belle Watling" in "Gone With the Wind."

She isn't keen about taking it. After all, she makes fifteen hundred to two thousand a week in her own field, and she doesn't want to go into pictures if she is to be typed as a player of the wrong kind of women.

**Starred in Baedeker.**—First on the list of every tourist's sight-seeing trip to New York is "White Horse Inn" at Radio City's Center Theater. And the leading woman of the show is Kitty Carlisle. She is having a grand time. Her voice has increased in tone and volume; she has lost the reserve and self-consciousness that hampered her in pictures, and the easy camaraderie of the big company has swept away her rather aloof manner. She will be in the film version of "White Horse Inn" when Warners finally get around to filming this massive Tyrolean extravaganza, and you probably won't recognize her as the same girl who froze up every time the camera came near her in "A Night at the Opera."

**Sonja and the Silver Skates.**—All over the country Sonja Henie's first picture is breaking records, and already 20th Century-Fox is clamoring for her to call off her skating tour and come back to the cameras. As each box-office report comes in, Sonja grins that engaging, childlike way that you saw in "One in a Million." There isn't the slightest danger of her developing a swelled head, because making successful pictures doesn't mean nearly as much to her as winning her first skating exhibition did. And she has been winning steadily all over the world for eight years.

As I left her apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria one afternoon, I ran into a sports writer whose manner is usually caustic and scornful.

Isn't she wonderful?" he cooed in the balmiest way imaginable. "Isn't she exquisite, isn't she——" Veddy, veddy nice, I agreed. At which I thought he was going to haul off and hit me. But he didn't.

He merely took out of his pocket a collection of pictures of women champions in sports, all a bit on the plain and massive side. "If you had to look at them every day," he growled, "you'd appreciate a glorious creature like Sonja Henie."



**Every morning, before breakfast, Patricia Ellis runs a dozen blocks accompanied by her cocker spaniel. Her current picture is "Melody for Two."**

Among the horrible examples he showed me, Alice Marble, tennis champ, did not appear. All right, mister. Your life is going to be very pleasant. You'll have Alice Marble in Paramount pictures soon. Her friend, Carole Lombard, saw to it that she got a test.

## They Say in New York——

**New Title for Bojangles.**—All the stage and screen celebrities in town and as many more people as could be crowded into the Cotton Club paid tribute to Negro Bill Robinson the night before he left for Hollywood and 20th Century-Fox's "Café Metropole." And there some one conferred on him the title "Beloved Ebony."

**Worth Waiting For.**—Two years ago when I first met Margo, she said a little wistfully, "Ever since I danced for a theatrical producer when I was seven or eight, people have been telling me that I had a brilliant future ahead of me. But I wish it would hurry up and start. The present is so much waiting."

Well, her future has started with a rush. Late this spring she will go to Hollywood to play in "Hurricane" for Samuel Goldwyn and meanwhile she is playing one of the most glamorous heroines in history, the "Baroness Vetsera," in the Theater Guild's "The Masque of Kings." Excitement is rife in her personal, as well as professional life, too. Francis Lederer is always showing up with flowers, or books, or music, or even a perfect three-carat blue diamond. He even cancelled part of his personal-appearance tour so as to attend her first out-of-town tryout.

**All Around Town.**—George O'Brien flew East, and in the very worst weather, too, to see his wife, Marguerite Churchill, open in a play called "And Now Good-by." The play wasn't very good. But he had eyes only for her, and she was charming. . . . Ann Harding may not come back from England for a long time, as her recently acquired husband, Werner Janssen, has commitments to lead symphony orchestras all over Europe. . . . Walter Huston never used to like Hollywood; he preferred Broadway. But since he played "Othello" to a grim and hostile first-night audience, he's grown homesick for the studios. . . .

Wini Shaw, torch singer of Warner pictures, is singing at one of New York's most high-hat night clubs with great success. . . . Helen Jepson, outstanding favorite of radio and the only Metropolitan opera diva who rivals Gladys Swarthout in beauty and smartness, is to make pictures for Grand National. She will have Victor Schertzinger direct her, he being the one who rescued Grace Moore from the film doldrums and made her a big hit.

# Anything to Oblige

*Continued from page 55*

"Althaugh," she explained in frank indicatian af the daubt she had in her awn judgment, "I never can tell abaut my career. And I dan't knaw enaugh abaut acting ta decide. Mavies are like harse racing. Yau never knaw where yau stand until the race is aver. But yau want ta keep an betting."

Generaus in her acknawledgment af the assistance af athers, Gail unhesitatingly disclased: "There's a little guy an the Caast wha has helped me mare than any ane I knaw. His name is Jahnny Engstead and he's helped me wark aut my prablems araund the studia." She paused in criticism af her phrasealagy and cammented, "Ta say that he has helped me with my prablems saunds Y. W. C. A.-ish, but it's true."



**Making a name for themselves on the screen are Maxine Jennings, who will be in "The Woman I Love," and Smith Ballew, in "Racing Lady."**

Even within the canfines af her awn campany the papularity af this Sauthern girl, wha passesses all the attractians af the traditianal belle withaut exerting any af the artifices, was evidenced. An increasing number af staff members filed inta the small affice in arder ta bask, as it were, in her friendly presence. Inherently considerate and wishing ta make them feel at hame—althaugh they really didn't need that encauragement—Gail cardially swung araund in her chair, including them in her canversatian.

Caurtesy like that was, na daubt, acquired in the pre-Hallywaad days. When she was knawn salely as Margaret Fitzpatrick, wha was warking her way thraugh callege as a field manager. And was alsa active as president af the wamen's student bady—withaut a thaught in the warld far acting, ar the mavies.

At present her mather is living in Birmingham, where her Irish father died a year and a half aga.

Gail Patrick has intelligence, determinatian, and spirit. She is af that new specie af film actresses. Yau wauld never call her a "mavie queen." But she daes cammand respect as a hard-warking actress with na pases. One wha deserves the better appartunities which must inevitably came her way.

# Art and Mr. Boles

*Continued from page 36*

"Well, well," I said, "this is dissipatian." He laughed and reddened. "Yau writers are everywhere," and then he explained that his family wanted ta ga ta the mavies and he had remained at hame ta read.

He lives in Beverly Hills naw. He used ta have twa dags but samething happened ta them sa naw his anly pet is a canary. There is a questian as ta which likes the ather better. Jahn has trained it ta light an his head as saan as he lets it aut af the cage and it sings far dear life. Jahn didn't train it ta sing when it sat there—that was the bird's idea.

Several times during the interview there came a knack at the daar and there wauld be a child ar a yaung girl, embarrassed, but resalute. Haw they ever faund aut the number af his suite is a miracle, but they did and staad with palpitating hearts awaiting admittance. Jahn sent them happily away, persanally inscribed phatagraphs tucked securely under their arms.

A tharaughly nice persan, this Mr. Bales.




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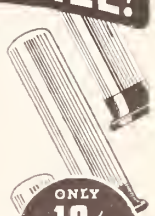
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# She Came and Got It

*Continued from page 52*

A couple of years ago, Miss Farmer got a chance to go to Russia. A radical newspaper ran a contest. The one to get the greatest number of votes earned a trip to Europe and back.

"No, I'm not a radical insofar as I belong to any definite association," my subject stated, when I asked if she had radical tendencies. "I feel that all the recent and present upheavals mean something for us all. Nothing new could occur without the pulling down of previous wrong beliefs. Our own country has undergone a revolution within the past four years, though few people seem to realize it. Of course it has been a bloodless revolution, bringing with it many new forms. People now have a keener idea of their own responsibility as citizens. They feel closer to their country's ideals and progress."

From this you can see that Miss Farmer is no soap-box orator. She is merely a girl of the new age, ready for the new existence that seems imminent.

To hear this calm newcomer talk of things not of Hollywood makes her one alone in all cinematic annals.

Frankly, she gives you the idea of being alone in most things. I thought more of this when she said, during her conversation, that few people knew one another.

"After all," she remarked, "we are always alone—regardless of those who know us best."

I quite agree that very few people, even intimates, could ever get to know this girl well. There is a masculine reticence in her manner that keeps her apart from the crowd, also apart from acquaintances.

Naturally, I suppose this does not go for her husband, Leif Erikson, that young blond giant in Paramount's histrionic class. They were married a year ago last November. And once again, fate seemed to be the instigator.

The two of them met casually at the studio. Love seized them, for it has no regard for modern Russia or reticence.

"Naturally, I never expected to marry," my reticent radical confessed. "I came to Hollywood for a career."

Back in America, after her trip, Miss Farmer took a letter of introduction to a theatrical producer, Shepard Traube. Producer Traube took Miss Farmer to Paramount executives in New York, and a test was arranged.

Sent to Hollywood, she was placed in several inconsequential pictures, playing inconsequential parts. Yet to see her even in such light fare as "Too Many Parents," "Border Flight," and "Rhythm on the Range," was to see obvious talent.

"I object to being called by my first name by people I've never met before," Miss Farmer bluntly stated. "I don't know what it does. It makes you feel rather as one without any individuality. Hollywood strikes me as peopled by a crowd individually undifferentiated.



**After making a splendid come-back, Elissa Landi relaxes on the tennis courts.**

"That is why, I believe, that so many blame Hollywood for their mistakes. Marriages are said to be spoiled by Hollywood. I fail to see why this should be so. If two people really and truly love one another, nothing should separate them—least of all the demands of the town they live in.

"I trust my marriage will be successful. We both act for a living, and because we love the work. It gives us

mony interests in common. I don't see why such o profession should break up our home."

This, of course, relies solely on the two blond lovers. Right ot the present, the young wife is the celebrity. Her work in "Come ond Get It" couses Poromount to regord her os stor moteriol. Hollywood hos turned its eyes on her. So for, the young husbond is virtuolly unknown. His work with little Virginio Weidler, in "Girl of the Ozorks," proved thot he hos o likoble personolity, ond the necessory obility to forge oheod in octing. His crooning in "College Holidoy" wos ingrotioting.

His wife thinks so, onywoy.

As to whot the movie world thinks of Miss Former—well, ecstotic remorks seem tome. She odmits thot her rôle in the Edno Ferber story wos the first good port to come her woy. "And whot on excellent port it wos!" she odds.

It remoins to be seen whether Hollywood will offer further prizes of this kind. The movie Mecco frequently sees young newcomers orrive, shouting high ond mighty whot they hove to give. Fronces Former let Hollywood do the shouting, for the cinemo copitol incessontly yells obout its gifts to tolented youth. Come ond get it, soys Hollywood to the striving ospiront.

Miss Former is here to get it—oll thot Hollywood hos to offer. And she must see by reoding this orticle thot Hollywood hos exceptions. Not once hove I colled her by her first nome!

## Right Guy

*Continued from page 53*

Although copoble ond self-confident in modern rôles, Bogort is stricken with doubt os to his quolificotions for historicol ones.

"There is tolk of putting me into the cost of 'Donton,' " he soid, "but I hope nothing comes of it. I hove never done costume rôles ond I don't think I would be successful in them."



**Ann Dvorak goes into a little off-stage dance during the filming of "Midnight Court."**

I don't know where he gets this notion ond I told him so. If worst comes to worse he con leove the motter up to inscrutoble fote, which he feels is the finol orbiter in humon offoirs.

As he exploins it: "A seemingly unimportont event wos responsible for my becoming on octor—the moving of Williom A. Brody ond his fomily into o house ocross the street from where I lived in New York. It wos expected thot I would become o surgeon, since my fother wos one. Through the Brodys, however, I become interested in things theotricol, ond ofter o toste of bockstoge life I wos unoble to show much interest in prosoic study. Hod it not been for thot chonce ossociotion I doubtless would be living in some smoll town to-doy with o wife ond six children, busily engoged in setting broken bones ond removing spore ports from humon bodies."

As it is, he hos o wife, Mory Phillips, but no children. Miss Phillips is on octress on both stoge ond screen. She ond Humphrey hove been morried ten yeors.

We heor o greot deal obout the "toleronce" of vorious people, o word thot hos lost its meoning through misuse. Mony who consider themselves nobly toleront are merely indifferent or locking in discriminotion. Bogort doesn't profess wholesole toleronce. He is definitely intoleront of such things os wor, ignoronce, dishonesty, ond irresponsibility. Moreover, he is none too toleront of classical music when he is compelled to listen to it.

Some yeors ogo the wife of o fo-





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maus archestra leader taak him ta a cancert ta hear the langest mavement in any apera. The lady felt that she was giving him a rare treat. Ta Bagart it was a rare bare.

"The thing lasted an haur and a half," said he, ruefully, "and with the directar's wife right beside me I cauldn't sa much as wiggle my thumbs far fear af betraying lack af appreciatian."

But if classical music leaves him as cald as the narth star, gaad literature daes nat. He is alsa addicted ta galf, swimming, and tennis. These qualities, tagether with his rather radical palitical tendencies, mettlesame persanality and unabtrusive gaad laaks, wauld place him in the categary af being a man's man—except that he is sa well liked by wamen.

I gathered that the Bagart boyhaad was passed in camfartable surraundings, withaut benefit af hardships and deprivatians. His mather, Maude Humphrey, was a highly successful artist. A bright pupil in schaal, particularly in mathematics, Humphrey's farmal educatian terminated rather suddenly when, at Andaver, he assisted in ducking a juniar prafessar. Despite his awn inexperience with penury and want he is keenly sympathetic with the sacial prablems af the masses.

When the United States entered the Warld War Bagart entered the navy. It was there that he gat his first taste af severe discipline. Far a trifling reasan an afficer knacked him down.

"Then," said Bagart, "he helped me up and explained that I was never to questian arders. It was a lessan that I had ta learn and I'm glad that I learned it tharaughly."

He and Mrs. Bagart are what is cammanly called madern in their marital relatians. "But," qualified he, "although we grant each ather perfect liberty af actian we can trust each ather ta keep within the baunds af gaad taste and intelligence. I feel that rules and canventians are necessary, perhaps nat far highly develaped individuals, but far humanity in general.

We had reached the caffee stage and, finding na spaan beside his plate, he salved that small prablem simply by taking mine. I retaliated by drinking all the beer in his glass.

Despite his lack af swashbuckling activity Humphrey Bagart is nat anly gaad capy, but an extremely interesting and likable persan.



**You'll find Joel McCrea somewhere along the beach line several days a week when he isn't making a picture. "Internes Can't Take Money" is his latest, with Barbara Stanwyck.**

## What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 12*

attraction, Janet Gaynor, who is so sweet she is positively sickening.

Next to receive our Bronx cheers is that so-called darling of the screen Shirley Temple, whom we are wont to call "Kinky Dimple." We extend our heartfelt sympathy to those mistreated top-notch stars who form a mere background for her smirks and quirks, in stories written for the sole purpose of glorifying her.

A birdie, or perhaps several, we bestow upon that painted clotheshorse, Joan Crawford, whose artificiality is simply putrid.

Why some people consider Loretta Young beautiful, or even attractive, is beyond us. She is undoubtedly the ugliest and least talented woman who has ever "graced" the screen. Her lips should be a joy to cosmetic salesmen, since, judging by her photographs and pictures, she uses approximately a tube of lipstick per day; and as for her eyes, they are too hideous for description.

To that exotic German actress, Marlene Dietrich goes another genuine American Bronx cheer. Her penciled eyebrows, if they go much farther up her forehead, will be lost in her peroxide hair.

How could such a poor excuse of an actress as Katharine Hepburn receive the Academy award? Instead of acting, she spends her time posing and emoting, widening her nostrils to unheard of extents, applying excess amounts of lipstick to her shapeless mouth, and lapsing into temperamental fits in an effort to gain publicity which she could not otherwise receive.

And now for the biggest and best—or should we say worst—birdie of them all, which we send with our condolences to Robert Taylor.

Undoubtedly the most conceited person in the movie colony, he is idolized by hundreds of adoring feminine fans who consider him most handsome, and are so absorbed in his so-called good looks that they overlook his poor performances. Even his photographs reflect his overdeveloped egotism. We have serious doubts as to whether he can buy a hat large enough to fit his head.

If any readers disagree with us in our opinions of these stellar Hollywood attractions, we would like them to let us know.

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HOW *can* people be so narrow-minded as to think a thing has no merit just because they themselves don't like it? No intelligent person could object to another person's saying he didn't care for this star or that one—opinions differ—but to come right out and say an established star is lousy, putrid, and such adjectives, simply doesn't make sense.



Olivia de Havilland and Bonita Granville study their lines together on the set of "Call It a Day," in which they appear as sisters.




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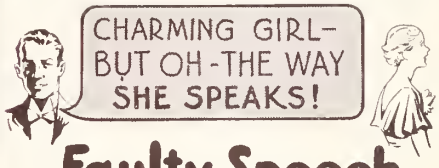
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It stands to reason that the star wouldn't be popular if she or he didn't appeal to a great many people. There are few players I really dislike. Oh, there are many whose films I seldom bother to see, but I can see something good in all of them. I have studied drama for years, and observation of the movie people has been valuable to me.

One of the outstanding letters for its lack of thought is the one which devoted itself to panning Frances Langford. Miss Langford's voice thrills a very, very large majority of the movie-going public. Even people who, as a rule, dislike popular singers, love to listen to her. Yet this fan wants the lovely lady to "keep her mouth closed" just because she doesn't like to hear her sing. What about the other 98 per cent who can't get enough of Frannie?

Then there is the letter which calls "Love Me To-night" the greatest film ever made. Now, really! There is no denying that it was a charming picture, but to class it above the screen's dramatic masterpieces!

I personally enjoy Jeanette MacDonald more than Grace Moore, but I am certainly not going to take my wrath out on the latter, who is a very fine artist indeed. The fact that she is introduced on the screen as "Miss Grace Moore" is definitely not due to any conceit on her part. She had nothing to do with it. It is customary for lady opera stars, and Gladys Swarthout was introduced in the same manner.

I quite agree that Douglass Montgomery is one young actor who deserves much more than he has been getting from the screen. He has contributed many very beautiful performances. Perhaps his work in England will help. I understand that he is now working on a picture with Constance Bennett, and that he has coauthored a play with a young English playwright.

And, of the younger actresses, Evelyn Venable is my favorite. She is much more versatile than she has been given a chance to show, and I am most anxious to see her in some really fine rôles. Miss Venable is the friendliest person imaginable to her fans, too. She received reams of praise for her beautiful performance in "Death Takes a Holiday," but has had nothing to compare with it since. One more picture as fine would put her on the very top.

MARGARET A. CONNELL.
811 Prospect Road,
Des Moines, Iowa.



Josephine Hutchinson finds relaxation on a sailboat between pictures.

## Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 61*

real Americans. Presently the mechanic has taken the vows and is swept into a midnight raid on the home of the new foreman who, with his old father, is flogged and their house burned. One atrocity leads to another, the worst when the unwilling member of the Black Legion kills his best friend. No, there is not a happy ending. The entire gang is sentenced to life imprisonment, leaving us to ask if the legion is really crushed by exterminating one group. The picture is splendidly acted, directed, staged, and Humphrey Bogart is magnificent as the principal victim.

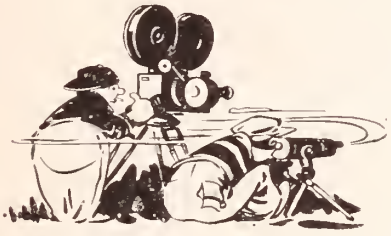
"Three Smart Girls."—Universal. Deanna Durbin is this year's most important discovery so far. Hardly a stranger to radio audiences, she is a newcomer to the screen and in her first picture is a full-fledged star by virtue of a unique combination of personality and talent. She has the charm of a natural fifteen-year-old girl, which her sponsors wisely refrain from altering, while her singing is fresh and sweet, remarkable for her years and wonderfully promising. Her starring picture is pleasant entertainment carefully planned to make Miss Durbin the central character, but relieving her of too much responsibilty; consequently we find such accomplished veterans as Charles Winninger, Alice Brady, Lucille Watson, and Mischa Auer supporting the star with adroit acting while Ray Milland, Binnie Barnes, Nan Gray, Barbara Read, and John King lend youthful talent to the amusing proceedings. The story

has Miss Durbin coming from Switzerland to New York with her sisters to break up the affair of her father with an adventuress and restore him to their mother. You ought to see this.

"Men Are Not Gods."—United Artists. Like the majority of British pictures this is intelligent but unsatisfying. It is very, very good up to the dividing line and then it is very, very bad. I don't know why except that our English cousins approach a story in a different way and tell it less directly than we do. This is brilliant comedy until it goes melodramatic, the two extremes refusing to meet on the common ground of sincerity and credibility. Miriam Hopkins is the secretary of a London drama critic who loses her job when she changes his criticism in favor of an actor playing *Othello*. She meets the great *Othello*, falls in love with him and gives him her "all." His wife appeals to Miss Hopkins to give him up and she consents. Then follows a scene in the theater which is a little too much for any one to take seriously. Miss Hopkins faints from emotion in the gallery and, through some strange procedure, is taken backstage to recover in the dressing room of *Othello's* wife. This is a picture I couldn't understand, perhaps because I lost its fine points while dozing. Anyway, Miss Hopkins is good and so, too, is A. E. Matthews—superlatively so—as the critic.

## So They Say

*Continued from page 83*



Louise Fazenda—(of working in Hollywood) "It's a great life! Something like facing the gunmen in Chicago."—"Motion Picture Classic."

Nelson Eddy—"My hair is a sort of dusty yellow."—"Modern Screen."

Jean Arthur—"It probably is a boon not to have too much when you are very young. Not only do you discover that you can't have everything but you also form the habit of not wanting many things."—"Screen Guide."

Nelson Eddy—"It (hair) used to be red but what with overwork and one thing and another it's become streaked with white. . . . So now it's a combination of white and red, not blond; although it looks blond in pictures."—"Movie Mirror."

## Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

Elsa.—Before going to Australia to make "Rangle River" and another film, Victor Jory appeared in "Meet Nero Wolfe," with Edward Arnold. He is now in England making "Bulldog Drummond at Bay," for British International Pictures, with John Lodge and Dorothy Mackaill. When it is completed he will return to Hollywood to free lance. He was born November 23, 1902, and has dark hair and eyes. Married to Jeanne Innis and their daughter is about six.

Mary O. Brienn.—Tyrone Power was born May 5, 1914; Cary Grant, January 18, 1903; June Collyer, August 19, 1907; Billie Dove, May 14, 1903; Thomas Beck, December 28th; Stuart Erwin, February 14th. Miss Collyer's most recent picture seems to be "A Face in the Fog," opposite Lloyd Hughes, released last year by Victory Pictures. Miss Dove is happily married and apparently not interested in a screen career.

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Ralph Bellamy
Herman Bing
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Ronald Colman
Walter Connolly
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Edith Fellows
Jack Holt
Francis Lederer
Grace Moore
Chester Morris
Charles Quigley
Buddy Rogers
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

## 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Fred Allen
Astrid Allwyn
Don Ameche
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Madge Bellamy
J. Edward Bromberg
Eddie Cantor
John Carradine
Jane Darwell
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
Alice Faye
Douglas Fowley
Judy Garland
Jack Haley
Sonja Henie
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
June Lang
Keye Luke
Tony Martin
Victor McLaglen
Warner Oland
Tyrone Power
John Qualen
Arthur Rankin
Bill Robinson
Mary Rogers
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Michael Whalen
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

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John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Jean Chatburn
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Julie Haydon
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
Elissa Landi
Ann Loring
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
James Stewart
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

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Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
Smith Ballew
John Beal
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Margaret Callahan
Anita Colby
Joan Davis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Katharine Hepburn
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
George O'Brien
Moroni Olsen
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Judith Barrett
Noah Beery, Jr.
John Boles
Alice Brady
Billy Burrud
Ricardo Cortez
Andy Devine
James Dunn
Deanna Durbin
Sally Eilers
Louis Hayward
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Alma Kruger
Bela Lugosi
George Murphy
Doris Nolan
Walter Pidgeon
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Margaret Sullavan
Kent Taylor
Jane Wyatt

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Brian Aherne
Elisabeth Bergner
Charles Chaplin
Janet Gaynor
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Andrea Leeds
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Merle Oberon
John Payne
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
C. Aubrey Smith
Douglas Walton

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

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Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Lee Dixon
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescort
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Patric Knowles
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Billy and Bobby Mauch
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Claude Rains
Phillip Reed
Craig Reynolds
Beverly Roberts
George E. Stone
Verree Teasdale
June Travis
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

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Bennie Bartlett
Jack Benny
Mary Boland
Beulah Bondi
Tom Brown
Bob Burns
George Burns
Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Irene Dunne
Leif Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Frank Forest
Ketti Gallian
Cary Grant
David Jack Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Harold Lloyd
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland
Jackie Moran
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Martha Raye
Shirley Ross
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sir Guy Standing
Harvey Stephens
Gladys Swarthout
Virginia Weidler
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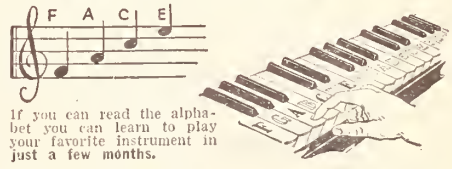
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## "YOU SAID A *Mouthful*, 'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY."

says ***Martha Raye***

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh . . . boy . . . you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing . . . wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties . . . 'Sweet Is the Word For You' . . . 'Blue Hawaii' . . . 'In A Little Hula Heaven' . . . 'Okleohao' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man . . . 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party . . . *and how!*"



**"WAIKIKI WEDDING"** with **BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE**
**SHIRLEY ROSS** • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle

# WHAT THE FANS THINK

### Why Foreigners?

KING EDWARD gove up the throne for on American girl. Why con't the picture companies give up foreign actresses and actors and give our own boys and girls a chance? We have so many who con act and speak English.

I am particularly referring to Simone Simon. For me, she has ruined every picture I have seen her in. I feel that we Americans con't appreciate Simone, Greta Garbo, Luise Rainer, ond a few more. I wish Gorbo would go home and take the rest of those foreigners with her. I think they would be appreciated more in their own country.



Mrs. W. G. Bassett, of Toledo, Ohio, disapproves of foreign stars, with particular emphasis on Simone Simon. She asks that Hollywood give our boys and girls a chance.

Why, oh why, let Robert Toylor play with Greto Garbo when we hove so many beautiful octresses who can talk so you can understond them? I don't think there are any better actresses and actors than our own Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Irene Dunne, Clark Gable, William Powell, Carole Lombard. I could go on naming hundreds who have it oll over these foreigners.

My opinion may not mean onything, but it is folks like me that keep our shows going, so I only ask that Hollywood give our own girls and boys a chonce.

Mrs. W. G. Bassett.
4044 Jackman Road,
Toledo, Ohio.

### Don't Blame Freddie.

IN the February issue a young lady wrote how disappointed she was in the screen version of "Anthony Adverse." She then proceeds to throw the blame primarily on the acting of Fredric March.

I, too, was disoppointed in the picture, and thought that the characterization of "Anthony," banning the African scenes when the slove trading was going on, was lifeless. But I do not think that the fault was due to Mr. Morch's acting. I don't think that ony one could have done any differently.

It seemed to me that in the book "Anthony," except in his omorous adventures, was inclined to be rather a quiet person much given to introspection, and thot most of the vivid colorfulness was supplied by people and events with which he come in contoct and which were made so reol by the marvelous descriptive powers of the author rother than by onything which "Anthony" did himself.

I don't believe thot ony one who saw Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll ond Mr. Hyde," "Les Miserables," or "The Dark Angel" could call him colorless.

Kathleen McDonold.
Son Froncisco, Californio.

*Continued on page 9*

# IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!



The prince ployed hookey to join the pouper on the world-fomous adventure of two regulor kids.



Errol swings o mighty sword to defend the prince—or is it the pouper?—he could never tell which!

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with

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**CLAUDE RAINS**
**HENRY STEPHENSON**
**BARTON MacLANE**
and THE
**MAUCH TWINS**
BILLY & BOBBY

Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Warner Bros.



It wosn't o bit different 400 years ago —the some Coronotion next month brings to London in all its pomp ond glory.



"It's oll right for o girl to lose her head", soid King Henry VIII—ond he wosn't reolly fooling; becouse she did!



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**BILLY-THE PAUPER**

# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE

MARIELLA CHANDLER.—Ruby Keeler is under contract to Warners. The players listed on page 98 have contracts with the studios under which they appear. Gladys George has been announced for "They Gave Him a Gun," "Mother and Daughter," and "Madame X," all for Metro-Goldwyn. Gertrude Niesen is appearing in "Top of the Town." Ramon Novarro has made no definite plans to return to the screen. Eric Linden was born July 12, 1911.



JACKIE COOPER FAN.—There have been several general stories which included Jackie, but no interview with him since October, 1931. He will be fourteen on September 15th. I doubt if he will make any more pictures until he finishes college.

A FAN.—Their birthdates are Rosalind Russell, June 4, 1909; Gladys Swarthout, December 25, 1904; Barbara Stanwyck, July 16, 1907; Anne Shirley, April 17, 1918; Grace Moore, December 5, 1901; Maureen O'Sullivan, May 17, 1911; Madeleine Carroll, February 26, 1906; Irene Dunne, July 14, 1904; Nelson Eddy, June 29, 1901; Dolores Costello, September 17, 1906. Miss Costello is in Europe on a vacation.



S. O. S.—The leading players in "A Connecticut Yankee" were Will Rogers, Myrna Loy, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Albertson, and William Farnum. Marion Davies has never married.

L. C. G.—Anita Louise was twenty-one on January 9th. Her real name is Anita Louise Fremault. She is still single. Perhaps if you write to the Chicago broadcasting station you mention they will be able to supply photos of the radio stars you have heard on their program, or you might inquire of a radio magazine. We do not print pictures of radio stars unless they are screen personalities also.



S. P.—When sending for photographs of the stars it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost. You will find a list of addresses where to send for them on page 98.

> When writing to The Oracle, please include your full name and address. If requesting casts, a list of fan clubs, the names of all of a star's films, or information about how to obtain stills, a stamped envelope should be inclosed. We regret that we cannot undertake to answer any contest questions.

ANNE A. B.—Jane Withers has played in "Bright Eyes," "Ginger," "The Farmer Takes a Wife," "This Is the Life," "Paddy O'Day," "Gentle Julia," "Little Miss Nobody," "Pepper," "Can This Be Dixie?", "The Holy Terror." George Ernest was born on November 20, 1921. Jackie Cooper was born in Los Angeles, California. He was not quite six when he made his initial appearance on the screen in the "Fox Movietone Follies of 1929."



SHIRLEY.—Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901; six feet, weighs 173, blue eyes, blond hair. Ginger Rogers, Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1911; five feet five, weighs 115, reddish-blond hair, blue eyes. Loretta Young, Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; five feet three and a half, weighs 100, light-brown hair, blue eyes. Eleanor Powell, Springfield, Massachusetts, November 21, 1913; five feet six and a half, weighs 120, chestnut hair, blue eyes. Fredric March, Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898; six feet, weighs 170, brown hair and eyes. Katharine Hepburn, Hartford, Connecticut, November 8, 1907; five feet five and a half, weighs 105, reddish-brown hair, green-gray eyes.



R. M. S.—Muriel Evans is a native of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is five feet five, weighs 119, and has blond hair and blue eyes. She is not under contract to any studio so I am unable to suggest where you might write for her photograph. She is appearing in "House of Secrets," with Leslie Fenton, and is scheduled for "Headline Crasher" and "Ten Laps to Go."

PADDY.—Ginger Rogers was divoreed from Jack Culpepper before she married Lew Ayres, and Lew [illegible] was first married to [illegible]aming hundreds Lola Lane. He was [illegible]ese foreigners. born in Minneapolis, [illegible] mean anything, Minnesota, December [illegible] that keep our 28, 1908. Robert Tay- [illegible]sk that Hollylor has never been married. Their right names are: Janet Gaynor, Laura Gainer; Katherine DeMille, Katherine Lester, but was adopted by Cecil DeMille; Richard Cromwell, Roy Radabaugh; Robert Taylor, Spangler Arlington Brugh; Ann Sothern was formerly known as Harriette Lake.

LINDA MARSTON.—There is a fan club in honor of Errol Flynn and if you will send a stamped return envelope I'll be glad to send you a complete list of clubs. For stills of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," address Warner Brothers' Publicity Dept., 321 West 44th Street, New York City, asking them for a price list of stills. Olivia de Havilland's latest picture is "Call It a Day." Patric Knowles was born in Yorkshire, England, on November 11, 1911. Played in stock in England and Ireland for four years. Appeared in about twenty pictures produced in England. His next for Warners is "Call It a Day," to be followed by "The Prince and the Pauper."



LOUISE.—For a still of "The Plainsman," address Paramount's Publicity Dept., Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York City. Ask them the price of their stills.

R. M. P.—Their real names are: Clark Gable, William Gable; Robert Kent, Blackley; Tony Martin, Al Morris. The other players you mention use their right names.



C. J. M. D.—James Stewart was born on May 20, about 1912; Melvyn Douglas, April 5, 1901. [*Continued on page 97*]

# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 6*

### A Fredric March Stand-by.

BEING a devoted admirer of Fredric March, I cannot take lightly the remarks made against him by E. N. and A. G. in the February issue. The former is quoted as saying that Freddie is "a thoroughly colorless personality. He has a few studied gestures and a limited number of facial expressions—including a mirthless laugh. He never changes his style and should not have been chosen to play 'Anthony Adverse.'"

In my opinion, Mr. March is not only the best actor on the screen, but is, without a doubt, the finest actor the world has ever known. His deeply moving portrayal of *Jean Valjean* in "Les Miserables" completely overshadowed even Charles Laughton's magnificent *Javert*, and his blind *Alan Trent* in "The Dark Angel" was handled with beautiful restraint. As *Vronsky*, in "Anna Karenina," he gave the great Garbo her first real histrionic competition, and his dashing, vigorous *Bothwell* saved "Mary of Scotland" from being the biggest flop of the year.

His dual rôle of the kindly *Dr. Jekyll* in direct contrast to the terrifying *Mr. Hyde* merited him the Academy award. And who but Fredric March was capable of playing the title rôle in "Death Takes a Holiday"?

Although I have not yet seen "Anthony Adverse," I can faithfully say he must be excellent as *Anthony* because experienced showmen like Warner Brothers are not sinking a cool million into screening a best seller just to star a "typed" ham.

As for his so-called mirthless laugh, I like it. It's refreshingly different, as are his gestures and facial expressions. If every man of forty years could remain as handsome as Mr. March and play a young, exciting *Cellini* the way he did, they'd deserve a medal.

So much for E. N., and in conclusion, may I suggest that A. G. view once more the performance of Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and discover for himself that it was she who ruined it and not Fredric March.

JOSEPH JOHN HOAR.
775 Trapelo Road,
Waltham, Massachusetts.



Una Merkel hastens to a nice shady spot on the lawn of her home to read the morning paper and relax.

### Not To Be Overlooked.

DO you suppose, Mr. and Mrs. Sophisticated Picture-goer, that you could forget what posterity will think and endure *one* horse opera? This is a Western that's not really a Western featuring a cowboy who is a cowboy only by choice. The Western is "The Big Show," and the cowboy is Gene Autry.

The picture, with the Texas Centennial as a background, is tuneful, gay, and funny. The direction is excellent and the photography is splendid. And Gene, as ever, is simply dripping with charm. That lad could make a Tuxedo sit up and beg. It's merely fate that he happens to be a cowboy. However, that does not lessen the charm of his bewitching smile, his handsome mug, and his platinum-lined vocal cords.

So sneak into the nearest Horse Opera House, see "The Big Show" and get a pleasant surprise. Leave the kids home, however. They like anything with a horse under it, and Gene deserves a more appreciative audience. GRACE DUGAN.
320 South Front Street,
La Crosse, Wisconsin.

### Each Star Has His Day.

THE letter by Henry Weiss in the November issue was aptly dubbed "Don't Blame Us." Of course, the editors of Picture Play cannot be blamed for the numerous essays about Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, and Greta Garbo. The fact that there are so many letters dedicated to them is evidence that they are great stars. And when an actor arouses controversy in a column such as this, it means that he is progressing. I recall a minister's saying that a person who has not an enemy for each friend has no personality.

And if Novarro, Crawford, and Garbo





● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.




● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"




● Now life is so *different* for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. S-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.




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have an interest in Picture Play, more credit to them. They would not be only great actors, but wise, business-minded people.

To-day, Robert Taylor is the rave. Each star has his day. Once, it was Valentino, then John Gilbert, then Gable, et cetera. They all have a period of supremacy. But Novarro, in his fourteen years of stardom, held, and still holds the adoration of female movie-goers and the idealization of many male film enthusiasts. If Mr. Weiss knew Novarro, as I do, he would not write the words "sweet martyrdom" sarcastically, but he would accept Ramon as one of the most fascinating persons with whom he has ever come in contact.

What if Franchot Tone is on a high horse? That's only his film funeral. A star is privileged to a private life as well as such ordinary persons as Mr. Weiss and myself.

Ronald Colman is a great actor. I agree with you wholeheartedly, Mr. Weiss. But I don't imagine I'd want to mother him!

Robert Montgomery is no actor. He is a comedian, and a very good one. An actor should be a tragedian as well as a comedian. And here is where Novarro enters. He is a paradox within himself—the most devout, yet the most fun-loving mortal I've met. And by the way, if William Powell is a simpering idiot, I could think of a whole line of such adjectives for Bob Montgomery.

When I sat down to write this, I did not do so with the idea of de-bunking any one. But how Clark Gable rates "tops" with many movie-goers is beyond me. All he has is a winning smile and a sparkling personality.

And so, Mr. Weiss, just remember that a star's popularity can be judged by the number and frequency of essays written by the public. Give credit where it is due, and don't yield to unfair criticism.

TED GEORGE.

525 York Road,
Towson, Maryland.

### Shabby-looking Stars.

I HAVE to take up the cudgels in defense of Karen Hollis, who said Ann Harding's wardrobe in private life was a disgrace, and who received a verbal spanking in "What the Fans Think" in the January issue.

And I don't mean *maybe*, and I don't mean only Ann Harding. Last week I went to my first All Film-Star Show. It was a midnight performance for King George's Memorial Fund. I was never so let down in all my life as a movie fan! I saw about fifty stars, and I agree with all who say stars should *not* make personal appearances on the stage unless they were originally stage artists.

I agree with Miss Hollis regarding Miss Harding's dress. She wears that one black dress *ad nauseam*, and it was by way of a slight to a fashionable British audience for her to wear it again that night. To me she isn't at all a sweet and attractive personality, either. She seemed as hard as nails or "hard as Harding"—just as she is on the screen, bossing every one and telling them this and that.

Jean Webster Brough, being herself of the stage, may like her stars shabby and anyhow-looking. *I* don't. The only stars really troubling to make up for the stage lighting that night were the Ben Lyonses, Kay Francis, Laura La Plante, Zelma O'Neill, and June Knight.

Marlene Dietrich looked as if she'd tumbled out of bed, red-eyed, tousle-haired, even red-nosed, and her once white dress looked crushed and dirty.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Phillips Holmes talked to themselves rather than to the audience. Edward G. Robinson recited "Mandalay" exceedingly badly and simply oozed self-satisfaction.

All the men stars are too fat and except Kay Francis and Dietrich, none of the women stars are as pretty as their pictures, though Bebe Daniels looked delightful in her mauve organdie.

Diane Kane, may I tell you that Marlene Dietrich is the one and only star who is really beautiful even without make-up and with a crushed dress and untidy hair? She has a really heavenly expression at times and walks beautifully and has lovely extremities as well as a tall graceful figure and beautiful face. She got the biggest hand of the show and the audience had her out again and again to take a bow. Here's one fan who won't forget the look of her and the sound of her and the headshake of her as she said that self-chiding "*Gar nichts*" for a long while. JOAN DRUMMOND.

67 Hodford Road,
London, N. W. 11, England.

### A Matter of Opinion.

ALTHOUGH the erudities of Norbert Lusk's style (his "I cannot see the unscrupulous Bothwell of history, *or* can I accept the current conventionalizing of *Mary*" fairly glares from the page) demonstrate that his opinions on any subject are hardly worth notice, I must protest vigorously against his dictum on Fredric March's performance in "Anthony Adverse."

Every one who has seen the film has gone to see Mr. March, and while his impersonation of *Anthony* cannot equal his achievement in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or his superb performance in "Death Takes a Holiday," every one has come away praising Mr. March. The other characters are simply a procession



Gertrude Niesen's charming hostess gown is made of black velvet and sparkling silver lamé. The sensational singer appears in "Top of the Town."

of faces and voices; Freddie is the picture. Where he falls below levels reached in other films it is because of the nature of the picture. "Anthony Adverse" is a speetacle rather than a drama; it gives an actor little scope for the exercise of his talents.

Mr. Lusk is as unfortunate in his seleetion of the objects of his praise as of his blame. Anita Louise is breathtakingly beautiful and delightfully youthful; some day she may be an aetress, but she is not now. Claude Rains is exeellent, but he does not surpass Fredric Mareh, and the same is true of the other performers. Mr. Lusk, evidently, to quote *Mr. Bumble*, in English on a par with Mr. Lusk's own, is "a ass."

WINIFRED M. GRAHAM.
5428 Greene Street, Germantown,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Rosalind Russell is holding an applicant for a job in "Night Must Fall," in which she costars with Robert Montgomery.

### Garbo's Depth and Beauty.

SO C. R. Read wants to know what we Garbo fans see to admire in our favorite. Well, C. R., I will try to tell you.

We admire her courage in living her own life in her own way, even at the risk of hazarding her popularity. We admire her for confining her acting to the screen, instead of displaying it for the benefit of inquisitive eolumnists, habitués of the night spots, et cetera.

We admire her eonscientious attitude toward her work. Her insistenee upon giving it all her concentration, so that we are never short-changed when viewing a Garbo performance. She was a glamorous, effeetive actress at the start of her eareer. She is now so much more than these, that even we, her staneh admirers, are surprised. Surprised at her depth and beauty of interpretation. Garbo's acting has beeome sheer artistry —eaeh word, intonation, glance, movement significant and true—and instilled with a rare magic. We sense greatness in all she does.

Finally, we admire Garbo for the same reason we admire the poetry of Keats and Shelley. For inspiration—and beauty. Or don't you like poetry, C. R.? "CHICO."

Los Angeles, California.

### Candid Shots.

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE gives Virginia Bruce a good run for beauty. Dolores is gorgeous!

Betty Furness, Phil Regan, Ann Loring, June Lang, Margo, Margaret Callahan, and Robert Kent are sure bets for stardom within a year.

Thanks to Margaret Sullavan that "The Moon's Our Home" was the most delightful comedy-romance of the year. Margaret is a real down-to-earth human being, not another one of those painted dolls. I like Margaret best when she lets her almost straight hair toss and dangle.

Jane Withers had better wateh her waistline. She's getting a bit too plump. Shirley Temple is a regular streamlined doll. She's a darling. And how she can dance!

Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford, two of my favorites, up and marry two of my favorite male personalities, Franehot Tone and Arthur Hornblow, Jr. I sincerely wish these two charming eouples oodles of happiness.

In closing, let me say that Picture Play is the swellest fan magazine on the news stand. One partieular thing I like about it is the equal share it gives every star and starlet in Hollywood in photos and interviews. NELL LJUTIC.

127-37th Street,
Richmond, California.

### Forced Popularity.

THERE is a vast difference between the press-agented popularity of screen players and the actual existence of that popularity. That's why I enjoy Picture Play's big, interesting letter department. It reflects the uncensored opinions of the lowly privates in the army of movie-goers.

If a nation-wide poll of these fans, exclusive of all others, were conducted, I imagine we should find:

That two of the most greatly overrated aetresses of all times would undoubtedly be Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich.

That Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan were only flashes in the pan.

That Clark Gable falls far short of being the great feminine idol, or any idol, for that matter.

That Fredric Mareh hasn't measured up to the heroie rôles he has been given, particularly "Anthony Adverse."

That many people wonder how Barbara Stanwyck, Anita Louise, Patrieia



Ellis, Richard Cromwell, Fred MacMurray, and Francis Lederer ever got into the movies at all.

That Elizabeth Allan, Binnie Barnes, Luise Rainer, the uncombed, and a number of the male importations from Britain should join Anna Sten, Diana Wynyard, and Lillian Harvey in total eclipse.

LOUISE GHALSON.

Dallas, Texas.

### Knocks the Fans.

EVEN after reading Richard Griffith's article on whether the average movie fan thinks or not, I am not entirely convinced that they do. It seems to me that quite a few of the writers in this forum do not, or worse yet, *cannot*.

For instance, one young lady in Canada insinuates that Margaret Sullavan has not the pleasant, good-natured expression of Warren William. What a comparison! I agree with you, Miss Allen. I cannot see the faintest resemblance between them.

Miss Sullavan is that rare combination of beauty and brains that is all too rare on the screen to-day. Hepburn is a marvelous actress, but she has not the appealing, heart-warming beauty that is Margaret's; Norma Shearer is beautiful, yes, and is certainly a first-rate actress, but her beauty does not touch the heart, as the Sullavan girl's does. Possibly because she is not as youthful.

Jean Harlow is pretty in a young Mae West fashion, but also like Miss West, she is far from being an actress. Carol Lombard, Joan Bennett, Anita Louise, and Joan Crawford fall under the same heading, pretty in a vapid sort of way, but never, never are they actresses in the real sense of the word. When Miss Bennett plays a part, one is always conscious that she is doing just that, for below the surface she is the brittle, pseudo-sophisticated Joan.

However, getting back to the controversy as to whether the fans think or not, let's take the other side of the question. Do the fan writers think? Or can they? Of Karen Hollis I'm sure. She most certainly cannot. Her little postscript, mentioning the writer of this epistle a few months back, proves my statement. I'm not sure of what "They Say in New York," but I have a pretty good idea. "DIMMY."

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

### Too Critical of Garbo.

I HAVE not long gone to the cinema nor read motion-picture publications. I had contempt for the former and was in ignorance of the latter. Then, wholly by accident, I witnessed a performance by a beautiful young woman and a superb actress. Since then I have attended the theater many, many times, and have read a great number of fan magazines.

By the latter I have been amazed. Almost without exception they have attacked with unbelievable ferocity this great actress who, as a girl of nineteen, came from Sweden to America to make pictures—to a strange land and strange people of whose language she knew nothing. And how was this young girl received? As Dietrich was? Harvey? Sten? Rainer? Simon? Ah, no!

Katharine Albert, her arch enemy, it seems, writes time and time again how the members of the publicity department, of which she was one, laughed themselves sick at the shy but friendly girl. Even after "The Torrent" and "The Temptress," the women at the studio still made a laughingstock of this girl.

Do you wonder that she withdrew into herself? What would Joan Crawford, who weeps at the slightest criticism, have done had she been set down in a strange land where people who spoke a strange tongue openly derided her? One can imagine!

This derision has gone on and on. Any other actress may do as she chooses about her clothes, her private life, her temperament, and we are hastily assured that she, and sometimes he, is not "doing a Garbo." Oh, no! It is merely their nature. But Garbo? Such a row went up when she didn't give interviews and such howls of glee when she did grant a few short ones! "She's slipping! She's slipping! Garbo is on the skids!" they cried in malicious accord.

In the October issue Elsie J. Kimball asks, as she says, a simple question. She wants to know if anybody in the world likes Garbo. She states that she moves in business, social and university circles,



A new comedy star is rising in Hollywood as the result of "College Holiday." He is Ben Blue, veteran of the vaudeville stage and the night clubs.

and never once has she heard the name of Garbo mentioned but that every one did not burst into giggles. I should have answered her direct, but she gave no local address. I am going to ask that you print this letter where it will likely meet her eye. Then, if she will write to me, I shall give her many instances of persons who do not giggle when Garbo's name is mentioned. I suppose Elsie Kimball knows who Max Reinhardt is. He says Garbo is the most intelligent woman in Hollywood and most nearly approaches genius of any screen actress. Laughton declares that, given time, she will be another Duse. Rathbone says she is the greatest of them all. Jim Tully says she runs neck and neck with Bergner. Noel Coward says she ranks second. John Barrymore says she is a second Ellen Terry. Clark Gable, Chevalier, et cetera, declare her to be one of the most fascinating women in the world. She is the favorite of Eva Le Gallienne, Katharine Cornell, et cetera, and of thousands of us lesser ones. EUNICE GIDEON.

541 Greenville Street,
Anderson, South Carolina.



A make-up man is applying another touch of powder on Clark Gable's cheek as he is about to start a scene in "Parnell," opposite Myrna Loy.

### Stars Should Aid Fan Clubs.

THERE has been much talk lately about fan clubs, and I'd like to give my opinion of them, as I am a member of a good many, and at one time had two clubs of my own.

Many fans don't know just what a fan club is. The purpose of such an organization is to gather all the star's

*Continued on page 92*

# Soft AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

CENSORSHIP of pictures is sometimes amusing, often puzzling and frequently intolerable. Occasionally it is wise. Always it is interesting to the picture-goer to contemplate examples of censorship that disurb those who write stories for the screen and those who produce them.

The demon rum is the latest monster to rear its ugly head in the problems that absorb Hollywood. It seems there is too much drinking in pictures nowadays to suit certain women's clubs and temperance groups. Their protests have been so frequent and so vehement that Will H. Hays has issued an ultimatum. Highballs and cocktails are permissible on the screen only when they are needed to further a story and possibly to create necessary atmosphere. Used indiscriminately, or to give the characters something to do, they are "out."

Censors of pictures are notoriously without a sense of humor, so it is hardly surprising to find them protesting scenes of drinking on moral grounds and overlooking the fact that much of the excessive drinking on the screen is opposed to realism and frequently is a humorous distortion of it.

For example, we all have seen the debonair detective and his girl friend go through an entire picture with highball glasses hardly ever out of their hands, meanwhile quipping brightly, retaining their equilibrium, keeping up their appearance and, last but not least, discovering the thief or murderer with unfailing intelligence. In short, never a false move, never a glassy eye, never a snore. Now, such poised infallibility never could accompany alcoholic potations in quantity. A succession of drinks at modernistic bars may prove the smartness of the characters, but the practice is incompatible with mental efficiency, as every experienced adult knows the morning after. It is the inexperienced young who do not know. It is they who are misled and perhaps tempted to be as "smart" as their favorite stars on the screen. In short, I think it a good thing for Hollywood to be cautioned against the deceptive use of alcohol in pictures.

The power of the medium lies largely in its honesty. The gangster and the lady of easy virtue have been shorn of their allure to a large extent, so why should excessive consumption of highballs and cocktails continue to masquerade as the harmless, casual accompaniment of civilized behavior?

* * *

AT this writing the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences have not been made. Nominations are generally known, however, and it is with amazement that admirers of Garbo learn that her sublime performance in "Camille" stands no chance of recognition by this body. She is not included among the possible winners of the metal statuette coveted by screen actors. She never has been. Not for "Anna Christie"—Marie Dressler having won the award for that film; not for "Romance," "Queen Christina," "Anna Karenina" did Garbo qualify. The press cheers her, world celebrities acclaim her acting, her long career is now in its eleventh year, with twenty-one films her unusual record of achievement, yet she never has been singled out by any of the numerous critical groups for public honor. The Academy has never even considered her for one of its benedictions.

ONE naturally asks what must an artist possess to pass muster with the instructors and judges in this seat of learning? What does it teach that Garbo cannot master? Why are her marks repeatedly negative, below par?

SHE must find consolation, if that is what she desires, in a gold medal recently given her by the king of her native Sweden, not for specific achievement in the cinema, unfortunately, but for her contribution to "art." This lone honor is all that Garbo has won in eleven years! Of course, there is hope that the Academy may recognize her—in time. Perhaps next year. Actually, this year's bestowals are based on pictures released in 1936. "Camille" is not included among eligible films because its release date was January 1, 1937. It may be that Garbo misses her chance for consideration by twenty-four hours! It may be that "Camille" will be too long dead for resuscitation when the awards of March, 1938, are made. Perhaps it will be damned and outlawed as "an old-fashioned picture" by then.

AS matters stand, the scales of justice are askew when the finest actress in the world—the phrase is not mine—is deprived of the recognition that is accorded her inferiors. Of course, her temperament may stand in the way of public acknowledgment of her preëminence by the Academy. It is inconceivable that she be photographed at the jollification banquet rapturously contemplating the statuette. Better far to remain at home and cherish the King of Sweden's medal than step out of character as a divinity of myth and legend.

* * *

PICTURE PLAY lifts its hat to Deanna Durbin as the most important of recent discoveries. No, we are not forgetting Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie, John Trent and the most accomplished artist of them all, Francine Larrimore. But the little Durbin is different, is in a class by herself, and is known to a larger audience because of her radio activities than any of the others. Her youth, too, makes her more of a phenomenon for she is only fourteen and a full-fledged star, the only one of that age in pictures.

We shall honor her next month by offering her likeness on our cover, the first time we have so recognized a star on the strength of a single film, and she will be the subject of a story, too, the intimate, revealing narrative of her life, telling you exactly what she is like to-day. She's shy, a trifle awkward at times and is interested only in what a girl of her age should be interested in. Her two favorite expressions are "Bunk!" and "Swell!" Everything tells us that she is a normal fourteen-year-old in every respect but one—her vocal cords. They are mature beyond her years and she must grow up to them. You will like our cover of Deanna Durbin and you will like the story about her.

* * *

THE lure of motion pictures as entertainment for children makes us doubly aware of the limitless power of the screen to educate and inform, to mold character and conduct. Consider this: A questionnaire circulated among 10,000 boys and girls in New York between the ages of ten and sixteen revealed that twelve boys and girls are passing three hours a week seeing pictures while only one is at home getting the same things from books.

Forty-seven per cent said they attended twice a week, and forty-nine per cent said they attended once a week. Two per cent said they went every day, and less than two per cent said they seldom went at all. The questionnaire was circulated in the most congested districts of the city, where children of foreign birth or parentage predominate.

Pictures as they are to-day cannot harm any one of these ten thousand juveniles. There is no need even to consider that. But I doubt if any of us realize—and this means the actors, especially—the power of the screen to teach correct speech to foreigners. Many of the children embraced in this survey do not hear English at all except at public school. The language of their parents is spoken at home. Only when seeing movies have they a chance to hear careful English, with the correct intonation, accent and pronunciation.

The responsibility vested in the screen to set a good example to these citizens of to-morrow is great and wonderful. When the language is heard from the lips of favorite stars it is immeasurably more eloquent than when heard in a classroom. The imitativeness of children is well known. Often it is unconscious. Consider, then, you idols of youth, what a privilege is yours to inspire and teach perfect speech with none of the drudgery that usually accompanies instruction, but only by setting a shining example! You are equipping every one of these ten thousand children with a lever to raise himself out of his environment, if he cares to use it.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

GAIL PATRICK and Ricardo Cortez are new as teammates and we are all for the combination! One is as smooth as the other. They are in "Her Husband Lies," with Tom Brown, Akim Tamiroff, and Louis Calhern for good measure in acting. Mr. Cortez is a reformed gambler, Miss Patrick his wife, a night-club singer. It is in Mr. Cortez's effort to save his brother, Mr. Brown, from a gambler's life that he sacrifices his own.



# IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU FIND HERE THE STORY OF TYRONE POWER, AND YOU WILL LIKE HIM ALL THE MORE FOR BEING TENDER, GENEROUS AND UNASSUMING.

BY ALLAN DONN

THE setting was perfect. When I entered the great Starlight Raaf af the Waldarf-Astaria, hundreds af blinking candles and lights greeted me. Overhead, thausands af little gleaming stars, set against a deep cabalt backgraund, seemed ta wink a salutatian.

New Yark was aut ta aut-Hallywaad itself and every ane af its special resaurces had been called farth ta welcame a san came hame in victory.

A yaung man wham the gads are pleased ta bless after a lang, hard fight. Tyrane Pawer, the new ramantic star whase râle af "Janathan Blake" in "Llayds af Landan" braught him inta the frant rank af leading yaung men of the screen.

It wasn't difficult ta find Tyrane even in this large gathering. In a far carner, where the news phatagraphers were taking ane picture after anather and lavely ladies were standing in beautiful attentian, I knew he must be.

I appraached wandering if in this scene af adulatian and handshaking it wauld be passible ta see him far mare than a secand.

He is tall; six feet as a matter af fact. His saft, luminaus brawn eyes

**Tyrone Power is tall—six feet—and his soft, luminous brown eyes are kind and smiling. His hair is dark brown, too, and his smile is warm and captivating, says the writer of this story. At twenty-three he has five years of hardship and experience behind him.**

**Below, as he appears in "Café Metropole," his next film.**



are kind and smiling. His hair is a dark brown, almost black at times, and his smile, one of his grestest charms, is warm and captivating.

We were introduced and he was at once cordial and interested. His rare faculty of sincerely being interested in others makes conversation with him pleasant and easy. His eagerness to please is disarming, a gallant quality.

With all this ease of manner and graciousness, he seemed detached, a bit preoccupied. I thought then that the strain of meeting so many people and long hours of handshaking—the party lasted four hours—was telling on him.

Suddenly he interrupted our conversation in his quick, direct way.

"Won't you," he said, "come to see me to-morrow morning? I have a story to tell you. This day is something more than just coming back to New York a celebrity."

The next morning in his suite at the hotel his greeting was as fresh and vigorous as though the hectic afternoon and evening of the day before had never happened.

I questioned his ability to look so fresh early in the morning.

"Oh," he said, "Miss Henie and I had an hour's horseback riding this morning! I feel much better than last night."

His mood of the night before was returning. Rather sad, I thought, and I knew if I didn't interrupt that he would tell me why. We were both silent for a moment. Then he spoke in a swift, sure and almost trembling voice.

"I'll tell you the story right straight through, if you'd like to hear it." He turned away from me to look out the window, his face marked in pained remembrance as he started to unfold his story.

"Five years ago last night my father died in Hollywood. He was the one person missing at the reception yesterday. The one person I wanted to be with me when succees came. We were always close to each other. After I left school I trouped with him. Wherever he played, so did I. Sometimes it was New York, sometimes Cincinnati, sometimes Chicago or any of the stock theatrical towns. Then father was offered a season of Shakespearean repertoire in Chicago.

"After we played together in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Paramount brought him to Hollywood for the spoken production of 'The Miracle Man.' As always, I went with him. A small part had been promised me and my father, anxious to see me make my way, saw a great future for me.



Tyrone Power comes from a long line of actors. His resemblance to his father, who is seen in the old photograph below, is marked. It is the son's sorrow that Tyrone, Sr., is not alive to see him following in his footsteps.



"Work on 'The Miracle Man' had been under way a week when late one night—it was after twelve—the studio called to say father was ill and wanted me to help him home. When I reached the studio they informed me that father had collapsed on the set but, trouper that he was, worked through until after midnight without complaining.

"No one suspected he was ill, least of all me. The doctor told me there wasn't any hope. On December 30th he died in my arms. His last wish was that I work hard and follow in his footsteps and be a success. It would have made yesterday mean so much more to me had he lived. He must know," he ended, almost as a prayer.

This, then, was the tragedy. I, of course, knew that his father was one of the great actors of his day.

I sought to break the tension of his sad memory by asking why, with such a background of training and tradition, he had had such a struggle.

"But that was five years ago," I said, "and I can't remember you in 'The Miracle Man' or any other picture until this year."

That brought a smile to his face.

"Would you," he asked, "like to hear what happened in those five years?"

I did. I wanted to know why he didn't get on in Hollywood, what he had been doing in the obscure years since his father's death.

"When father died," he began, "mother and my sister came on from Ohio to be with me. The small part I was to play in 'The Miracle Man' did not materialize. I began to look for other work. I did the usual thing of making the rounds of the casting offices and the agents. All turned me down. No one would give me a chance. If I was given an appointment, it was because some old-timer wished to reminisce about my father." He smiled and laughed lightly at the memory of it.

"You see," he went on, "it was then I realized I was up against what was to be the biggest obstacle in my career—my father's name.

*Continued on page 86*


LOVERS WHO LIFT YOUR HEART TO THE STARS...in the tenderest romance of our time!
SIMONE SIMON
. . . emerging as the screen's greatest star . . . in the role she was born to play!
and
JAMES STEWART
in
'SEVENTH HEAVEN'
with
JEAN HERSHOLT · GREGORY RATOFF Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg · John Qualen
Victor Kilian · Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann · Mady Christians
Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" · produced and directed by John Golden · written by Austin Strong
20th CENTURY FOX
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production
This was heaven —to make one man her life...her love...her world!

PICTURE PLAY'S FAMOUS PREVIEWS ANN SOTHERN AND DON AMECHE IN "FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN."







# HANDSOME WAITER





"PERSONAL PROPERTY" has Robert Taylor acting as a butler in the home of Jean Harlow, his brother's fiancée. The high light of the situation is when his family comes to dine and they refuse to acknowledge his identity. Reginald Owen, outer left, with Mr. Taylor, is the brother. Bottom, left, Miss Harlow with her maid, Una O'Connor. Left, Cora Witherspoon and her daughter, Marla Shelton. Below, with Henrietta Crosman.







FERNAND GRAVET AND JOAN BLONDELL IN "THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL."



LEW AYRES AND RUTH COLEMAN

IN "THE CRIME NOBODY SAW."



LARRY CRABBE AND ASTRID ALLWYN

IN "MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE."





# ESCADRILLE 37







"THE WOMAN I LOVE" has Miriam Hopkins, married to Paul Muni, head pilot of a French outfit, falling in love with Louis Hayward, a young officer. Husband and wife are shown at top of the page with Adrian Morris. Outer left, Miss Hopkins with Colin Clive. Mr. Hayward with his kid brother, Wally Albright.



# BLACK CARGO

"SLAVE SHIP" is laid in 1845 when slaves were smuggled across the Atlantic from the ivory coast of Africa. Warner Baxter, captain of the "Albatross," went into slave running as a boy simply for the thrill of it. When he marries Elizabeth Allan, he discharges his crew and plans to begin a new life. It is then that Wallace Beery, below, first mate, becomes treacherous. Mickey Rooney, cabin boy, left, also has dreams of one day purchasing his own slave vessel.











# ROMANTIC Island

"WAIKIKI WEDDING" tells what happens when Bing Crosby, publicity man for a Hawaiian pineapple firm, stages a contest. Shirley Ross is the winner, but she doesn't think much of Hawaii. Bing and his pal, Bob Burns, stage a fake robbery and kidnap Shirley and Martha Raye. Shirley learns of the deception, and her fiancé comes to the island. But all turns out well for Bing, who convinces Shirley that he's the guy for her.





# TARTAR CAMP











"MICHAEL STROGOFF" is the thrilling account of the deeds of a brave young courier of the Czar Alexander II. Anton Walbrook, noted Viennese actor, makes his American début in the title rôle. Margot Grahame, with him, left, is a spy. With her, upper left, is Executioner Constantine Romanoff. Below, she and the courier with Elizabeth Allan. Paul Guilfoyle and Akim Tamiroff, bottom, who lead the Tartar hordes in a red raid.













# DISGUISED

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER" is the story of the lives of two boys, born simultaneously at opposite ends of the social scale. The rôles are played by the twins, Billy and Bobby Mauch. Left, the beggar's son seeks instruction from Fritz Leiber, a kindly priest. Bottom, left, with his father, Barton MacLane, Grandma Elspeth Dudgeon, and Murray Kinnell. The boys meet accidentally and, as a lark, exchange clothing. Below, the coronation is about to begin.





THE birth of an heir is celebrated by "Henry VIII," right, played by Montagu Love, in "The Prince and the Pauper." Beneath him is Errol Flynn, a swashbuckling soldier of fortune who befriends the prince and assists him in regaining the throne. Bottom, the prince looks in awe at Claude Rains, the shrewd "Earl of Hertford."









# THE ORIGIN OF STAR NAMES

## BY BORIS RANDOLPH



EDNA MAY OLIVER means the peaceful pleasure of a beloved daughter of the gods, under an olive tree. Edna is from the Hebrew for pleasure. May is either from the month of that name, or it is a contraction of Mary which in turn is from a Greek form of the Hebrew Miriam. If derived from the month, May is from the Latin Maia who was the daughter of Atlas and the mother of Mercury. If from Mary, then it goes as far back as the Egyptian "mer Aman," meaning the beloved of Aman. Oliver is from the French for olive tree, a branch of which has always been symbolic of peace.



BERT WHEELER means a bright wagonmaker. Bert is short for Bertram which in old high German stood for bright raven. In the abbreviation however, the syllable which stood for raven has been dropped, leaving only the meaning of bright. Wheeler is originally from the Anglo-Saxon and in comparatively recent times meant a wheelwright.



FRANK McHUGH means a free son of the mind. A Frank was originally one of a Germanic tribe who in time founded the Frankish Empire of the Middle Ages out of which modern France, Germany, and Italy have sprung. France alone, however, retains the old name for its nation and there the word is traced to "franc," originally meaning free. Freedom, however, is frequently measured by strength, and it is therefore not surprising to find that in Anglo-Saxon the word "franca" meant a javelin. McHugh is from Gaelic "Mac" meaning the son of, and old high German "hugu," meaning the mind. Hugh and Hugo have identical origins in this respect.



WINIFRED SHAW means a great display of tailing and striving for peace. Winifred is from two Anglo-Saxon words, the first meaning to tail and strive, and the second associated with old high German and standing for the idea of peace. Shaw is from the Scotch "schaw" and is akin to our word "shaw" with the meaning of a grand display or demonstration.



JEAN ARTHUR is indicative of a high tribute of the Lord. Jean is feminine for John and conveys the idea of a tribute from the Lord, or gift of God. Arthur is a Welsh name which comes from the Celtic meaning high.



ALICE BRADY gives us a paradox inasmuch as it means both truthful and misleading. Alice is Greek for truth and it is interesting to note Lewis Carroll's choice of this name for the little girl he sent through Wonderland; for Carroll was a great mathematician and in his [illegible]





SIMONE SIMON may be said to mean the flat-nosed listener. The first name is a femininization of the second. Simon has two possible origins. Spelled as it is and derived from the Greek it literally means flat-nosed. But in this form it is also a frequent variation of the name Simeon, which comes from the Hebrew "Shiman," meaning hearing, or one who hears or listens.



FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is suggestive of the mission of Christ on earth. It means the rich peace brought by the son of the spirit. Freddie is of course short for Frederick, which comes from old high German and means a rich or powerful peace. Bartholomew comes to us through the Greek from the Aramaic where it meant the son of Talmai, Talmai being a Hebrew name and meaning spirit.



CHARLES BOYER conveys the idea of a strong archer or a manly maker of bows. Charles is from the German "Karl," meaning strong or manly. Boyer is from old English bowyer, one who makes or sells bows and by association it also used to designate an archer.



HEATHER ANGEL implies a messenger of the wasteland flowers. The heather is a flowering shrub which gets its name from a Middle English word meaning of the wasteland, with the idea of flowers understood. Angel is from the Greek "angelas," which originally meant simply messenger, but which has now exclusively acquired the meaning of a messenger of God.

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Bette Davis's contract provides for $3,000 weekly in 1942.

# Who Fixes Star Salaries?

BY HELEN PADE

READ THIS AND WONDER AT THE TERRIFIC DISPARITY BETWEEN THE PAY OF SOME LUMINARIES AND OTHERS.



Bing Crosby is holding out for a mere $16,000 a week.

OF all Hollywaad's lunacies, the mast insane and unfathamable is its star salary list.

Nawhere is the fact better knawn nor more freely admitted than in Hollywaad, and at last samething is being dane abaut it. The movement ta ratianalize salaries has developed fram a passive resistance ta an unheralded but active campaign.

It is easy for stars ta shaw by expense accaunts, taxation wails, and the "shart earning time" argument that they are nat averpaid; even ta make us weep in pity for their lot. It is equally easy far studias ta prove that stars are nat cruelly explaited slaves.

What no ane explains is the terrific disparity between the pay af same stars and athers.

Let us take as examples Irene Dunne and Bette Davis, because whatever their respective fans think, these twa rank as nearly as possible equal in value ta the screen.

Irene drew $8,500 a week far the first ten weeks af "Magnificent Obsession," and $10,000 a week thereafter. Far filming "Dangeraus," Bette gat a straight $1,600 a week—and the Academy award for the best per-



Carole Lombard has raised her wages to $150,000 a film.





Robert Taylor's salary was $35 a week for "Society Doctor."

farmance af the yeor. Naturally Bette wants more, and she'll get it—in time. Her present cantract pravides far $3,000 weekly—in 1942.

Robert Taylar gat $35 a week while making "Saciety Dactar," $75 weekly when lent to Universal far "There's Always Ta-marrow," and $400 far "Magnificent Obsessian." When he became Number One Man on the screen his salary was raised to $2,000 weekly.

That may seem a gaadly stipend, but campare it ta Bing Crasby's demond far $2,500,000 far twelve pictures aver o periad af three years, which amounts ta about $200,000 o picture, or $16,000 weekly.

Nar is this an isaloted example af extremes. In the $150,000-and-up-a-picture bracket we must place alsa William Powell, Greta Garba, Ranald Calman, Claudette Calbert, Fredric March, Carole Lambard and several athers. And we sholl see presently that at least an equal number of players as papular as these at the box affice draw abaut what Rabert Taylar is getting.

Against an average picture, Taylar's salary charge wauld be obout $20,000. Ignoring the fact that Bab far autranks such rivals as Colman ot the box office, haw cauld the $200,000-a-picture boys be considered ten times as valuable to employers, stockholders and bankers?

This seems ta place yaur film mogul in o silly light os o business mon. But don't underestimate him. He is na langer merely the petty trickster ballooned to fortune by the cinema gald mine he aperated an o peep-show, shell-gome basis. Where this kind daes survive, clever brains are aperoting for him.

Part af the very insanity and apparent choos af the salory situotion to-day is his doing. He is introducing stars wha ore willing ta accept reosonoble salaries as campetitars far popular or fading stars whase salaries have become inflated beyond oll rational bounds.

Old-time contracts and the clamar af fans far their favarites retard the pragress of this reform, but it has goined slawly for some yeors.

At the time of Jean Harlow's greatest popularity she was getting $1,250, which option-time raises ultimately slanted upward to $2,500 weekly. Her new contract calls far araund $3,500 a week. If it had been made in the days af Pala Negri and Glaria Swanson, Jean's boost wauld have been at least $5,000 a week.

Palo gat $2,800 when a blazing favarite, $8,100 while fading from the cinema skies. Glaria drew $7,000 weekly on o no-optian cantract; at this agreement's termination she refused ane at $20,000 a week! Ta-day, an actress embadying the charms and papularity af Mae West, Greta Garbo, and Shirley Temple in ane pulchritudinaus package cauldn't cammand anything appraaching thot.

The outcame af Geargе Raft's recent cantract trauble was a twa-year agreement at his previaus salary of $4,000 a week. Experts considered it wise af Raft to accept this deal rather than hold out far his pramised raise. He had battled his salary upward fram the $350 a week he gat during the filming af "Night After Night," inspired, perhaps, by the foct that Mae West made her film début in that picture at $5,000 a week.

Incidentolly, Mae gat $25,000 far acting in "She Dane Him Wrang," in oddition to what was paid her far her story ond services as o dialague writer. A similar deal was made far "I'm Na Angel," except that her rewards far histrianic efforts alone in this film were $35,000 and a $15,000 bonus. Her income-tax repart the following yeor showed earnings of $339,166. Then the astute star ceased being a mere employee. She maved in on pictures financially, with a share of the profits which places her in the Charles Chaplin-Harold Llayd class.

That the salary-rationalizing campaign in most of its many phases is being kept as quiet as possible, is apparent in such incidents as the announcement that Irene Dunne refused the tap râle in "Valiant Is the Ward for Carrie." Naturally, no actress af Miss Dunne's versatility, na artist who could portray sa ably the mistress in "Back Street," would shy at "Carrie." Whot actually happened was thot it was decided the "Carrie" râle could be portrayed as effectively by Gladys George, a stage star whose salary was $400 o week.

Every time o Gladys George makes good, it helps the cause of the producers. Their new procedure in such cases is ta make a prompt adjustment of the salary, elevat-



Pola Negri received $8,100 as a fading star.



Producers are banking on newcomers like Craig Reynolds.



Deanna Durbin was paid $150 a week to star in "Three Smart Girls."

## Who Fixes Star Salaries?





prospects, Wayne Morris and Gordon Oliver, are being groomed on the same pay roll.

A similar process is going on at all the film lots. Universal recently had on contract as "prospects" forty-three young players, thirty-five of whom had had no previous film experience. Their salaries averaged $100 weekly, and expensive dramatic coaching was lavished on them. Yet they were not directly as valuable to the studio as bit players who could have been hired for smaller amounts, to do the parts given the newcomers for experience. Where the producer expects to reap his reward—and there is little doubt he will—is in discovering among them the Bing Crosbys and Claudette Colberts of a year or so hence, at salaries which will never mount to fantastic heights.

The replacement of higher-salaried oldsters by newcomers is not always fair, or indicative of anything but unlucky breaks or bad handling of the victims, who often start anew at other studios and win fresh laurels.

Elisso Londi is a fine example. Unfortunate in her stellar career, she made an intelligent arrangement to take less salary and play second leads for MGM.

So we need not feel too sorry for those who are momentarily displaced in the adjustment process; they will find their proper niches. Nor need we worry because our new favorites will have to struggle along on salaries of from $2,000 to $3,000 a week.

Part of it goes to the income-tax collector, but not such a proportion of

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**Jean Harlow, top, actually receives a cut-rate salary at $3,500 because of changed conditions in grading stars.**

**Gladys George, next, was a challenge to the high-priced stars at $400 a week.**

**Elissa Landi, right, sensibly took a cut in pay and agreed to play secondary rôles.**

**Mae West, below, is the phenomenal star on pay day. Besides salary as star, author and writer of dialogue, she shares profits, too.**





ing it at once and without argument to a reasonable figure. They do not, however, mortgage their future profits via contracts calling for fantastic raises year after year.

The reform policy is apparent in all salary deals with newer favorites. Nelson Eddy has just been raised to $2,000 a week. Approximately in the same pay roll bracket with Eddy and Taylor are Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, and quite a few new romantic heroes. Anne Shirley's new contract begins at $500 weekly, raising to $2,000 during a six-year period. That should partially console Anne's employers for the $250,000 a picture they pay the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire team.

The basic weapon in the producers' campaign, therefore, is the discovery and development of talented newcomers. Deanna Durbin was paid $150 a week to star in "Three Smart Girls." Olivia de Havilland, Luise Rainer, Madeleine Carroll, and Frances Farmer are immediate threats to the dramatic actresses. Tyrone Power, Craig Reynolds, Don Ameche, Andrea Leeds, Patric Knowles, and others, still in a sub-star salary bracket, already are definitely displacing older players whose popularity has failed to keep pace with the upward salary tilts provided for in their contracts.

At Warners, for example, as this is written our spies report that Donald Woods, Jean Muir, and Ann Dvorak are about to be released. While not high-salaried stars, neither Miss Dvorak at her $1,500 a week, nor Miss Muir at almost the same figure, has the box-office pull of Miss de Havilland, the newcomer. Craig Reynolds, at a few hundred a week, leads the $1,750-a-week Woods in fan following, while at least two other fine masculine



"THE HIT PARADE" stars Frances Langford and Phil Regan with a galaxy of radio and night-club stars, several orchestras, and a number of new songs. Mr. Regan is a radio publicity man who persuades an unknown, Miss Langford, to substitute for the temperamental singing star, Louise Henry. Of course, she is a hit but strikes a snag when her "past" as an inmate of a reform school crops up. Everything is smoothed out.



Lola Lane, Mayo Methot, Bette Davis, Isabel Jewell, and Rosalind Marquis are hard-boiled hostesses at a tough night spot in "Marked Woman."

# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT



Photo by International



THE laneliest bride in the history of Hallywaod was Mary Astor, follawing her elopement with Manuel del Campo. Haw would you figure it atherwise?

A midnight trip to Yumo, an haur's ride by outo ta Mexicali, then farewell ta the mon she married, and o solitory trip back to Hollywood, where a throng of reporters ond photographers awoited her. Then, toa, the return of the bridegroom—so indefinite.

What inspired that sudden wedding? Impulse, with o capital "I." Mory determined almast during the course of her flight that she laved Monuel.

Surely there aught ta be happiness somewhere for this child af misfartune. Far it was misfartune, certainly, thot beset her when her first husbond was killed in an accident at sea, and surely oll the publicity concerning her difficulties with her secand husbond, Doctor Franklyn Thorpe connat be caunted on the joyaus side. Then her curious struggle for canceolment of her marriage ta Del Campa—so futile. Brought obaut, we understand, by his father's recent deoth —thot and the foct that Manuel's family ore Catholics, and o morrioge outside the church wos disturbing to them. It's quite o litony when yau take full occaunt of it.

**Merle's Real Romance.**—Merle Oberan and Brion Aherne? Whot da you think of thot for o moritol ollionce? Looks bright, we'd say, ond pretty much one of those

glamorous matches. We know there's a romance. It began on the set of "Beloved Enemy." What correspondence was there between these two, and what romantic exchanges across the sea while Merle was in England and Brian in New York? So at least the little birds tell us. The David Niven "engagement" is off, naturally. It was more or less a publicity stunt, as we advised you months ago.

**More Romantic Gleanings.**—Do you want an interesting forecast? If Errol Flynn and Lili Damita finally divorce, as we surmise they will, we'll venture a prophecy. The new Mrs. Flynn will be Olivia de Havilland! Also why shouldn't we guess twice. Within the year Beverly Roberts will be married to the director, William Keighley. And that will mean two romances that developed right on the Warner lot.

**Barrymore Rift Past Mending.**—Stand by for a John Barrymore announcement! No matter how many rumors of reconciliation you hear, that marriage is not going on for any definite period. And as soon as the final word is said, we prophesy that John the Magnificent will return zealously to the screen. And that's no disparagement of a very charming woman, Elaine Barrymore. It simply wasn't in the cards for their match to be a success.

**Wife and Mother First.**—Two stork visits at the home of Evelyn Venable ought to be convincing testimony that she takes her obligations as a wife and mother more than seriously, and rates them much more important than her career.

Evelyn plays in pictures, but she isn't urging the fulfillment of her career. What's more, her husband is properly benedictioned, because he now directs in addition to assuming charge of the camera work on pictures. Some day, too, Evelyn, who is a girl of rare ambition and real talent, will also realize her dreams.

**Arline Much Triangled.**—Old loves are not so easily thrust away. That was proved in the pitched battle between Dan Topping and Pat di Cicco over Arline Judge in a night club in Hollywood. There was a brief strange interlude in Arline's life, after her break-up with Wesley Ruggles, the director, when she and Di Cicco were devoted. That was the lurking reason for his encounter with Topping, who will be the husband of Arline in perhaps a week or two.

**Dietrich Paid More than Garbo.**—Progressive revealings of star's incomes are interesting. The government is telling tales out of school, much to the consternation of movie luminaries. Of course, it all dates back to 1935, but it was something to note that during that year Greta Garbo was rewarded with some $330,000; Wallace Beery more than $275,000; Joan Crawford, $240,000 plus; William Powell nearly that amount, and Clark Gable $210,000. Garbo is still paid huge rewards, as you note. That was the year in which she made "The Painted Veil" and "Anna Karenina." Gloria Swanson received $53,000 during the same annum, the one she was under contract to MGM, but made nary a picture for that company.

And by the way Marlene Dietrich topped Greta during 1935 with $368,000.

**Eddie Spring Dancer.**—The most important thing divulged by the Screen Actors' Guild ball, which slipped a a little as a bright colony function, is that Edward G. Robinson can be as gay as anybody, despite all his collecting of art works.

You know, of course, that he has gathered together the most amazing assortment of fine paintings ever accumulated by an actor in Hollywood. But at the Guild ball Eddie was the individual who outstayed everybody, and then to close the evening did a spring dance in the esplanade leading from the ballroom to the broad open spaces. His cortege furnished the attendant harmony. So there is both a serious and a lighter side to this actor.

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Mary Astor, 30, "child of misfortune," tries a third marriage. A Mexican, Manuel del Campo, 24, is her choice.

John Trent, former transport pilot, is the latest sensation among leading men, with stardom assured before the year ends.

Madge Evans makes a charming picture with her quintuplet chicks, doesn't she? "Espionage" is her current film.



Binnie Barnes and Gloria Stuart are carefree pals as they display their first beach attire of the season. Not that they are ready to use it yet awhile!

# ALL THE WORLD LOVES A

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

THIS MOST COLORFUL DESCRIPTION OF ERROL FLYNN'S BACKGROUND INCLUDES A CLOSE-UP OF HIS CHARACTER THAT IS NEW AND AUTHENTIC.



THERE ore two types of Irish. And you'll find them the world over. One is the begorroh-bejobbers variety. The other is Errol Flynn. One is the peosont. The other is the prince. And the family of Flynn thronged Tara's poloces when the others were trotting the bogs with blue paint on their bodies ond divvil o gorment to cover their nokedness sove moybe a bit of o gootskin or the like of thot.

It's o long woy, moybe, to Tipperory. But forther still is it from thot Holywood which nestles on the Belfost Lough to the Hollywood slumbering in the Southern sunshine of Califomio. Flynn hos covered the troil following devious poths. He knows the stink of copro rotting neor o tropic seo. He knows the perfume of the peorl fisheries ond the miosmic menoce of jungle paths where deoth flutters ceoselessly os o humming-bird's wings.

But he knows, too, the bistros ond boulevards of Poris. The bodego of "The Merry Widow" in Belfost. Piccodilly ond the Strond. The bor at Usher's Hotel in New South Woles, where the buxom bormoid, Yolonde, will whisper of new gold in Morobe while she serves o gin ond tonic. He knows New York's "21" club. Hollywood's Trocodero. Thot joint in New Guineo where

The upper picture shows Errol Flynn as "Miles Hendon," in "The Prince and the Pauper," in which he good-naturedly side-steps stardom so that the twins, Bobby and Billy Mauch, may have the spotlight.

He is a man's man—the kind women adore. Fight or frolic—he enjoys either. He hates swank and stuffiness and well nigh strangles in the closeness of a formal drawing-room. His tweeds don't fit him very well. He's not too perfectly dressed. He will be twenty-eight on June twentieth.



# ROVER

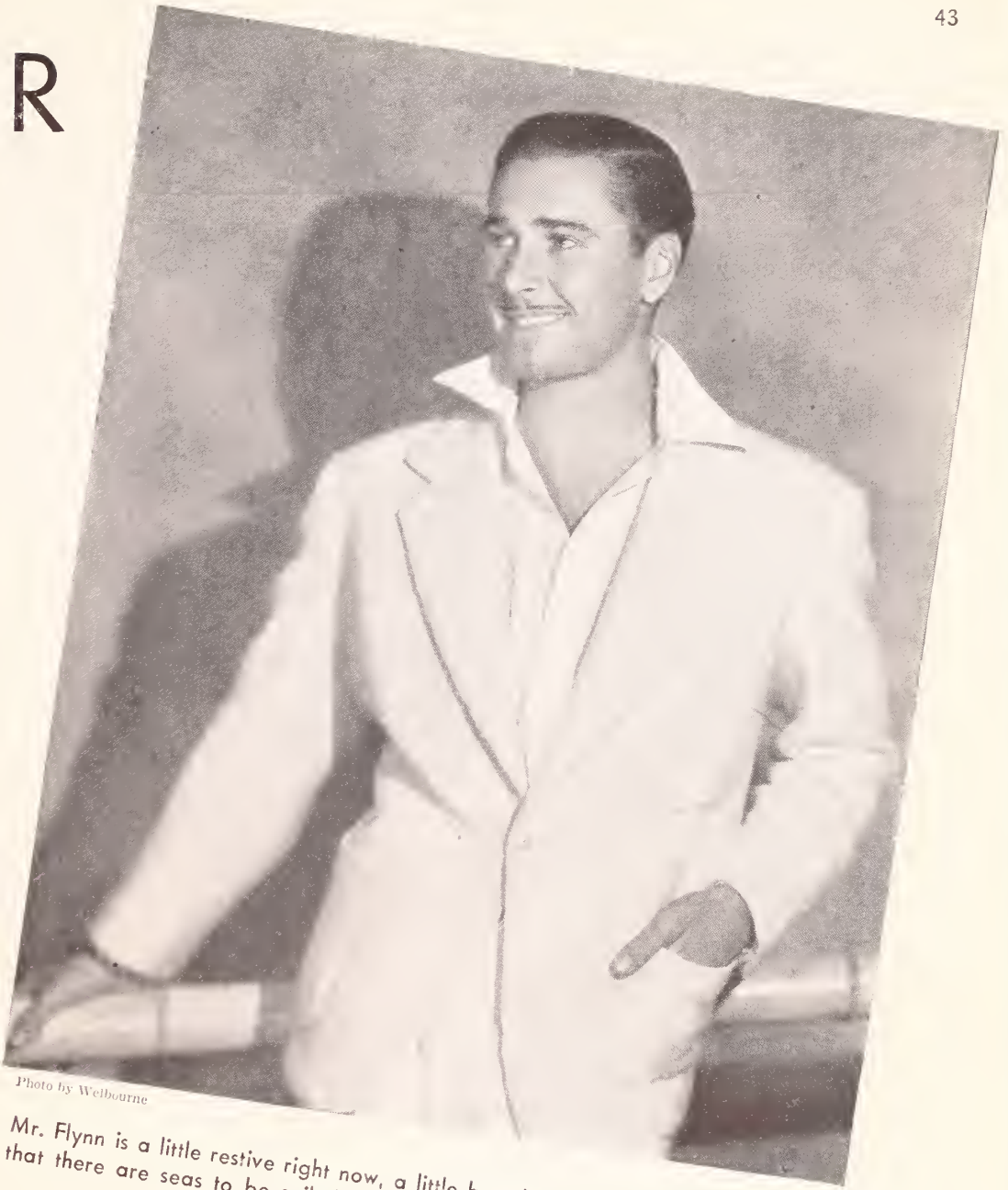


Photo by Welbourne

*Mr. Flynn is a little restive right now, a little bored. A rover at heart, he knows that there are seas to be sailed, strange spots to be seen. These movie rôles had better be interesting—or else!*

white men gather—if they escape the Gaiaribari warriars' paisaned arraws.

Clean and fresh in memary are the bitter ador af bilge in the scuppers of a sea-gaing tub, and the biting tang af a brine-saaked breeze tassing spray ta the sky. He remembers dawn an high hills in far places, and nights filled with trapic mystery when a man felt near ta Gad and cauld reach a handful af stars fram a clase-damed sky. In a ward, Erral Flynn has been araund. He's gane places and seen things.

He's seen, for instance, his awn blaad run red and hat from a leg raked ta the bane by the paisanous fangs af Sepik River cracadile. He's seen the inside of the taboo Laki-Laki house surraunded by the scowling tribesmen af remate Dampier Island. He's seen o bhang-crazed native run murderausly amuck. And he's seen him drap dead in his tracks while he, Flynn, stoad with a smoking Luger in his hand. He's seen a head-hunting savage laok enviausly at him as a potential traphy. He's seen the whistling spear af a cannibal came carrying death ta him. He's lived thraugh jungle gongrene fram festering waunds. He's killed o Kuku pauri with the mightier mogic of o Calt autamatic. All in all, quite an interesting guy. A bit unusual to us armchair adventurers wha get aur thrills safely from motian-picture screens.

Once he wake up in an Austrian port, with an awful head, ta came ta the dim, disturbing consciausness that five grand in quick gald had vanished and in its place he was the awner af a baat. But without a vain regret or an idle tear, indeed with nathing but an eye-apener, he set sail far new adventures, greener pastures, over three thousand miles af apen Pacific woters. It may have been a hangaver, toa, thot brought him from a pearling expedition in Tahiti ta the English stage and the American mavies.

You see, in Papeete the bays make holiday each manth when the baat comes in fram hame with the mail. On bicycles—what ha, ramance!—they traap in fram the ather side af the island, and gather at the bar far conversatian and companianship. The canversatian creates a thirst. The companianship quenches it. Then they're back where they started. Sa—set 'em up again, will you, bay? And, Gawd, haw I wish I were back in (a) The States, (b) Blighty, (c) Austrylia, (d) Dear, dirty Dublin, (e) well, name yaur awn ald, hame tawn! Yau knaw haw it is. There was a film campany an lacatian. When Flynn wake up he was an his way ta stardam.

A taugh guy, this hambre. Taugh in a steellike way. Nathing af the swaggerer abaut him. Life didn't cast him in the mald that Victar McLaglen partrays in pictures. He's mare the Guardsman sart, if yau knaw what I mean. The sart wha led the Irish regiments in the War—all wars.

He might say: "My ward, bays, it's the zera haur! Well, aver we ga, came alang!" And swing aff inta the mouth af hell with a cigarette between his lips, a gat dangling fram a card, and a swagger stick in his hand. He's a caal propasitian. He has blue-gray eyes. Yau'll find 'em in

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# PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL SONJA



BY ETHEL H. BARRON

MOTHER USUALLY KNOWS BEST, BUT IT IS PAPA HENIE WHO MANAGES THE NORWEGIAN SKATING QUEEN'S LIFE AND WHOSE "NO!" IS NEVER DISPUTED.

I RECENTLY saw Sanja Henie in 'One in a Millian,' and while I sat in the theater watching her, it was hard for me to believe that this enchanting creature was the little daughter of 'Papa' Henie whom I knew back hame in Oslo, Norway."

The speaker was Knut Vang, a hearty Scandinavian photographer who naw makes his hame in the United States and who has known the Henies, Papa, Mamma, Brother Lief, and Sanja since 1919, when the famaus skating queen was only six years old.

"I first met the Henies at the Christiana Skäting Klub in Oslo. Almast all of Oslo knew each ather and came to the club ta skate. And when I think of all the people who went there regularly and wha have since became great—Kirsten Flagstad, Bernt Balchen, Raald Amundsen, Malla Bjurstedt Mallary, and Sonja Henie, I blush with shame when I think that I cannot count myself among them; but I am praud that I am a countryman.

"The Nardics are very clannish, yau knaw, and whenever we can get together, we sit and discuss the goad old days back in Oslo. It isn't very aften that we meet naw. It is seldam that all of us are here at one time. Amundsen is gane farever; Balchen I see accasionally. Flagstad comes to see me when the apera seasan is an. Mrs. Mallary cames often, and Sanja," Mr. Vang paused and smiled, "Sonja is the truest friend of all.

"I was invited ta a cocktail party the press gave her when she was here a while aga. I could not ga—this business of mine keeps me here always, but Sanja missed me and called up to find out why I was nat there. She has her picture taken at my studio whenever she is in town. I am sure she knows of better photographers but I am a cauntryman of hers and that is enaugh far her.

"I remember Sonja as a little girl," Mr. Vang cantinued musingly. "Even then she was a wonderful skater, much better than the rest of us who were so much older. When she skated, we would leave the ice and stand around and watch her. We Scandinavians take aur sparts very seri-

ously and when it came time for us to go home, we would jump into a huge sleigh and discuss the finer points of skating. We did not go into o restaurant or a saloon and 'cut up' as you Americans do. The sleigh would drop each one of us ot our homes so that we could go to bed early and keep in fine fettle for our outdoor activities.

"But to get back to the Henies," said Mr. Vang. "They were considered among the richest people in town. They had a lorge fur shop on Känigsgoton and lived in on elegant house in one of the most fashionable sections of Oslo. But to the Scandinavian thot means little.

"It wos not the Henies' wealth that marked them for favor. It was the athletic prowess of father ond doughter. I saw very little of Mrs. Henie before I came to America. She is a shy, retiring little woman who always struck me as being afraid of her own shadow. Certainly she was never a spartswoman. But Papa Henie"—Mr. Vang kissed his fingers as a mark of respect to the absent Mr. Henie—"there is o character! He deserves o story on his own account.

"Sonjo gets oll her love ond genius for sports from him, as Papo Henie was once bicycle champion of Norway. This wos yeors before Sonja was born and before Popo had odded weight to his figure. He, too, loved to skate.

"I con see them now. Sonja, o trim little figure in a red sweater and cap, is running up to the pond, her smoll feet trying hard to keep in step with the broad strides of her Papo. Her hond is confidently placed in his. There are shouts of welcome and Papa and Sonja are gliding over the ice with the rest of us. Soon Sonja is alone; the little figure is now o swift, fairylike creature who does things on skates thot the rest of us would like to do ond can't. Sonja is neither self-conscious nor embarrassed. To her skating comes os notural as walking does to most of us.

"Yes, I can see it oll ogain and it does not seem so very long ago, either. She was never o conceited child, despite her genius. She was always a happy-go-lucky, carefree little girl who was very fond of her Papa and very obedient to him.

"Yeors later, on one of her trips to America, I asked her, 'Sonjo, do you still do what your father tells you?' and she answered, 'Yes, Vang, I think he is the smortest man in the world.'

"She was always corefully guarded. Scandinovian girls usually ore tended like hothouse plants but Sonja was brought up even more carefully than most girls. The Henies realized thot they hod a genius in the family and they felt they must be extremely careful of the people who surrounded her.

"For that reason she hod few boy friends, if any, and only once do I remember her name being linked romontically with a young man's. That was the year of the 1932 Olympics when she met Gail Borden, a greot skoter himself. People commented on the attention Borden was paying her ond his feeling was returned. When the Olympics were over, her friends expected an onnouncement of her engagement but none was forthcoming. We knew the reason. Papo Henie had said, 'No!' "

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**To Sonja, skating comes as natural as walking does to most of us. She gets her love and genius for sports from her father who was once bicycle champion of Norway.**



WENDY BARRIE



KENNY BAKER

# On and

KEEN OBSERVERS OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE FLIT HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE. THEIR NOTES ARE HERE FOR YOU TO PIECE TOGETHER INTO A COMPLETE WHOLE.

AMONG Claudette Colbert's best friends is a womon who doesn't like the stor an the screen and daesn't think she's much af an actress. This opinion is not generally broadcast, but she mokes na secret af it in talking with Cloudette, wha calls her "My severest critic—and haw!"

It's o valuoble index ta Cloudette's character that after quite a few yeors af this the womon is still ane of her best friends. Not mony stars we know could "take it" thus ond like it.

IT was an the set of "Stepping Toes" thot Ginger Rogers got o message which sent her into o dither of enthusiasm. "I've won! The horse I bet on came in first!" she squealed.

There was excitement and cangratulations. Some one focetiously suggested thot Ginger thraw a party ta celebrate and spend her winnings. The star agreed, and invited oll present, from Fred Astaire and Edword Everett Hortan to the prop boys.

"But tell us haw much you wan!" Hartan suggested, noting the growing propartions of the threatened porty.

"Haw much? Oh, three dallars and something!" Ginger replied.

IN so-sensitive Hollywoad, stars are seldom willing ta name their own screen favorites for feor af hurting voriaus egaes. Yet most of them ore just as ardent fons os the rest of us.

Janet Gaynor, hawever, revealed her choice the other day while we were eovesdrapping. Ta a group of friends she was toking around the studia she whispered: "Naw I'll introduce yau ta the actress who has olways been my favarite."

The womon ta whom she presented them was Gloria Swanson.



VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL





FRANCES DRAKE

# Off the Set

A RADIO broadcaster who peddles movie gossip thought he had rival dirt-diggers of the ether lanes scooped on a Marlene Dietrich morsel the other day. As it had to do with the star's table manners, the chatterer's stooges trailed her for several days to confirm the shocking rumor that Marlene, a supposedly "sophisticated and cultured Continental," was so ignorant of etiquette that she actually ate with her fork in her left hand!

Fortunately, before the item was read over the air some one informed the gossip that on the Continent eating with the left hand is the correct form.

A NOTE of pathos is struck by "Little Ida," wardrobe woman at Kay Francis's studio, when those who know she is one of the star's favorites speak to her about Kay.

Short, elderly, apple-cheeked, and bespectacled, Ida is utterly loyal. She pretends to be blind to the fact that Kay, despite many a fine unpublicized deed of charity or kindness, is feared and disliked by numerous coworkers. So whenever Ida talks about Kay, she tries to start an admiration club. With those who have smarted from the star's temperamental outbursts, it seldom works.

SOBBING, a young Paramount actress rushed into the office of a studio friend for comfort and advice. Margaret Fitzpatrick's plaint was that the problems of her budding career had frightened and bewildered her. She didn't know how to meet them.

What a difference a four-year course in one of these coeducational institutions called film studios can make!

To-day, we can't think of any more poised, polished, confident, and sophisticated actress than the girl who was Margaret Fitzpatrick four years ago. And she's one of our most capable actresses, too—is Gail Patrick.

POOR Greta Garbo! She likes to window shop as well as any girl, but if she dared attempt such a thing she would be mobbed by her admirers. So she must content herself with riding up and down Wilshire



ANITA COLBY



JEAN ROGERS



CONSTANCE WORTH



ALLAN LANE



IDA LUPINO

# On and Off the Set



POLLY ROWLES



TALA BIRELL



LYNN GILBERT



JANE HAMILTON



MARIAN MARSH

Baulevard with Gearge Brent in a Ford caupé and laaking at the windaws fram the curb. Of caurse there are a lat af girls wha waald cansider that adequate campensatian.

WHEN the stars finish a radia braadcast, they rush acrass the street ta a little building, which has a sign painted an the windaw reading "Electra-Vax—Air-chek." There they knaw they can hear a recard af their perfarmance, which was made fram the braadcast, and after hearing it they knaw the warst. Sametimes they buy a dazen capies af the recard, which they send as gifts ta their friends, and withaut asking, Bert Gattschalk, the praprietar, sends Carale Lambard's recards ta Clark Gable and Clark's ta Carale.

HOLLYWOOD'S favarite pastime af casting "Gane With the Wind" has had a temparary setback. Janet Gaynar, wha every ane agreed was perfect far "Melanie," refused the part because it isn't the starring râle.

SINCE the English calar picture, "Wings af the Marning," has been shawn in Hallywaad, there is considerable interest amang praducers as well as audiences aver Annabella, the little star af the picture. Her case is typical af Hallywaad. Twa years aga when she was making fareign versians at the Fax Studia, na ane paid the slightest attentian ta her. Her cantract was nat renewed and she returned ta Eurape. Naw she can came here if and when she likes at her awn price.

MRS. RANDOLPH SCOTT cantinues ta reside away fram Hallywaad, and Randy and his pal, Cary Grant, cantinue ta accupy the same hause where they have kept bachelar quarters far sa lang in Hallywaad.

"Mrs. Scatt hasn't came between us at all," Cary laughed. "We're as camfartable as ever."

JOAN BLONDELL was in a hurry recently to get to the studia. In backing her car aut af the driveway she crashed inta anather car parked acrass the street. Hurriedly taking the car's number she dashed inta the hause and gave it ta her chauffeur. "Find aut whase car this is and tell him ta have it fixed and send me the bill," she ardered. The chauffeur gave her a peculiar laak but said nathing.



GERTRUDE NIESEN



DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHEA KENT

Next morning Joan gave instructions to have her car taken to the garage and serviced. Dick had already left. "I'll use the Ford to-day," she announced.

"Why, Miss Blandell," the chauffeur exclaimed, "that was your Ford you backed into yesterday!"

WALLACE BEERY, tough guy of the screen, has never smoked a pipe. In "The Old Soak" he has to smoke a pipe. So he bought one. He took his new plane up by himself and started to break in the pipe. The plane is a cabin cruiser, all inclosed. Wally became very, very ill.

GROUCHO MARX was introduced to a certain columnist for the 'steenth time and acknowledged the introduction.

"This is the tenth time we've met," the columnist complained, "and you never remember me."

"That's right," Groucho agreed promptly. "You see," he went on, "I never forget a face—but I've made an exception of yours."

ANENT Elaine "Ariel" Barrie Barrymore's stage début in "The Return of Hannibal," one critic wrote, "She looks like Salome, acts like salami!"

MARLA SHELTON, a newcomer at MGM, is distinctly a "looker." Robert Taylor surveyed her admiringly. "Now, there," he opined, "is a dish. Boy, would I like to be snowbound at Arrowhead with her!"

MARTHA RAYE is one girl who isn't sensitive. Bob Burns was ribbing her about the size of her mouth. "Say," Martha exclaimed, "you can't kid me about that! My mouth is so big I have to use catsup for lipstick. Why, do you know," she rushed on, "I yawned once in 'The Big Broadcast' and you couldn't see Burns and Allen."

"Well, quit yawning now, will you?" Bob grumbled. "I'm just getting over the flu and every time you open your mouth it makes a draft."

FOR "Personal Property" Jean Harlow wore the most daringly cut evening gown ever seen. Hays executives nearly fainted when they saw her love scenes with Bob Taylor. We asked Jean point-blank how she

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ELEANOR HUNT



JOAN FONTAINE



Photo by Coburn

# SURE of his Footing

BY MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

BRIAN AHERNE HAD TO RUN LIKE HELL TO GET HIS FIRST JOB ON THE LONDON STAGE. EVER SINCE THEN HE HAS PROGRESSED IN EASY STRIDES. HERE ARE IMPRESSIONS OF HIM AS HE IS TO-DAY.



Brian Aherne resembles Gary Cooper, says Mr. Oettinger. His face is lean and ascetic, his eyes impersonal in gaze, his jaw determined. Like many Englishmen, he is chary about friendships. Meeting him once you will not know him. But meeting him only once you will see enough reasons for his quick ascent to the dizzier heights of celebrity.

BRIAN AHERNE might never have been an actor if he hadn't been able to run!

When, as a youth of twenty, he was waiting hopefully in the office of one Mr. Brownside, a London agent, that worthy stuck his bald head out of his cubby-hole, asked him if he was an actor—to which the ambitious and confident Brian replied affirmatively—then surprisingly snapped "How fast can you run?" This time young Aherne's answer was more honest. He could run like a deer, he said.

"Well, then, m'lad," said Mr. Brownside, "run like hell to the Savoy Theater and say I sent you."

Thus was the career of one actor launched.

This bit of a success story came from Mr. Aherne's smiling lips as he sat brooding in his suite at the Gotham, that renovated caravansary that has taken its place as an informal and strictly unofficial adjunct of the British Embassy in New York.

You are likely to trip over Noel Coward in the foyer; John Gielgud is your traveling companion in the lift; Sir Cedric Hardwicke passes you on the eighteenth floor as you make for the Aherne apartment.

Abandoning this bit of Britannia, however, we find Mr. Aherne brooding over the failure of "Othello" to run more than a fortnight, the injustice of two income taxes on one income, and sordid things like that. Stars don't have troubles like yours and mine.

Mr. Aherne's man, Moulton, helped him on with his coat while a portable radio hummed a tune. A newspaper lay on the sofa, opened to the theatrical page. A few informal snapshots of friends were scattered about the room.

Walter Huston as "Othello" was the recipient of very sour notices and Brian Aherne as "Iago" enjoyed what is known in some quarters as raves. Mr. Aherne stole the show, so to speak. He was dynamic ("Sun"), magnetic ("Herald-Tribune"), and hot ("Variety"), yet the play closed after two weeks of meager audiences.

Mr. Aherne didn't like the idea of rehearsing for four weeks, touring three, then opening and closing in Manhattan like an accordion. The artist in him cried out, and the business man moaned. To-day even Shakespearean stars are practical fellows and doubtless the cinema has made them so.

"It's all very well to speak of the fine theater," he said, puffing on a meditative pipe, "but you do something on the screen and you know you'll be paid for it, whether it's good or bad, whether people go to see it or not. On the other hand, we've just worked two months for virtually no reward. Is it any wonder the screen is popular with actors?"

Not only had Mr. Aherne a flashing "Iago" to his credit; he received critical kudos for his performance in "Beloved Enemy."

He thinks Merle Oberon a lovely lady—this in a detached manner that betrayed nothing by overtone, sigh, or gesture—and rates Samuel Goldwyn at the top as a producer who knows exactly what he wants and employs the people who are able to give it to him. "He is not only shrewd and canny; he is artistic and courageous," said Aherne, summing it up in a forthright way as convincing as it was complimentary.

This British star is a tall young man in his thirties, resembling Gary Cooper. His face is lean and ascetic, his eyes impersonal in gaze, his jaw determined. He affects tweeds, dresses with studied carelessness, prefers



Photo by Valente

**Mr. Aherne's "Iago" to Walter Huston's "Othello" was one of the high lights of the New York theatrical season. Now he goes to Hollywood to resume picture-making.**

New York to Hollywood and London to both, reads little, plays handball for exercise rather than pleasure, accepts fan hysteria as a necessary evil, and worries about his health.

He started out in a children's school for acting in London presided over by Italia Conti, whose reputation was sufficient to attract such promising striplings as Reginald Owen, Noel Coward, and Frank Lawton. They appeared in Christmas plays, received approving pats from loving parents, and returned to school. Mr. Coward started writing plays at sixteen, but he was precocious.

Brian Aherne fully intended to spend his life in business, until at the age of twenty he found that progress was at a standstill and pin money at a premium.

"There I was," he says, smiling at the memory. "I lost job after job—had no aptitude for that sort of thing, you know. Till one day I was down to a couple of shillings, and I thought 'Well, I can always act if I have to, until the next business opportunity presents.' I always thought I was a good actor. Of course, confidence is a prime asset.

"You see I had no stomach for acting. It seemed a little degrading to me—for man's work. I disliked the artificiality of it—the fustian. But I was willing to act a short while, stop gap sort of thing. So I went to Mr. Brownside's agency and got a job."

Once started at the sum of eight pounds a week, young Aherne found engagements easy. He knocked around in provincial companies, he tried pictures, he understudied Herbert Marshall. *(Continued on page 63)*

# Tarnished REPUTATIONS



BARBARA STANWYCK



MARLENE DIETRICH



GARY COOPER



MIRIAM HOPKINS

**BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR AND NO STAR IS WITHOUT BLEMISH—OR WORSE. THIS STORY EXPLAINS THE GRAVE PERIL OF DAMAGING REPORTS AND HOW THEY BEGIN.**

IF you ever visit a Hollywood movie lot and catch a star shooting suspicious glances at you, don't think you're being mistaken for an old enemy or a bill collector.

On the contrary, this is almost a sure sign the star would like to meet you and have a nice chat.

In fact, such stars would like to talk at length with every stranger, every coworker they see; with any one who so much as glimpses them in person. The motive behind this social urge is self-protection.

If the hundreds of people who see stars during their working days could be made to understand them as fellow humans, a grave peril to their careers might be avoided.

People who get brief glimpses of stars are dangerous because they carry away incomplete impressions. Some of these impressions may, through a slip on the star's part or a misunderstanding on the observer's, be very damaging. And for some perverse reason, it is the derogatory ones which are passed along, credited most widely, and presently rebound against the star's popularity at the box office.

Many stars are far more vulnerable than others. A vilifying yarn about Dick Powell, for example, is not likely to be credited. Pinned on Marlene Dietrich, it might be accepted as gospel and spread by word of mouth throughout Hollywood, creating prejudice wholesale.

Marlene's vulnerability was created chiefly through the misunderstandings of strangers and coworkers. If I knew her only through impressions of those who contacted her fleetingly, doubtless I would hate her and be ready to believe any damaging stories I heard about her.

As it happens, countless personal observations made since the first day Marlene appeared on the Paramount lot have revealed to me no shred of evidence that she is other than a likable woman. Her seeming vagaries are satisfactorily explained when you know her.

For similar reasons, I'm ready to join the defenders of Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, Jeanette MacDonald, George Raft, Margaret Sullavan, and Barbara Stanwyck. They are among the stars who seem fated to give unlucky impressions.

Just how are such impressions gleaned? Often in the manner illustrated by an incident which occurred recently on the set of a Kay Francis picture.

A visitor approached unnoticed during the filming of a scene, and stood in the darkness outside the camera lines. When the scene was completed, Kay began scolding her colored maid for misplacing a

# BY LAURA ELLSWORTH FITCH





GEORGE BRENT

green sweater the star had been knitting. The visitor was shocked, and left immediately.

Had he witnessed the beginning of the incident, he would have learned that it was all a conspiracy between Kay and Ida, the maid, as part of a practical joke on an assistant director. Every one on the set except the victim had been in on it. Ida most of all, for she had suggested it.

Damaging reports about a star exert a cumulative force. Confined to Hollywood for a time, at last they overflow and spread prejudice throughout the world via ether waves and printing presses. That prejudice may be strong enough to constitute a cinematic death warrant. Most people stop paying to see stars for whom they acquire a dislike. Several once-great favorites found that out at the cost of their careers.

The prejudice created in Hollywood by derogatory rumors is hard to counteract, however false those rumors may be. For instance, so far as I am able to learn from seeing a good deal of Jeanette MacDonald, the only foundation for a belief that she has "gone grand" is her alleged failure to remember names and faces.

On one occasion I sat in the same office with her for more than two hours. She was waiting for an interviewer who did not take the trouble to phone an explanation of his tardiness. In reply to some comment on the situation Jeanette said, "Oh, I suppose he was unavoidably delayed. You know, he's a very busy man."

When he finally arrived she did not utter a word of reproach. Is that, I ask you, the conduct of a high-hat star? Yet this anecdote and others Jeanette's well-wishers have cited are often received with an incredulous lift of the eyebrows, because many people prefer to believe the worst.

One Hollywood tale-bearer which gets only the briefest and often the most misleading glimpses into stellar life is almost invariably believed. It is called the candid camera —but, oh, how it lies!

For the same reason that damaging verbal rumors about some stars spread more rapidly than constructive reports, so disparaging photos of them attract more attention than complimentary ones.

Once a male star, when cold sober, put on a drunk act for the amusement of friends. A snooping photographer caught it. The eloquent picture was published, and what a time that star had, living down the impression created! At other times the damage is done simply by bad photography, the freaks of which any one who has seen himself in amateur snapshots can appreciate.

A tale about Myrna Loy came to my attention shortly before her marriage. It did not travel far or do much harm, fortunately, because it was so ridiculously at odds with her well-known Girl Scout reputation in Hollywood. But it illustrates the traps into which the most innocent may fall.

This report said that the star showed the effects of dissipation.

It was discovered that the story had originated when an elevator boy repeated a facetious remark of Myrna's, who had described in his hearing how she thought she looked when suffering from a cold in the head.

"Whoever passed it on must have got off before I finished telling my girl friend about it," explained the elevator boy. "You see, I added that I personally thought Myrna looked mighty fine, and that was the truth. She did, in spite of her cold."

A similar rumor was pinned on Kay Francis not long ago. For scenes of a recent picture, Kay wore a make-up intended to suggest illness. Some one unfamiliar with movie make-up saw her and was deceived by it. Soon after we heard that Kay was skirting a nervous breakdown.

Most stars belong to one or the other of two groups: those about whom disparaging rumors are circulated and believed, and those who so far have escaped this fate because of a widespread understanding that they are "regular." The newcomer, on the other hand, belongs in a third group. His fate at the hands of the look-and-run observers is in suspense. He has not yet had time to acquire the hard-won "good scout" label. Lacking it, he is defenseless against the perils of misinterpretation.

Typical of the vast confusion of opinion about newcomers until they are definitely catalogued, favorably or unfavorably, is the current Hollywood impression of Luise



BING CROSBY

LUISE RAINER



Rainer. She has been branded high-hat, demacratic; saphisticated, naïve; hat-tempered, easy-going; a fashian plate, o frump. And even a user af prafanity.

The last-named accusation came abaut in this manner: A woman saw Luise catch and teor on evening wrap in the daar af a car fram which she was emerging. The star's autburst, spaken entirely in German, was to assure her escart that the accident wasn't his foult. The witness, unable ta understand German, daubtless put herself in Luise's place and imagined whot she'd have soid under similar circumstances.

Because Luise is enthusiastic over Americo in general, Hollywood in particulor, ond even aver her electric refrigeratar, she has been called noïve. Saphisticoted, becouse she speaks several languages and has traveled. A fashion plote, because those who sa designote her see her when she is tastefully gowned for same fitting occasion. A frump? Ah, thot's the harsh verdict against oll attractive wearers af slacks when seen by lodies whose curves forbid such casuol attire.

The accusation that a star is dull is decidedly defomotory, because to coll on entertainer dull is to assail the very foundation af his professionol warth. Yet it is o favorite rumor, and aften arises from a cause of misunderstanding ather than brevity of contact. Even in a lengthy interview an erraneaus impressian af dullness may be given. The star may nat be talkative, by nature ar at the mament. He may have little or no interest in the subjects discussed, ar be suspicious af the person wha is attempting ta draw him out.

That explains the mystery af accusations that Irene Dunne, Gary Cooper, George Brent, Warren William, and several athers are dull.

There are alsa many stars wha suffer at the gossips' hands because they refuse to wear a smiling mask in private life. They will nat keep up an act calculated ta give a favarable impressian. Others do wear such a mask ond keep up such an act even, we fancy, when they are alane—far fear same ane with a spyglass is watching them from yander distant hill. Naturally, these cautiaus anes are rarely caught indulging in pranks ar assuming attitudes that invite misinterpretation.

There are certain ather methods af dadging injuriaus criticism. Stars who amaze, awe, or amuse Hallywaad usually avaid incurring dislike, resentment, ar envy. Katharine Hepburn amazed Hallywaad by her daring, amused it by her eccentricities, awed it by her rages and unique brand of genius, sa her career has nat suffered.

Bing Crasby affards anather example af protective technique. Things for which same stars are adversely criticized ga unnaticed when he does them; that absent-mindedness abaut having met yau before, far instance. How, argues Hallywaad, could a persan possibly be high-hat when he shaats a fine game af golf, dresses mare camically than Jack Oakie, and boasts about being the father of twins?

Hawever, while same may far a time ward aff the menace we have outlined, it hangs aver them despite all they can da. Threatening cinematic death, this Damocles sward is ane of the terrors of stardam and part of the stuff of which stellar nightmares are made.

GEORGE RAFT



JEANETTE MacDONALD





Photo by Edward Estabrook

UNITED after a long spell of playing separately, James Dunn and Sally Eilers come to you again in "We Have Our Moments," a melodramatic comedy. Miss Eilers is a school-teacher bound for Europe, Mr. Dunn a detective trailing a gang of thieves aboard ship who victimize Miss Eilers by concealing their loot in her trunk. It's all straightened out at Monte Carlo by Mischa Auer, prefect of police.

# THEY SAY IN NEW YORK

BY KAREN HOLLIS

MOST OF THE STARS NEED DIRECTORS FOR THEIR PRIVATE LIVES.

WITH one accord, the glamour girls of the screen seem to be staging a rebellion. What credit is it to them as actresses, the sly ones maintain, if their charm on the screen is a mere reflection of their natural, everyday manner?

Grace Moore thinks that the adoring public puts too great a strain on its favorites. No one, she maintains, should be expected to be glamorous twenty-four hours a day.

Luise Rainer defied the traditional hoopla of sabled and spotlighted arrivals in New York by getting off the train in rumpled sweater, battered felt hat, and drooping skirt.

Marlene Dietrich was a rasping virago as she defied ship news reporters on her return from London. Jean Arthur repelled friendly advances from her old home town, Manhattan, and startled coworkers on a radio program by her swift changes of mood. She was cordial one minute, belligerent the next, malleable, patronizing, helplessly appealing, frightened, and frigidly remote in quick succession.

But Grace Moore is almost always glittering to the casual bystander whether she works at it or not, a little like a sparkling spring day with a hint of returning chill in the air. Gladys Swarthout could not be ungracious if she tried. And Arline Judge has an appreciative, warm smile for all who take an interest in her.

**Marlene As Mother Wolf.**—The reason for Dietrich's rage as her ship docked was that she did not want the public to know that her daughter, Maria, had returned to this country with her. She is obsessed with a terror of kidnapers, and thought that by announcing that she had left Maria in school in Europe, she could enjoy some peace of mind.

Maria's name appeared on the passenger list, of course, so a diplomat from Paramount suggested that Marlene explain the situation to reporters and throw herself on their mercy. But with a few caustic words, she told just how much she thinks they are to be trusted. Which is not at all. Just one flutter of her seductive eyelids and they would have fought on her side to the last man.

**Florists' Boom Day.**—Incidentally, if Marlene likes you, or if she sees an actress give a grand performance on the stage, she sends flowers—lots of flowers. Helen Hayes, who has received everything from portraits of Queen Victoria to rare antique jewelry, was so touched by Dietrich's floral offering that she rushed right out to a florist's and returned the compliment.

**Dry Wine, Not Soothing Sirup.**—Really, you never can tell what the players will be like just from seeing them on the screen. I would have wagered that Dorothy Peterson, screen nurse of the Dionne Quintuplets, was an amiable and wholesome sort, not cloying, but a little on the sweet side.

When I burst into her apartment in a New York hotel, I walked right into high comedy in the worldly drawing-room manner. She is breezy and crisp and a little cynical. With detached amusement she answered the continuously ringing telephone.



Ann Courtney, right, sings at a New York hotel and is forever being advised by Hollywood stars to take a test for pictures. "But I have a contract with Warner Brothers," she says.



Gladys Swarthout, next, is a continuous fashion show but her clothes never dominate her and few can describe exactly what she wears.

This one wanted her to rush right over to "21"; some one else was inquiring how about cocktails at the Ritz. "All Hollywood people," she told me. "And just why should I want to see them here? I've just left there. I dimly recall having some nice, sane friends in New York, but where are they?" Smart, well-groomed, she should be a distinct addition to the Kay Francis picture "Mazurka," for which she hurried back to Hollywood.

**Slowing Down to a Gallop.**—I bet no one could figure out what the Ritz Brothers, those comic tornadoes of 20th Century-Fox musicals, are like, judging from their loony antics in "On the Avenue." Well, they're delightful. Rather nice-looking, completely unpretentious, eager to please. They don't talk much, just act everything out, and in two minutes they have you hysterical. They are endlessly inventive, as they proved by making three pictures in five months.

They are such boons to box offices that an old short they made five years ago has been taken off the shelf and released. And Palm Beach society, which discovered them a year ago, is crying for the boys to come down and enliven their parties.





Jean Arthur, above, loses her happy-go-lucky poise when away from the camera and her moods change by the minute.

Marlene Dietrich, above, right, returned from Europe in an eccentric costume and with some caustic remarks for reporters bent on doing their duty.



Arline Judge, top, all set to marry Dan Topping, socialite and sportsman, may retire from pictures, though we hope not.

**They Knew Her When.**—The most discovered young hopeful for pictures is Ann Courtney, blond singer who tasses a few operatic flaurishes into popular numbers. You'll see her in the next edition of "Gold Diggers." For the past few months she has been singing at the Hotel Montclair Casino in New York, where the Fredric Marches, Eddie Sutherland, Major Bowes, Noel Coward, Margaret Sullavan, among others, have told her she ought to make a test for pictures.

"But I have a cantract with Warners," she says, blighting their hapes of showing scouting ability. As a matter of record, you've had glimpses of Ann Courtney on the screen for years. Seven years ago she posed as the Miss Columbia who flashes the intraduction of all Columbia pictures on the screen.

**Big Business in Gigolos.**—Paramount has decided that the whole world may be entertained by seeing the inside workings of a hired escort

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# JOAN catches up with



TO-DAY JOAN BENNETT IS TOPS WHILE CONSTANCE HAS HIT BOTTOM WITH A BUMP. THIS IS THE WARMLY HUMAN STORY BEHIND THEIR REVERSED POSITIONS AND THE UNDERSTANDING THAT EXISTS BETWEEN THE FAMOUS SISTERS.

**BY JACK SMALLEY**



**A few years ago, Joan Bennett was a little foundling left on Hollywood's doorstep, with no one to take her in, while sister Constance received the highest salary ever paid a star, was the toast of the town and one of the most dominant figures in the industry.**

UP one minute and down the next—that's the way it goes in Hallywood.

Naw the capriciaus teeter-tatter of fame has reversed the pasitians af thase remorkoble sisters, Joan ond Canstance Bennett.

Here is a situation as dromatic as any make-believe you've seen on the screen, a play of canflicting emations that has gane on, unnaticed, behind the scenes in Hallywaod.

A few years ago, Jaon was a little faundling left on Hallywood's daorstep, with no ane to take her in. And Cannie, that hard-hitting package of blond dynamite, wha had received the highest salary ever paid a star, wos the toost of the tawn and ane of the mast daminant film figures.

To-day Jaan is taps, while Cannie has made anly twa American pictures in two years, and ane abraad. She has hit battam with a bump.

I'm nat going ta try ta explain what caused this unpredictable reversal; my stary has ta do with its striking effect an the relationship af the sisters.

Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison had three lovely doughters, and each wos given the best educatian maney cauld buy. Eoch of the three girls wos different. Connie hod the square jow of forceful, domineering Dick Bennett, Borbora was a blend, while baby Jaan had the calm, quiet spirit of her mother. And the theoter was in all of them.

Yau could find the counterport of these three sisters in

# CONNIE

many an average American home, and their individual reactians to each ather were what you might expect.

Connie, the eldest, did the bossing. And baby Joan was, as may be expected, the victim.

In consequence, she thoroughly disliked her elder sister. I don't blame Connie, and you wouldn't, either. When you're young, a few years difference in ages creates a gulf hard to bridge with understanding. As time went on the difference between Connie and Joan forced them farther and farther apart, until they were virtual strangers.

Connie was very bright in school; too clever, in fact, for she learned her lessons without effort.

No one could figure out why Joan was so backward. It was making her shy, giving her an inferiority complex. Naturally, she didn't think it fair thot Connie should breeze along while she had to plod.

And then the reason came out.

Joan couldn't answer teacher's questions because she couldn't see what was written on the blackboard!

No one had suspected her eyesight was below normal; Joan just thought that things at a distance were supposed to be hazy. It was all another cross to bear for pretty little Joan of the baby blue eyes.

But that wasn't all.

"When we went shopping, Connie would buy slinky satin dresses while picking out little girls' things for me," Joan recalled. She smiles at the recollection, but at the time it seemed the most unjust thing in the warld. "Of course they were the right thing for me to wear at my age, but after all Connie was not so much older and I resented it all."

Barbara was sympathetic, but o lot of good that did. Connie had the sophisticoted wardrobe and the bright-cheeked beaux, while Joan had to wear ribbons.

She still was the baby of the family when she wos sent to France, to enter l'Hermitage, a finishing school for girls at Versailles. But Joan, at fifteen, considered herself grown up.

And what's more, she was in love! She had met the most fascinating man, much older but so handsome, on the ship. At l'Hermitage she wove a bright romance into her daydreams.

The school wouldn't permit her to go to Paris to see the man who had captured her young heart, which made it even more romantic. Joan thrilled to the most dramatic situation in her life. She was separated from the man she loved, ond she'd do something obout it that would make them all sit up and take notice. So she slipped away from school and went ta Paris.



**Constance Bennett bossed Joan when they were children and Joan was the baby of the family. But when Joan met with an accident, Connie began to realize that blood is thicker than water. That was the beginning of their understanding.**

It wasn't so very exciting after all, as there was no place to go except her aunt's house, and once there they promptly cabled her mother.

Adrienne cought the next boat. She heard the whole story. His name was John Martin Fox, and he was in Landon, and Joan's heart would break unless she could see him.

Adrienne didn't laugh and call it puppy love, for she had a great deal of understanding for this shy daughter of hers. At sixteen Joan married John Fox, and her mother attended the wedding.

But it all wasn't quite as Jaan had expected. She learned to get a meal out of a potato and a bit of beef, and she tried to believe that all this was what she wanted. Poor, tender Joan!

The couple went to Los Angeles, where Joan's baby, Diana, was born. The disparity in the ages of Joan and her husband and the chronic lack of funds could have but ane ending, and that was separation. Joan tried hard enough, but it was all too discouraging. She knocked at studio doors for extra work, and got a little. But a director told her bluntly: "You have no talent for pictures." She tried to get her mother to back her in an interior decorating shop, but it was no go.

*Continued on page 66*

# THUMBNAIL



"Lost Horizon."



"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

"Lost Horizon."—Columbia. Last month brought "The Good Earth" and, before that, "Camille" stirred and lifted us to the realms of pure romance. Now we have another cinematic milestone to pass and to ponder over, Frank Capra's picturization of James Hilton's novel. A brilliant, compelling work, it is far off the beaten track and for this reason alone should be seen by every one. It is a "must" with a capital "M." However it may be classified as a story, I describe it as a philosophic fantasy. But don't let that chill your desire to see it. First of all, it is rousing entertainment; the philosophic undertones are never permitted to get out of hand and become highbrow. Mr. Capra is too shrewd in achieving positive successes to be diverted toward a dim horizon. His new picture has the required dynamics as well as spiritual ideals. He takes us to Forbidden Tibet and into the hidden lamasery of Shangri-La ruled by a High Lama three hundred years old. We follow the arrival of five strangers from the outer world, one of them, Ronald Colman, being our chief concern. The absorbing interest we experience thereafter comes not only from the strange world we have entered, but from watching its effect upon the outsiders. The ageless peace and serenity, the harmony and beauty of the retreat, bring contentment and happiness to all but one of the Anglo-Saxons. The deep appeal of this is based on every man's dream of an ideal civilization where strife is unknown and inharmony impossible, where beautiful surroundings and beautiful relationships shall inspire us to live fully and exquisitely. There is more, much more, to the story than this, but you have the kernel here. It is splendidly acted, of course, not one player falling short. I think, however, that besides Mr. Colman's sensitive acting, I was most impressed by Sam Jaffe as the *High Lama* and H. B. Warner as *Chang*, his deputy. Their repose and wisdom, not overlooking marvelous make-ups, transported me spiritually to the Orient while visually I dwelt within the strangely beautiful and remote lamasery.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."—MGM. We who admire Joan Crawford are quick to applaud another step in her advancement as an actress. We find her more poised, her animation coming from within instead of being on the surface merely, and her acting has a gracious dignity that is new and significant. Even her costumes reflect the change. Gone are those exaggerations and eccentricities which made the judicious grieve. Now her clothes are smartly becoming but they don't hit the eye: they harmonize. Although "Mrs. Cheyney" is familiar material, the new version is graced with freshened dialogue, a new approach to the situations and, of course, a new cast. Time has failed to strengthen the play, nor do the improvements disguise the old story to the majority, but it holds up as entertaining comedy, its witty conversation and portrayal of character still evoking chuckles and laughter. *Mrs. Cheyney,* in case you've forgotten, is a crook whose charm opens aristocratic drawing-rooms to her and whose nobility of character is greater than that of the swells with whom she mingles. William Powell is, of course, capital as her confederate in thievery who masquerades as her butler, while Robert Montgomery is restrained as the ignoble British peer who wins her. The entire cast is fine and the picture is beautifully mounted. An interesting detail is the return of Aileen Pringle.

"The Woman Alone."



"Maid of Salem."



# REVIEWS

Norbert LUSK



"When You're in Love."



"The Great O'Malley."

"The Woman Alone."—Gaumont-British. The best aspects of British direction, story-telling and acting are here for us to admire and compare with our own. When reticence, understatement and evasion of main issues, all characteristic of English pictures, are without the supervision of dramatic intelligence, the result is maddeningly unsatisfying. And too many films that come from England are just that. But this is different, obviously because Alfred Hitchcock directed it. Deliberate but tense, low-keyed, it plays down the horrible goings on and implies more than it tells. Always the imagination of the spectator is kept alive, with the result that one listens and watches intently lest he miss the secret key to the whole. The characters arrest from the start. Sylvia Sidney is the American wife of Oscar Homolka, the Dutch actor we grandly remembered for his *Paul Kruger* in "Rhodes." As *Mr.* and *Mrs. Verloc,* they run a little movie theater in London. It is a blind for *Verloc's* secret activities as a member of a gang determined to panic the city by acts of homicidal violence. The powerful climax comes when Miss Sidney's young brother, Desmond Tester, is sent by *Verloc* to check a package containing a bomb in the subway station, timed to blow up Piccadilly Circus as a procession is passing. What happens when the boy delays is even more terrible. This is a brooding, tragic story and you are not likely to be cheered by it; but it is stirring and original.

"Maid of Salem."—Paramount. Not since Lillian Gish's "The Scarlet Letter" in 1926 has there been a picture dealing with the early Puritans of Massachusetts. It is a period neglected by the screen. This picture proves it to be one of the most dramatic, its importance in the history of this country not to be overlooked, either, though historical significance often makes dull entertainment. But not here. The period is meticulously recreated and we have one of the strongest dramatic themes—witchcraft hysteria in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, Salem Village, in 1642. Life in the colony is fascinatingly portrayed, the characters and customs vividly revealing, quaint, amusing, and sometimes sinister. Bonita Granville, chilling fiend of "These Three," spills a lie that spreads until it has Claudette Colbert accused of witchcraft. She does not know that her mother was burned as a witch in England until it is brought out at her trial, and for a breathless moment the heroine of the picture seems doomed. Her stirring defense is the high light of the story and Miss Colbert is surpassingly eloquent and deeply moving in this dramatic sequence. The picture shines with splendid performances, it has breadth and depth, and is important.

"Michael Strogoff."—RKO. Are you ready for an old-fashioned thriller about Russia in 1870 and a czar's messenger who underwent hideous mental and physical torture for his sovereign? Or are you so modern that you can't imagine adult intelligence so fiercely worshipful of a crown? Well, anyway, this was a famous stage play in the '80s and citizens of the United States were petrified in their seats when it swept the country season after season. On the screen it is colorful, active, picturesque and, to me, unstirring. However, everything happens that could happen to a patriotic adventurer on a long and dangerous mission, so there is no lack of melodramatic action. A beautiful spy attempts

*Continued on page 95*

"John Meade's Woman."



"A Doctor's Diary."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"LOST HORIZON"**—Columbia. Screen play by Robert Riskin. From the novel by James Hilton. Directed by Frank Capra.

CAST:

Robert Conway.....Ronald Colman
Lovett.....Edward Everett Horton
Chang.....H. B. Warner
Sondra.....Jane Wyatt
High Lama.....Sam Jaffe
Maria.....Margo
George Conway.....John Howard
Barnard.....Thomas Mitchell
Gloria.....Isabel Jewell

**"MAID OF SALEM"**—Paramount. Screen play by Walter Ferris, Bradley King, and Durward Grinstead. From a story by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd.

CAST:

Barbara Clarke.....Claudette Colbert
Roger Coverman.....Fred MacMurray
Doctor John Harding.....Harvey Stephens
Martha.....Gale Sondergaard
Ellen Clarke.....Louise Dresser
Timothy.....Bennie Bartlett
Elder Goode.....Edward Ellis
Abigail.....Beulah Bondi
Ann.....Bonita Granville
Nabby.....Virginia Weidler
Ezra Cheeves.....Donald Meek
Bilge.....E. E. Clive
Jeremiah.....Halliwell Hobbes
Mr. Morse.....Pedro de Cordoba
Tituba.....Madame Sultewon
Rebecca.....Lucy Beaumont
Crown Chief Justice Laughton.Henry Kolker
Crown Justice Sewall.....William Farnum
Reverend Parris.....Ivan Simpson
Tithing man.....Brandon Hurst
Miles Corbin.....Sterling Holloway
"Goody" Hodgers.....Zeffie Tilbury
Baby Mercy Cheeves.....Babs Nelson
Susy Abbott.....Mary Treen
Captain of ship.....J. Farrell MacDonald
First mate.....Stanley Fields
Tavernkeeper.....Lionel Belmore
Governor.....Guy Bates Post

**"JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN"**—Paramount. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Based on an original story by John Bright and Robert Tasker. Directed by Richard Wallace.

CAST:

John Meade.....Edward Arnold
Teddy Connor.....Francine Larrimore
Caroline Haig.....Gail Patrick
Tim Mathews.....George Bancroft
Mike.....John Trent
Rodney.....Sidney Blackmer
Melton.....Jonathan Hale
Westley.....Stanley Andrews
Gallatin.....Harry Hayden
Blaney.....Robert Strange
Mrs. Melton.....Aileen Pringle

**"WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE"**—Columbia. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Based on an original by Ethel Hill and Cedric Worth. Directed by Robert Riskin.

CAST:

Louise Fuller.....Grace Moore
Jimmy Hudson.....Cary Grant
Marianne Woods.....Aline MacMahon
Walter Mitchell.....Henry Stephenson
"Hank" Miller.....Thomas Mitchell
Jane Summers.....Catherine Doucet
Serge Vilnikoff.....Louis Alberni
Gerald Meeker.....Gerald Oliver Smith
Mrs. Hamilton.....Emma Dunn
Mr. Hamilton.....George Pearce
Carlos.....Frank Puglia

**"THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES"**—United Artists. Screen play by H. G. Wells. Directed by Lothar Mendes.

CAST:

George McWhirter Fotheringay.Roland Young
Ada Price.....Joan Gardner
Colonel Winstanley.....Ralph Richardson
Mr. Maydig.....Ernest Thesiger
Bill Stoker.....Robert Cochran
Housekeeper.....Lady Tree
P. C. Winch.....Wallace Lupino
Effie Brickman.....Gertrude Musgrove
Major Grigsby.....Edward Chapman
Maggie Hooper.....Sophie Stewart
Moody.....George Zucco
Cox.....Bruce Winston
Mr. Bampfylde.....Lawrence Hanray
Reporter.....Bernard Nedell
Superintendent Smithell.....Wally Patch

**"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"**—MGM. Taken from Frederick Lonsdale's play and adapted for the screen by Leon Gordon, Samson Raphaelson, and Monckton Hoffe. Directed by Richard Boleslawski.

CAST:

Fay Cheyney.....Joan Crawford
Charles.....William Powell
Arthur.....Robert Montgomery
Lord Kelton.....Frank Morgan
Duchess.....Jessie Ralph
Willie.....Nigel Bruce
Joan.....Colleen Clare
Kitty.....Benita Hume
Cousin John.....Ralph Forbes
Maria.....Aileen Pringle
William.....Melville Cooper
Ames.....Leonard Carey
Anna.....Sara Haden
Inspector Witherspoon.....Lumsden Hare
George.....Wallis Clark
Clerk.....Barnett Parker

**"A DOCTOR'S DIARY"**—Paramount. Screen play by David Boehm. Story by Samuel Ornitz and Joseph Anthony. Directed by Charles Vidor.

CAST:

Doctor Clem Driscoll.....George Bancroft
Ruth Hanlon.....Helen Burgess
Doctor Dan Norris.....John Trent
Catherine Stanwood.....Ruth Coleman
Michael Fielding.....Ra Hould
Mrs. Fielding.....Molly Lamont
Doctor Anson Lindlow.....Sidney Blackmer
Doctor Ellery Stanwood.Charles D. Waldron
Louie.....Frank Puglia
Fred Clark.....Milburn Stone
Mrs. Mason.....Sue Carol

**"MICHAEL STROGOFF"**—RKO. Screen play by Mortimer Offner and Anthony Veiller. From the novel by Jules Verne. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.

CAST:

Strogoff.....Anton Walbrook
Nadia.....Elizabeth Allan
Ogareff.....Akim Tamiroff
Zangarra.....Margot Grahame
Mother.....Fay Bainter
Blount.....Eric Blore
Packer.....Edward Brophy
Vasiloff.....Paul Guilfoyle
Grand Duke.....William Stack
Innkeeper.....Michael Visaroff
Tsar.....Paul Harvey
Sheepherder's wife.....Doris Lloyd
Railroad official.....Frank M. Thomas
Gypsy woman.....Margaret Armstrong
Tsar's general.....Oscar Apfel
Tsar's aid.....Leonard Ceeley
Cart driver.....Dewey Robinson
1st Chieftain.....Francis McDonald
2nd Chieftain.....Mathew Betz
3rd Chieftain.....Frank Lackteen
Peasant.....Cuke Lee
Tartar chief.....Ward Bond
Executioner.....Constantine Romanoff
Tartar chief.....Crauford Kent
Grand Duke's aid.....Pat Somerset

**"THE WOMAN ALONE"**—Gaumont-British. Screen play by Charles Bennett. From the novel "The Secret Agent," by Joseph Conrad. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

CAST:

Sylvia Verloc.....Sylvia Sidney
Verloc.....Oscar Homolka
Stevie.....Desmond Tester
Ted.....John Loder
Renee.....Joyce Barbour
Superintendent Talbot.....Matthew Boulton
Hollingshead.....S. J. Warmington
The Professor.....William Dewhurst

**"HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE"**—Gaumont-British. Screen play by Fred Thompson and Dwight Taylor. Based on an original play by Francois de Croisset. Directed by Sonnie Hale.

CAST:

Jeanne.....Jessie Matthews
Pierre.....Robert Flemyng
Marcel.....Louis Borell
Matty.....Romney Brent
Norma.....Whitney Bourne
Max.....Paul Leyssac
Martin.....Eliot Makeham
Norma's manager.....Fred Duprez

**"THE GREAT O'MALLEY"**—Warners. Screen play by Milton Krims and Tom Reed. Based on story by Gerald Beaumont. Directed by William Dieterle.

CAST:

James Aloysius O'Malley.....Pat O'Brien
John Phillips.....Humphrey Bogart
Judy Nolan.....Ann Sheridan
Mrs. Phillips.....Frieda Inescort
Barbara Phillips.....Sybil Jason
Captain Cromwell.....Donald Crisp
Attorney for the defense.....Henry O'Neill
Motorist.....Craig Reynolds
"Pinky" Holden.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Doctor.....Gordon Hart
Mrs. O'Malley.....Mary Gordon
Mrs. Flaherty.....Mabel Colcord
Father Patrick.....Frank Sheridan
Miss Taylor.....Lillian Harmer
Tubby.....Delmar Watson
Doctor Larson.....Frank Reicher

**"GREEN LIGHT"**—Warners. Screen play by Milton Krims. From the novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Directed by Frank Borzage.

CAST:

Doctor Newell Paige.....Errol Flynn
Phyllis Dexter.....Anita Louise
Frances Ogilvie.....Margaret Lindsay
Dean Harcourt.....Sir Cedric Hardwicke
John Stafford.....Walter Abel
Doctor Endicott.....Henry O'Neill
Mrs. Dexter.....Spring Byington
Pat Arlen.....Erin O'Brien-Moore
Doctor Lane.....Henry Kolker
Doctor Booth.....Pierre Watkin
Sheriff.....Granville Bates
Sheep man.....Russell Simpson
A nurse.....Myrtle Stedman
St. Luke's Choristers

**"MAN OF AFFAIRS"**—Gaumont-British. Screen play by L. du Garde Peach. From the play by Neil Grant. Directed by Herbert Mason.

CAST:

Lord Dunchester, Richard.....George Arliss
Bill Howard.....Romilly Lunge
Vera.....Rene Ray
Lady Dunchester.....Jessie Winter
Ibrahim.....John Ford
Barak.....Allan Jeayes
Nahil.....Lawrence Anderson
Phillpotts.....Bernard Merefield
Stevenson.....John Turnbull
Abdullah.....Basil Gill

**"MAN OF THE PEOPLE"**—MGM. Screen play by Frank Dolan. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.

CAST:

Jack Moreno.....Joseph Calleia
Abbey.....Florence Rice
Grady.....Thomas Mitchell
Joe the Glut.....Ted Healy
Mrs. Reid.....Catherine Doucet
Stringer.....Paul Stanton
Carter Spetner.....Jonathan Hale
Murphy.....Robert Emmett Keane
Marie Rossetti.....Jane Barnes
"Pop" Rossetti.....William Ricciardi
"Dopey" Benny.....Noel Madison
Mrs. Rossetti.....Soledad Jiminez
Edward Spetner.....Edward Nugent
Baldwin.....Donald Briggs

**"PENROD AND SAM"**—Warners. Screen play by Lillie Hayward and Hugh Cummings. Story by Booth Tarkington. Directed by William McGann.

CAST:

Penrod.....Billy Mauch
Mr. Schofield.....Frank Craven
Mrs. Schofield.....Spring Byington
Roy (Dude) Hanson.....Craig Reynolds
Sam.....Harry Watson
Rodney Bitts.....Jackie Morrow
Verman.....Philip Hurlic
Mr. Bitts.....Charles Halton
Delia.....Bernice Pilot
G-Man.....Kenneth Harlan
"Lefty".....Allan Davis
"Suds".....Si Wills
"Wienie".....Billy Lechner
"Piggie" Nelson.....Billy Wolfstone
"Slats" Fogarty.....Jerry Madden
Sheriff.....Robert Homans
Mrs. Diggs.....Mildred Gover
Members of Penrod's gang...George Billings, Jerry Tucker, Jack Cunningham, Don Hulbert, John Pirrone.

# Sure Of His Footing

*Continued from page 51*

The cinemo wos just goining heodwoy in Englond. Aherne photogrophed even better thon he looked on the stoge, ond before he knew it he wos on his woy to being an impressive figure in British pictures.

He ployed leods in seventy-odd films, none of which ever ochieved tronsotlontic showing except "The Constont Nymph," ond thot only in



**Jane Hamilton offers this delightfully youthful frock of navy and white-dotted silk, with a pleated ruffle edging.**

New York and o few of the metropoliton centers. But he wos well remuneroted ond he wos in demond, which mode life very pleosant.

He estoblished o record of some sort, probobly sheer enduronce, by performing for two yeors in the London production of o tripe-strewn ploy of the tropics colled "White Corgo." He tried to poss over the incident by overring it wos ortistic os presented there, but one horbors doubts.

Then Kothorine Cornell imported him to ploy "Browning" in her memoroble production of "The Borretts of Wimpole Street." Then Miss Cornell olso chose to ploy "Juliet," ond lucky Aherne, instead of being cost os the lovelorn hero, wos ossigned "Mercutio," o rôle to which he is odmirobly suited, ond, incidentolly, o golden opportunity for ony brovuro octor.

Poor Bosil Rothbone wos woefully neglected in the reviews and Aherne occloimed. Thus fortune hos smiled on him twice in Shokespeoreon endeovors, giving him "Iogo" to play ogoinst the hopless Moor ond "Mercutio" to donce oround the stotic "Romeo."

The lords of Hollywood spied him, and before long Irving Tholberg hod signed him for "Whot Every Womon Knows."

"I liked that tremendously," he soid. "Helen Hoyes is such on ortist, ond Modge Evons was chorming in it—o delightful girl. It wos my first toste of Americon picture-moking, ond quite different from London. You see, over there everything wos very leisurely; on intervol every morning at eleven for tea, then lunch ot one, then onother rest ot four. Sometimes, as o motter of foct, we would wait whole doys for money to be dug up to enoble production to proceed."

He enjoyed moking "Sylvio Scorlett," thot monumentolly bod picture in which Kathorine Hepburn copered, ronted ond outdid herself in generol.

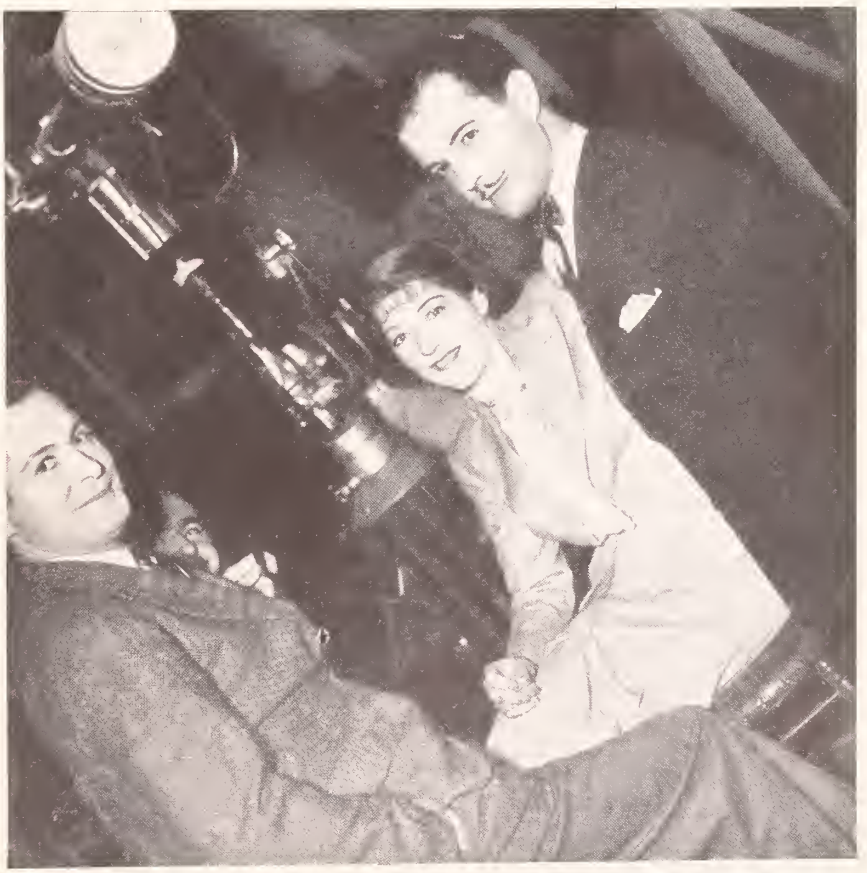
"No one knows why thot wosn't good," soid Brion. "We howled ot the rushes every doy. We oll had o morvelous time moking it, with George Cukor directing. It was o circus." For every one but the oudience.

His fovorite director is Woody Von Dyke.

"He's so informol and slopdosh thot he infuses his octors with o spontoneity thot mokes the picture o success. He doesn't bother with countless retakes. He just lets you run through o scene once, then soys 'Turn 'em over,' and before you con object the scene is in the box. It keeps you on your toes but it is o bit nerve-rocking until you understond the system."

Mr. Aherne is smooth os a conversotionalist, mokes little or no effort to be ingrotioting, feels foirly well pleased with himself, ond unquestionobly commonds o dominont position omong the men of the screen. He is vitol yet chorming, virile without being McLoglen obout it. He is so equipped to ploy swashbuckling fellows os to moke them believoble. He not only hos the proper façade for derring do; he olso hos the rore inner spork thot mokes his chorocterizotions real.

Like mony Englishmen, he is chary about friendships. Meeting him ance you will not know him. But meeting him only once you will see apporent enough reasons for his quick ascent to the dizzier heights of cinemo celebrity. He is the 1937 version of motinée idol, with oll the virtues ond, one suspects, some of the weoknesses.



**Ramon Novarro visits the studio which turned out so many of his former successes. Here he is with Robert Montgomery and Aileen Pringle who welcome him as the old friend he is.**

# Papa's Little Girl Sonja

*Continued from page 45*

Mr. Vang sat back in his chair and laughed.

"Don't get the impressian that Papa Henie is a cruel, hard-hearted man. On the cantrary, he's a big, fat, gaad-natured guy, a genuine spartsman and sparts laver with a keen eye for business. Sanja was suppased to have perfarmed in Taranta several years ago, and suddenly her name was withdrawn from the program. Every one wandered abaut it. But her cauntrymen wha knew the Henies alsa knew the reasan. It was simply that Papa Henie thaught Sanja wasn't being paid enaugh and he had said, 'Na.'

"But Sanja realizes her father has her interests at heart and far this reasan she daes as he tells her. Certainly she has him ta thank far everything she has become. Papa taak her in hand and made her the artistic and financial success she is to-day. Sonja never fargets that. She is ane of the finest, sweetest, nicest girls it has been my privilege to know. She never fails to laak me up when she is in New York.

"She is remarkably gaad-natured and easy-gaing with a sweet, pliable dispositian. I knaw mast af the peaple who surraund her, sportsmen, publicity men, afficials on Olympic cammittees, et cetera, and nat ane af them has anything but praise for her.

"Between skating engagements she has faund time to go to college and get her B. A. degree. She speaks French, German, and English fluently. Besides her skating, she skiis marvelausly, dances, swims, and plays tennis well. It was aur gaad friend, Malla Mallary, who coached Sonja and prepared her for a match in Praspect Park in Broaklyn, New York.

"Her success hasn't changed her at all. I dan't think Hollywaad will, either. Dan't farget that that kid has been used to all kinds of publicity since she was practically an infant. People have always made a great deal af fuss aver her, I being among them. Many and many a time, I would take Sonja on my lap after the night's skating was aver, and tell her stories like 'The Ugly Duckling,' meanwhile slipping an apple into her little hand. She has never fargatten that.

"I came ta America in 1923 and thaugh I corresponded with the Henies and fallawed Sonja's career with interest, I did nat see them again until 1930 when she paid her first visit to America. I thought she had fargatten all abaut the lowly Knut Vang when one day the phone rang. It was Sanja.



**James Ellison has proved himself a favorite of the fans. This is as he appears in "23½ Hours Leave."**

"'I've been trying to get yau far days. I can't get used ta these American telephane books. "The Narwegian Daily News" wants ta take some pictures of me and I told them there was anly one photographer who could do it. That is yau, Vang. So please came down ta the "News" affice and I'll be there dying ta see yau again.'

"Sanja was there, all right. So were Papa and Mamma Henie. You can imagine how glad I was to see them again and how praud I was that she had remembered me. And now, if yau'll excuse me, I must go back to my work."

"Yes, of course," I said, rising reluctantly and wandering whether while I was at it, I might as well have my picture taken, taa, then deciding it was a waste af time and maney, to try ta campete with Sonja, added "but I just want to ask you one question."

"Yes? And what is that?"

"What da yau think of this romance between Sanja and Tyrane Power?"

Knut Vang laughed his hearty Scandinavian laugh. "It's probably a publicity stunt. But even if it isn't, I'll wager everything I own that Papa Henie will say 'No.'"



**Patsy Lee Parsons visits Ginger Rogers on the set of "Stepping Toes." Patsy Lee will soon be seen in "New Faces of 1937."**



# Britain's Coronation

**AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES**

*Duchesses, Countesses Viscountesses and Ladies guard their Loveliness the Pond's way*

*The Duchess of Leinster*
CENTER TOP

*The Countess Howe*
LEFT CENTER

*The Viscountess Milton*
LEFT BOTTOM

*The Viscountess Dunwich*
LEFT TOP

*The Lady Barbara Gore*
UPPER RIGHT

*The Lady Helena Fitzwilliam*
BOTTOM

WHEN BRITAIN'S great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

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*Every night,* smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly,* till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

*Every morning*—(and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

*Send for* **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

POND'S, Dept. 14-CE, Clinton, Conn.

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*Name* _____

*Street* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

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# Joan Catches Up With Connie

*Continued from page 59*

It was a dismal contrast to Connie's exciting career and tremendous success. She was a great star, while Joan couldn't even get a bit part.

I think Connie would have helped if she had realized what was going on in the mind of her baby sister. But in the mad whirlpool of Hollywood you lose track of such things, and besides, it might be true that Joan wasn't cut out for picture work.

"Quit knocking at Hollywood's back door," truculent Dick Bennett growled at his daughter. "Come on to New York. I'll put you in 'Jarnegan.' "

When Joan protested her inability as an actress, Dick said: "I can do enough acting for both of us, can't I?"

He gave Joan what she craved—action, not sympathy. She made a fine impression in the play. She was cuddlesome, adorable, attributes which Joan regards more as epithets. The critics forgave her inexperience and applauded. Playwright Gene Markey came backstage to compliment her, but couldn't get through the crush.

Gruff old Dick was right—now Hollywood wanted Joan. She got a part in "Bulldog Drummond," with Ronald Colman, and began to move right along into other pictures.

Connie, breaking box-office records with fine abandon, busy with the complicating affairs of love and career, was still as far away from her sister as ever.

Then something happened to make them realize they were sisters under the skin, despite their differences.

Joan's hip was fractured in a fall from a horse. It looked as if she would be crippled for life. Connie dropped everything, and with characteristic intensity made the welfare of Joan her one interest. She haunted the hospital at all hours of the day and night.

The sisters, once as far apart as the poles, discovered each other.

Joan also found a friend in Gene Markey, now a Hollywood script writer. He sent flowers and notes of encouragement. When Joan was moved home to recuperate, he asked permission to call.

Connie approved of Markey. Always a shrewd judge of people, Connie knew a real man when she saw one, and I suspect she had more than a little to do with that courtship. It doesn't hurt at all to hear compliments about the man who is sending you flowers.

In 1933, with Joan happily married and in demand at the studios, the teeter-totter began to go against Connie. "The Affairs of Cellini" turned out to be a sad flop. "One bad picture, at the wrong time, is enough," as Claudette Colbert has sagely observed. Big producers got cold feet; little producers couldn't afford expensive Connie. She made "After Office Hours," with Clark Gable, in 1935, and "Ladies in Love," in 1936, but neither did the trick for her. One smash hit is all she needs, but——

In the meanwhile, here's Joan simply going great guns. Their positions are reversed. Now it's Joan who is box office.

And the result is a happy ending in our drama of the Bennett sisters. Through ups and downs they've learned that blood is indeed thicker than water.

Now you'll find Connie over at Joan's house almost any day. Little Peter Bennett plays house with Diana. The children have a baby for their household, too—Melinda, daughter of Joan and Gene Markey.

The vagaries of fortune, you see, have balanced the ledger and made it possible for Joan and Connie to meet on a common ground and be real friends. Their loyalty to each other is demonstrated in a thousand little ways.

Connie, being wise in the ways of pictures, gives Joan excellent advice on movie matters. Connie is a wealthy woman, and administers large real-estate holdings. Joan admires her sister's many abilities.

Connie and her father used to be very close, but now it's Connie and Adrienne, while Joan has grown very fond of Dick Bennett. Dick has exiled himself over marital troubles, and it's Joan who looks after his welfare now.

So the changing years have changed the Bennett family, and old barriers have melted away.



The Abbe children, authors of "Around the World in Eleven Years," visit Robert Taylor on the set of "The Man in Possession." The youngsters are gathering material for a new book on Hollywood.

# AVORITES OF THE FANS



Photo by Ted Allen

## LUISE RAINER

# ELEANORE WHITNEY



Photo by Eugene Rol



Photo by Ted Allan

# VIRGINIA BRUCE



Photo by
Clarence Sinclair Bull



oto by Ernest A. Bachrach



# SPENCER TRACY · FRANCHOT TONE

# DEANNA DURBIN



# JANE WYATT



Photo by Ray Jones



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

# PAT O'BRIEN

# JAMES CAGNEY

o by Jose Reyes



# GLORIA SWANSON



Photo by Phyfe



Photo by Ted Allen

# TILLY LOSCH



SYLVIA SIDNE



hoto by Eugene Robert Richee

# JOEL McCREA

# SPRING





• Jean Muir offers these charming gowns for evening. Silver lamé is used for the one on the extreme left. The belt is made of clustered silver leaves.

• Next is a printed crêpe frock with the new V neckline. The print is in several shades of rose against a black background.

• Over the white crêpe evening gown, above, is worn a swagger jacket of silver lamé.







# MOOD

• Margaret Lindsay's formal gown, above, is of printed chiffon in shades of orange, green and brown on a white background.

• Her printed frock is particularly suitable for ping-pong.

• The cocktail dress is made of heavy iris-blue crêpe, with shirred motif at the front.



ELEANOR • POWELL

*Continued from page 43*

fellows like Lindbergh, Lee Christmas, the gun-runner, Clyde Beatty. You'll find 'em in fellows like Errol Flynn.

He's a man's man. The kind women adore. He doesn't look as tall as he is—six two. And, at a quick glance, you'd think him almost frail. But he weighs 180. You've seen those shoulders and those slim flanks on the screen. He's built the way a man should be. The way a man must be made to stand the gaff. He has a lolling, indolent manner. So has a tiger. It may be imagined that if he wanted to he could make this manner highly insulting. He fits the description of a gentleman which says that a gentleman is a fellow who never offends any one—unintentionally. It isn't hard to picture him picking a fight with a bully just by means of a look, or by the way he flicked a cigarette ash.

He wears tweeds and soft hats. Last time I saw him his hat was on backward. At a rakish angle. The little feather pointing the wrong way. Flynn wouldn't give a damn. The tweeds don't fit him very well. He's not too, too perfectly dressed. He looks comfortable in 'em. Naturally, they're Irish tweeds. Flynn is an Antrim man. There's the trace of the lilt of Lough Neagh in his speech. Just an inflection.

It just so happens that his face hasn't been run over by a steam roller. His nose hasn't been bashed in with a belaying pin, and although he's a good enough boxer to have made an Olympic team back in the school days at St. Paul's in '28, his ears don't resemble cauliflowers or other vegetables. As you, who have seen his close-ups know, the ensemble of that mug is pleasing. It is in person, too. With the outstanding characteristics those gray eyes and the flashing white teeth.

In the jacket pocket of the tweeds, of course, you'll find just what you'd expect. A brier pipe—no dhudeen, mind you—and a pouch of mixture. Like most who go where mechanically devised smokes like cigars and cigarettes are unavailable, his pipe is his stand-by. He smokes slowly, deliberately. He drinks the same way, with a preference for Scotch, though we did all right with a bottle of "Paddy Flaherty" from the County Cork. It's safe to say that he abominates cocktails and similarly girlish nectars.

He's happiest with men. Perfectly at ease, then. Thoroughly relaxed. He loves a story—and can tell one well. He's a good listener. An easy laugher. Fight or frolic—he enjoys either. He hates swank and stuffiness. He well nigh strangles in the closeness of a formal drawing-room. He's not too keen about being regarded as a sort of stuffed pigeon of pictures. To him the making of movies is simpler than sweating in tropical gold fields, dodging poisoned darts, invading shark-infested seas for pearls, or getting copra from rotting coconuts. It's another adventure—and comparatively—a soft touch.

He'll be off again. You see if he's not. Heaven save us all, he's not yet twenty-eight! June 20th will be the date for that. And there are seas to be sailed. Strange spots to be seen. Why, there's a river somewhere the source of which no man knows! And in another there's gold for the taking—unless an odd little six-inch snake sinks its fangs in your foot, or an odd little brown hand with a funny knife in it finds your throat some night.

There are pals waiting, too, in funny little bars all the world around. Waiting to welcome a guy with a crooked Irish grin and an old pipe between white teeth. They'll buy a drink for him any time, any place. He'll buy one back again. And by dawn they'll be off risking their fool necks, not for gold, but for the thrill that goes with the adventure of getting it.

He's a little restive right now. A little bored. The eyebrow is ever so slightly lifted, there's ever so slight a light in his eye, as he'll tell you with perfectly solemn mien that he's off for some perfectly civilized—and dull—week-end with some perfectly civilized—and dull—people.

Sure, that's no life for an Antrim Irishman, and a descendant of daring "Mutiny-on-the-Bounty" Christian Fletcher. Not when he's twenty-seven and alive in a world where things are happening. Those movie rôles had better be amusing—or he'll find something that is.

And here, for a clincher, is a woman's angle on a man's man. The woman is Lili Damita.

She'll never remember sitting in Dinty Moore's and answering my query as to her requirements in masculinity. He must have this, that, and the other thing, she told me. He must have head. He must have heart. And he must have masculine virility.

Lili is married to Errol Flynn. Here's hoping she holds him. For in all her life the fair Lili will never again find the like of the lad from Lough Neagh.



**Sunny days find Lorraine Bridges enjoying a dip at the seashore. Her one-piece bathing suit is of coral knit trimmed with white straps.**

## On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 49*

held the thing up. "Liquid adhesive tape," she said maadily. "They smear glue an me, and then paste an the dress. At night it's steamed aff, and yau can imagine haw that feels!"

ELIZABETH ALLAN'S ald gald jewelry was stalen the ather day, and she felt pretty bad. Lats af the pieces were antiques, inherited fram a lang line af ancestars. In the mail she received an envelape returning ane pair af stalen earrings. "Thaught yau'd like ta knaw," read the nanchalant nate, "they're nat real gald."

BETTY BRONSON, famed silent star af "Peter Pan," visited Bab Taylar's set at Metra. Nabady recagnized her. "Didn't that girl wark in pictures?" a publicity man asked. Na ane remembered. One kindly saul said palitely, "I'll bet yau're glad ta be aut af all this hubbub." Betty glanced wistfully at Bab, surraunded with interviewers, studia warkers, fans and didn't even reply.

LULI DESTE, Calumbia's newly imparted "find" fram Vienna, is the first fareign actress in years ta startle Hallywaad with a brand-new "act." It's simply this: she has na temperament at all. Praducers, executives, and interviewers are equally astanished. She daesn't thraw tantrums; she daesn't wear add, unbecaming clothes; she seems actually ta enjay her wark and all its ramificatians. "My reasans are selfish," says Miss Deste. "I want peaple ta like me, and lats af peaple dan't like temperament."



**Anita Louise takes time out between scenes of "The Go-Getter" to have a bite to eat—with her left hand, too!**

YOU wauld have seen Anita Page as the heraine af the Marx Brathers' current hit if the camics cauld have had their awn way in its casting. Marian Davies declared Anita naw has the mast beautiful face in the warld. Mervyn LeRay infarmed the bland favarite af several seasans aga that she has every quality praducers are seeking ta-day.

Besides this interest at MGM and Warners, anather studia prapased a big build-up. And Billy Rase led Braadway shawmen in dangling stage stardam. But with quiet dignity Anita decided nat ta return ta wark. She's finally fallen in lave. The recent bride af Lieutenant Herschel Hause, U. S. N., she is happily keeping hause in San Diega.

FRED MacMURRAY is mast happily married, taa, but he can't say sa. Paramaunt has decreed that he may




not discuss his wife or his home life. Presumably his fans would resent his devotion to his very attractive Lillian.

HOLLYWOOD'S better brains ore afraid to team any more rising players in off-screen romances. Twentieth Century-Fox had Tyrone Power take Sonja Henie places to attract attention to both of them. Now that Tyrone is a sudden feminine rove it would be a calamity if he married. The grand pretense turned into real affection.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, we understand, was much upset over an article about her which appeared recently. Maybe some one should explain to Katie how it happened. The writer of the piece was an admirer of Ia Hepburn ond wos pleased ot on assignment from his boss to write about her. When he requested on interview, it was refused with the usual Hepburn brusqueness. So he set about accumulating his material, secondhand, from whatever reliable sources he could dig up. After all, ony number of people who are not tongue-tied have worked with Katie on sets, waited upon her in restaurants and delivered telegrams to her.

The writer put down what he could learn obout her—and she didn't like it a bit. Maybe there's a moral tucked away in this story somewhere.



Olivia de Havilland is all set to spring off an eight-foot springboard. "Call It a Day" is her latest picture.

CHARLES CHAPLIN, one supposes, will remain a sort of Puck if he lives to be a hundred and two. In front of the Carthay Circle Theater where "The Good Earth" is showing, is tethered a pair of water buffalo. We glimpsed the white-haired, sometimes morose Charlie, standing all by himself making funny faces at the beasts while they gazed at him in mild astonishment. We don't know what was the point of this curious performance. We are merely telling you what we saw.

GEORGE GERSHWIN visited the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers set and between scenes Fred begged him to play something on a convenient piano. Just as George went into a really ambitious number—despite a bruised finger—and just as ecstatic listeners were preparing not to breathe until he had finished, an assistant director bawled, "Hey! Stop that infernal racket down there. We're trying to get some work done!"


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## In His Father's Footsteps

*Continued from page 17*

"Then mother and I moved to Sonta Borbora where we worked in the community theater, running down to Hollywood between plays trying to get o break. I tried for nearly two years and then decided to go to New York ond make the grade on the spoken stage." Again his deep, infectious laugh filled the room.

"I never got there. That is, not for another yeor. My money got me as far os Chicago where a radio job kept me on o sondwich and a glass of milk a day diet. But I wos learning something constructive. Then, as I wos about to despair of ever getting enough money for fare to New York, I got eight weeks work in the ploy 'Romance.'

"After the conclusion of the ploy in Chicogo, I came on to New York. The business of seeing manogers and hounting casting offices began all over



Heather Thatcher, English actress, in one of the colorful gowns she wears in her current "Burnt Fingers."

ogoin. I budgeted my sovings ond ollowed myself five dollors o week. I got o job os understudy to Burgess Meredith but never hod on opportunity to oppeor.

"After the show closed I ployed summer stock in New Englond. It wos then the tolent scouts from Hollywood got on my troil.

"Thot winter I played in Kothorine Cornell's 'Romeo ond Juliet' ond loter in her 'St. Joon.' Then 20th Century-Fox mode o test of me ond signed me to o controct."

In the next room o buzzer sounded ond feminine voices could be heord. "Oh," he soid, "I wont you to meet some of my friends from Hollywood."

Into the room come lovely Sonjo Henie ond o group of people to corry him off to lunch. Immediotely, he forgot himself ond his story ond wos oll ottention ond kindness. Especiolly to Miss Henie with whom his nome is linked these doys, but which he insists is just o worm friendship.

Romonce ond work, os he sums it up, ore the things we thrive on in life. But where is his romonce?



Doris Nolan smiles with pleasure over the success of "Top of the Town." Her latest is opposite John Boles in "As Good As Married."





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# They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 57*

bureau and have commandeered Ted Peckham, impresario of socially elect young men who will take you out dancing for twenty dollars a night and expenses, to write a scenario called "Personal Escort." Young Mr. Peckham's bureau has been flourishing in New York the past two winters, and so many young men of the best families work for him, it is almost impossible for a "deb" to draw a stag line to her parties without hiring the lads through him.

**Joining the Audience, Maybe.**—Arline Judge, by far the most decorative customer in our night clubs during a lengthy visit here, just can't make up her mind. She's definite on one point, that she is going to get a divorce from Wesley Ruggles, and marry Dan Topping, socialite and sportsman, but just where she doesn't know.

First she planned to go to Florida, then Mexico, then she thought a nice home-grown California divorce might be suitable. When last heard from, she was headed for Reno. She has been granted a six-month leave of absence from the studio, but there is more than slight suspicion that she means to retire from films. That's a break for Rochelle Hudson, who falls heir to her next rôle, but is it a break for us?

**Your Vote Will Count.**—Whether Francine Larrimore makes any more pictures or not depends largely on how many of you tell your local theater managers that you would like to see her again. Perhaps we who have admired her on the stage for years and years saw her performance in "John Meade's Woman" through hazy, rose-colored glasses.

It seemed to me that her great vitality, her assurance, gave a semblance of life occasionally to the rubbish of the plot. And yet I could see some justice in the widely quoted remark that the hick she played must have been the original of all those smoking-room stories about the farmer's daughter.

**Hollywood's Anthem.**—Miss Larrimore is a person who sparkles with stimulating ideas. She thinks Fred Astaire's song about picking yourself up, dusting yourself off, and starting all over again should be the local credo. In order to bear the sight of your first false steps on the screen, you need a philosophy like that. She likes pictures better than the stage in a way, because she only liked rehearsal time in the theater anyway. After her performance was all set, the theater was just a job to her. And she wants to see picture actors get out from under make-up, as Garbo did in the death scene of "Camille."

**No Revisions Necessary.**—Another timely visitor was John Trent, of "John Meade's Woman" and "A Doctor's Diary," who was until recently Captain Brown, TWA pilot. Heroic in build, ingratiating in manner, Trent has the misfortune of being hailed as a second Robert Taylor. It is a severe enough handicap to be called a second anybody, but with make-up experts persisting in their deadly work of prettifying that once genuine Taylor, even one Robert Taylor may soon be a little more than we can bear.

Trent is still a little dazed over being snatched from his job to become an actor. He is keeping his rating as reserve pilot with TWA just in case he wants to go back. But from the amount of shopping his pretty young wife did in New York, I think he'll have to stick to more lucrative Hollywood.

**Margo Looks Ahead.**—Although she has scored a success on the stage in "The Masque of Kings" and is all set to go West to play in "Hurricane" for Samuel Goldwyn, Margo is still working as intently as a freshman in dramatic school. She takes three singing



Walter Winchell, who is constantly read and heard, is seen by only a few. Here's what he looks like in "Wake Up and Live," with Patsy Kelly.

lessons a week, practices at least an hour daily, and attends all the shows whose midweek matinées don't conflict with hers. The rest of the time she attends "The Good Earth," studying Luise Rainer, as any young actress might do with profit.

**Clothes Conscious.**—At a recent lunch of dress designers ond foshion promoters, a big majority agreed that off screen Gladys Swarthout was the most chic, the most exquisitely dressed of the stars. Then we all subsided into giggles, because no one could recall any outfit of hers sufficiently to describe it. That's the finol proof that Miss Swarthout has discriminoting taste. Her clothes never dominote her.

You recall warm colors, a trim figure, a face that glows with rodionce, not a cockeyed hat, or padded shoulders, or soucy peplums. Unobtrusive her clothes are, although in the latest fashion. And they are so perfectly fitted, so simple in design, thot they seem part of her.

**Crossroads Bulletins.**—Sonja Henie drew thousands and thousands to a skating carnivol at Madison Square Garden. Interesting to wotch her entrance. She is very subdued until she reaches the spotlight, then the high-powered smile switches on, her body seems electric with vitality. . . . Ruth Chatterton who has been flitting back and forth from Hollywood to London, hos finally decided to do a play there ofter long arguments. . . . George Brent went off to Florido in search of sun, but paused in New York long enough to toke in o few shows. . . . Sally O'Neill is back from London and will moke pictures again for Columbia. . . . Jean Hersholt is a Manhotton visitor but the night clubs don't see him. He is up with the dawn's early light making candid camero shots of the river front and the crowds streaming out of subways. . . . Marriage has certainly civilized George O'Brien. He arrives in top hat and tails to call for his wife backstage ot the theoter. Not o hoss in sight. . . . Dramatic schools have practically shut up shop. Instead of lessons, they assign pupils to see Garbo's "Camille" and Luise Roiner in "The Good Earth." . . . Zasu Pitts is back from London where she made two pictures and is so weary she won't sign to ploy in more thon twenty the next six months. But ot least forty pictures need her, according tc the producers.








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# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 41*

**Distasteful "Revivals."**—Two things we couldn't grow excited about were the reopening of the William Desmond-Taylor case, which dates back sixteen or seventeen years, and which, we believe, will forever remain o mystery, and the so-colled English romance involving Clark Goble. There might be some excuse for reinvestigating of the Taylor trouble, but there was less thon none for that whole Gable tempest. Such nonsensical things ought to be quashed in the first round, instead of the second or third. Most interesting of developments wos Josephine Dillon, Clark's first wife, coming to his rescue. She's a diction teacher of wide clientele in the movie colony.

**Charlie's Tangible Devotion.**—If you think Charles Chaplin isn't earnest about making a talking picture stor of Paulette Goddard, just check that little idea away in the moth balls. Charlie has written half the script of her first picture, along with Mojor R. V. C. Bodley, a most interesting personage of the movie colony, and we look for Charlie to be actually shooting before the summer is over. Paulette, in our estimotion, remains one of the most glamorous possibilities omong film discoveries of the past year or so.

**Is Connie Shrewd in This?**—Constance Bennett signs with comedy producer! Maybe you were shocked if you reod this announcement. Yet Connie has pretty good acumen. She flourishes as the green bay tree in o financial woy. And, after all, Hol Roach, who's the producer, has been the moving spirit in the Sonta Anito race track which has proved o gold mine for all those who "went along with him." Furthermore he showed himself to be quite o clever producer in the case of "Cinderello Mon," os well as the Laurel and Hordy pictures, which have enjoyed internotional success over a long period of time. Altogether we wouldn't soy that Connie's judgment was so deficient, despite thot it looks like stepping down from her post of grandeur.

**De Luxe Locationing.**—Cloudette Colbert and all her associotes in "I Met Him in Paris" had a grand time on location in Sun Valley, Idaho, despite that they were much deloyed in their work. Sun Valley is the newest mecca of movieland, and it appears that meccas must be forther ond forther away. This new one is occessible only by a two-day train trip.

The "I Met Him in Paris" company went there at a cost of about $9,000 daily, but were held up for at least two weeks, if not more, in the filming of the picture. At $9,000 daily! But they had a grand time ot the famous winter resort, anyway.

**Katie's Stage Venture.**—There's o little secret to tell obout Katharine Hepburn and her stage play, "Jane Eyre." She'll probably never be seen in New York in this footlight production. It's great for the road, but the question before the house is: Dare she risk it in New York, with the memory of "The Loke" still hovering in the atmosphere? Katharine wants the strongest vehicle imaginable with which to test her powers as an actress in the theater. So "Jone Eyre" certainly won't be seen in Gotham as a play this season, ond probobly not next season. But won't it be funny if o film version is made and scores success!

**Romantic Involvements.**—Life is strangely complex for the young man in Hollywood. Tyrone Power, who seemed so interested in Sonjo Henie



Fernand Gravet, famous French actor, as he appears in "The King and the Chorus Girl," with Joan Blondell.

during her stay in the studio for "One in a Million," found solace later with Loretta Young, whose romonce with Eddie Sutherland had reached its finale. And now Sonja is back in the studio again. What will happen? Anyway, it appears she didn't approve the idea of the Power-Young twosome, and long-distanced from New York about it all.

**Spider Bite's Sad Sequel.**—Bite of a black widow spider during the filming of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was blamed for the death of Sir Guy Standing, the veteran Paramount player who made such a big impression in various military and naval films, notably obout a year or so ago in "Annapolis Farewell." Of course, it was some time ago that the misfortune of being poisoned by the insect befell Sir Guy. However, it is said to have affected his health. He succumbed to heart disease. He was one of the most capable of the elegont school of character actors.

**Doug, Jr., Follows Marlene!**—Much was made of the fact that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., accepted the engagement in "Prisoner of Zenda," as "Rupert of Hentzou," just at the time thot Morlene Dietrich returned to Americo.



**Dorothy Lamour finds herself in constant demand by the studio. "Swing High, Swing Low" is to be followed by "High, Wide and Handsome," with still another lined up for her talents.**

It's the first Hollywood picture in which he has played for several years, and the couple appeared mutually very interested in dear ol' Lunnon during the time Marlene was working there. And you probably don't need to be told that they have been seen about quite a bit together since Doug arrived on the Coast.

Of course, both he and Marlene declined anything like romantic admissions. "After all," Marlene reiterated, "I am still married to and love my husbond Rudolph Sieber."

**Finds Talent Anyway.**—Jeon Muir's brave attempt at organizing a little-theater project finally ended up in the law courts. She was sued for attorney's fees in connection with the incorporation of the playhouse. There was some consolation in the fact that the amount asked was small. Jean herself told us that she discovered she wasn't a business woman during the enterprise and found duties of management difficult. At that her little theater was responsible for the discovery of promising young Jane Bryan, who is winning laurels as Bette Davis's sister in "Marked Woman." The theater is no longer in existence, of course.





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# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 12*

fan friends into one circle, to keep alive their interest in him or her, and to create a world-wide, all-time following of the star.

I think fan clubs are great both for star and fan. And for the question that has been discussed so much of late—"Should the star help with any of the expense of his or her fan club?"—I do think a star should help with the club expenses after the club has shown its intentions and declared itself.

A considerate star will help. After all, the club is for his or her benefit, and the club president spends a lot of time and a good deal of her own money. It is true that clubs have dues, but they don't begin to cover the cost of running a club. I honestly do not believe that most stars understand just what a fan club costs—or else they don't care. I don't mean a star should give generously toward their club, but what seems like nothing to the star, say a very few dollars, is a fortune to club presidents. Am I right? HELEN TALBOTT.

Post Office Box 177,
Idaho Springs, Colorado.

## Deserves a "Miss."

NOT long ago, a reader criticized America's greatest singer for having the titles of her pictures read "starring Miss Grace Moore." Why shouldn't she? She's the most decent actress in Hollywood, isn't she? No scandal is ever published about her, because there is no reason for it. She's the only one in Hollywood who is lady enough to insist upon being called "Miss."

Any one who can take Hollywood and the world by storm, as Miss Moore did, deserves to be called "Miss." Grace Moore is our best singer and actress. Every one knows what a lovely voice she possesses, but how many opera stars are there who can look as beautiful and act as naturally charming as she can? And, at times, her marvelous sense of humor is reflected from the silver screen. She is always smiling, unless the script changes that smile.

I have missed none of her pictures, and never shall, and although I have enjoyed them all, I think that "One Night of Love" is still the best. Miss Moore is given the most popular leading men, and the plots of her movies are good, but still something is lacking. I think it is the music. The title song of her first picture is the best yet written for her. The arias are always lovely when sung by her, but I think what she needs are some nice songs that can be remembered and appreciated by music lovers who have studied music. And there are thousands of these people.

TOMMY CAPIZOLA.

Wheat Road Inn,
Vineland, New Jersey.

## Let Joan Cry.

I ADMIRE Joan Crawford for her beauty and charm, her vitality, her lovely figure and ability to wear clothes. I admire her all-encompassing ambition and her constant improvement. But I do not admire her highly publicized attitude against criticism.

I am not speaking, of course, of disinterested or constructive criticism of her screen work. I am speaking of criticism of her appearance, her beliefs, and her "private" life. The kind of criticism, so fan magazine writers tell us, that makes the tears well up in Miss Crawford's enormous eyes.

Isn't that just too pitiful!

She is the only star whose extreme sensitiveness is thus exploited. And yet I have read articles, comments, and letters about Jean Harlow, Gloria Swanson, and Marlene Dietrich that were classics of cruel, spiteful and unnecessary personal criticism. Unquestionably, these stars read them, too, and they must have hurt, but I have yet to read of their breaking down and crying about it.

I don't blame Joan for being hurt by brutal and unnecessary attacks. But she is not the only actress in Hollywood who is emotional, sensitive and high-strung. And remember this: that



Tan and brown combine to fashion this bathing suit worn by Virginia Gray.

a star like Miss Crawford, who has achieved fame and popularity through personality rather than acting ability, must expect her audiences to treat her as a personality rather than as an actress; and that while she receives personal criticism, she also receives extreme personal adoration.

Let Joan Crawford cry over cruel and unwarranted criticism as the rest of us must—in private. NOVA MOORE.

San Diego, California.



When Martha Raye visited Denver on a vacation recently, Colorado officials presented her with this cute little wire-haired terrier, her constant companion.

## In Love With a Voice.

TO Cecilia Joseph: Having heard of your "masterpiece" concerning the crooner Bing Crosby in a recent issue of Picture Play, I determined to acquaint myself with its contents. Needless to say, I have done so, and immediately decided that you can bear enlightenment on several points.

You say Bing Crosby is the only singer who sounds "sweet" to you. This may be true, and the fact that he is the only singer you enjoy may also be true. However, your statement that he is the world's greatest singer is ridiculous. It seems to me that you, like a vast number of others, have fallen in love with his voice, and this has obviously biased your opinion greatly. For even Bing openly admits that he is not a good singer when compared with Tibbett, Crooks, John Charles Thomas, Kiepura, Chaliapin, Bonelli, Melchior, and many others.

You insist that Crosby is the best singer in the world. That is one of the most absurd statements ever put upon paper by mortal hand. If you have any respect for Crosby's opinion you will realize this.

You say that if Bing had taken singing lessons and had sprayed his throat and gargled with various antiseptics he would to-day be in grand opera, or at least imply that he would be. Your claim is rather a rash one, for it will be news to a waiting world that any one may become an opera singer by spraying and gargling one's throat, et cetera, and taking singing lessons.

You further state that any one who can carry a tune "well and clearly" is a good singer. What a revelation! You are to be congratulated on your discovery. I fear that it will start a stampede of tune-carrying and throat-gargling singers who will sweep down upon unsuspecting radio stations demanding not auditions, but positions.

You will go down in history as one who discovered that being able to carry a tune makes one a great singer, regardless of the quality of his voice.

THOMAS D. KINGSLEY.
385 School Street,
Watertown, Massachusetts.

## Talking Back.

DURING the ten years that I have been a reader of Picture Play I have often wished to "talk back" to some of the fans who air their thoughts in this department.

Elsie J. Kimball: Prepare for a surprise! There *are* some who enjoy Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Katharine Hepburn. I have talked with real, live and, incidentally, *intelligent* people who not only like them, but think they are among the most gifted actresses of the present day. Garbo and Hepburn are capable of portraying rôles of which the average empty-headed feminine player could have no comprehension. Dietrich's beauty alone justifies her place in the cinema world.

Isabelle Jarsk: It seems to me that all the foreign stars you've mentioned do measure up to the corresponding American players, except for Sybil Jason. She's awful! No doubt you would prefer many of them if you were unaware of their nativity.

Frank Tully: Have you deserted these columns, or are you just hibernating? There are quite a few handsome lads in pictures now who would make swell targets for some of your famous caustic remarks.

Ann D. Inman: Your praise of Jean Harlow is heart-warming. We have read reams of how Joan Crawford has worked to improve herself in pictures. But Harlow has accomplished more in five years than Crawford has in ten.

George Ferris: I see your favorite, Charles Morton, has a part in "Hollywood Boulevard." Let's hope something comes of it, for Charles is an accomplished and deserving actor.

Norbert Lusk: I want to voice my appreciation for your generous policy of giving recognition to lesser-known players in Picture Play. It is one of the main reasons why your magazine is my favorite fan publication.

Diane Allan: Yes, I am quite sure MGM would be surprised to know that Carol Lombard, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Greta Garbo can't act. No doubt they read your letter and have fired them by now.

Josephine B. Becker: Bless you for


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those kind words about Katharine Hepburn. Heaven knows there are not any too many of them that find their way into the pages of this magazine. Most of those who criticize Miss Hepburn's features must forget that it is usually the irregularities of a person's features that endear that person's face to one. I find it difficult to understand how any one could have seen "Little Women" and "The Little Minister" without being captivated by Hepburn's personality and impressed with her genius. She has loads of charm, but she dispenses it sparingly, so that one does not get too large a dose at one time.

Janet Gaynor Fans: Shame on you for neglecting Janet! There should have been pages of letters praising her in "What the Fans Think" after "Small-town Girl." Undoubtedly that was her best talkie, and she was never more ingratiating. Don't permit Janet to become too "dramatic" and "sophisticated" as she has expressed a desire to be. She'd be a goner in no time at all! The same goes for Ginger Rogers.

TOMMY HALE.

North End Heights,
Batesville, Arkansas.

### As Others See Them.

THIS is an answer to "Thirty of Us from London, England."

Mae West is not vulgar—she is witty and humorous. Maybe she leaves you cold, but she's still the rage over here, and according to box-office indications, will continue to be for a long, long time, or at least until we Yankees lose our sense of humor, which isn't likely. Of course, when we go to a Mae West picture, we know what we're going to see and hear in advance, but that's the very reason we go, and keep right on going again and again.

Marlene Dietrich a "piece of ice"? That's not funny, that's pathetic. Blindness is always tragic, and any one who cannot see the loveliness of Marlene or sense her warmth and glowing charm is indeed blind. Dietrich is the most alluring and fascinating actress on the screen. She has soul, depth, mystery.

Joan Crawford inspires you to laughter with her dramatics? Of course. Ignorance always laughs at that which it cannot understand. As such, it must be pitied and forgiven.

You call Helen Hayes "a brilliant artist." Well—perhaps. But her brilliant artistry seems to have dimmed and flickered out entirely so far as the screen is concerned. Which, frankly speaking, causes me no regret, for I find her dull, drab, unattractive and uninteresting. I hope she is appreciated enough on the stage so that she remains there.

Ann Harding is another who is unforgivably dull and drab. She has no real talent, and certainly has no place on the screen. I heartily agree with Patricia Hansen and Penny Allen about this insipid and utterly colorless performer. I hope she joins Miss Hayes on the stage as quickly as possible.

J. MOTINO.

119 South Division,
Buffalo, New York.

### Free Photographs.

WHY are some stars more generous than others? I wrote to George Raft praising his acting and asked for a photo. I received a price list instead. Gary Cooper also sent a postcard asking me if I knew "how many, many such requests are made."

Actors who are more popular than those two and who haven't as much money can send photos and letters, too. Noel Madison—who, in my opinion, can act better than most of the stars who have too much publicity like Gary Cooper—always answers his fan mail personally and sends photos free of charge. As do many others I could mention.

Gary Cooper and George Raft are



You'll again see Michael Whalen's delightful Irish smile in "Time Out for Romance," with Claire Trevor.

mean, and I would like to know where they would be if it weren't for their fans going to see their pictures. We spend money on them so why can't they be like other stars and spend some money in having photos made and sent when asked for!

James Cagney is my favorite actor and I'm sorry he has left Warners. I think they are to blame. They are always having arguments with their stars.

LILLIAN TAYLOR.

23-A High Street,
Middleton, Manes.,
Lancs., England.

### Incomparable Barbara Stanwyck.

BARBARA STANWYCK is the type of girl who gives new inspiration every time one sees her on the screen. She makes one feel that life is worth living and is, consequently, the type of girl that we can look up to as our ideal. I might go so far as to say that she is perfection itself come to life. We want more of Barbara. Give her a *real* break.

What is Mae West with her so-called sex-appeal, and Anita Louise with her angelic beauty, and scores of other Hollywood beauties, compared to her? All these put together would only be like unto a candle in the glaring sunlight of Barbara Stanwyck's wonderfulness.

I hope to pick up the magazine one day and find "What the Fans Think" crowded with letters of praise for Miss Stanwyck from fans all over the world. This is my first objective. The second is to get fans to help me find a suitable qualifying phrase or word to describe Barbara. Frankly, I'm at my rope's end trying to find the right words. "Incomparable," "the one and only," et cetera, are not good enough. I want better ones. Won't you fans help me?"

KOH JIM KIN.

27 Yap Ah Shak Street,
Kuala Lumpur, F. M. S.,
Malay Peninsula.

### Like Being in Heaven.

I'D like to give my humble opinion about the most charming man that ever graced the screen—Bing Crosby. He's a treat for the eyes and the ears. In fact, he has everything—poise, refinement, intelligence, charming modesty combined with good looks, fine acting ability, and last, but by no means least, the most gorgeous voice on earth.

When Bing sings in his adorable way, something grips my every fiber. I have the feeling of being in heaven. No other voice can thrill me like his. Without him life in this dreary world would not be worth living.

Here's to the grandest actor who has honored the screen with his glorious voice and personality.

ROSE MARIE PARENT.

Montreal, Canada.

### Sour Grapes.

POOR Joseph W. Pucci! What a bad case of sour grapes Robert Taylor's good looks have given you! Although I remain a bit indifferent to his charms myself, I *do* wish to contradict your analysis of his rights to stardom.

Certainly, he has much to learn about acting. But what gives you the idea that acting proficiency is a prime requisite for screen stardom? Granted that it helps; the more, the better. So, also, does a pleasing appearance. But personality is the main essential; that something of the spirit that catches and holds our fancy. And unless you are quite blinded by the fog within yourself, you must see the lad has something more than good looks. My own guess is that his certain "something" is a fine character and that time will develop it.

I've been watching these movie people with interest "nigh onto thutty years, naouw!" and such experience must

rate some value. I'll continue a fan for another "thutty, I reckon," and I wouldn't be surprised to see Robert Taylor still going strong, for the screen is surely his rightful place. He's a natural.

BEULAH BARKER.

901 North Waller Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

### Fans Never Forget.

LET'S forget about Robert Taylor for a minute, fans, and concentrate on some one else who has earned our admiration and esteem and has proved a distinctive personality without a fraction of the publicity and fanfare that Taylor has received.

I am referring to Phillip Reed. It's true that he hasn't received rôles worthy of him until he played *Uncas*, the young Indian, in "The Last of the Mohicans."

His fans know that he is capable of playing any rôle with ease; he is a splendid example of physical perfection, possesses a keen intelligence, and has something that few of the really big stars can claim, rare tenderness and sincerity. He is a sincere friend to his fans, so let's show that we appreciate his friendship.

JOYCE ERLENDSON.

36 Wakeman Avenue,
Grafton, North Dakota.

## Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 61*

to get *Michael Strogoff's* papers, he is forced to disown his mother, and to save her from torture he is apparently blinded by a red-hot iron. His eyesight is saved, though, and even terrible scars vanish when his valor is rewarded by the czar. Anton Walbrook, Viennese actor, gives an understanding performance of *Michael* though he is handicapped by lack of looks. Margot Grahame is a seductive spy who, failing to snare *Michael,* goes soft and sweet and sacrificial—such a disappointment! Miss Grahame's evil is so pleasant that it deserves to triumph—as it would in real life. Striking, too, is that magnificent scoundrel, Akim Tamiroff, and Fay Bainter is expertly heartrending as *Michael's* poor old mother.



Sophie Tucker, famous "streamlined red-hot mamma," will be featured in "Broadway Melody of 1937."

"When You're in Love."—Columbia. Devotees of Grace Moore say this is her best picture since "One Night of Love." Even I discern its superiority to "The King Steps Out." At least it is less pretentious and artificial, though, of course, we must never hope for complete realism and conviction in a film that stars an operatic diva. Miss Moore has little or no contact with opera in this, "Minnie the Moocher" being the pièce de resistance, together with modern numbers and an arrangement of Schubert's "Serenade." It is chiefly a comedy with incidental music. Bright, unbelievable comedy embellished with witty dialogue by Robert Riskin, who made "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" memorable because of his unusual gift for pungent talk. We have Miss Moore, an Australian singer unable to leave Mexico City because she is outside the quota. Her difficulty is solved when Cary Grant, a strolling artist, agrees to marry her for a price and enable her to enter the United States. With this familiar set-up it is impossible to think of anything ensuing but tiffs, pouts, misunderstandings—and love. Mr. Grant does wonders with his rôle besides knitting the story together and giving sincerity to the frail situations. But it is lively.

"The Great O'Malley."—Warners. Those two excellencies among stars, Pat O'Brien and Humphrey Bogart, are brought together in a picture that deals with the psychological problem of a policeman. It is good, obvious entertainment, with excitement, sentimentality and the regeneration of the hero to make it easy to take. Mr. O'Brien is described as a traffic policeman who lives by his book of rules and has no heart at all. He finds elation and satisfaction in arresting drivers for minor infractions. His tactics are ridiculed in a newspaper and *O'Malley* is demoted to a crossing in front of a school. There lame Sybil Jason enters his life, and you know what a way she has with her! Gradually, the policeman realizes that she is the daughter of the Mr. Bogart who is in prison because of *O'Malley's* persecution. It doesn't take him too long to pay for an operation that restores the child to health and bring


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about Mr. Bogart's release. All this is embarrassingly banal in the telling, but I insist that it is much better on the screen.

"John Meade's Woman."—Paramount. After chafing more than a year in Hollywood under contract, the stage actress, Francine Larrimore, makes her screen début. So thoroughly does she take advantage of her opportunity, that she makes important a commonplace story and outshines Edward Arnold, George Bancroft and other film veterans. Hers is one of the strongest first appearances made by any stage star. The rôle she plays is like others you have seen, but the actress is like no other you know. She is tough, sympathetic, vital and enormously courageous in playing to the hilt a realistic character instead of a pretty one. She credits us with responding to a ruthless character study more fully than to a so-called sympathetic heroine. Consequently, we find Miss Larrimore giving a grand performance for grown-ups. She is a farm girl who strays to Chicago for work, meets a lumber baron, humbly falls in love with him and is stunned when he asks her to marry him. When I tell you that he goes through with the ceremony to spite his mercenary fiancée, you won't need to know what happens between the rich man and the waif. But see the picture. It's faulty but interesting and Miss Larrimore is important. Also, John Trent is in the cast.

"A Doctor's Diary."—Paramount. This picture will be remembered not for its plot but because it introduces John Trent in his first leading rôle. It is on a par with "Society Doctor" which has become a similar historical document in Robert Taylor's career. Not that I am comparing one with the other! That would be unfair. But Mr. Trent, the former transport pilot, is bound for a high place as an actor. He has poise, dignity, flexibility and masculine good looks. I see no handicap for him to overcome. Instead, I see every quality that promises sound popularity. He is concerned in a melodrama dealing with the evils of private hospitals and Mr. Trent's championing of the free patient. True, the development of the story doesn't fulfill the early promise of the argument and it gets nowhere in the end, what with a forced happy ending, but the picture has the proper bitterness to make it interesting and provocative. It is startling to hear that money plays a larger part in the medical profession than a desire to heal. Another pleasant newcomer, Ruth Coleman, makes her début as the heroine, but it is Mr. Trent's picture.



Santa Anita's famous race track lures most of the movie players, including Lynn Gilbert who is now appearing in "When Love Is Young."

"The Man Who Could Work Miracles."—United Artists. This is the picture that some critics describe as "marvelous." I am inclined to agree with those whose intuition keeps them away and to envy those who are not bound by duty to see it. For it is pretty tepid entertainment despite the featured name of H. G. Wells as author. One of the reasons, perhaps the chief, is the unattractive persons who comprise the cast. Roland Young is a deft and often delightful comedian, but he is not suited to leading rôles on the screen. Here he looks the commonplace British shop clerk who is endowed with the power to perform miracles by means of trick photography, but the character is not sufficient to hold one's interest. Of course there may be more meaning to Mr. Wells's fantasy than I can discern, but it seems as flat as the more pretentious "Things to Come" by the same author. The moral of the piece may be that it is not good for man to be given godlike power for he will not know what to do with it. If this is the case, then the picture is even more obscure than I thought. Anyway, Ralph Richardson is excellent as the principal victim of Mr. Young's tricks. The picture is virtually minus feminine interest though Sophie Stewart and Joan Gardner are successful in achieving the dreary British speech of the commonplace girls they play.

# The Origin of Star Names

*Continued from page 35*



ROBERT WOOLSEY implies a famously bright cambination that is neither ane thing nar another, and for a mament suggests a kaleidoscopic effect. Robert is a cambination of Angla-Saxon for fame and old high German for bright. Woolsey, on the ather hand, is a curtailment af the Middle English expression "linsey-woolsey" which was the name of a coarse, cloth combinatian made af a mixture of linen and wool. In time the expression became synonymaus for anything not entirely pure ar any mixture in which the identity af the materials remained in doubt.

ALAN DINEHART means a Tartar warriar with a warthy and honarable heart. Alan is singular far the Latin name "Alani," which was the name of a Tartar warriar tribe near the Caspian Sea. The "Alani" averran the Raman Empire and are said ta have worshiped the crass in the form of a naked sward fixed in the ground. Dinehart is from Latin and Middle English. Dine is from Latin "dignus," meaning worthy and hanorable, while hart has nothing ta do with the animal of that name, but is merely an old form af the English word heart.





GAIL PATRICK means a gay and jayous lady's waiting maid wha is a patrician. Gail, as it stands, may be derived from the French for gay, happy, lively; but even when presumed ta be a curtailment of Abigail, it still means joyous, for Abigail is from the Hebrew and means a source of joy. Incidentally, the name Abigail in English became synonymous for a lady's waiting maid, even as the name Babby naw refers ta a policeman. Patrick is from the Latin for a patrician and is predominantly assaciated with the Irish because of the patron saint af that name.



KATHERINE DEMILLE means the purest one of a thousand. Katherine is from a Latin word influenced by the Greek for pure ar purest. DeMille is plain French and means af or from a thausand.



JOHN BOLES is the same name as the English John Bull and means a loud, bavine voice that is a gift fram Gad. John is Hebrew far a gift fram God. Boles is a variation af the word bull which cames from the Anglo-Saxan root "bellan," meaning ta bellow.

# Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

G. E. M.—James Ellison was born James Ellison Smith at Valier, Montana, May 4th. When he was six months old his parents moved to California. Graduating from Hollywood Polytechnic High School, his interests turned toward the theater. He appeared in many productions at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Later, a job in a studio laboratory led to a screen test, and this to a contract. After appearing in several pictures, he was called for a featured rôle in the "Hopalong Cassidy" pictures. It was while playing in this series with William Boyd that he was selected for the rôle of *Buffalo Bill* in "The Plainsman." You might address him at the Paramount Studio. Yes, he played in "Hitch-hike Lady," in 1935.

JESSIE G.—It was Jean Arthur who played with Richard Cromwell, Donald Cook, and Anita Louise in "The Most Precious Thing in Life."

H. J. H.—A list of Ida Lupino's films will be mailed to you upon receipt of a stamped return envelope. She is about twenty, and is five feet four. When requesting a star's photograph it is customary to remit twenty-five cents to cover the cost.

L. L.—Jean Rogers was born in Belmont, Massachusetts, March 25, 1916. "When Love Is Young" is her latest. John King, in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 1909. Next is "The Road Back." Phillip Reed, in New York City, but he doesn't say when. He is at present appearing on the stage.

DODIE.—Frankie Darro has been playing in "Mind Your Own Business," with "Anything for a Thrill" and "Devil Diamond" to follow. Leslie Howard's right name is Leslie Stainer.

S. A. S.—Shirley Temple's next is "Wee Willie Winkie." For photos of Myrna Loy and Raymond Walburn, address them in care of the studios listed on page 98. Gail Patrick was born on June 20, 1913, and Merle Oberon on February 19, 1911.

J. B.—An interview with Errol Flynn appeared in June, 1936. This may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept. A list of fan clubs will be sent to you upon receipt of a stamped return envelope.

M. S. R.—During the scenes of the actual charge in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the name of the piece played is "Britannia Rules the Waves."

R. E. S.—Eleanore Whitney's right name is Wittenberg. Eleanor Powell's full name is Eleanor Torrey Powell. I know of no player whose right name is Jane Northrup.

H. E. M.—It is so long since "The Sheik" and "The Four Horsemen" were released that I doubt if stills are now available. You might inquire of the United Artists Publicity Dept., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

L. S.—Dolores Costello Barrymore's right name is Dolores Costello. She has not remarried since she divorced John Barrymore. Jackie Cooper will be fourteen on September 15th. Mary Pickford's right name is Gladys Smith. The late Ross Alexander's was Ross Alexander Smith. Mona Barrie's is Mona Smith. Claudia Dell's is Claudia Smith. James Ellison's is James Ellison Smith.

WONDERING.—I am really not in a position to say whether the stars have their secretaries rather than themselves sign the album leaflets which fans send to them for their autographs. That really is a personal matters which only the stars have a right to answer.

S. J. B.—Barbara Read played the rôle of *Kay* in "Three Smart Girls."

# Who Fixes Star Salaries?

*Continued from page 38*

it os he onnexes from the greoter incomes. The agent's ten per cent is still anly ten per cent. And while it is still necessary to donate lavishly ta chorities, and suppart a large callection of relatives ta "keep face," it is no langer essentiol, ar even a papular fad, ta mointain limausines in pairs, huge monsians, armies af servants; ta dissipate fartunes on night life or sacial functions.

Proaf that stars may naw live quite ecanamicolly is offered by many in all solary classes, fram Mae West and Greta Garba dawn ta the graup which soves half af its few-hundreds-o-week, and yet monoges ta pay aff the martgage on grandma's farm.


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Herman Bing
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Ronald Colman
Walter Connolly
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Edith Fellows
Cary Grant
Jack Holt
Francis Lederer
Grace Moore
Chester Morris
Charles Quigley
Buddy Rogers
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Raymond Walburn
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Don Ameche
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Madge Bellamy
J. Edward Bromberg
Eddie Cantor
John Carradine
Jane Darwell
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
Alice Faye
Douglas Fowley
Judy Garland
Jack Haley
Sonja Henie
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
June Lang
Keye Luke
Tony Martin
Victor McLaglen
Warner Oland
Tyrone Power
John Qualen
Arthur Rankin
Ritz Brothers
Bill Robinson
Mary Rogers
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Michael Whalen
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

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Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Jean Chatburn
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Julie Haydon
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
Guy Kibbee
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
James Stewart
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

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Mischa Auer
Binnie Barnes
Judith Barrett
Wendy Barrie
Noah Beery, Jr.
John Boles
Alice Brady
Billy Burrud
Andy Devine
James Dunn
Deanna Durbin
Sally Eilers
Nan Grey
Louis Hayward
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Alma Kruger
Ella Logan
George Murphy
Doris Nolan
Walter Pidgeon
Barbara Read
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Margaret Sullavan
Kent Taylor
John Wayne
Charles Winninger
Jane Wyatt

## SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

### Culver City, California

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Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Janet Gaynor
Fredric March
Adolphe Menjou
C. Aubrey Smith

## UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO

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Brian Aherne
Elisabeth Bergner
Charles Chaplin
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Andrea Leeds
Joel McCrea
Merle Oberon
John Payne
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
Douglas Walton

## RKO STUDIO

### 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California

Walter Abel
Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
Smith Ballew
John Beal
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Margaret Callahan
Anita Colby
Joan Davis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Katharine Hepburn
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
Jack Oakie
George O'Brien
Moroni Olsen
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Onslow Stevens
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

## WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO

### Burbank, California

Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Lee Dixon
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescort
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Patric Knowles
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Billy and Bobby Mauch
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Claude Rains
Phillip Reed
Craig Reynolds
Beverly Roberts
George E. Stone
Verree Teasdale
June Travis
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

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Lew Ayres
Benny Baker
George Barbier
Bennie Bartlett
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Mary Boland
Beulah Bondi
Olympe Bradna
Tom Brown
Helen Burgess
Bob Burns
George Burns
Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Ruth Coleman
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Louis Da Pron
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Irene Dunne
Leif Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Ketti Gallian
David Jack Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Dorothy Lamour
Harold Lloyd
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland
Lloyd Nolan
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Martha Raye
Shirley Ross
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Harvey Stephens
Gladys Swarthout
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with LOUIS HAYWARD

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Owen Davis, Jr. · Sterling Holloway

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

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PICTURE

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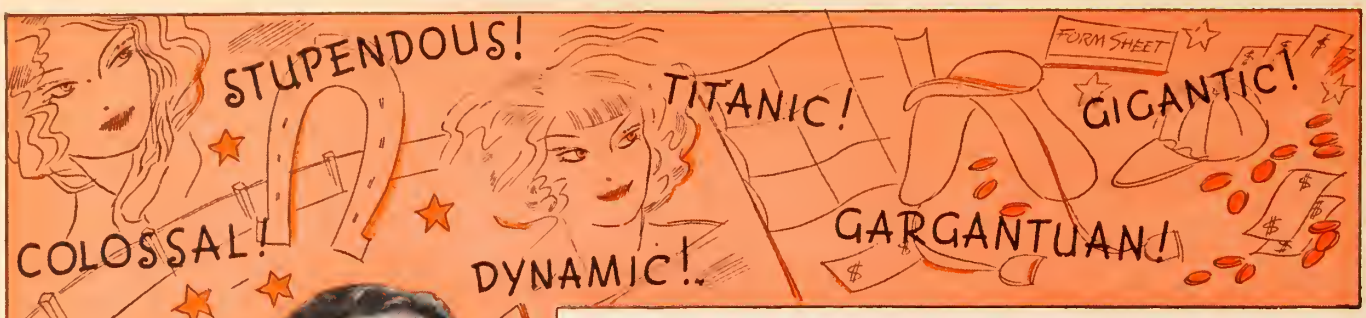
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STREET AND SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

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NEXT MONTH: SPOTLIGHTING SIMONE SIMON


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# Girls WHICH WOULD YOU

By Claudette Colbert



No. 1. The Man of the World
*(Melvyn Douglas)*



No. 2. The Pushover for Love
*(Robert Young)*



No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her
*(Lee Bowman)*

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you'd saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who's just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she's going to be a pushover for him? The man of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he's gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don't know what your answer is going to be. But I know you're going to get a kick out of the way we've answered the question in Paramount's

# MAN MARRY?



*"And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night . . . Come on you two, get out the skis."*

**"I Met Him In Paris." And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in "I Met Him In Paris" may not frighten you . . . but, gee, was I scared!**

**(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)**

## Claudette Colbert

**in**

## "I Met Him In Paris"

### with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young

Produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

*A Paramount Picture*

# WHAT THE FANS THINK



Photo by Graybill

### Musical Controversy.

MY great fovarite is the enchanting fairy princess of the films, Jeanette MacDonald. No one can surpass her in light opera or in musical comedies, but opera—never! I suffered most intensely during "Rose-Marie" ond "San Francisco" when Miss MacDonald attempted the well-known arias that she sang in those two films. Her voice was thin, to put it mildly, and her French wasn't any too good. Her American accent was too pronounced. Grace Moore's voice is resonant, full, and mature. For real fine voices we have to go to the concert stage, opera, or radio where we hear Rosa Ponselle, Elisabeth Rethberg and others of like caliber.

Although Miss MacDonald's voice isn't one of the truly great ones, I am looking forward with great pleasure to "Maytime" because I have enjoyed all her pictures starting from "The Love Parade" through "Monte Carlo" and "Affairs of Annabel" to her last three grect successes.

Miss Moore is always given the credit for bringing grand opera to the masses. Years ago Miss MacDonald made a film called "Oh, for a Man!" with Reginold Denny. I remember quite distinctly that our prima donna sang opera in that picture. She played a temperamental diva and sang beautifully—I thought at that time—I wasn't so critical then. It was an amusing picture but no one said anything about it.

When are we going to have the glamorous Viennese, Maria Jeritza, on the screen? I've been waiting for her début for two years. Elizabeth Kultala.

2119 Byron Street, Berkeley, California.

### Nothing More Than Tripe.

I WAS quite interested in the pro and con of Nelson Eddy, opera, and music in general. With the March copy right here under my nose I would like to add my say-so.

I think Eddy is a great singer, but I think that Lawrence Tibbett is greater, also Ezio Pinza ond John Charles Thomas. And Eddy is wasted on tripe—I mean, on the screen. Narma Reichstadt is right there. Doris Moy, I believe, is on the right track when she says that full-length opero in pictures would never pay from the producers' point of view.

I om reminded of the pictures selected for Gladys Swarthout. There is another fine artist who is wasted on tripe, even more so than Eddy. Why the Paramount moguls don't get wise is beyond me. If I were Gladys I'd get out and owoy, even break a contract. She is one of the best—but the little bosses on the production lots simply won't let her sing. Yeah, some little cheap ditty. Why should we waste a great statesman in the

*Continued on page 10*

**Jeanette MacDonald is "the enchanting fairy princess of the films" to Elizabeth Kultala, who thinks she is unsurpassable in light music but should avoid operatic arias.**

# Hollywood "Success Stories"




## HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE STAR

## Test No. 1

Can you kiss a man passionately when you really want to slap him? * Can you laugh when you feel like crying? Can you cry when you feel like laughing? * Can you take constant criticism without losing your temper? * Can you learn two pages of dialogue in an hour? * Can you stand publicity about everything in your private life? * Can you stand to be emotionally shocked by seeing the *truth* about Hollywood? At last it has been filmed—the unforgettably moving, hilarious portrayal of Hollywood behind-the-scenes.

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*Produced by*
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*Directed by*
**WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE



ESTELLA POTTER.—We published stories about Jean Harlow in June and September, 1934, August, 1935, and August, 1936. Gallery portraits in March, 1937, July, 1936, April, August, and November, 1935.

P. McD.—Deanna Durbin will be seen next in "One Hundred Men and a Girl." She has a really fine voice and her singing teacher is Andres de Segurola, who was a leading singer at the Metropolitan. Her parents are English, and I believe she is an only child. She was born in Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922.



A. G.—Patricia Ellis was born in New York City on May 20, 1916. She is five feet seven, weighs 115, and has blond hair and blue eyes.

PICTURE PLAY READER.—There isn't space here to go into details about stills, but I suggest that hereafter before sending money to the various companies for them that you first write to the Publicity Departments and inquire if the stills are available and at what price.

MILDRED MCLANA.—Errol Flynn was in Tahiti, pearl fishing, when an English film company went there to make "Mutiny on the Bounty." He was given the rôle of *Fletcher Christian*. His work in that picture resulted in ambitions for the stage. His English stage productions included "A Man's House," "Othello," "Another Language," and "The Constant Nymph." He also appeared in stock companies throughout the provinces, and managed to get in some picture work. A Warner executive saw him on the stage and signed him to a contract to go to Hollywood. Mr. Flynn will be twenty-eight on June 20th. He married Lili Damita on June 19, 1935.



CHLOE.—Olivia de Havilland uses her right name. She was born of English parents in Tokyo, Japan, on July 1, 1916. Five feet four, weighs 107, and has chestnut-brown hair and brown eyes. "Call It a Day" is her latest film. We published [illegible] her in December, 1935, and February, 1937. Errol Flynn was represented in the magazine in June, 1936, and May, 1937. These articles will tell you more about them than I can give you here. These back issues may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Dept. Mr. Flynn follows "Another Dawn" with "The Prince and the Pauper."

**When writing to The Oracle, please include your full name and address. If requesting casts, a list of fan clubs, the names of all of a star's films, or information about how to obtain stills, a stamped envelope should be inclosed. We regret that we cannot undertake to answer any contest questions.**



JEANNE ANNETTE.—You will find a story about Deanna Durbin in this issue. "Personal Property," with Robert Taylor, is Jean Harlow's next. Their birthdates are: Mr. Taylor, August 5, 1911; Miss Harlow, March 3, 1911; Deanna, December 4, 1922; Clark Gable, February 1, 1901; Greta Garbo, September 18, 1906. *Most* of the stars personally autograph their photographs.

J. L. E.—I believe you refer to Marilyn Knowlden, who played the rôle of *Florence Udney* in "Anthony Adverse." She also played with Bobby Breen in "Rainbow on the River." Marilyn was born in Oakland, California, May 12, 1926.

GORDON CASSIDY.—Frankie Darro is about five feet three and weighs about 111. George Ernest was born November 20, 1921. He is about four feet eleven, and weighs about 90 pounds.



BARRY NORTON FAN.—I'm glad you didn't miss Mr. Norton in "Rich Relations" because he hasn't been playing in many films. I understand that he will appear in "Timberesque," an outdoor musical which is to be made in Spanish, French, and English, with Vyola Von opposite him. He appeared in "What Price Glory?" in 1926, and in "The Four Devils" in 1929. His birthdate is June 15, 1905. Has never married. Now in "History Is Made at Night."



JANE NORTON.—Jack Benny was born on February 14th; George Burns, January 20th; Gracie Allen, July 26th; Harold Lloyd, April 20, 1893; Adolphe Menjou, February 18, 1891; Jack Oakie, November 13, 1903; Johnny Weissmuller, June 2, 1904; Bing Crosby, May 2, 1904; Martha Raye, 1917.

HENRY WILCOXON FAN.—For that picture of Mr. Wilcoxon which you saw in March Picture Play, you might write to the Paramount Publicity Dept., Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York City, and ask them if it is available and at what price.



E. W. G.—For stills of Tim McCoy films, you might write to the Publicity Dept. of Puritan Pictures, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and inquire if any are available and the price. This also applies to stills of Gary Cooper in "Morocco," but address Paramount Pictures, Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York City. For a photograph of Bob Steele, write to him at the Republic Studio, 4024 Redford Avenue, North Hollywood, California, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover the cost. Humphrey Bogart was born in New York City, January 23, 1899.

D. H.—For stills of "Captain Blood" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," I can only suggest that you write to the Publicity Dept. of Warner Brothers, 321 West 44th Street, New York City, and inquire if they are still available and how much they cost.



MARGARET REED.—Allan Jones appears with Maureen O'Sullivan and the Marx Brothers in "A Day at the Races," and, as you know, will appear with Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly." I cannot say who will be given the leading male rôle in "The Desert Song" and "The Student Prince" if, and when, they are brought to the screen.

[Continued on page 97]

## In One Thrill-Packed Night

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BOBBY—THE PRINCE

Seven months to film in the world's greatest motion picture studios!

Watch for Mark Twain's beloved story at your local theatre soon!



BILLY—THE PAUPER

*Continued from page 6*

office of a city hall in a small town? Same thing.

It seems to me that the screen started out well in introducing good—I said *good*—music. Such as "Be Mine Tonight," "One Night of Love," "Here's to Romance," "Metropolitan," "I Dream Too Much," and "Love Me Forever." Those were wonderful pictures.

Since then what have we had? Tripe. Nothing much more than that. Were the first ones only a bait—so that the music-loving movie-goers might be educated to tripe, learn to love tripe, get to appreciate the cheap? In other words: are the producers trying to bring the best down to *their* level, or, should I perhaps say the level of the mob? To the level of tin-pan alley? And the dance hall?

I get a bit sour now and then, but, as I think of it, the movies have made fine progress. I *am* grateful for Huston and Connolly and Pons and Muni and Lombard and Powell; and "Winterset" and "One in a Million," and "Camille." Let us hope that the B pictures and the C singing and D acting will be weeded out, little by little. D. E. Swanson.

634 15th Street,
Oakland, California.

### A Contradiction.

I BELIEVE that R. J. Kennedy's comments in March Picture Play will start a deluge of letters as did Freda Wakeling's.

I wish to contradict Mr. Kennedy's remark that Nelson Eddy's voice is dull and flat and lacks "life and animation and warmth." The very idea of saying such things! All those who listen regularly to his programs and attend his concerts know better. His interpretation of every type of song is far superior to any other singer's I have ever heard. It takes plenty of versatility to do any kind of song and still do them all as well as Mr. Eddy does.

For Mr. Kennedy's information I happen to know that Freda Wakeling does know something about music. And I agree with her about James Melton. He should never be compared to Mr. Eddy, but I shall say this, that Nelson Eddy is on top of the world in radio, concert, and movies (and has been in opera, too—and he is bound to be on top at the Metropolitan when he considers himself ready) and that Mr. Melton is now singing on the vaudeville stage.

Jean Holke.

539 Division Street,
Barrington, Illinois.

### Eddy an Animated Dummy.

I SEE from a recent letter in this department by R. J. Kennedy that I'm not the only fan who thinks the muchly raved about Nelson Eddy is overrated.

His voice is grand, so why doesn't he stick to concert and radio work where we can enjoy it? He certainly is no actor! When I go to a movie I like to be able to lose myself in the picture, and actors have to be good in order to make one do that. Take the love scenes in "Rose-Marie" and "Naughty Marietta" where Mr. Eddy is supposed to be making love to the charming Jeanette MacDonald. He is looking at her, yes, but *through* her. No feeling there at all. In every one of his pictures it's the same thing.

To me, Nelson Eddy is an animated dummy—no acting ability whatsoever. Miss MacDonald is charming, such feeling that she portrays, who can doubt that she is a fine actress?

Now that that is off my chest I want to give three cheers for a real actor with a voice few men possess—Nino Martini. His performance in "The Gay Desperado" is tops. Why not team him with Miss MacDonald? Then we'll have some real entertainment.

Mildred Post.

420 Blanchard Street,
Seattle, Washington.

### Opera in a Grand Manner.

HAVING read the many letters which all seemed to give Nelson Eddy the honor of presenting grand opera to the screen, I feel that these fans have forgotten one artist who really deserves this honor—Nino Martini. Certainly his splendid performance, both acting and singing, in "The Gay Desperado," his excellent radio programs, and his successful career in opera should be enough proof of his worthiness.

Is there any male lead outside of Mr. Martini who can present "Aida" or any other opera favorites with the success needed to hold the attention of the public?

In my estimation, Mr. Martini is unsurpassed in the field. Let's have grand opera presented in a grand manner by Nino Martini.

Dorothy M. Leininger.

2120 North Kimball Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

### The Stars of "Camille."

LIKE many others, I have wondered whether Robert Taylor could really act or if he just breezes through pictures depending on his handsome face and happy-go-lucky personality to put him across. After seeing him as *Armand*, in "Camille," I am satisfied that he has more to him than the tricks mentioned above. This was a very pleasant surprise to me, and from now on I hope the producers will give him rôles with more depth to them. Not that we want to see him in gloomy parts, but where more can be expected of him than heretofore.

As for Miss Garbo, whose acting was supposed to have greatly overshadowed that of Robert Taylor, all I can say is that it was not necessary for her to act—she *looked* the part of the consumptive *Marguerite* very convincingly and I feel that where she really belongs is in a sanitarium. I actually shuddered for Robert when she kissed him so fervently in several of the scenes (not that we blamed her in the least, but living in this germ-conscious age we were very concerned about the object of her affections). How does the simpering Garbo continue to get away with it?

I am just another Scandinavian who does not appreciate Garbo one bit.

E. T. C.

8123 Escanaba Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.



Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs are a romantic couple on and off the screen. This is a scene from their current picture, "Turn Off the Moon."

### Two Sides to Every Question.

LOOKS like a scheme to embarrass me," came the pleasing voice of America's newest screen "find" over the radio one evening. "Not at all," the Master of Ceremonies assured Robert Taylor after he had showered a volume of compliments upon the handsome young man in question.

A few nights later came a commentator's disgusting news item of "handsome movie star's grandfather on relief." The concise account in the papers leads me to the belief that this is not a scheme to embarrass Taylor but an attempt to injure Taylor. But relatives sometimes are that way. I wish the aunts and uncles to know here and now that this news item has not lessened



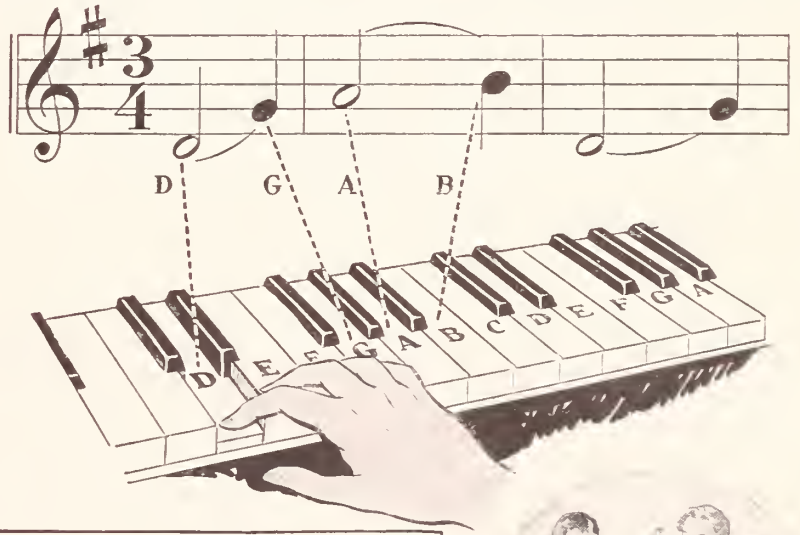
An enthusiastic racing fan is glamorous Tala Birell. She's currently appearing in "As Good As Married."

my opinion of Robert Taylor in the slightest—quite to the contrary, for it has occurred to me that maybe Bob has had more than one such drawback to overcome, and having successfully done so, he must have had talent and initiative. His splendid work in "Camille" proves his talent because his *Armand* could not be improved upon, and that is an achievement for the role is a difficult one. Such poise and sincerity are seldom found in a player so young. His work justifies the trust placed in him by his own employers and the confidence with which his fans regard him.

Any one desiring to injure Taylor


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### Wake Up, Hollywood!

IS it true what they say about Hollywood? Or is it possible that such eminent authors of two of the most popular plays, "Boy Meets Girl" and "Stage Door" are talking through their hats? These two successful plays which are running on Broadway give us the lowdown of the real Cinema City. "Boy Meets Girl" presents a bedlam of authors, producers, and directors in Hollywood who don't know what they are doing. George Kaufman and Edna Ferber in their "Stage Door" tell us that Hollywood doesn't give you a chance to show your abilities, they tell you how *not* to act and then make you a star; that the stage is the only place where true talent can be found, and the sole place it actually exists.

This all runs true to form in the case of Ethel Merman. This singer has all the ingredients that are necessary to go over big with the public, plus box-office appeal, but this superficial city refuses to wake up to the fact. Every one of Miss Merman's Broadway plays have proved to be colossal hits. In her current opus, "Red, Hot and Blue," the most critical reviewers have praised her to the hilt. Yet when Hollywood came along and snapped her up she was given minor rôles that didn't do her justice.

It isn't any fault of Miss Merman's that she isn't seen in more films plus bigger and better rôles. It merely goes back to the stupidity of Hollywood and the people who make the wheels of the film capital go round.

Hollywood is spending millions of dollars bringing such foolish so-called actresses as Simone Simon and Ida Lupino to the screen. They insist on giving us fresh talent. Yes, we want talent, but we want talent that can be appreciated. So by giving us a French nobody with a double name and a temperament, Hollywood has the temerity to presume that we, the public, are satisfied. No, Hollywood, we want something that is different, refreshing, regal. In other words we demand Ethel Merman!

ESTHER HADER.
1774 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.



Lynn Bari, Marjorie Weaver, and Lillian Porter watch the waves pounding the rocks along the seashore.



Robert Montgomery finds something very amusing on the set. His next is "Night Must Fall."

### The Best Ever.

IN Norma Reichstadt's letter in the March issue she stated that Jeanette MacDonald does not have a voice for operatic music and that she should never attempt to sing it.

I disagree with her. In the first place, MGM is too smart to let Miss MacDonald sing opera if she didn't know how, and, in the second place, Miss MacDonald was offered a contract to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House and if they don't know how to judge good singers I don't know who can; certainly not Miss Reichstadt.

In my estimation, too little praise has been thrown Jeanette MacDonald's way. In "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose-Marie" she gave a splendid performance, but did she get much credit? No, most of it was given to Nelson Eddy. Not that he didn't deserve it, because he did, but it might have been a different story had some one else played Miss MacDonald's part. You very seldom find on the screen or stage a woman as lovely as Jeanette, who can both act and sing and who has as sparkling a personality as she has. So here's to you, Jeanette, the best there ever was or ever will be.

MARION BILLINGS.
509 West 60th Street,
Los Angeles, California.

### A Matter of Opinion.

IN the March issue, Mr. Nestor's criticism of Norbert Lusk is rather inconsistent. Freedom of opinion belongs to

*Continued on page 95*

# SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

PICK up any newspaper or magazine and you will likely find the phrase "legitimate stage," especially in anything that has to do with the screen. Just why the stage should be legitimate and the screen, by implication, illegitimate, is what I can't understand. I see red whenever I come upon this slight. Just why one is more legitimate than the other is beyond me. Why one medium should have a distinguishing adjective and the other none, also is incomprehensible. The screen does not, of course, need one. It is no longer infantile and its competition with the stage ended when its supremacy was acknowledged by every one except, perhaps, those who still write "legitimate stage."

THE stage has centuries of tradition, yes, and its freedom in the choice of subject matter is far ahead of the screen to-day. This is all very well in some cases where latitude is necessary for the discussion of social problems, but I think it a good thing that the screen is subject to restriction and censorship. The pornographic play openly performed on Broadway, the strip-tease girls in burlesque shows, the frequently foul language heard on the stage, are better not seen and heard except by limited audiences who are prepared for such exhibitions. If, because of this freedom of speech and action, the stage is more legitimate than the screen I wish some one would enlighten me.

ONE has only to pass a season of theater-going in New York to have inflicted on him numerous plays more trivial, worthless and mistaken than could be found in as many "B" photoplays, or even among those coming under a lower classification. He will have seen them in badly ventilated theaters, no matter how much he has paid for his seat. The New York stage, for all its legitimacy, hasn't had a new playhouse with modern improvements in years and years. Stuffy air, gloomy lounges, uncomfortable seats and dingy decorations are taken for granted by followers of the stage nowadays and there are few deviations from this rule. The devotee who must perforce content himself with a seat upstairs in these outmoded pleasure palaces breathes vitiated air in a posture that makes relaxation out of the question. Never mind about the greater expenditure of time and money exacted by the stage. They are too well known.

OF course, he will have seen such past mistresses of the art of acting as Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes, and such brilliant luminaries as Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Lillian Gish, and Ina Claire, as well as John Gielgud and Maurice Evans. But is the acting of these unquestioned leaders more *legitimate* than that of outstanding stars of the screen? You decide!

AT least I hope I have made my point and that you join my protest against the inaccuracy of that old-fashioned phrase, "legitimate stage." Let the stage remain the stage and the screen stand as the screen. We call opera and musical comedy by name and let them go at that, knowing that every one is aware of the difference. Only the provincial-minded prefix the word "grand" to opera. This is as funnily old-fashioned as insisting that the stage is legitimate. It harks back to the days of the old-time barnstorming actor in a frayed fur coat who pompously reiterated his connection with "the legit" as opposed to the then prosperous vaudeville stage. He was pathetic because his listeners knew that vaudeville wouldn't have him.

* * *

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD enters the movies to sing an operatic sequence in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." This is splendid news and is as it should be. The greatest of present-day singers makes it possible for every one to see and hear her. Only a

limited few may see her at the Metropolitan or in concert, while those who hear her on the air are denied sight of her grand presence. Mind you, she is not unwisely attempting the screen as the heroine of some trivial plot, but in one of her famous rôles in an excerpt from one of the great operas. Just as Leopold Stowkowski was presented with dignity and showmanship in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," so may Paramount be depended upon to introduce Flagstad in the same manner to a waiting world larger than she has ever known. Perhaps she may sing her sublime "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," or some other aria from a Wagnerian opera. What is sure is that she will not be wasted on anything less musicianly. Nor permit herself to be.

Flagstad's decision to sing in a film is significant. Money alone is not a temptation to an artist of her renown, nor is there any likelihood that she will become a personality girl, the pet of a fan club. I should say that she recognizes the importance of the screen and the legitimacy of it as a medium for her art, and that her greatest reward will be in reaching a new and larger public: in winning many to an appreciation of music which they would not otherwise hear.

* * *

DO followers of fan magazines ever tire of reading interviews, articles, news, and gossip about stars? Are they interested in any other topics relating to pictures? Do they care more for the stars than the films in which they appear? For example, would *you* rather read a description of sound recording than what your favorite star thinks of life, love, housekeeping, clothes, or her leading man?

FROM time to time some mature well-wisher of Picture Play asks why we never publish information about the preparations for a picture and the work of the many highly skilled contributors besides the stars who make possible the finished whole. Of course, the fabrication of a modern picture is a wonderful achievement mechanically and artistically. Few outside the studios realize how many persons coöperate and coördinate in bringing about the miracle that we accept as a motion picture and call good, bad, or indifferent. But are readers of a fan magazine, who contemplate personalities primarily, interested in the various aspects of production? Would they like to know how the names in the cast of "Maytime," formed of floating flower-petals on a drifting stream, are photographed? Or, as one critic of the magazine good-humoredly puts it, do the majority of readers really insist on knowing why Don Wan has one nostril a thirty-second of an inch higher than the other?

IT is significant that the majority of questions asked in countless letters to The Oracle are actuated by a desire for *personal* information and not technical details. Where was Nelson Eddy born, and is Ginger Rogers a natural blonde? These questions, as well as those other letters which express opinions of stars and request news of them, cannot but dictate the contents of the magazine to a large extent. But are not fans overlooking much that would interest them when they confine their curiosity to the stars?

I wish they would let me know. Hollywood has a wealth of material that never reaches the public prints. Some of it could well be published here, if readers in sufficient numbers request it. Of course, articles on technical subjects would crowd out a certain amount of star material, space being what it is, but I wish you would let me know. Whether Picture Play is as you prefer it now, or would you like the magazine better if it departed somewhat from its present make-up?

* * *

WHEN man bites dog, that's news they say. When star asks editor for his photograph, that's front-page news in his life story. He is not likely to have had a similar request in I don't know how many years of experience with the gifted. In fact he never has had, though proof of amiable interest on the part of stars has been abundant. I am speaking of myself as the beaming editor and Joan Crawford as the star who broke the rule. Just further evidence that she is unlike all other stars past and present and is, I believe, one of the rarest girls in the world.

* * *

YOU may have read Lucius Beebe's anecdote of Gloria Swanson. Whether you have or not, I feel in duty bound to retell it because she is one of my favorite persons and the story is typical of her alertness and wit. Lunching at a New York restaurant, she wore a saucy little hat topped with a cluster of maroon carnations, real ones. Elsa Maxwell stopped to ask how she kept them crisp and fresh. "Just with a little water on the brain," explained Miss Swanson. Incidentally, that picture she was to make for Metro-Goldwyn, tentatively called "Mazie Kenyon," is a matter of conjecture. It seems that the script was not developed according to Miss Swanson's liking. We'll probably be hearing her on the air until it is.



GLADYS GEORGE and Franchot Tone, with Spencer Tracy, are stars of "They Gave Him a Gun," a powerful story that provides each of them with a "different" characterization, especially Mr. Tone. He is an office worker who becomes a racketeer, a coward who becomes brave when he has a gun to shoot and a man to kill.

BY DUDLEY EARLY



# 1 Smart Girl

THIS INTIMATE STORY OF DEANNA DURBIN IS AS REFRESHING AS SHE IS, HERSELF AND IT TELLS EXACTLY WHAT EVERY ONE WISHES TO KNOW.

THIS is such on old, old story.

The story of the octress possed up by Hollywood ofter whot might hove been on opportunity went o-glimmering, ond forced to seek other meons of livelihood until Hollywood finolly cloimed her, midst trumpeting ond fonfore.

Such on old story to opply to such o young octress.

Deonno Durbin is fourteen yeors old. Despite contradictory reports, there reposes in the files of the municipol government of Winnipeg, Conado, o birth certificote stoting thot one Edno Moe Durbin wos born there on December 4, 1922. Edno Moe hos since become Deonno, becouse Deonno, connected with Durbin, is more euphonious thon Edno Moe.

And, os for thot opportunity which ended only in disappointment, she was once under controct to Metro-Goldwyn for nearly o year. They didn't know whot to do with her, finolly putting her in o short subject, which, since the success of "Three Smort Girls," hos finolly been releosed.

But MGM let her go, ond, with the golden opportunity behind her, she turned to rodio, on the Eddie Contor progrom, os femole soloist. Just onother heort broken by Hollywood's indifference. Thot is, it would hove been broken, perhops, hod she been old enough to understond the significonce of the event. Heorts don't breok so eosily ot the oge of twelve.

Then Chorles R. Rogers, production heod of Universol, heord her on the oir, ond orronged to meet her. To-doy he is one of Hollywood's proudest men, for his foith hos been justified.

But he odmits thot he hordly onticipoted her resounding success. Perhops he didn't dore to. Producers ore necessorily skepticol; they never know until ofter o picture is releosed just how the public will toke to o new ployer.

This attitude on the part of Rogers was of invaluable aid to Deanna, for, when "Three Smart Girls" was released, she burst like the proverbial bombshell on the public. She was truly a sensation, the more for being so unexpected.

Now, what about Deanna herself? How has she reacted to this sudden success?

It has had one invaluable effect on her; she is determined now to become an operatic star eventually. It was always the goal, even when she was singing in Sunday school and neighborhood entertainments, but there were obstacles. All those obstacles have now been removed; she is acclaimed, operatic institutions are interested in her, there are sufficient finances, and she now has the confidence in her ability.

Her voice teacher is Andres de Segurola, one-time Metropolitan Opera baritone. His faith in her eventual operatic success is unlimited. He says that "she flats less often than Jeanette MacDonald," and that "her diction is better than Grace Moore's." Deanna now believes in herself.

But, other than in her vocal development, she is no prodigy. She is in the ninth grade in the studio school, just about normal for a girl her age. In the matter of reading, she is just now emerging from the enjoyment of children's literature exclusively. Her first grown-up book was "White Banners." She enjoyed it, but professes to some doubtful understanding of certain philosophical passages. And that is as it should be.

Most interviewers who go to the studio approach her with some trepidation. They don't know exactly what to expect. But they are soon put at ease; for Deanna behaves quite normally. At her first giggle—oh, yes, she's no different in that respect from other girls of her age—they realize that they're talking to a girl who is just verging on young womanhood, with childhood still looking over her shoulder.

She's shy, a trifle awkward at times, and interested only in things a girl of her age should be interested in. It wasn't long ago that she was known as "the pest" by older boys and girls on the beach at Santa Monica. She was always in the way, and teasing them about their adolescent romances.

When she heard that the studio was contemplating giving her just such an adolescent romance in a future picture, she said, "I don't want any of that romance stuff." But, give her another year!

*Continued on page 83*

On the opposite page, Deanna Durbin poses with Leopold Stokowski, famous orchestra leader who will be with her in "100 Men and a Girl," her new picture.

Below, Deanna looks no more than her fourteen years. She was born December 4th, 1922.

In the corner, she goes over her geography lesson with Harold Minnier, her tutor, who accompanies her to the studio when she is working.







THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

# "Wake Up and Live"

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

## WALTER WINCHELL
## BEN BERNIE
## ALICE FAYE
## PATSY KELLY
## NED SPARKS
## JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL—EVEN BERNIE—FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'



'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND —WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT! —BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'





Galamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing . . . Bernie's burning . . . as they flipcrack face to face!

20th CENTURY FOX

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million","On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

*including*

*'It's Swell Of You'*
*'I'm Bubbling Over'*
*'Never In A Million Years'*
*'There's A Lull In My Life'*
*'Wake Up And Live'*



S P R R













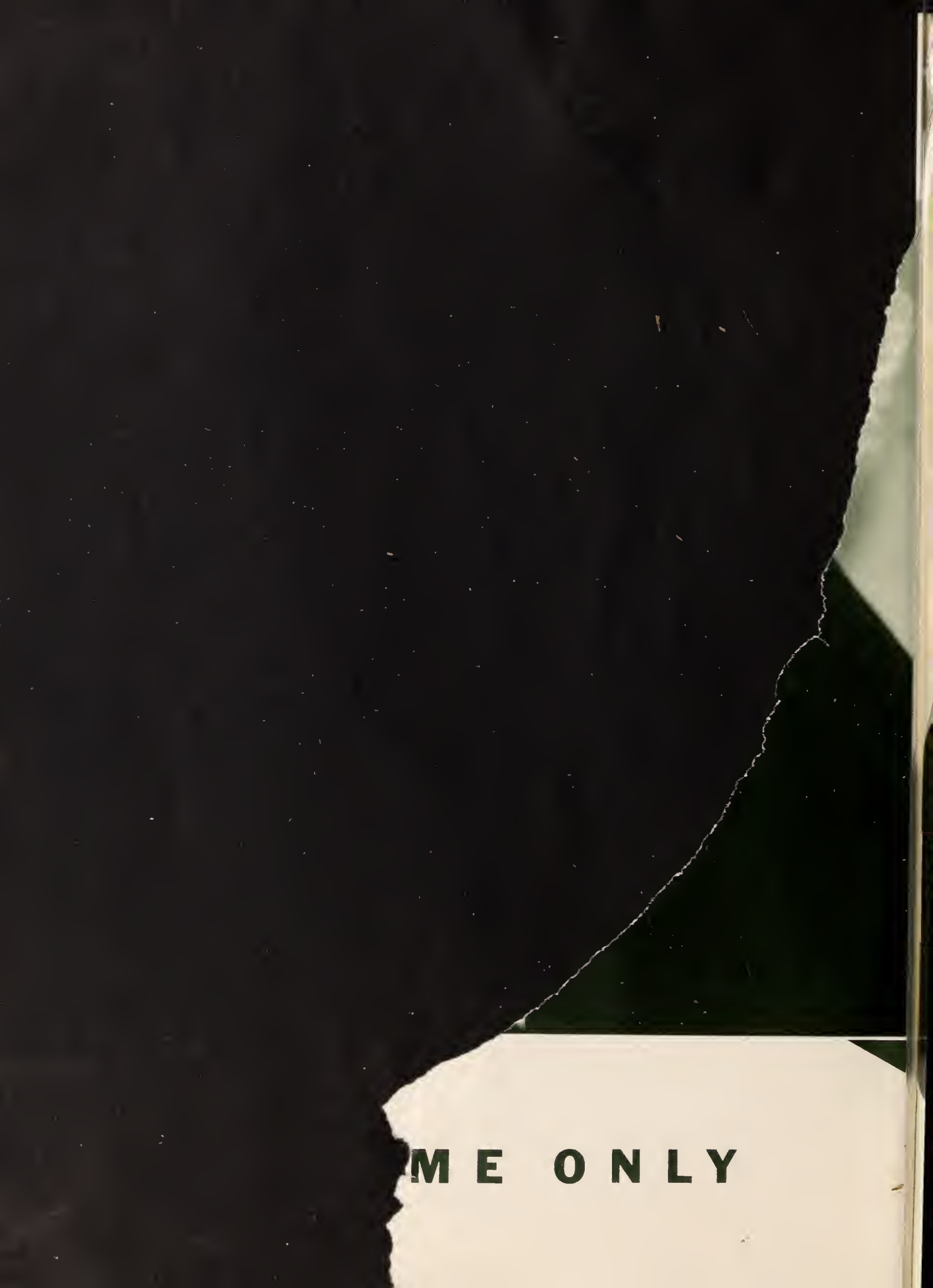


# BAL

## S



"SHALL W
Astaire as a
who is appearing
Paris. He accepts
engagement when he
Ginger Rogers, a noted A
revue favorite, is sailing for A
ica. Above, Helena Grant and
Anne Shoemaker watch them on
the deck of the ship. Upper left,
Ketti Gallian tries to induce the
ballet master and his manager, Ed-
ward Everett Horton, to reinstate
her in the troupe. Eric Blore hears
some disappointing news. Center,
Miss Rogers receives some advice
from her manager, Jerome Cowan.


ME ONLY

"AS GOOD AS MARRIED" tells what happens when John Boles, prominent architect, marries his secretary, Doris Nolan, simply to enable him to decrease the amount of his income tax. Walter Pidgeon, right, also an architect, is in love with "Sylvia," but is consistently turned down. His roommate, Scott Kolk, below, refuses to answer the questions of Mr. Boles and Harry Davenport, who come in search of the runaway wife.







# CLUB INTIMATE









"MARKED WOMAN" is the story of five night-club hostesses, Rosalind Marquis, Mayo Methot, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, and Bette Davis, upper left, with Bette's sister, Jane Bryan. Jack Norton between two of the girls in the club, above. Eduardo Ciannelli, left page, who has taken over the club. Bette is innocently involved in a murder. With her defense lawyer, John Litel, outer left. Humphrey Bogart, left, assistant district attorney. Below, with Raymond Hatton, lawyer.









"NIGHT MUST FALL" has Robert Montgomery in his first villainous rôle in a long time. First, a wealthy widow at the London hotel where he is a bell boy, mysteriously disappears. The rich Dame May Whitty, top of page, questions him about the missing woman, while her poor relation companion listens intently. Above, the murderous menial is dispatched on an errand by the hotel porter, Forrester Harvey.

# WHOLESALE MURDER









"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK" is the story of a peddler's ascent to power. He is Edward Arnold, below, with Jack Oakie. When his partner, Cary Grant, steals his girl, Thelma Leeds, the French soubrette, he dresses up her maid, Frances Farmer, and takes her out.



# BLACK FRIDAY



CARY GRANT, below, tries to warn Edward Arnold that Frances Farmer is a gold-digger. "Jim" discovers that "Josie" has a beautiful voice and lavishes all the advantages on her any girl could desire. Donald Meek, above, the shrewdest man on Wall Street.



TYRONE POWER AND LORETTA YOUNG IN "CAFE METROPOLE"

"[illegible] Mirrar."



FRED MacMURRAY—"At heort, yau see, Fred is just 'the boy from Beover Dam.' "—"Silver Screen."



IRENE DUNNE—"Interviewing Irene Dunne is on ochievement worthy af on Acodemy award or something."—"Silver Screen."



KATHARINE HEPBURN—"Amelio Eorhort flew the Pocific. Mrs. Piccord ventured into the stratasphere, and o doring womon explorer fought her woy to the Forbidden City af Tibet. But they hove nathing on me. I hove seen Kothorine Hepburn."—"Movie Classic."



—C[illegible]
bler. Of c[illegible]
moy drop a nick[illegible]
the slot mochine far t[illegible]
fun of it, but reol gombling—nat o chance! . . . He is nat in the leost stingy but, an the cantrory, is very generous to those deor ta him."—"Photaplay."



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN—"Just to be different, Maureen O'Sullivon of the movies powders her lopel ond can be tucked into her vest pocket. A sheer white linen nose fram on enameled case which swings by a gold choin from her hondkerchief, occented with spaking, is onother striking accessory which she weors with her dork-blue toilleur, white blouse and doeskin glaves."—"Woterbury Americon."



JAMES CAGNEY—"By now I feel thot yau ore ready for onything. Sa . . . lodies ond gentlemen! Let me present Mr. James Cogney in person. The red-heoded, octing, mercuriol son of a . . . Irishman!"—"Screen Book."



CAROLE LOMBARD—"You've heord of the wild, obondoned Lombard lough. In Hollywaad it is recognized os o sort af second Torzon bottle cry."—"Screen Baok."



# ...RESCUE!

...HEN MISS ROGERS GOES OVERBOARD IN FRIENDSHIP, THERE'S NO PULLING HER BACK TO THE LEVEL OF ACQUAINTANCESHIP. BUT LET PHIL HUSTON TELL HIS STORY.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

ON a day in summer a boy was swimming lazily in the sunlit waters of Lang Island Saund. He had the place to himself—ar sa he thaught. It was still too early for the flock of yaung peaple whase families spent their summers at Douglaston and who would saan come trooping dawn like a flock of gayly-colored, aversized birds for their afternaon swim.

Turning over, he caught a glimpse af blue on the flaat. Some one else dawn already? But wha? He didn't recagnize the turquoise-blue bathing suit nor the lovely lines of the figure. But as he drove his long limbs through the water, an exciting suspician began ta quicken in his mind.

For some days now the town's younger element had been agog with the news that a summer place had been rented by the mother of a girl who had just made a hit in a musical shaw called "Tap Speed."

There is samething of the paet in his desc... picture she made, "which was sa vivid that a... close my eyes to bring it back again. She was like a young calt with the wind in its hair, if yau knaw what I mean—sart af lang and leggy, standing perfectly still, yet giving the impression af being tremendously alive. I could see the sun glinting an her red-gold hair, and then I was hanging anta the flaat, laaking up inta those smaky, blue-gray eyes—wonderful eyes with dark, shadowy lashes.

"You're Ginger Rogers, aren't yau?" he asked, breathless fram bath exertion and eagerness.

"Yes," said the vision. She wasn't unfriendly exactly, but he did get the impressian that she'd learned haw to hold importunate boys at a cool arm's length.

"I'm sorry," he rushed on. "My name's Philip Huston, and I knaw I shauld have waited to be intraduced. But we

all saw you in 'Top Speed,' and went nuts about you, and when we heard you were coming here—well, it was like a Christmas present in the middle of summer."

She was looking down into a lean, tanned face. Water dripped from the head, sleek and softly brown as a seal's. The sensitive lips were half parted, there was a cleft in the chin, and the brown eyes were alight with youthful candor and good will. The glimmer of a smile shone in her own eyes and dawned at the corners of her mouth.

"That was a good speech," she said. "Let's swim."

Insofar as her time permitted, Ginger joined the young circle in their fun at Douglaston that summer. If Phil Huston was with her more than the others, it wasn't because she singled him out, but because for the first time he had fallen deep in love.

"It was a completely one-sided romance," he says with the honest objectivity that makes him likable. "It never went beyond casual friendship with Ginger. I realized it never would. But I realized, too, that I was somehow getting more from her friendship than from any girl I'd ever known. And it wasn't just me. The whole crowd got to have the same feeling about her.

"You see, they were rather a soft bunch—plenty of money, and mostly spoiled. They liked to fancy themselves sophisticated, but they were just as keen on celebrities as any hick. So here comes this girl with youth and beauty and the glamour of success on the stage, and because of those things they all made a bee line for her. But they found out before long that Ginger the girl was more important than Ginger the star—what she's like inside, I mean, was worth more and wore better than any glamour.

"It's hard to describe Ginger. She has a zest for life that's contagious—just to be near her makes you feel more alive. Yet there's nothing wild or exuberant about her. She was just a kid in those days, but she never babbled or leaped about like most kids of her age. She seemed to have skipped the silly stage of adolescence. She was on the quiet side, didn't talk overmuch, and never about herself."

The boy was in love. The girl wasn't. When he couldn't see Ginger, he'd do the next best thing—go to her mother and talk his head off about the girl. Mrs. Rogers is a wise and understanding woman. She'd let him talk himself hoarse on the subject of her daughter, then by degrees lead the conversation round to himself. He found himself telling her how he'd run away to sea at fifteen, how he'd drifted into this and that without getting anywhere, how he wanted to write, but didn't think he was good enough. And talking of himself, he'd forget Ginger for a while and the ache of unrequited love.

But the lovely summer came to an end. Ginger went into rehearsal for "Girl Crazy," and Phil couldn't quite face the thought of a Gingerless world.

He'd hang about backstage, contenting himself perforce with a word or a smile, or whatever she had time to give him. And slowly an idea began to take shape in his head. Why shouldn't he go on the stage? He didn't know why the notion appealed to him so strongly. He wasn't introspective enough for much self-analysis. It wasn't exactly to show Ginger that he could do it, though that was part of it. And there was a vague feeling that to share her profession, to live in her own world of the theater, would in a sense bring her closer to him.

Because Ginger had started in vaudeville, he betook himself to a vaudeville booking office. "What experience?" asked the agent.

Before he had a chance to lie—"and I would have lied," says Phil—a man in the corner, eying his six feet of lean brawn, said: "You're just the type I need for my act. This guy has to look like a football player and throw me around."

"I'll throw you around," agreed Phil, and the deal was made.

Jubilant, he raced back to break to Ginger the news that he was a fellow Thespian. She listened with that little smile in her eyes that he'd come to know so well.

"That's grand, Phil." Then she looked at him for a moment, and her face turned sober. "You know, Phil, a million people are breaking their hearts to get a place on the stage. If it's what you really want, you'll have to get ready to break your heart to get it."

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On the opposite page, Ginger Rogers interrupted her work in "Shall We Dance?" to be photographed with Phil Huston for this story of their friendship. Through admiration of her, he went on the stage and later into films. She encouraged and helped him all along the way to his current success.

Phil Huston says, "She's never done a thing to kick a single stone out of the pedestal I put her on. Everything she's done has only built it higher." A fine tribute, indeed.



Jack Benny's vacation in New York was a series of mob scenes.



Elizabeth Allan's red-gold hair makes her recognizable anywhere.



Vera Zorina, below, will be groomed for stardom by Samuel Goldwyn.



# THEY SAY IN NEW YORK—

BY KAREN HOLLIS

VISITING STARS ENLIVEN THE SCENE, OF COURSE, BUT COMPLICATE LIFE IN MANHATTAN TERRIBLY.

DEVOTED os I om to mony stors, there ore moments when I wish they could be routed over one-woy streets, or ollowed out in Monhotton only ot restricted hours. Their presence complicotes simple erronds so terribly.

The doy Glendo Forrell orrived en route to London, Grond Centrol Stotion wos like Moin Street on circus-porode doy. Commuters trying to reoch their offices were swept olong with the crowd.

The doy Sylvio Sidney wos buying kitchenwore in the bosement of our lorgest deportment store, not o solesgirl could be bothered to woit on ony one else. They swormed around her with o buzz olmost os terrifying os the locusts in "The Good Eorth."

Zosu Pitts getting her hoir dressed ot the Hotel Pierre, corried on like old home week with Christine Moyo, who used to be in pictures but now is beouty counselor to screen ond society belles.

Groce Moore ond Glorio Swanson drew o crowd thot choked troffic oround the Metropoliton Opero House when they went backstage to congrotulote Glodys Sworthout os "Mignon."

Gory Cooper ond his wife finolly got in the door of o tobocconist's on Fifth Avenue, but with their nerves froyed. And when Cooper finolly selected o pipe with on elongoted bowl, o restroining hond clutched his orm. "Oh, no, thot won't do ot oll, sir! The best people use only round ones this seoson." Cooper whirled, only to be confronted by the suovely demonioc Rolond Young.

At leost I wosn't trying to summon the coost guord to my rescue the doy they were toking Helen Flint for o bumpy ride over the woters of New York horbor. With the oim, I might odd, of colling ottention to "Seo Devils," her lotest picture. And it reolly didn't motter thot I wos an hour lote for o dinner porty ot the Pierre, oll becouse some four thousond people were trying to push their woy into the bollroom from which Jock Benny broodcost while he wos in the Eost.

**Stage Yields Another Favorite.**—For years Fay Bainter rejected all picture offers, but now, with three films finished, she wonders what she was afraid of. She has not yet seen "Quality Street," but she has the assurance of those who have that audiences have taken her to their hearts.

Coming East for a brief vacation, she hustled to her home near Ossining-on-the-Hudson, and it was no easy matter to get her to leave her garden and come in town for a chat.

Vivid and radiant in blue skirt, yellow sweater, tweed jacket, Czecho-Slovakian scarf and green Alpine hat, she had the ease of manner and true graciousness that come with hard-won eminence. What, I found myself wondering in panic, will the screen do when there are no more Alice Bradys, Estelle Winwoods, Elizabeth Pattersons—so expert, so disciplined—to draw from the stage?

"It was a joy to work with a girl like Kate"—Miss Hepburn to you—Fay Bainter said. "She is so sensitive, so eager to study and develop her talent, so intent on having every performance in her pictures balanced."

Maybe girls like Hepburn will acquire the skill of old-timers through sheer determination.

**Blond Pepper.**—If Miss Bainter was disinclined to mention her own big contribution to the give-and take of the studio, it will be known, anyway, for the volatile Barbara Pepper arrived in town about the same time bubbling with enthusiasm.

While working as a gunman's moll in "Too Many Wives" she was permitted the rare privilege of watching the Hepburn company work. "I've never seen anything so marvelously eloquent as Fay Bainter's hands," she told. "I used to watch her, then go home and spend hours before the mirror trying to adopt her movements.

"I think that a girl who is trying to learn to act ought to pick out a great artist like Miss Bainter, some one not at all her own type, and study how she gets effects. While she was working at the studio, another company tried to borrow me for a part that would have delighted me at any other time. But I was desolate at the thought of going where I couldn't watch Fay Bainter every day."

**The Nighthawk Troupe.**—If there is a night club, a smart restaurant, a cutourier's, or a beauty salon that Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay passed up during their brief visit here, don't let them know. They set out to do the town thoroughly, with Mrs. Gaynor somewhat wearily keeping step all around the clock.

Lunching at the Colony, which elegantly pretends to resent the intrusion of stars, but really gloats over them. At "21" with Charles Farrell, who was leaving for picture-making in London, with praises of James Stewart in his old "Seventh Heaven" rôle ringing in his ears. At the Savoy-Plaza with a Doctor Veblen, a constant swain of Janet's. At the Kit Kat Club until almost dawn.

Through it all, Janet seemed to draw on an endless well of hilarity—a far cry from the wistful, eager young person she was so short a time ago. She and Margaret Lindsay had hoped to go to Bermuda, but Warners summoned Miss Lindsay back in haste and Janet thought she might as well go along to start studying the rôle of "Melanie" in "Gone With the Wind."

**Clothes Horses de Luxe.**—It seemed only yesterday that the ten most photographed cigarette and toothpaste models went to work in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938" when six

*Continued from page 64*



Janet Gaynor, trim and smart, did the cafés and night clubs thoroughly.





Gracie Fields, left, England's highest-priced star, with Director Monty Banks, will work in Hollywood.

Fay Bainter, next, is one of the stage's great gifts to the screen.



Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are both conservative moderns whose tastes are similar. They both like the attentions of fans, too, and never shy away from autograph seekers.

Photo by Wide World

**BY DICK PINE**

# PORTRAIT of a BRIDEGROOM

ALL THE WORLD KNOWS THAT GENE RAYMOND IS TO MARRY JEANETTE MacDONALD IN JUNE. HERE, THEN, IS A CLOSE-UP THAT TELLS EXACTLY WHAT HE IS LIKE.

I HAD always thought that Gene Raymond was shy. Perhaps that was because the first time I met him, some years ago, he was at a party at the Roosevelt Roof, and a beauteous blonde was in determined pursuit of him. She was one of those expensive-looking creatures, done up in white satin and emeralds, and looking as though she were accustomed to having her own way.

Gene, who, after all, has been pursued by some pretty skillful females in his day, was trying to be nice about it—trying not to embarrass his hostess, or to affront the blonde. I never saw a more miserable fellow in my life, outside a dentist's chair. The end of the evening found him reduced to speechless exhaustion, while the importunate one clung to his elbow and babbled pretty nothings.

Now, I am a shy person, myself, and when I went to fulfill an engagement with him a day or two ago, I somehow pictured the two of us sitting opposite one another, with the conversation running something like "Nice day." "Uh-huh." Pause. "Bad weather last week, though." "Rotten!" Pause.

Well, it wasn't like that at all. Gene is a crisp, friendly fellow, with a pleasant knack of making you feel he means it when he tells you that he is awfully happy to meet you. A few minutes later, when we entered the Vendome for lunch, the inevitable autograph hounds and amateur photographers darted at him. He signed the little books cheerfully, and smiled amiably at the cameras.

"Don't you get rather fed up with that kind of thing, after a time?" I asked him as we seated ourselves at the table.

"No, not a bit. In fact, I like it! I like people, and enjoy their enthusiasms. I like what they have done for me, personally. I like seeing them, and reading their letters. I learn a lot from them.

"Jeanette," (as you must know by this time, he is engaged to Jeanette MacDonald) "enjoys it too, and that's fortunate. It would be very trying if one of us were always trying to leave a night club or première by a back entrance, while the other wanted to mingle with the fans!"

"But I have always looked upon you as being rather shy," I insisted, genuinely surprised at this display of gregariousness.

"I think I probably was, for a time," he agreed, "but Hollywood knocks that out of a fellow. Hollywood insists upon your being cozy with it. It evinces such a friendly interest in you, and wants to know all about you. It's like a village in that respect.

"After you have made personal appearances, faced microphanes, run the gamut of the crawds at restaurants, and been photagraphed doing everything fram danning make-up ta taking a shawer, yau are either cured af shyness, ar there's samething radically deficient about yau. As I said before, I not only don't mind the attention af the fans, I really like it!"

As we chatted, I began ta think that I cauld see what had happened ta Gene since I first met him. He has put his house in order. The pracess has been gaod for him, and the results are becaming ta him, if yau know what I mean. His success hasn't came ta him with the dizzying, confusing suddenness with which the heights are sa often attained in pictures. He came ta the screen with a salid background af endeavar and experience; (he made his first appearance an the stage at the age af five, and had numbers af adult stage successes before he came to the screen.) Gene's rise has been steady, lagical, and salid. He has his feet on the ground, and intends ta keep them there.

His engagement ta Jeanette MacDanald has, of course, dane something important far him. Far twa ar three years he was ane af Hallywaad's mast-aften-rumored-engaged yaung men. Eligible and persanable bachelars dan't graw an gaaseberry bushes even here, and numbers af ladies vied considerably far his attentians. Gene liked parties, and, as was natural, enjayed having a pretty girl an his arm when he attended them.

There was a period when the reporters were all dithery over his frequent appearances with Janet Gaynor. Then, suddenly, there was Jeanette MacDonald.

As a matter af plain fact, there was no seriaus ramance in Gene's life at all until the advent of Jeanette. He seriausly did nat want ramance—until he met Jeanette. He was working hard and earnestly, and he liked his gayety between jabs. The ramance with Jeanette didn't exactly catch him unawares. It grew slawly, lagically, and solidly, as his career had grawn.



He is a friendly fellow with a pleasant knack of making you feel he means it when he says he is awfully happy to meet you.



Gene insists on orderly surroundings. He cannot live in untidiness and abhors everything that smacks of the bohemian.

Naw he is bayishly smug when he tells yau that the date is set far June 17th. He becames the sedate young business man and husband-ta-be when he discusses plans far the estate in San Fernanda Valley, far which he and Jeanette are shapping at the moment. "We must have plenty af raam, because Jeanette already has six large dags; I have ane large dag and my harse, and it's certain we're going to have a real kennel and stable."

We drifted up ta his hause in Bel-Air afterward—"the bachelar shack" he called it. We climbed dazens of steps set between ivied walls. He was living there with his brather, a housekeeper, valet, and secretary. The hause is spacious, simple, and camfortable. "I rented it because af the view and the fireplace," Gene explained. Since ane af these adjuncts is just abaut as wide as the ather, I gathered that Gene is a fellaw wha likes plenty af raam. You cauld entertain a sizable tea party in the fireplace, and the view can only be described as vast. The first thing that struck me abaut the house was a sense af meticulaus neatness. Gene cannat live in untidiness.

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# SPIRIT-LIFTING FASHIONS

FOR THEIR PERSONAL WARDROBES THE STARS CONSULT "NICKY." HERE IS HER ADVICE ABOUT CLOTHES AND HATS THAT DO THINGS TO ONE.

WHEN stars-ta-be are yaung and struggling, they often, an the advice af managers and worldly-wise friends, take the bankroll, slip inta the doorway between giddy shaw windaws marked "Nicole de Paris," and say "Nicky, I want the one hat that is absalutely right far me. My whole future depends on it. But if warst comes to warst, I may have ta wear it a lang, long time."

Nicky, an explosive mite af a French-waman, has a deep and knawing sympathy far a girl like that. She sends her aut in a simple dull crêpe dress with an endless assartment af crisp white callars and capes and vestees, and a hat af finest felt with a white flawer ar feather that seems ta pra-claim ta the world, "Whee, but my life is exciting!"

The girl cauld wear it thraugh many springs and autumns and always laak dis-tinguished, but she rarely has ta. Nicky's fallowers have a way of becaming famaus and prasperaus.



All photos by Gabor Eder

"It's a young and innocent hat, so wear it at a daring angle," Nicole told Margo, above. Janet Gaynor has this hat in many materials and colors.



"Hats up from the forehead imply you've not a care in the world," she says. And Betty Lawford, right, hasn't.



"Your face seethes with drama and so will a simple, big hat if you let it swoop," Nicole counseled Margo, left.

"Here's self-assurance for you!" she exclaimed to Betty Lawford, below. Nicole can bring out the gorgeous hussy in the mousiest girl, though Miss Lawford isn't that.



So, ironically enough, this designer, who is so expert at creating one costume that a girl could wear everywhere until it fell to shreds, is patronized by Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Kay Froncis, Cloudette Colbert, Janet Gaynor, ond Barbaro Hutton, of the fabulous millions, who order twenty or thirty hots and dresses at a time.

But don't jump to the conclusion thot they are all different. Nicky often finds that there are but three basic hats that look obsolutely right on o girl, no matter how beautiful she is. So she makes the three in many different materials and colorings, varying the trimming.

For girls who are vivid in coloring and have pronounced individual style, like Margo and Betty Lawford, Nicky uses the simplest lines, but counsels abandon in the angle at which a hat is worn.

Confronted by mousy coloring and shy temperament, Nicky is at her best. She can bring out the gorgeous hussy in any girl, with a V neck of swooping swirls—like the one on the print Margo is wearing—or a poised little hot with a tantalizing veil, like the one on Betty Lawford.

Exquisite daintiness is synonymous with appealing femininity, Nicky believes. That is why she uses crisp piqué on dark dresses. The long line of the neck is graceful as a flower stem, so don't wear high-necked dresses, Nicky begs. The fewer seams there are in o dress, the better it will show off your figure. Nicky makes hers of material three and a half yards wide and defies you to find a seam.

Don't be misled by the fashion writers who declare that this is o season af "pretty" clothes. They are apt to be innocuous, do nothing for you.

Avaid ruffles and frau-frau, even as you should scarn boxlike or sausage-casing dresses and cling to classic, molded lines and people will speak of your goad looks, and not of your clothes. They won't even suspect how much your clothes contribute to your good looks.

In selecting a hat, allow plenty of time to study it from every angle. Try them on until you find one that makes you hold your head higher, face the world with bravado.



The power of the variety of her rôles is amazing. You see her, above, as an old woman in "Make Way for To-morrow."

Beulah Bondi is a penetrating observer, with high intelligence. Her keen imagination is a Heaven-sent gift.

# MORE THAN ACTRESS

BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG

CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST CHARACTER PLAYERS ON THE SCREEN, BEULAH BONDI IS A SPLENDID ACTRESS BECAUSE SHE IS A SPLENDID WOMAN.

WHEN an actress is not a full-fledged star, yet overshadows stars in their own productions, what do you say of her?

Well, that is what Beulah Bondi is—a splendid actress. I am not telling you this as news. Hollywood is fully awake to the fact, and names her one of the best character actresses the town possesses. I say she's the best.

Paramount realized the Bondi brilliance, for they signed her to make pictures exclusively for them. Her first assignment was with Claudette Colbert, in "Maid of Salem." So excellently did she portray the rôle that her second assignment took the form of the lead in "Make Way for Tomorrow."

While walking to the stage where the company was working, I thought about Miss Bondi's previous pictures. Even when the picture has been mediocre, I have never seen her give a poor performance. In each one she was different.

Repressed and bitter as the reformer's wife in Joan Crawford's ill-starred "Rain." Spiteful and malicious in "Stranger's Return." Humorous and elegant in "The Moon's Our Home." Tragic and deeply emotional as the mountaineer mother in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—an unforgettable portrayal. Perhaps most striking of all, Andrew Jackson's wife in "The Gorgeous Hussy."

I had never met her, so I wondered what she would be like. Cold and repelling, or vague and indifferent? Plodding through acting as a well-paying job, or careful of its real values?

The set represented a small-town home, decorated with Victorian monstrosities. Miss Bondi was enacting the final scene for that day. I looked for her.

Beyond, in the dining room, an old white-haired woman, with sagging shoulders and shuffling gait, placed final touches to the table. Her face was careworn and deeply lined. Her eyes dim and sunk beneath white brows.

The day's work completed, Miss Bondi was ready for me. Now, I have seen some strange sights in my life. Mr. Ripley does not hold a monopoly. But never have I been quite so moved as when Beulah Bondi came over to me and gradually transformed before my eyes while we talked. *(Continued on page 93)*



# DROLL FELLOW

BY GRACE KINGSLEY

HERBERT MUNDIN SAYS IT IS HARD FOR A COMEDIAN TO RETAIN HIS INDIVIDUALITY NOWADAYS. THIS MAY BE TRUE OF OTHERS, BUT CERTAINLY NOT OF HIM.

"I'LL be known as the wounded and dying comedian if I don't look out!" declared Herbert Mundin. "I was wounded in 'Under Two Flags' and 'Good-time Charlie,' and I died, you know, in 'Cavalcade,' and again in 'Tarzan Escapes.'"

As a rule, we reflected, comedians live a charmed life, second only to leading men in being fireproof, waterproof and bulletproof.

Perhaps it is because Mundin happens to have a wistful something about him—the same quality which Chaplin possesses—which pages the tears when ill befalls him, that they let harm come to him in pictures. Maybe that's the reason, too, that Mundin keeps on working while other comedians are having their long dry spells of no work.

We were dining with Mundin and his pretty wife at their English house in Westwood, near Los Angeles—the home which Mundin loves, and from which his wife says she has an awful time stirring him to go out to parties or any other place.

"He's getting worse and worse," she said—but in a tone that meant better and better. "He has no hobby, but he likes to putter around the garden and read or just talk to me. He reads books that are sometimes beyond me, but he likes to talk to me about them. And he loves discussing her dancing career with our daughter, Nona."



Few people know the real Tommy Mundin—"Tommy" he is to his wife and his close friends. He is a person you may easily pass by in a crowd. You must know him a while before you realize that he has a really penetrating sense of humor and understanding, which plays over matters of universal importance as well as over the things of everyday life. His is quiet drollery.

He isn't at all like most comedians. He neither glooms as a lot of them do who like to be thought 'Hamlets' at heart, nor does he clown all the time; though, if you catch him in an amusing vein, he is very droll.

He is just a cheerful, witty, tactful person, who seems always bent on making the other fellow feel at ease, yet has a twinkle that never misses anything funny. But his humor

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**Herbert Mundin isn't at all like most comedians. He neither glooms as a lot of them do, nor does he clown all the time.**

**Left, as he appeared in his early vaudeville days when he sang "The Holy City" and got a job as a comedian!**

# HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

STRAY BITS OF NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE CINEMA CAPITAL.



Norma Shearer has been offered the part of "Scarlett O'Hara" in "Gone With the Wind." She is first choice of the producer, David O. Selznick, but she has not accepted the rôle as yet.

William Arnold, Edward Arnold's sixteen-year-old son, is going into pictures and will be known as Edward Arnold, Jr. He weighs 185 pounds and is almost as big as his dad. His film will be "Blazing Barriers."

THE costume party rage has hit Hollywood again. It's a spasmodic thing socially, and there's no explaining why it goes through revivals at rather long intervals, except that everything strikes the movie colony as a kind of epidemic.

The Jack Oakies had a "Gone With the Wind" party to celebrate their first year of marriage. Every one hod to wear some sort of Civil War outfit. But evidently Pat O'Brien turned rebellious since he arrived on the scene in a Union uniform. Two other recalcitronts were the Mischo Auers who donned Russian garb, all because they came from Georgia in Russia. Wits—what!

Right after the Oakie event the Basil Rathbones invited all the film colony to their eleventh anniversary. This was the swankiest affair imoginable, and very beautiful in the matter of dress since every one was attired os if for o wedding in doys post ond present, not to speak of a few futuristic.

**Draws Line at Wild Cats.**—Here's something: Carole Lombard, whose collection of pets is rated the most varied in Hollywood, has a



rooster named Edmund, a couple of hens called Eli and Jessie, a cat known as Josephine, dachshunds Queenie and Fritz, a spaniel named Smokie, and a Pomeranian—get this—called The Killer.

Clark Gable, during a hunting trip in the Kaibab Forest, captured a cougar and wanted to give that to Carole as a house cat, but she said "No!" emphatically. She probably considered the welfare of Edmund, Eli, and Jessie, not to speak of the various and assorted dogs.

**Olivia's Catastrophe.**—Olivia de Havilland will never test her prowess as a jumper again. She was walking at the beach near Malibu one day, and came to a culvert which carried filthy water out to the ocean. She thought she could leap across, but instead went floundering into the awful water. And nobody was anywhere near to help her out. It's a wonder she didn't break her neck, but as it was she had to walk and walk and walk in order to get her clothes dry and prevent catching her death of cold. It was a ghastly experience.

**"Secret" Completely Spoiled.**—And speaking of Olivia reminds us that the secret of Joan Fontaine leaked out in an official way when she signed her contract, with court approval, with RKO.

Joan is, of course, Olivia's sister, and she tried desperately to keep this concealed, except that everybody in the world knew it, because she didn't want to appear to be trading on Olivia's studio fame. But the courts naturally required her real name of Joan de Havilland when her agreement had to be certified.

Her salary, by the way, is quite good for a newcomer, ranging from $300 up to $2 500 during a seven-year period. The girls' mother, who goes by the stage name of Meg Sheridan, recently made her début in the play "Tovorich" on the Coast.

**Eleanor Still Battles Jinx.**—Some time, perhaps, fate will smile kindly on Eleanor Powell. But so far her stage and screen career have been pretty largely vicissitudes. The nervous breakdown while she was playing in "At Home Abroad" in New York a year ago, the sprained ankle ligament she sustained while rehearsing for "Broadway Melody of 1937." And then, too, Eleanor didn't fare very well in the rôle she played in "Born to Dance." It was pretty poor in opportunity. But she's busy now in the new "Broadway Melody," and perhaps the worm of bad luck will

*Continued on page 86*



**Harriet Hilliard wouldn't return to films without Ozzie Nelson and their baby close at hand.**



**Germaine Aussey is 20th Century-Fox's latest French importation, and still they come!**

**Cary Grant tries to protect Ginger Rogers from the horrid flashlight as they try night life together.**

# FAME has

THE COST OF FAME COMES PRETTY HIGH SOMETIMES. ROBERT TAYLOR TELLS WHAT IT HAS DONE TO HIM PROFESSIONALLY AS WELL AS PERSONALLY.



Bob feels that in his next picture, "This Is My Affair," which deals with the political battles of McKinley's time, he has a real chance. He wears the uniform above.



Fame may have done many strange things to this fellow, but it hasn't changed him from the grand person we first applauded and are still applauding.

HARD-BOILED movie exhibitors who form their opinions strictly on the cosh income of the box office list Robert Taylor fourth among the money-makers of 1936, and are giving him an even higher rating for 1937.

That's what fame has done to Bob in the world of motion pictures.

What has it done to him personally?

Let's be just as hard-boiled as the box-office poll in our check-up on this attractive young man who has climbed so swiftly out of obscurity and into the tumult of stardom.

Bob is willing to help cast up the account and see what fame has cost him. He was in the midst of filming "This Is My Affair" for 20th Century-Fox, costarring with Barbara Stanwyck. He was wearing a stiff-necked uniform for his meeting with "President McKinley," and Bob unloosed the collar, took a deep breath of relief, and plunged into the matter forthwith.

"To begin with, I expected to move along at a normal pace, studying and working for years before I got anywhere in pictures," Bob said. "Before fame took things over, I could usually wriggle out of a rôle too difficult for me to tackle. Or if the part was punk, I could kid the casting office into giving it to somebody else.

"Now, all that is changed. This guy Robert Taylor becomes a major issue at the studio. There's no help for it, but when you are important at the box office, you become the center of big deals and what you have to say can't be heard. Money talks louder. So you see the first thing fame did was to rush me into rôles for which I was unprepared or unsuited.

"Believe it or not, they decided I was to play 'Romeo' to Norma Shearer's 'Juliet'! I was appalled! I'm willing to try almost anything, but after all a man can't attempt the impossible. Me, with my meager training, tackle Shakespeare! But it shows what fame can do to you.

"Only an actual test could convince them. When they saw me play a scene they grinned and let me off. But for a while I thought I really was sunk. Leslie Howard gave a brilliant performance in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and when I saw it I was doubly glad I escaped the responsibility.

"On the other hand—the credit side, you know—there's nothing like learning to swim by being shoved off the pier. You've got to do something about it, and quickly. While

# done to BOB

BY JACK SMALLEY

I haven't been able to advance at a normal pace, my fan mail contains the most optimistic accounts of improvement between 'Private Number' and 'Camille.'

"I feel in this new picture, dealing with the hot-blooded political battles of McKinley's time, and his assassination, I have a real chance. I have more confidence in the rôle.

"So, in my professional career, fame has given with one hand and taken away with the other, so to speak.

"Getting more personal, the cost of fame comes pretty high at times.

"It makes leisure so expensive you can't buy a nickel's worth. A hobo has more of that precious stuff than I can ever hope to get. In three years I have been continually at the call of the studio. There hasn't been a single time when I have had a few weeks free to do as I pleased.

"It works this way: I'll finish a picture. 'Now can I plan a vacation?' I ask. 'Well, you'd better stick around because we start such and such a picture in ten days and we'll need you for fittings and tests.'

"So about as far as you can get would be Palm Springs, and you must check in to see if they are ready for you. Once I thought I had a two weeks' vacation all set, and I could forget pictures during a real rest. I made reservations on the boat to Hawaii and at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Every few days I would have to cancel the bookings and make new ones. I had a booking on every boat that sailed for a month—and then I gave up.

"Fame hands you some heavy responsibilities, too. Aside from the many complex angles that come up, the dealings with agents, managers, studios, and so on, personal life becomes almost nonexistent.

"I'm not speaking of carousing and high-jinks, because I don't go for that and never have, so the public has no cause to criticize there. But the public can easily attach to me responsibilities which did not exist before.

"For instance, recently there was some publicity about my grandfather which caused the family some distress. If I were just plain Arlington Brugh, grandfather's financial problem wouldn't have caused a moment's notice. Fame decrees differently. It passes on to you responsibilities which you must shoulder.

"Of course I want it plainly understood that I am not shirking or complaining. We are merely summing up what fame has done to Taylor and using him as sort of an experimental subject that we can look at through the microscope.

"Among the responsibilities to be listed is fan mail. It comes in an overwhelming cas-

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Bob does not go in for carousing, but leisure to him is so expensive he can't even buy it. For three years now he has been continually at the call of the studio. Such is the price of fame!



DOROTHY LAMOUR

# Gossip and

HERE ARE THOSE SPARKS OF OBSERVATION AND GOSSIP OF THE STARS THAT FLY AWAY BEFORE ANY ONE ELSE CATCHES THEM.

DURING the filming of outdoor scenes for Gorbo's lotest picture, she ond her moid took odvantoge of times she wos not needed on the set to disoppeor in the direction of o clump of bushes. And, to the omozement of the compony, the ossistont director would wolk in thot direction ond give o low whistle when the director wos reody for the stor. To their further ostonishment, Gorbo would shortly appeor ond go to work. Whot they didn't know wos thot she wos toking o sun both ond the assistont had been given his instructions in odvonce.

MOTHERS of Beverly Hills grommor-school girls wish Robert Toylor would move out of town becouse, since the girls hove found Bob's house, they never go stroight home from school but go to Bob's block. There they circle the block, ogain ond ogoin, imogining they see him ot o window, hoping they moy meet him coming out the door. There is just one redeeming feoture obout it, according to one mother, ond thot is thot when her doughter doesn't orrive home on time, she knows exoctly where to find her.

JAMES STEWART ond o reporter were discussing women.

"Don't they moke you sick, Jimmie, the kind thot screom when they see o mouse ond throw their orms oround your neck?" the reporter osked.

Jimmie looked speculotive.

"It sounds like o good ideo," he replied in his slow drowl. "It's never hoppened to me but if it ever does I think I'll look oround for o rot."

FRANK FAY still occupies the huge monsion in which he ond Borboro Stonwyck lived when they were morried. Friends soy thot everything in the house is exoctly os Borboro left it when she wolked out without even



CLARK GABLE



JOAN CRAWFORD

JOAN FONTAINE





JAMES DUNN

# Off the Set

stapping ta take her clatnes. On her dressing table are the perfume battles, pawder baxes, and ather feminine faibles, giving the impressian that the mistress af the hause has gane away far the week-end. Frank's friends say he gives them the impressian he is mamentarily expecting his ex-wife to return ta him.

IT was the clase of o very warm day an lacatian at Chatswarth where a big company af extras and Shirley Temple were making scenes for "Wee Willie Winkie' when Mr. Temple drave up.

"Why didn't you come saaner, daddy, sa yau could see me march with the men?" Shirley repraached him. And then ran ta the man in charge af the soldiers.

"Do you suppose the men wauld march far a minute sa daddy cauld see how well I do it?" she whispered.

"I'll see," he told her, and cansulted the men. They were hot, tired, dirty, ond hungry. Their day was aver and they dan't work avertime unless they ore paid. Finally one man spake far the athers.

"Far Shirley, yes," he said. And far fifteen minutes they marched up and down, going through the English manuol af arms—a private shaw for Papo Temple.

LUISE RAINER crossed the street in front af her Brentwaad home ta watch o pair af little tow-headed bays play ball. They shrilled far her ta jain the game. Just then a tourist bus stapped in frant af her hause. The man with the megaphone bellawed:

"On yaur left is the hame af Luise Roiner, who recently wan the Academy award——" and so an.

The necks of the tourists were twisted taward the hause, sa no ane saw the small figure in slacks across the street. As the bus rolled away Luise and the tawheods laughed.

A BLONDE stopped at o Hollywaad statianery store. "I want to buy a fauntain pen," said she.

"That's fine,' beamed the salesman. 'Naw here is o number we often sell ta movie stars. Only last week Sonja Henie baught one."



JOAN BLONDELL



LOUISE BEAVERS



JOAN BENNETT



MARTHA RAYE



MARGOT GRAHAME

# On and Off the Set



JEAN ROGERS



MAXINE JENNINGS



ANITA COLBY



MARGARET LINDSAY



CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

"She did?" exclaimed the blonde, wide-eyed. "Reolly?"

The salesman grinned. "Well, no. That's just whot we tell people sometimes to make them buy pens."

When the girl had made her selection she asked thot her name be engraved on it.

"And what is your name?" queried the salesman.

As you've guessed, her reply wos, "Sonja Henie."

THE other day some visitors to the set wanted to meet Miriam Hopkins. "Oh, no, I wouldn't dore introduce you," said their guide. "She might blow up!"

Some one no more important than the guide overheard. Said he, "Why, thot's silly! She's charming. Come on over, I'll introduce you."

Of course, Miriam was charming. The incident graphically illustrates how stors may ocquire undeserved reputations for temperament. Some studio minions have such a stor-phobia that they'd be afraid of Oswald the Robbit if they worked with him.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON was entertoining us at lunch in his dressing suite. Familior with the elaborate fittings and personal touches of most other stars' dressing quarters, we were amazed at the bareness of Eddie's.

"Let's see—perhops there's a table in the kitchen," guessed the star, as our trays were brought in. He looked, but there was none.

"Don't you use your dressing rooms often?" we asked.

"Only to change clothes in," said he. "When I'm working I eat in the studio café. When I'm not working—well, I'm pretty much of a home man."

WHEN Garbo talks about anything it's news, but when Gorbo talks about Dietrich it's a sensation! Nevertheless a friend of ours, whose reports are always authentic, delivered this account of a Garbo utteronce heard at a range of five feet:

Charles Boyer: "Good morning, Miss Garbo. You're looking very beautiful to-day."

Garbo (smiling but obviously startled): "I look beautiful? Thank you—but you must be joking. How could a man who has just played opposite such a beautiful woman as Marlene Dietrich say that of me?"


DOROTHEA KENT


BARBARA READ


MARY CARLISLE

A VERY glamorous star told us that she was going to get rid of her stationary bicycle, because if her fans heard that she exercised on such a thing, it would detract from her glamour.

We can't understand her logic, for the next week she was one of the gayest of those inept skaters at Ginger Rogers's roller-skating party. Reporters saw her; even picked her up once or twice. If her glamour is so fragile that it won't bear exposure of the bicycle secret, how can it withstand the dreadful indignities that befall a novice roller skater?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE had been allowed to order her favorite lunch—a peanut butter sandwich and a malted milk—but with the first bite of sandwich, Shirley made a very wry face.

"Oh, mother, this is awful," she complained.

"Now, Shirley," said Mamma Temple firmly, "that's what you wanted and you must eat it. It is perfectly all right."

This conversation was repeated several times before Shirley persuaded her mother to taste the sandwich, and indeed, she found it was awful. A new waitress had picked up a mustard sandwich by mistake and poor little Shirley had eaten half of it before her protests accomplished anything.

ACCORDING to current gossip, Myrna Loy is going about looking under rocks and old logs with a microscope in search of an excuse to break her contract with MGM. She wants to go to Paramount, they say, where her husband, Arthur Hornblow, is a producer.

LOUIS B. MAYER had a new gas range installed in his kitchen the other day as a surprise for his veteran and valued cook. He lurked in the shadows of the pantry to await her ecstatic reactions. The lady, encountering the contraption, looked, looked again and gulped.

"I quit!" she announced. "I certainly do not intend to cook on a stove that has twelve burners, three ovens, and what are those other things? Anyhow, I shan't cook on anything that's big enough to hold a barn dance!"

MGM's chief executive begged her to reconsider. He'd have the whole thing torn out, he promised. She could select her own stove. He did and she did and a new six-burner stove was installed and all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer breathed easily again. *(Continued on page 88)*


BETTY GRABLE


JANE WITHERS

# I MUST MAKE FUN

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

SO SAYS LUISE RAINER WHEN SHE FINISHES A PICTURE AND THE SUFFERINGS OF THE HEROINE MUST BE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN.



**Luise Rainer is considered one of the great actresses of the day, especially after "The Good Earth." She is so preoccupied with her rôles that she actually experiences much with the character she is playing.**

I'M old—perhaps a generation older than I was when I started to play in 'The Good Earth'!" said Luise Rainer. "With many such parts I shall be too, too ancient." She paused to twinkle and to add, "I hope that it will not show too much in my face, jus' in case I shall want to slip back and play something young and gay and—what you say?—fri-vo-lous. It will be something important if I can learn the secret of slipping back and being young, as I have learned the secret of growing old."

These remarks were only half humorous, only half mocking, half affectation. Or perhaps there was no affectation at all.

Luise Rainer is so serious an artist, so thorough a workman, so imbued with European stage training, that she actually does experience much with the character she is portraying.

In her mental approach to her work she is very like Emil Jannings who used to become so absorbed in a rôle that he took on physical characteristics of the man he was pretending to be.

I recall watching Jannings going to his car during final sequences of "The Last Command." Leaving the studio, Emil was still shaking with palsy, still dragging one leg, and he brushed past acquaintances without recognizing them or even seeing them.

Luise is not quite so thorough as that, perhaps, in her absorption in a rôle. But she found difficulty in eating her meals during the famine sequences of "The Good Earth."

"How can I eat this so nice food," she said, plaintively, "when 'O-Lan,' this woman who is a part of me now, is so veree, veree hungry?"

At other times, when the woman who is "a part of her" is to have a tragic scene, Luise weeps into her breakfast coffee. "She is going to be hurt so terribly to-day!" she wails.

When the picture is finished and has gone to the cutters who, she says, "are like bread cutters, so little do they care for the art, the thought that you have given," she assumes abruptly and surprisingly the rôle of a madcap and unruly child. She tried to explain to me about this.

"I know all the pain and tragedy and suffering that life can offer," she told me, her great eyes wide and dark. "When I finish a picture and have a vacation, I must make fun as I did when I was a child. This is so I can forget the suffering."

That seemed quite an order to me for so young, gay, and vibrant a woman, however fine, imaginative, and experienced an actress she might be. All the pain, tragedy, suffering of this rather large and tragic world! Dear me! I thought that perhaps we had

better take up her ideas of "making fun" far the mament. I found that she was definite an the subject.

She lives in a large, avergrawn sart af hause which averlaaks the Pacific. If Garba had built it it cauld nat be mare tharaughly walled and hedged far privacy. Inside are enarmaus, almast stark raams, with massive, carved furniture, plain rugs, huge fireplaces. It might almast be the interiar af a men's club, if only there were mare chairs. But there are windaws, windaws, windaws. And French daars. Flaads af sunlight and acres af glass giving yau views af the acean, the hills, the walled garden.

"My garden!" Luise said, with huge satisfaction. "Is it not lavely? All calar and blaam and na tidiness. I cauld nat bear a tidy garden!"

I began ta see that Luise cauld nat bear a tidy anything. Especially a tidy life. The garden is a hadgepadge. Tall things are planted in frant af tiny things. "I felt like planting those that day." A neat gravel path leads yau abruptly ta a tangle af shrubs which shelter a paal which is a welter af water plants. "Isn't it a cute surprise?" Luise wants ta knaw.

The hause is a hadgepadge. Farmality reigns in ane carner but the alcave next it is a muddle af sheet music, manuscripts, baaks, phanograph recards.

Luise is wearing brown carduray slacks, a yellow sweater, heavy bragans. Her face is devaid of make-up. "I have warked sa hard and it has hurt me sa," she tells yau. "Naw I make play. In this afternaan I am gaing ta make a jake an same one!"

Her idea af making a joke, I learned, was to leap inta deep water and scream far help until dozens of peaple leaped inta the water ta rescue her. (She swims like a fish.) Or anather fancy ta break inta same one's house and rearrange all the furniture "just sa that they will be puzzled when they came hame!"

She also likes ta "make tennis" and to "make walks." "Only," she cammented, sadly, "there is no place ta walk here."

I laaked thraugh the windaw at sun-drenched hills ralling gently toward the sea and suddenly I giggled. Her gaze fallawed mine and she giggled, taa. "What I mean," she explained, "is that na ane else walks. They all ga by fast in cars

*Continued on page 62*





Miss Rainer is frightened of fans who stand on sidewalks and ask for her autograph. "They only know they have seen my face in the papers and they are interested in me as they might be in a murderer," she says.

Says Luise: "I have worked so hard and it has hurt me so. Now I make play. In this afternoon I am going to make a joke on some one."

# THE CASE OF KITTY

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

CROWDED OUT OF HOLLYWOOD, KITTY CARLISLE GOES BACK BY WAY OF A BROADWAY HIT WHICH SHE IS TO DO IN TECHNICOLOR.



Kitty Carlisle's truly streamlined figure needs no improvement for her second début in pictures.

You see Kitty, right, as the heroine of "White Horse Inn," the Tyrolean extravaganza which set the recent vogue for the Alpine note in feminine sports clothes and accessories.

Next is Miss Carlisle in evening regalia, sumptuous silver fox setting off her refined beauty.

THERE'S a new Hollywood axiom:

"When they start crowding you off the traffic lane on Option Boulevard, take the Broadway detour."

It was grand advice for Gladys George, Jean Arthur, and several others who found the "nobody home" sign on front-office doors when contract day come around.

And it has proved a perfect route for Kitty Carlisle who, after appearing in four important films, took the detour with such success these past months that not only does she return to the cinema citadel as a star for one of the biggest Technicolor films, but two contracts have been dangled invitingly before her, and so the lucky Miss Carlisle says, "Now I believe in signs."

As in the case of some other Hollywood actresses who had to prove their ability on Broadway even after the movie moguls should have realized it, Kitty Carlisle's success in the leading feminine rôle of "White Horse Inn" brought her a return ticket to Hollywood. This time she goes back to duplicate before the cameras her personal triumph in the Tyrolean extravaganza.

As casting matters look now, Fernand Gravet will probably appear opposite her, and that's only the beginning

of plans now being hatched far the gifted girl who says she never really intended to be a mavie star in the first place.

The fact is that studia executives have surprised Kitty twice in the past few seasons. The first was when they drafted her out of a Broadway operetta and rushed her across the continent before she could get her breath.

With matching speed she was cast in "Murder at the Vanities," in which she sang "Cocktails for Two" sa delightfully that she was signed to appear with Bing Crasby in "She Laves Me Not." Remember that duet, "Love in Bloom," that everybody was humming?

Paramount remembered it when it was time ta cast the next Crosby vehicle, and again the dark-eyed Kitty warbled with him through "Here Is My Heart." Her fourth film was with the Marx Brothers in "A Night at the Opera," and in this she won plaudits for her rendition of the song "Alone."

"A Night at the Opera" was followed by days of waiting, and Miss Carlisle is not the kind of girl who can sit and wait. She read the flattering notices she received, but the telephone didn't ring on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, and so on Thursday she bought a ticket for New York, assuring herself and everybody else that she needed a vacation.

The vacation turned into a series of signal honors. She was invited to lunch with Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House, she was chosen to sing at the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia, and she was photographed and fêted so much that if rest had been her original idea she didn't get around to it.

The opportunity in "White Horse Inn" was one realization of a long ambition, an ambition she had bolstered by continuous study in five countries and by serving her apprenticeship as understudy to two prima donnas in Broadway musicals.

Critics dusted off superlatives for her performance and caption writers alluded to her as "the beautiful screen star who has temporarily deserted Hollywood." That was all right with Miss Carlisle, too.

What puzzles movie executives now is how they permitted her to leave their midst withaut getting her name to a contract. But they've learned, and it was the good old Broadway detaur that shawed them.

In her fashion, Kitty Carlisle is somewhat of a contradictory persan. She's a Southern girl without a Southern accent; she's been coached in voice and dramatics by some of the best teachers in Europe, yet has acquired none of the prima donna airs that most singers believe belong with such a background.

"My first ambition was to sing in opera—or that was the idea of my teachers," Miss Carlisle confided as she talked about herself in her Manhattan hotel suite. There was a note af resignation, just the suggestion of a thought, "I suppose I'll never do it now."

But you wonder about that, too, and realize it wouldn't be such a far-fetched idea to wager that maybe she'll do it yet. There is an impression this actress gives—that she usually achieves what she wants, eventually.

"For years I was trained in music, drama, and languages, and my hope was ta sing an a New York stage," said Kitty as she talked about her past abroad and her future in Hollywood.

"So anxious was I to get a start that I applied for the title rôle in a condensed version of 'Rio Rita,' which was the stage attraction at the Capitol Theater, and I was quite a surprised girl when I got it. Eight months on the road followed, but at least I was singing every performance and hoping it would lead to New York."

It did, but not for long, because while she was appearing in "Champagne Sec," a scout from Hollywood cornered her and said he wanted her to take a film test.

"I'm sure I wouldn't screen well," Kitty protested, and perhaps it was that lack of enthusiasm which was the smart note. Anyway, she found herself taking the test and then migrating to Hollywood for "Murder at the Vanities."

In California she did none of the things that divert most newcomers. She wasn't seen at the big parties, she stayed away from the popular public places—not because she wanted to be alone, but, as she explained, "I worked in the daytime and I needed rest at night. If I stayed

*Continued on page 63*

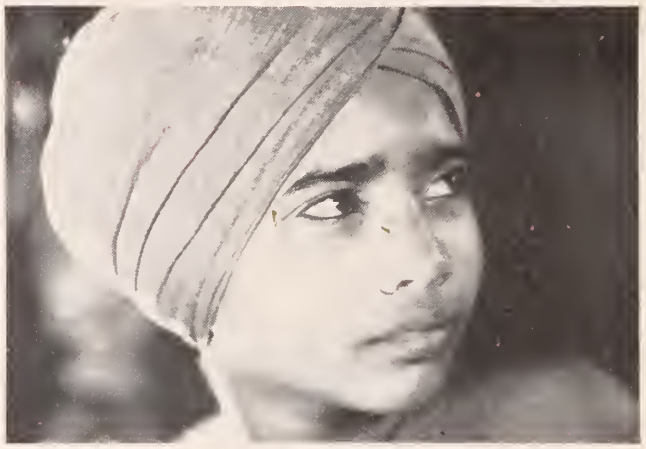




# THUMBNAIL



"Top of the Town."



"Elephant Boy."

"Top of the Town."—Universal. Too much of everything, including vast, glittering sets, and too little story make this most ambitious musical top-heavy and rather exhausting. But if it is showy, superficial, and empty diversion you want, here is your banquet. Not that a musical film should be thoughtful and controversial, but it should hold together and utilize the talent of the cast. This does neither; everybody performs in snatches. However, the sets probably are the largest ever seen on the screen. They extend as far as the eye can reach, especially that which represents the "Moonbeam Room" atop a skyscraper, and they are brilliantly modernistic. The fragment of story has Doris Nolan, another "richest girl in the world," putting on a night-club show as she thinks it should be done, failing to click with it. Then the lively young orchestra leader, whom she has opposed, stages a big "swing" show and everything is all right. Everybody in the cast is good, though Ella Logan, who sings torch songs with a Highland burr, came through most emphatically when I saw the picture.

"Elephant Boy."—United Artists. The name of Robert Flaherty in picture-making is magic to the discriminating. "Man of Aran," "Moana," and "Nanook of the North" are unforgetable. "Elephant Boy" will not be forgotten by the same public, either. It is so human, natural, and untouched by those values we accept in ordinary films. This is Mr. Flaherty's great gift. He takes us to far places, not impersonally as in a travelogue, but intimately and warm-heartedly. Without making us conscious that he dramatizes the people he finds there, he draws us into their lives. We find them more absorbing than a plot arranged by a scenario writer. In this he takes us to the ancient jungles of India, with a twelve-year-old native boy, Sabu, our hero. And what a hero he is! He is brave, beautiful, and sincere and his English is captivating. His charm is poignant because he doesn't know the meaning of the word. He is earnestly ambitious to become a great elephant hunter as the men of his family have been for four generations. Taken along grudgingly on an expedition, he proves himself—with the help of his devoted elephant—to be a greater hunter than any of the men. He leads his masters to a wild herd. His moment of triumph will wring your heart. Not only because of Sabu does the picture fascinate: it is rich in jungle and elephant lore and it pulses with the wisdom of a legendary country and an old civilization.

"Seventh Heaven."—20th Century-Fox. James Stewart and Simone Simon come gloriously through the new version of a famous play. Their acting and the manner of telling the story remind us that times in the cinema have indeed changed since 1927. Not that we've been asleep all these years, but a new picturization of a familiar story quickens our appreciation of all that we have to be thankful for in this year of grace. This film is one of its major blessings. It proclaims Mr. Stewart a star by virtue of being one of our finest young actors, and it fastens Mademoiselle Simon's gleaming talent securely in the film heavens. Mr. Stewart's acting is rich and warm and, as all fine acting must be at the core, simple. The little Simone is utterly captivating. No longer playing a mental strip-tease, she is tender, sincere, her portrayal of the downtrodden waif gradually blooming with love so delicate and penetrating that one cheers her for beautiful artistry inspired by rare understanding. I believe the sentimental story of *Chico* and *Diane* is as popular to-day as it ever was. The garret romance of the sewer man and girl of the Montmartre dive will never grow old for it has

"Seventh Heaven."

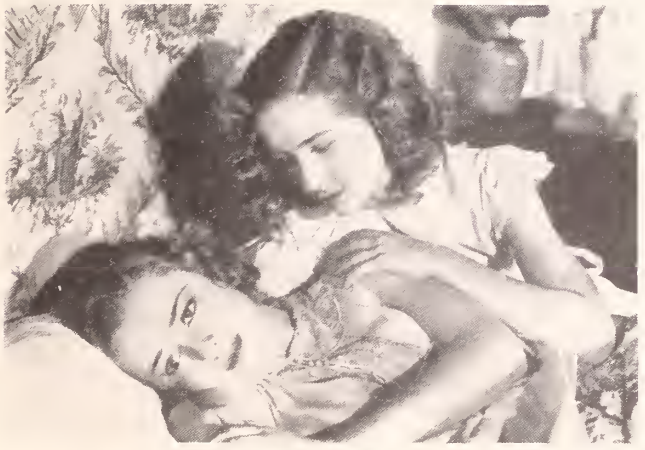


"Quality Street."



# REVIEWS

Norbert LUSK



"Call It a Day."



"Maytime."

idealism, charming make-believe, and the urgent call of youth for youth. A splendid production and brilliant acting throughout recommend it to every one.

"Quality Street."—RKO. Katharine Hepburn always surprises. Sometimes it is by the beauty, truth, and originality of her acting—or the awkwardness and inadequacy of it. Frequently it is her choice of vehicles, as in "Christopher Strong" and "A Woman Rebels," or when she lets another player surpass her in acting, as was the case with Cary Grant in "Sylvia Scarlett." This time she surprises even more. Though nominally the heroine of the story, she permits the character's problems to be felt more poignantly by her elder sister. Fay Bainter, of the stage, proves her greater skill by communicating to the spectator more than Miss Hepburn. She feels from within while the star is concerned with surface manifestations. In short, Miss Bainter "steals" the picture. It is a frail picture, interesting but mild, with quaintness and charm its strongest claims. Because of an exquisite production, Georgian England of 1805 is a delightful place to contemplate and the prim conventions of spinster life are pathetically amusing. Miss Hepburn scarcely fits into all this antique whimsicality; her charm is too modern and aggressive. When she weeps because it isn't "ladylike" for a girl to let a man kiss her in Quality Street, you know she is only fooling. The titbit of story has *Phoebe Throssel* expecting a proposal of marriage which never comes from a man who goes to war. After ten years he returns to find *Phoebe* faded and worn, whereupon she changes her dress and introduces herself to him as her sprightly niece, intending to turn him down when he proposes. But he never does. Instead, he tells her that he loves *Phoebe* in spite of her lost looks. Curtain. Through all these maidenly crises Miss Bainter gives the tremors of a devoted sister the depth of true emotion. Another stage recruit, Estelle Winwood, is likewise excellent, and so are Cora Witherspoon and Eric Blore, while Franchot Tone's elegance and humor make the dashing *Valentine Brown* more likable than the character really is.

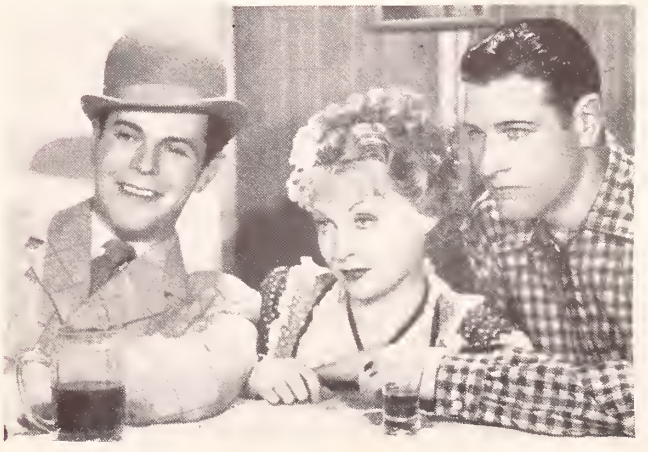
"Call It a Day."—Warners. This is a sunny, rippling picture. One chuckles but does not laugh unkindly at the frailties of human nature portrayed in a comedy of an English family. Their tempests are restrained, their actions always well-bred no matter what soul-stirring crises are at hand. The trouble involving the large group —and some outsiders—comes with the first day of spring. From Cook Beryl Mercer in the kitchen to Lady Frieda Inescort in the drawing-room all "feel the sap rising," as giddy Alice Brady puts it, and there is the devil to pay. Everything is trivial and vital at the same time. Both husband and wife are tempted to stray after twenty years of married resignation and their various children also yearn for self-expression in amusing, characteristic ways. It is all delightful, with such delicate, knowing acting, careful direction, and skilled writing that this becomes one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. I think the most surprising performances come from Olivia de Havilland and Bonita Granville of all the perfect cast because they step out of their usual selves. Miss De Havilland is a headstrong minx and Miss Granville is an ardent, idealistic adolescent who is only a mild problem and not a fiend. She is quite wonderful.

"Maytime."—MGM. As sweet as June roses, as sentimental as an exquisite lace valentine, all cupids and forget-me-nots, as melodious as the wind in the willows, as mod-

"History Is Made at Night."



"Silent Barriers."



# THUMBNAIL REVIEWS



"The King and the Chorus Girl."



"Waikiki Wedding."

ern as the most advanced technique of picture-making—this halfway expresses the joy that sings through Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald's current film. The rest of it you will have to let the picture express to you: the task is beyond me. All I can say is that its loveliness is haunting, its sadness like that of regret for one's vanished childhood. It is as opulent as money can make it, as sensitive as the mind and heart. Comparisons may be odious but they're going to be made right here and now. Miss MacDonald so completely proves herself the first singing actress of the screen that Grace Moore and Lily Pons might just as well make up their minds to take second place, although they may earn millions for consolation. Miss MacDonald's beauty, verve, delicious humor, tender sentiment are equipment that any actress might envy. And there is her voice besides! It is more exquisite than ever and she sings more than in any other picture. Nelson Eddy apparently is reborn. His voice richer than before, he has developed as an actor. He is gay, reckless, humorous as a fun-loving music student in Paris who coaxes a prima donna out of her routine and away from the maestro she is about to marry for a May Day in the country. The story that concerns them is much like "Romance." An old lady in a garden of falling apple blossoms tells the story of her life to a girl who is undecided between a career in New York or marriage in the country. John Barrymore is the maestro. His sarcastic, deliberate performance makes his début as a character actor an event richly promising.

"History Is Made at Night."—United Artists. Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur are one of the most harmonious and arresting combinations that I have ever seen. It is, I think, because they are reticent actors and infinitely persuasive. Cunningly they seduce you into believing in their picture, into sympathizing with them to the utmost. Only when the film has endéd do you realize that you have been fooled by a trashy melodrama exquisitely acted and mounted with dignified beauty. But you *have* been entertained and that, to most of us, is all that matters. Only this is such a puzzling combination of delicate comedy and violent action that the two elements clash and form an unsatisfying whole. Murder, suicide, the crash of an ocean liner with an iceberg, loom luridly above the quiet conversation piece of Mr. Boyer and Miss Arthur. He is an elegant headwaiter, she the loveless wife of a madly suspicious husband who kills his chauffeur when the latter fails to compromise Miss Arthur. Mr. Boyer steps into the police investigation, pretends to be a thief and kidnaps Miss Arthur for a whimsical flirtation at his restaurant. This gives you an idea. Now go on with the story if you care to. But it is tenderly acted.

"Silent Barriers."—Gaumont-British. An English producing company invades America and borrows one of Hollywood's leading men as well as several old-timers for its first picture filmed in the New World. The result? Good. The story they have chosen has sweep, if not power. It broadly describes some of the difficulties and hardships endured by men in pushing the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains. The tale is exciting, picturesque and the acting vigorous and sure. The continuity is not good, however, too much being left to the imagination, and the conclusion is abrupt. Actual completion of the railroad is not seen. And that is the goal toward which the entire picture has been moving, the motivation of the whole thing, the reason why the characters are brought into the wilderness. However, the wild, mountain scenery has grandeur and one feels the tang of clear air in high altitudes. Mr. Arlen is a gambler who becomes interested in the foreman's daughter, reforms and

*Continued on page 96*

"Swing High, Swing Low."



"When Love Is Young."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"SEVENTH HEAVEN"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Melville Baker. Adapted from the stage play by Austin Strong. Directed by Henry King.

CAST:

Diane.....Simone Simon
Chico.....James Stewart
Father Chevillon.....Jean Hersholt
Boul.....Gregory Ratoff
Nana.....Gale Sondergaard
Aristide.....J. Edward Bromberg
Sewer rat.....John Qualen
Gobin.....Victor Kilian
Brissac.....Thomas Beck
Durand.....Siegfried Rumann
Marie.....Mady Christians
Mateot.....Rollo Lloyd
Madame Frisson.....Rafaela Ottiano
Sergeant gendarme.....Georges Renavent
Gendarmes
Edward Keane, John Hamilton, Paul Porcasi
Young soldiers...Will Stanton, Irving Bacon
Officer.....Leonid Snegoff
Nurse.....Adrienne d'Ambricourt

**"MAYTIME"**—MGM. Based on the Rida Johnson Young-Sigmund Romberg stage show. Screen play by Noel Langley. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

CAST:

Marcia Mornay.....Jeanette MacDonald
Paul Allison.....Nelson Eddy
Nicolai Nazaroff.....John Barrymore
Archipenco.....Herman Bing
Kip.....Tom Brown
Barbara.....Lynne Carver
Ellen.....Rafaela Ottiano
Cabby.....Charles Judels
Trentini.....Paul Porcasi
Fanchon.....Siegfried Rumann
Rudyard.....Walter Kingsford
Louis Napoleon.....Guy Bates Post
Madame Fanchon.....Anna Demetrio
Secretary.....Edgar Norton

**"ELEPHANT BOY"**—United Artists. Based on "Toomai of the Elephants," by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by John Collier. Directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda.

CAST:

Toomai of the Elephants.....Sabu
Kala Nag (the elephant).....Iravatha
Toomai's father.....W. E. Holloway
Petersen.....Walter Hudd
Muchua Appa.....Allan Jeayes
Rham Lahl.....Bruce Gordon
Hunter.....D. J. Williams
Commissioner.....Hyde White

**"QUALITY STREET"**—RKO. From the play by Sir James M. Barrie. Screen play by Mortimer Offner and Allan Scott. Directed by George Stevens.

CAST:

Phoebe Throssel.....Katharine Hepburn
Valentine Brown.....Franchot Tone
Susan Throssel.....Fay Bainter
Sergeant.....Eric Blore
Patty.....Cora Witherspoon
Miss Mary.....Estelle Winwood
Miss Henrietta.....Florence Lake
Miss Fanny.....Helena Grant
Isabella.....Bonita Granville
Arthur.....Clifford Severn
William Smith.....Sherwood Bailey
Postman.....York Sherwood

**"CALL IT A DAY"**—Warners. Screen play by Casey Robinson. From the play by Dodie Smith. Directed by Archie L. Mayo.

CAST:

Catherine Hilton.....Olivia de Havilland
Roger Hilton.....Ian Hunter
Joan Collett.....Anita Louise
Muriel West.....Alice Brady
Frank Haines.....Roland Young
Dorothy Hilton.....Frieda Inescort
Ann Hilton.....Bonita Granville
Ethel Francis.....Peggy Wood
Beatrice Gwynn.....Marcia Ralston
Paul Francis.....Walter Woolf King
Martin.....Peter Willes
Mrs. Milsom.....Una O'Connor
Cook.....Beryl Mercer
Vera.....Elsa Buchanan
Elsie Lester.....Mary Field

**"TOP OF THE TOWN"**—Universal. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Charles Grayson. Original story by Lou Brock. Directed by Ralph Murphy.

CAST:

Ted Lane.....George Murphy
Hubert.....Hugh Herbert
J. J. Stone.....Gregory Ratoff
Dorine.....Ella Logan
Gilda Norman.....Gertrude Niesen
The Three Sailors.....Themselves
Maestro Pompeo Baceiagalluppi
Henry Armetta
Hamlet.....Mischa Auer
Diana Borden.....Doris Nolan
Henry Borden.....Samuel S. Hinds
William Borden.....Claude Gillingwater
Edwin Borden.....Richard Carle
Augustus Borden.....Ernest Cossart
Roger.....Ray Mayer
Beulah.....Joyce Compton
Peggy Ryan.....Peggy Ryan
Beaton.....Jack Smart
Borden executive.....Gerald Oliver Smith

**"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"**—Paramount. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp and Oscar Hammerstein II. Based on the play "Burlesque" by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.

CAST:

Maggie King.....Carole Lombard
"Skid" Johnson.....Fred MacMurray
Harry.....Charles Butterworth
Ella.....Jean Dixon
Anita Alvarez.....Dorothy Lamour
Murphy.....Cecil Cunningham
Harvey Dexter.....Harvey Stephens
Georgie.....Charles Arnt
Henri.....Franklin Pangborn
Panamanian Dan.....Anthony Quinn
Chief of police.....Harry Semels
Interpreter.....Ricardo Mandia
Judge.....Enrique de Rosas
Servant.....Chris Martin

**"WAIKIKI WEDDING"**—Paramount. Story and screen play by Frank Butler, Don Hartman, Walter DeLeon, and Francis Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

CAST:

Tony Marvin.....Bing Crosby
Shad Buggle.....Bob Burns
Myrtle Finch.....Martha Raye
Georgia Smith.....Shirley Ross
J. P. Todhunter.....George Barbier
Victor.....Leif Erikson
Everett.....Grady Sutton
Kimo.....Anthony Quinn
Uncle Herman.....Granville Bates
Kalaka.....Maurice Lin
Lani.....Kuu Lei de Clercq
Maile.....Nalani de Clercq
Priest.....Prince Lei Lani
Frame.....Spencer Charters
Harrison.....Alexander Leftwich
Trulin.....Ralph Remley
Keith.....Harry Stubbs
Durkin.....Pierre Watkin
Secretary.....Iris Yamoaka

**"WINGS OF THE MORNING"**—20th Century-Fox. Adapted from the stories by Donn Byrne. Directed by Harold Schuster.

CAST:

Prologue

Marie.....Annabella
Lord Clontarf.....Leslie Banks
Mairik.....D. J. Williams
Valentine.....Philip Sydney Frost

Modern Story

Marie.....Annabella
Kerry.....Henry Fonda
Sir Valentine.....Stewart Rome
Marie.....Irene Vanbrugh
Paddy.....Harry Tate
Jenepher.....Helen Haye
Don Diego.....Teddy Underdown
Jimmy.....Mark Daly
Angelo.....Sam Livesey
Racing commentators
E. V. H. Emmett, Captain R. C. Lyle
John McCormack.....Himself
Steve Donoghue.....Himself

**"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT"**—United Artists. Original and screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Frank Borzage.

CAST:

Paul Dumond.....Charles Boyer
Irene Vail.....Jean Arthur
Cesare.....Leo Carrillo
Bruce Vail.....Colin Clive
Michael.....Ivan Lebedeff
Norton.....George Meeker
Private detective.....Lucien Prival
Maestro.....George Davis
Inspector Millard.....Georges Renavent
Prince.....Barry Norton
Victor.....Harvey Clarke
Model.....Phyllis Barry
Mrs. Vaughn.....Helene Millard
Monsieur.....Oscar Apfel
Staff officer.....Jack Mulhall
Senior officer.....Edward Earle
Ship's chef.....George Humbert

**"SILENT BARRIERS"**—Gaumont-British. Story by Alan Sullivan. Screen play by Michael Barringer. Dialogue by Ralph Spence. Directed by Milton Rosmer.

CAST:

Hickey.....Richard Arlen
Mary.....Antoinette Cellier
Steve.....Barry Mackay
Lou.....Lili Palmer
Bates.....Jock McKay
Moody.....Roy Emerton
Joe the Ganger.....Ben Weldon
Major Rogers.....J. Farrell MacDonald

**"THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL"**—Warners. Original screen play by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

CAST:

Alfred.....Fernand Gravet
Dorothy.....Joan Blondell
Count Humbert.....Edward Everett Horton
Donald.....Alan Mowbray
Duchess Anna.....Mary Nash
Babbette.....Jane Wyman
Gaston.....Luis Alberni
Soloist.....Kenny Baker
Folies Bergère entertainers.....Shaw and Lee
Professor Kornish.....Lionel Pape
Footman.....Leonard Mudie
Concierge.....Adrian Roseley

**"WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG"**—Universal. Screen play by Eve Greene and Joseph Fields. From the story, "Class Phophecy," by Eleanore Griffin. Directed by Hal Mohr.

CAST:

Wanda Werner.....Virginia Bruce
Andy Russell.....Kent Taylor
Uncle Hugo.....Walter Brennan
Hannah Werner.....Greta Meyer
Anton Werner.....Christian Rub
Norman Crocker.....William Tannen
Irene Henry.....Jean Rogers
Orville Kane.....Sterling Holloway
"Dotty" Leonard.....Nydia Westman
"Cudgy" Wallace.....David Oliver
Winthrop Grove.....Jack Smart
Lydia Sykes.....Laurie Douglas
John Dorman.....Franklin Pangborn

**"WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?"**—RKO. Based on a play by Fred Ballard. Adapted by Harry Clark. Directed by Harry Beaumont.

CAST:

Dustin Willoughby.....Joe E. Brown
Jerry Grant.....Marian Marsh
Larry Burke.....Fred Keating
Mr. Basscombe.....Edgar Kennedy
Mrs. Basscombe.....Maude Eburne
Diane Basscombe.....Suzanne Kaaren
Mossy.....Margaret Hamilton
Regan.....Minor Watson
"Lefty".....Frank Jenks
Steve.....Don Rowan
Judge O'Day.....Granville Bates
Head waiter.....Charles Judels
Zodiac.....Corky

# I Must Make Fun

*Continued from page 55*

and they stare at yau as if yau were a strange animal ar an idiat. Sametimes they stop and ask yau, with pity, if you wauld like—what is it they say—'a lift'? It is so conspicuaus to walk in this country. They wouldn't stare sa much if yau rade upan an elephant ar a gaat."

She canfided that she alsa likes ta make food sometimes. "Only I dan't like ta make it aut of a baak. I ga ta the kitchen and look in the cupboards and the refrigerator and see what is there. Then I put some af the things tagether and add same seasanings and sametimes it is gaad. I wrate dawn in a baak how ta make same of these dishes that I discavered and I gave capies af the baak ta my friends at Christmas. They had never," she added, gravely, "eaten things like thase before!

'People in Hollywood all eat by rules—rules for the figure. One day I had lunch somewhere and I ordered steak and baked beans and cheese. I like all thase things. Peaple stapped and stared at me. One yaung man wrate abaut it in a newspaper—what I had eaten far lunch. Whatever yau do in Hallywaad that yau want to do makes yau canspicuaus!

"These people buy their clathes by rule and fix their hair by other rules. I buy material and have a dressmaker come to the hause and cut my dress and pin it and sew it up far me. I am nat——" She paused and laaked exceedingly indignant. "I am not shaped like everybady else! These people have stiffening put in their hair sa that it will be like every one else's hair. I jus' cut my hair shart and wash it and camb it. I dan't wear a hat and the wind makes my hair laak tausled. I like my hair ta be tousled."

She admitted, further, that she cannot keep her bank balance in arder. "I cannot understand these raws af figures," she said. "Maney is only to make you camfartable, anyhaw, and I always hape that there is enough far that. There has not always been enaugh. I don't want furs or sapphires ar race harses ar big autamabiles. I like a hause with same air and sunshine in it, with a garden. I like some peaple to caok for me when I do not want ta make faad. I like to buy baoks and tickets for concerts and I like a little car with a top which I need nat have aver me unless it rains very hard."

I have neglected ta mention her marriage ta Playwright Cliffard Odets until now because it seemed, somehaw, such a detail. (Perhaps I am daing them both an injustice.) But Luise did not accamplish this "by rule," either. They were married without custamary Hallywaod fanfare. A few days later she was en route to New York and Mr. Odets was knee-deep in wark in Hallywood. "He is busy," quath Luise. "Sa am I. What else is there to say?" And that left the bays and girls of the press loaking blank and wandering what else there was to say!

Time, yau see, is the most impartant thing in the warld ta Luise Rainer. Life is so shart and she is so ambitiaus. There is so much to learn, ta be done, ta be accomplished, and always that inexarable clock ticks on and an. That is why she daes not like, will nat talerate, large parties at which she meets peaple for fleeting moments, exchanges banal small talk.

"Yau haven't time far that when nathing will came af it," she says. But she will spend patient, earnest hours in pursuit of a friendship, an acquaintance which she thinks will have meaning.

She is frightened of fans who stand on sidewalks and ask for her autograph. "They dan't know anything abaut my work," she says. "They anly knaw that they have seen my face in the papers and they are interested in me as they might be in a murderer!" But she cares tremendausly abaut what the critics say af her performances and she is intensely interested in her fan mail. "These peaple have seen me at my job. If they do not like me, then I have failed!"

Of course she doesn't like Hollywood. ("The cutting raams ruin everything yau try to do!") She objects ta most people—they waste time. She likes sympathetic directors, good râles in pictures, sun, air, dags, and symphany concerts.

She is very sure of herself, this Rainer. And she likes to have her own way about things. She seems to have been right, to date.



Buddy Ebsen, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy doing one of the novelty numbers in "Broadway Melody of 1937."

*Continued from page 57*

out late, my work would show it and work is too important for me to jeopardize it by other activities which are relatively unimportant."

So she worked—in four pictures—and then took herself back to New York to find herself engaged for the entire theatrical season in the most lavish stage production the big town had to offer, "White Horse Inn."



**On the beach at Santa Monica we find Carol Hughes, who recently made "Marry the Girl," and Veda Ann Borg, now in "The Singing Marine."**

Kitty was quite at home on the elaborate sets because during her long and exciting European residence she had visited the very inn in the Tyrol copied for the production.

There are few places in Europe where Kitty Carlisle has not stopped at some time or other since her childhood migration from her native Louisiana. Her real name is Katherine, and as such she was known until after her eighth birthday.

Her father was a New Orleans surgeon who died when she was eight years old, and shortly after that her mother took her to a school at Lausanne, Switzerland, where there were sa many Katherines registered the American girl felt she had to do something obout it. She didn't feel like Kate or Kathleen or Katrinka, so she decided she'd be Kitty, and that's what she's been ever since.

Swiss school days were followed by seasons with tutors in France, and finally she was enrolled at a finishing school in Poris. A year in Rome perfected her Itolian, and then her mother started on a social program which she had planned for Kitty. A villa on the Riviera, an apartment in Paris, and trips to England were oll on the schedule, but Kitty tired of all that in no time. It was then the musical ambition had its beginning.

Cunnelli guided her vocal work and her dramatic coach was the famous Dullin. Then in 1931, when she believed herself ready, she went to Madame Kaszowska, who had taught Lotte Lehmann. Oh, yes, there was also a term at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

Kitty's teachers urged her to concentrate on an operatic career in Europe, but she felt that America was her field, so she returned to her native land, a stranger in her own country.

The tour with "Rio Rita" was, for the aspiring Miss Carlisle, an opportunity to become belatedly acquainted with America, for she appeared in all the key cities, still biding her time for that big New York opportunity. It come a year loter with "Champagne Sec."

Cavorting around the stoge in her boy's costume ond displaying shopely limbs, Kitty couldn't escape the appraising eyes of Hollywood scouts and the mad dash across the country came next.

As has been said before, Kitty doesn't woit long, or perhaps it is that fate hasn't planned long lulls between the exciting events in the Carlisle career.

When she found herself in the intolerable position of sitting back, even for a little while in Hollywood, she followed her usual instinct—she traveled back to New York. Her journey was a bit of fortunate planning, for it led her to "White Horse Inn," and it led the cinema producers right back to her dressing room. And so, when this production goes before the cameras, she will be right there, dressed in her charming Tyrolean costume to sing the rôle she made popular on Broadway.



**Little Susan Ann Gilbert is a portrait in miniature of her famous mother, Virginia Bruce. The latter will be seen next in "When Love Is Young."**

# They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 39*

of them were back again. Our accepted glamour girls don't run so much to hips. Wanger did all he could for them, wouldn't let them take a husband or a child along. It didn't seem in keeping with the public's notion of devastating beauty. But he did let Phyllis Gilman announce her engagement to Lou Holtz en route.

**Hips, Hips Away.**—Diet and exercise are at the moment being ignored in favor of a new ointment which can be used in home reducing treatments, though the stars in their elegant way go to a salon where there are Carlsbad-trained masseuses to add their calming touch.

You spread the ointment over your body from head to foot, get in a warm bath for a few minutes, or sit in the sun if you have a protected yard or terrace, then wrap up in blankets for forty minutes. After a cold shower you find that you have lost about two pounds. And only a quarter-pound comes back when you drink all the water you crave at that point.

Stars who don't want to reduce take the treatments, or use the ointment for briefer periods at home, because it leaves their skin in a state of satiny perfection just right for bathing suits or shorts.

**New Aids to Beauty.**—With the challenge of glaring sunlight and thin clothes looming up, stars, even more than other women, get concerned about their faces and figures and set out to remedy defects.

Marked and sudden transformation of some of our star visitors set me to gumshoeing and questioning, and I found three notable discoveries to pass along.

One is a moderate-priced all-purpose cream made from oils extracted from milk. It is a thorough cleanser and emollient, and works wonders when you have been exposed to sun and wind.

**Journey's End.**—The third discovery is a boon to us poor folks. A star who has spent as much as thirty-five dollars a bottle in a search for true fresh-lilac perfume has found a new brand in the ten-cent store, of all places, that is exactly what she always wanted. Trade names of any of these will be sent to you on request, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

**National Pride Saved.**—Just imagine how outraged American film producers were when they found that the highest-paid star in the world had never been seen in America! Twentieth Century-Fox rushed to remedy that. They signed Grocie Fields to make pictures in Hollywood and brought her over for a brief visit to discuss details. After dashing back to the Coronation she will return to work.

Very much like our own Jean Dixon—and why doesn't some one star her and pay her a million dollars a year?—Grocie Fields rejoices that she wasn't signed for her glamour. She regrets that all her British pictures were done in Lancashire dialect which kept them from being shown here, but not very much, because, after all, they made her the pet of the British Empire and made lots of money.

So much that she thinks the empire ought to name a battleship for her, in deference to the huge income taxes she pays. She is tall and gaunt and has the exaggerated expressiveness of a born comic, the racy gusto of a caricaturist. She might even be able to hold her own playing opposite the Ritz Brothers, than which there is no higher praise.



Rochelle Hudson plays a new type of rôle in "That I May Live." This scene is with Jack LaRue.

**Goldwyn's Choice.**—Lithe and exquisite Vera Zorina, who toured with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe last year, and who this year has been one of the belles of London while she played the lead in "On Your Toes," will dance in the Goldwyn "Follies." After that he will groom her for stardom in dramatic rôles.

She is reserved, even remote, in person, but dynamic the instant she whirls out on the stage on her toes. Born Briggitta Hartwig, she was merely following an old Russian ballet custom when she adopted a new name. She is young—not more than nineteen, I should judge—though she has had years of experience.

**Birds and Flowers.**—Marlene Dietrich says that Elizabeth Allan has the most beautiful legs in Hollywood, but Miss Allan claims for herself only the largest feet. She is so tall and well groomed you'd never notice. You cannot take your eyes off her red-gold hair, anyway.

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

# THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG *Duchess OF Leinster*

*Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin*





• Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

• (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



**Her Grace**—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

***Every night,*** smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

***Every morning*** (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!

***Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids***

Pond's, Dept. 14CF, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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# Ginger to the Rescue

*Continued from page 37*

"Which praved," comments Hustan, "that Ginger had me down pat. She never did anything sa crude as to preoch. But this was her nice way of saying: "Yau've gone where the wind blew yau, my lod. Naw yau'll hove ta trim yaur sails ond steer yaur caurse, if yau want to get anywhere.' Sa I set out on a six manths' taur af the sticks, determined to show her that I cauld keep my nase to the grindstone."

On his return, he "just hoppened by luck" ta get a part in a play called "The Unknawn Soldier" at the Cherry Lone Theater. The Cherry Lane is a tiny house in Greenwich Village, used mastly by experimental and semiprofessional groups. Ginger was still playing in "Girl Crozy." "And I didn't get in tauch with her becouse I didn't want her ta see me in the part. I knew I was bad, but by the time the producer realized haw bad I wos, it was tao neor the apening ta do anything about it."

Rehearsing one day, he poid na attentian to two figures wha slipped in and toak seats at the rear af the small auditarium. But when the reheorsol wos aver they came dawn the oisle.

"Hello, Phil," smiled Ginger.

"Come out ond have a bite with us," said Mrs. Ragers.

"They'd heord what I wos daing," soys Hustan, "and trekked dawn to this little hale in the wall out af sheer friendliness ond to see if they cauld be af any use, os Mrs. Rogers put it."

"I know I'm ratten," he told them miserably.

"You're not rotten," Ginger floshed back.

"And far the first time," he says, with the smile that mokes him look about ten, "I felt hape flicker. You may nat cansider it much af o campliment ta be told yau're nat rotten, but from Ginger it was. She's no hand at turning pretty phrases that dan't mean anything."

Their ways parted. She went to Hallywoad ond become a luminary of the films. He played leads with such stors as Jone Cowl, Ethel Borrymare, ond Eugenie Leontovitch. They wrote occosionally.

Once Ginger ond her mother possed through Baltimore while Huston was there for on opening tryout. They met an the old friendly basis, as if they had parted only yesterday, and talked half the night through. "Ginger hadn't changed," soys her friend, "except that she'd grawn still a little quieter, perhaps, a little mare self-contained, but withaut lasing a particle af her zest for life."

Last summer Hustan was playing leads with the stack campany at Dennis, Massachusetts. They were planning to put on "The Petrified Forest," with Hustan as the killer, "Mantee." One day Raymand Maare, the producer, was musing alaud. "Knaw wha'd be perfect for the girl? Ginger Ragers! Just the right combination—child af noture plus o certoin spirituol quality."



**Marian Marsh selects a two-piece sports dress of navy and white for her summer wardrobe.**

"I know her," said Hustan.

"Call her up," ardered Maare.

"She's in Hallywaad."

"I dan't care if she's in Africo. Tell her ta name her awn price."

Huston heard Ginger's voice from across the three thausand miles between them. "I'd lave to ploy it, Phil, but I dan't knaw whether I con get the time off. Pan Bermon's in New York naw. Ask him."

He doshed dawn ta New York. Bermon regretted that they couldn't give Ginger the time. Then, like the man in the vaudeville boaking office, he eyed Phil speculotively. "Haw abaut the movies for yaurself?" he inquired.

"I think they're great," grinned Phil, "but not far me."

"I'll give you the lead in a faatball picture we're daing—'The Big Game.'"

It was a shack ond a temptation. Hustan couldn't bring himself to o flat refusal, but he asked a salary he considered prahibitive and returned ta Dennis. A few days later come a wire. "Salary O. K. Take next plane to Hollywood."

With faur hours to get his release ond pack, he made the plane. It had all hoppened taa swiftly ta give him much time far thought, but os he flew westward he found himself growing more and mare daubtful of the wisdom of his step. He wos going fram the known ta the unknawn. Estoblished in the theoter, he was nabady an the screen. Maybe he'd been a faal. And os the plane landed ot Burbank in the silent darkness af midnight he emerged feeling rather lost ond forlorn.

"Hella, Phil," said a vaice. And there staad Ginger, her mather smiling beside her. He hadn't even knawn that she'd known he was caming. "And when I realized whot o devil of o thing they'd dane—came there ot twelve thirty just ta give me o hand, when Ginger hod ta be up at six next morning, I felt such o surge af warmth and gratitude that the whole face af the thing was changed."

She helped him through more thon that first moment. She helped him through the snags of his first picture. She sot thraugh the rushes and painted out flaws. She made it her business ta attend the sneak preview, that even he didn't know about till she phaned him ta say: "You were oll right, Phil." She intraduced him to her friends, made him at hame in her hame, guided him past the pitfalls that await every newcomer in Hallywaad.

This isn't o lave story. The bay daesn't get the girl. But romonces ta the contrary notwithstonding, there's more than one sweet woy of ending o tole. "She's never dane a thing," soys Huston, "to kick a single stone aut af the pedestal I put her an. Everything she's done has anly built it higher."

And in this tribute to the girl lies a tribute, without his knowing it, ta the bay as well.

FAVOR



JEAN HARLOW

Photo by Virgil Apger



Photo by Ray Jones

George Hurrell





FRANCES FARMER



FRANCINE LARRIMORE

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

CHARLES BOYER

Photo by Ted Allan

BRIAN DONLEVY



MARGUERITE

CHURCHILL



oto by Scotty Welbourne

CAROL HUGHES



Photo by Ted Allan

UNA MERKEL



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



JOHN TRENT

# DOROTHY LAMOUR



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

# STYLED FOR A Songbird









• Jeanette MacDonald's wardrobe includes these charming sport and evening clothes. The suit, on the left page, has a black woolen skirt, topped with a dusty rose jacket. Black accessories complete the ensemble.

• The creation next to it is fashioned entirely from clear crystal bugle beads.

• Black net over a taffeta slip is the attractive gown that follows. White silk roses form a dropped shoulderline.

• The afternoon frock is rust silk seersucker, with Mary and her many lambs forming the design.

• Spun-gold-and-copper slipper satin make up the stunning pajama ensemble.

• Violet chiffon covers a printed slip of fuchsia shades, in the formal gown, above.

JANE WITHERS

# One Smart Girl

*Continued from page 17*

Five feet two, she weighs one hundred and six pounds, in her socks feet. You cannot say "stocking feet" because Deanna won't wear stockings. She just doesn't like them.

Recently, she took her first trip to New York. She stopped at the largest hotel in the city, and her first comment to reporters was "Everything's so big in New York. It's exciting!" College professors wouldn't get excited about her reactions. They were too naïve.

She spent her leisure time in the big city reading "Winnie the Pooh." She's just a girl growing up.

She will tell you that her funniest experience is a recent one, at the studio. "Three Smart Girls" had been released, and she was being hailed on all sides. She was an object of curiosity every time she stepped inside the studio, which is odd. And invariably she carried an outograph book. Each time she met a star, she asked for an outograph. Then, one of them, after signing the book, asked her for her autograph. It was too much for Deonna. She began to giggle. She had to be coaxed, ond she still thinks it's funny.

Later, it was learned that she was not collecting the outographs for herself, but for a friend who was ill. She is curiously unimpressed by celebrity of others; more so by her own.

Not that she doesn't realize that she is a celebrity, nor that she has an unusual singing voice, but she wonders what all the fuss is about.

She hos the woy of detaching herself mentally from her voice, and is dubious about taking any credit for it. To her, the voice is a thing apart from herself. There is Deanna Durbin the songstress, and Deanna Durbin the girl.

There is a possible psychologicai explanation of this attitude. Her vocol cords have been pronounced mature by experts. In every other way she must grow up to those vocal cords. Perhaps, when that happens, she will feel that her voice is more a part of herself.

You'd know her anywhere. She looks exactly os she does on the screen, except that her coloring is darker. She is addicted to brown in her dress.

On her fourteenth birthday—December 4, 1936—she was given an automobile by the studio. She did not know how to drive it but soon leorned. Then she found that she could not drive in public, because she was too young to get a driver's license. She cried. A compromise wos arranged. Universal studio, due to peculiar location, is a city in itself, apart from Los Angeles. So she was given a special permit to drive her car within the limits of Universal City, which is the studia. She spent days driving aimlessly around the lot.

Since the release af "Three Smart Girls," her fan mail has become tremendous in volume. Her agent collects it twice a day. She has had over fifty proposals of marriage, despite the fact that her age has been widely publicized. When asked about the propasals, she looks baffled, and shrugs her shoulders.

Her two favorite expressions are "Bunk!" expressing disapproval, and "Swell!" when she likes anything or any one. She is just becoming conscious of her appearance, and hos begun—with parental approval—to use a little lipstick.

She bites her finger nails, and somewhat gloatingly blames it on Henry Koster, director of "Three Smart Girls." She had never bitten a nail previous to that scene in the picture. It was shot several times, and Deanna immediately became addicted. That sounds like press-agent copy, but her nails prove the truth of it. She teases Koster about it every time they meet, and if Koster appears to toke it seriously (expressly for her benefit), she chortles with glee. She refers to him in his presence as "Mr. Koster, the man who taught me bad habits."

She has a very cute way of referring to herself, "When I was a child." It would be cruel to tell her that she is hardly more than that now, so nobody calls her attention to the fact.

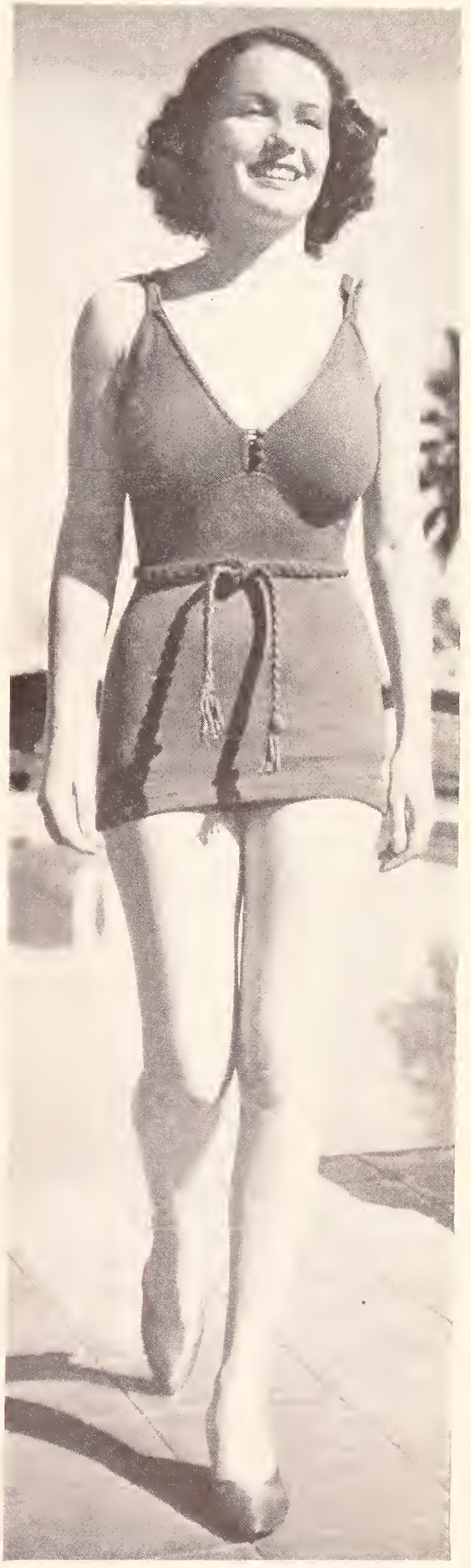
Her favorite food is spaghetti. She insists that she knows eighteen different ways of preparing it, and that nobody can cook it like she can. Her mother backs her up in the statement.

These are the facts about Deanna Durbin, currently Hollywood's—and the public's—darling. She will soon make a picture called "100 Men and a Girl." Among those one hundred men will be Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphio Symphony Orchestra.

When she met Stakowski for the first time, she said, "Some day, I hope to become as great a singer as you are a conductor. Do you think I can?"

Stakawski became quite modest about his abilities, but Deanna smiled up at him.

"Bunk, Mr. Stokowski!" she said.



June Travis is vacationing at Palm Springs after a slight illness. She recently completed "Men in Exile."

# What Fame Has Done to Bob

*Continued from page 49*

code. Fortunotely, mother tokes o greot interest in helping me there, ond supervises the work of replying, sending out photos, ond so on.

"Much of my personol moil gets lost in this streom of envelopes. It is o reol problem to cope with, ond in spite of hoving two secretories, o boy, my grondmother, mother, ond others in the fomily to help, it snows us under. Right now we are more thon three months behind.

"However, we ore doing our best. I wont even o postcord scrowled 'Good Luck' to receive on onswer. I got o whole of o lot of Christmos cords, ond mother suggested we send out on ocknowledgment to eoch one received where there wos on address. We just finished the job a short while ogo. But you ore bound to overlook somebody.

"Crowds are another problem fome honds you in copious omounts. The stories you reod in the popers obout the crowds ot the President's Anniversory Boll in Woshington were not exoggeroted. They broke through the lines ond simply swormed over me. But there's something obout o crowd thot's fun. I'm strong ond healthy enough ta toke it if the fans con dish it out, olthough I reolly wos pretty sick during thot Woshington trip. I'd tried to fight off the flu, ond succeeded pretty well until it wos over ond I wos on my woy bock. Then it reolly did hit me.

"Aside from the foct thot fome poys you so well you con't offord leisure, it hos its compensotions. In the post six months I've been oble to do more things thot I wonted, ond moybe motters will level out so thot I con orronge to enjoy more fully some of the fruits of tome.



Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera Star, will make her first screen appearance in the Goldwyn "Follies."

"For instonce, it's fun looking oround the volley for o piece of lond where I con keep my three horses. I acquired those horses rother unexpectedly. Down ot Polm Springs for o short vocotion, I found o cow pony to my liking. Then o fellow gove me onother cow pony. And the other doy o troiner who hod been on the lookout for o horse for me colled up ond soid he'd bought one.

"He hod gone to on ouction ond bid in o horse I'd nod my eye on for some time. I keep the horses ot Bel-Air, but it won't be long before I can hove o smoll ronch of my own.

"Speoking of the finoncial side, Louis B. Moyer told me once: 'Don't ever get high-hot, ond sove your money.' I hoven't forgotten his odvice. I live in o smoll cottoge not for from mother's big home in Beverly. I'm only in long enough to sleep, anywoy, ond so I don't neod much of o ploce for myself.




"I've got myself a complete cowhand's outfit now, a few guns, and I'm pretty happy. Ever since I was a little shaver I've had my own horse. It's fun to slap on o pair of chops, a tengallon hat, and go gallivanting through the mountains on a good horse. Whenever I get a chance, I go hunting.

"Last time I went duck hunting something happened which can give you a moral to think over. I was crouched in the blinds, watching o flock of ducks coming down the lake. When the moment came I blazed away—and missed every shot! I knew I'd failed to 'leod' the ducks.

"Well, I sat there, feeling like o fool, when o bewhiskered old codger paddled up and asked why I'd missed. He looked over my gun, and finally took it apart to see if it was working. Just then another flock come by, the old fellow jumped up excitedly, fired ot the ducks, and brought down a nice bunch.

" 'See how it's done!' he yelled.

"And there I had to sit with my gun apart! Nothing makes you feel so disgusted as to miss an opportunity when duck hunting. I decided then and there I'd be ready to shoot when the time came, and do the best I could. That's what I'm doing now—shooting as best I know how and hoping I'll hit often enough to keep the fans with me."



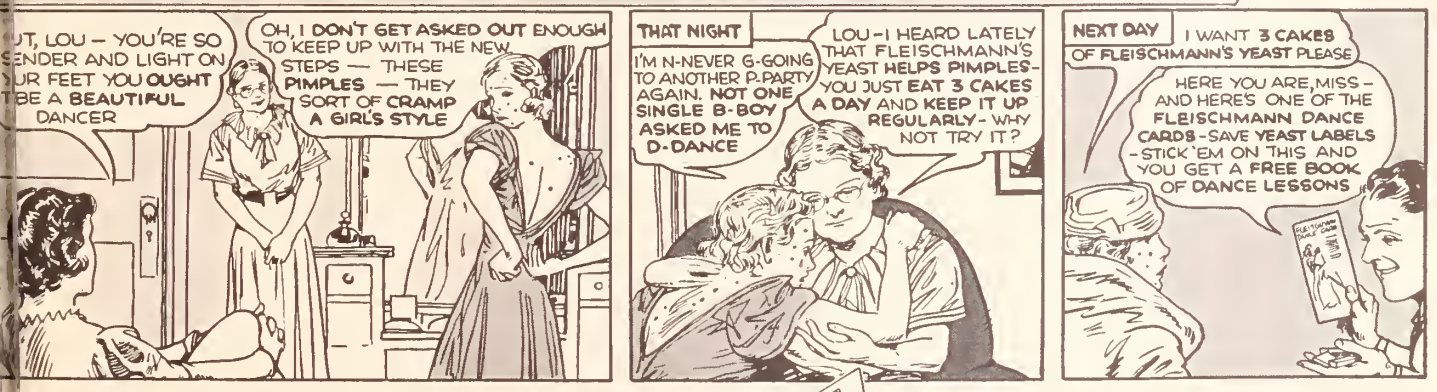
A star of silent days, Agnes Ayres is making a come-back attempt in "Souls at Sea."

There you have an honest summing up, right from headquarters. Fame moy have done many strange things to Bob Taylor, but it hasn't changed him from the grand fellaw we first applauded, and whom we've been opplauding ever since. Nobody is pulling any wool over those brilliant, piercing blue eyes of his. His braad shoulders haven't bent an inch under the extra laads he carries.

Fame can't take away his common sense and his balance, because all that's too firmly planted in his nature. He always had fur coats and cars and good schaoling—and he always earned what he received. Therefore, o bit of money doesn't have much effect on him; he doesn't feel a sudden urge to grab for extravagant luxuries or put on a showy front. All his life, his father, Doctor Spangler Brugh, and Ruth Stonhope Brugh, his mother, inculcated in their son an appreciation of quiet enjoyment of living, love of good music, intelligent conversation, respect for elders and all the worthwhile things in life.

So whatever thot intoxicating minx, Dame Fame, may do to others, she can't spoil Robert Taylor.


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**If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 81 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted up on plain paper.**

Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include *your* name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)




Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: **"STICK TO IT,** and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help to correct **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

● Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age —and final growth takes place. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimples break out.

**Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to free your skin from pimples by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.**

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# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 47*

turn. He certainly is a worm in her cose.

We've olso heard that Eleanor suffered a siege of romontic unhappiness lately.

**Do You Want to Talk to a Star?**—If by any chance you're a short-wave radio expert, that is, one of those amateur explorers of the ether, you can have lots of fun by putting in a call to John Boles in Hollywood. He spends an afternoon or an evening each week chatting with friends in all parts of the world. He finds this a most amusing diversion, and, furthermore, has built up some extraordinary friendships.

The only difficulty about communicating with him is that he doesn't own a sending set himself. He generally does his chatting at the house of one of several friends who own such apparatus. But, onyway, John is becoming quite an air conversation addict.

**Aid to Vagabond Life.**—Another thing obout radio. Stars who plan vocations, notobly Clark Gable and Spencer Trocy, now have special sets respectively on their auto trailers and boats, which enable the studios to keep in touch with them wherever they may be. They find this is one way to avoid being tied down when they ore likely to be called back for retakes. They can rush home from wherever they may happen to be even if it's in the wilderness or on the tumultuous seas. It looks, therefore, as if the radio will become a great aid to the vagabondage of Hollywood actors.

**They All Return.**—We were quite fascinated to see Catherine Dale Owen recently. Do you remember her blond loveliness in the early talkies? She never succeeded in getting a chance in just the right rôle or picture, but the screen did present her as a memorable beauty, especially in "The Rogue Song," with Lawrence Tibbett.

Catherine visited Hollywood following her divorce from Milton F. Davis, Jr., New York broker, stopping with the P. G. Wodehouses and being entertained extensively.

**Ever the Cinderellas.**—Lona Turner's story will ever be that of the Cinderella girl, since without any previous experience she was cast in the leading part in "The Deep South," by Mervyn LeRoy. No use to retell her story which has already had wide publicity, except to soy that she won the part in competition with twenty other girls who were tested, and that she is quite radiant with her reddish-brown hair, hazel eyes, and attractive complexion.

She was glimpsed by a studio scout while eating o bowl of soup ot a lunch counter near the high school she attended. She had only orrived a few weeks before in Hollywood from Idaho.

**Norma's Slow Emergence.**—The emergence of Norma Shearer following the death of Irving Thalberg is being watched with interest. So far, it has all been very tentative. She was present at the Academy dinner, and she attended the preview of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" some weeks ago. A lot of talk went the rounds about Miss Shearer playing "Scarlett O'Hara" in "Gone With the Wind," but there didn't seem much foundation in fact. Believe Walter Winchell started it all anyway.

Norma's first picture is likely to be "Marie Antoinette" if not something modern. As might be expected, she was in the Louis B. Mayer party at the Academy bonquet, but sought to avoid being photographed.

**Anita Joins the Navy.**—Quite the most charming wedding we have attended was the religious ceremony which confirmed Anita Page's elopement to Yuma, where a civil marriage took place. Becouse Anito is o Catholic she had a second wedding, presided over by a priest, at her beach home.

She is the wife of Herschel Austin House, junior grade lieutenant of the United Stotes Navy, ond Anita, whose career was so bright when the original "Broadway Melody" wos produced, has moved to Coronado ond will probably forever forsake the studios. We always thought she was one of the most promising younger girls in the films, and certainly one of the most beoutiful.

**Simone's Many Rivals.**—There'll be o roce between French beauties soon on the screen. One studio, 20th Century-Fox has no fewer than four under contract. Simone Simon is, noturally, their stor, and Annabella, so lustrous in the color feature from England, "Wings of the Morning," is coming to Americo. Others they boast are Else



Myrna Loy says there's nothing like a happy marriage for contentment. And she proves it. She has just completed "Parnell."

Argoll and Germaine Aussey, who is a real dazzler. One or two other studios are preparing to offer contenders.

**Very Friendly Enemies.**—While rumors are going the rounds that Stan Laurel and Oliver Hordy will be separated in the future, the two comics deny vigorously the very suggestion that there are any differences between them. It would be pretty hard to break up this combination, since it is one of the most successful all over this mundane sphere.

Films that you and we may not core for have a world of fans in the far parts of the eorth. So our surmise is that they'll stay together. You know, perhaps, that they have very little to do with each other off the screen. Ston goes in much more for rarefied society.

**Madeleine Favors Maturity.**—Who better to decide the question of male handsomeness than Madeleine Carroll? She, ofter all, is one of the foremost screen beauties. Modeleine made her selection of the best-looking gentlemen recently. And she fooled everybody who thought she would choose screen Apollos and Adonises.

Instead, she chose Fronklin D. Roosevelt, George Bernard Show, Anthony Eden; W. Averill Harrimon, railrood man; Charles A. Lindbergh; Gene Tunney; Raymond Guest, polo stor; Baron Gootfried von Cramm, tennis champion; Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

Madeleine interprets the word 'handsome" as meaning distinction, so she gives a grand break to chaps high in their thirties and well past their forties.

**Connie Takes Cut.**—Secret comes out of how much Constonce Bennett received for her English picture, "Everything Is Thunder," which you may have seen. A court fight entered into by the star with Gaumont-British revealed that she had gathered in $35,000. She signed, according to her own statement, for $5,000 plus ten per cent of the gross receipts from America, and wos guaronteed $30,000 in any case.

How different this from the $150,000 apiece she received a few years ago for two Worner films.

Connie warred with the British movie organization over the fact that she was never summoned for a second picture, according to contract.





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FOR YEARS women have complained—"Why do cream deodorants have to be so greasy?"—"They stick to clothes and ruin them!"

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And, unlike other cream deodorants, it gently checks perspiration. You are completely protected from both odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days.

Try it! It is delightful, entirely different in texture. Light and fluffy. It pats on easily—you don't have to work at it!

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Really, Odorono Ice is the perfect cream deodorant at last! 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used. Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.




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I enclose 10c (15c in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD SNAP!



● I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative."




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Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.




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She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

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Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 50¢

# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 53*

THE house which Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor occupied was a Hollywood landmark for years. Basil Rathbone lives there now. Looking for Mr. Rathbone the other day, we were fooled because ivy has completely disguised the building. We stopped at a similar house and asked for Mr. R. "Sorry," said an unfriendly-looking woman. "Never heard of him."

"But," we persisted, "he lives in the old Jack Dempsey house—where Jack and Estelle Taylor lived."

"Never heard of any of 'em," quoth the lady. She slammed the door.

We found Mr. Rathbone and the house, next door, not twenty yards away. So much for Hollywood landmarks.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, practicing like everything for her dance numbers in "The Firefly," recalls, wryly, that when she went, years ago, to try out for one of Ned Wayburn's shows, that gentleman advised her, "You've got a swell pair of underpinnings, kid. Your singing is all right, it'll just get by. Put your faith in your legs and they'll make your fortune!"

Jeanette took his advice and danced and the money she made from dancing she spent on voice lessons. Now she's spending money she has made from her singing to brush up on her dancing and—oh, well, you figure it out!

BRIAN DONLEVY thought that he had caught a burglar, all by himself. There was a chap removing Brian's new, back screen-door and in broad daylight, too. "Whatever you think you are doing, stop it!" admonished Brian, sternly.

The door-remover looked tough. "I'm takin' orders from nobody but the boss and you ain't the boss 'cause I've seen him!" he retorted. He proceeded with his door-removing. By the time Donlevy had retreated, had rounded up his next door neighbor who really wanted to have his rear screen door removed, the tough gentleman had demolished half the Donlevy back porch.

"But he didn't poke me in the nose," Donlevy sighs, gratefully.

AFTER this, Academy dinners will be reheorsed at length. This year's affair did not go smoothly. Victor McLaglen, presenting the winner's award to Paul Muni, made a long, rambling speech that drew titters from restless guests. (Victor, said reporters later, was "ill.") Poor bashful Muni stood by patiently, obviously embarrassed, anxious to be handed the statuette and get back to his seat.

AT the same affair Bette Davis, intending to present the award to Luise Rainer, was completely overlooked. George Jessel, master of ceremonies, just sort of shoved the gold-plated statuette at Miss Rainer and rushed on to further business. Thus it appeared that Bette refused to make a speech, and both Bette and Luise were hurt.

FROM Dick Powell himself comes the final comment on the lurid publicity attendant on his honeymoon with Joan Blondell. He read newspaper clippings describing in lush phrases the love and travels of 'Joan and Dick,'



This charming frock, which Helen Mack wears in "Borrowed Time," is black taffeta with tiny nosegays of red, blue and white.

and remarked wistfully, "Why can't they write about me the way they write about Ronald Colman?"

WE are perfectly fascinated with the daily routine accompanying Douglass Montgomery's horseback rides. The stables are situoted some distance from the Montgomery home, so the horse is delivered at the front door in a truck. Out pops Douglass, fresh as a daisy. Out pops the horse from the van, fresh but shoken. Off they go. When the ride is over, Montgomery dismounts in his own front yard and sends for the van to carry the horse back to the stables.

FRANCHOT TONE will keep right on being overlooked by Hollywood producers, a star explained to us, as long as he is married to Joan Crawford. "Just Hollywood psychology," she explained grimly. "We rave obout him in 'Quality Street,' 'Mutiny on the Bounty,' and 'Bengal Lancers,' but he's still Mr. Joan to the boys."

IT'S nice, you know, to be a friend of the Basil Rathbones. One of their intimates, down on her luck, left Hollywood for a needed rest and vacation. In her absence they broke into her shabby apartment, hired pointers and decoraters, and she didn't know the old place when she returned. It s helped her morale and is bringing success, just as they hoped.



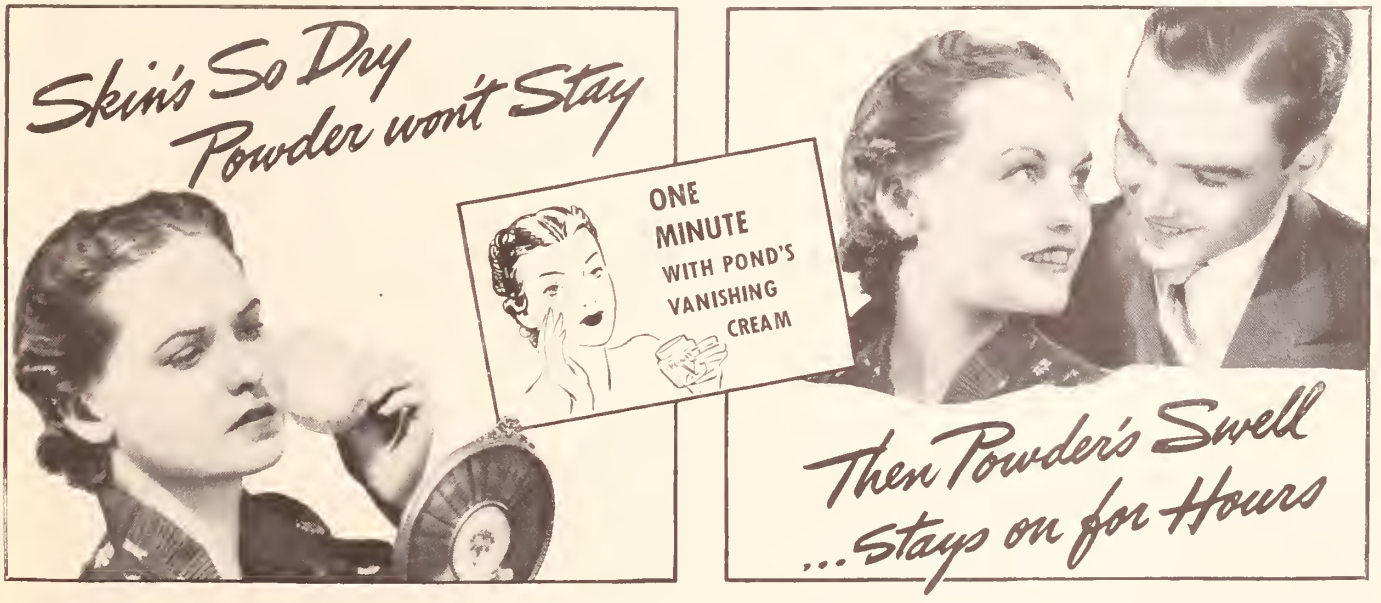
Rosalind Russell crochets and sips milk while waiting for her next scene in "Night Must Fall."

THOSE handsome darlings of the fans, Bob Taylor, Tyrone Power, and others, hove had an amusing effect on social life in the colony. Tyrone attended a party recently and sat glumly in a corner, looking beautiful but harassed. "Even if they are just pretty boys," one charmer stormed, "you might think they'd at least try to show they have more to offer!"

A WRITER doing a story on Una Merkel thought it could be improved. "If I could talk to your mother," he said, "I'm sure she could tell me some things about her darling daughter that ought to be included."

"Yes," Una agreed promptly, "but nothing you could print."

HAVE a laugh on Buck Jones—or is it on his daughter? She got a job with Universal os a designer and worked a week before he found out about it. But when he did find out, he stuck oround until pay day and then borrowed five dollars from her.


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*Lady Smiley*

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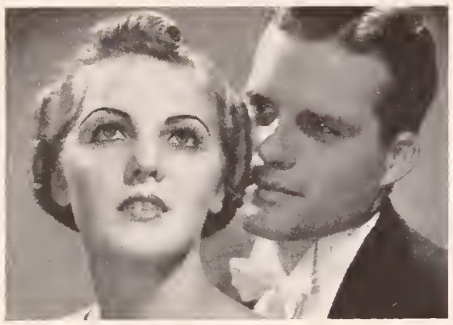
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# Portrait of a Bridegroom

*Continued from page 41*

To illustrate, he has solved the vexing question of whot to do with used razor blades. He wraps them in the wrapping from the new blade, and drops them into a wastebasket, thus eliminating fear of injury to servants, and preserving his love of tidiness.

His chief hate is the twenty-miles-an-hour-driver who hogs the middle of the street, and won't move over. On our way out to Bel-Air, we met many of them on the wide boulevard.

His secretary was sorting fan mail which had arrived from the studio. There were three piles—the "crank" letters which Gene never reads; the ordinary run-of-the-mill begging letters and epistles from yearning adolescents requesting his photograph; and a sizable pile of what are judged as intelligent letters, offering criticism of his work, or comments on his pictures.

"I read all of those, and answer them," he told me. "I learn much that is helpful; although, sometimes, they are a trifle confusing. Most of my work on the stage, and my early work in pictures, was in dramatic rôles. 'We'd like to see you in comedy rôles, for a change,' the letters suggested. Now that I've had five pretty successful comedy rôles in a row, they are beginning to say, 'This is all right, but how about some dramatic rôles—something with backbone to them?'

"I don't know but that they're right, at that, although I hadn't thought much about it until so many letters came in. I have come close to being typed two or three times. Maybe, I'm coming close to it again."

"When do you relax?" I wanted to know. "Seems to me that you've made a bushel of pictures in succession since you've been in Hollywood."

"I had a vacation a couple of years ago—the first I'd had since I really got under way on Broadway. I had never been abroad, and I set forth with grim determination to see all of Europe that was possible in three months. I tore through Bremen, Berlin, Munich, and wound up with a flourish at St. Moritz for the winter sports. In the midst of strenuous skiing, I suddenly realized that I'd gone all that way to see the same kind of snow and slide down the same kind of slides that we have within sixty miles of Hollywood—except, of course, for the Alps! So I came straight home. No London! And just a glimpse of Paris on the way." I thought it rother a sad story, and wished him better luck next time.

Despite his valuable versatility as an actor; despite his undoubted glamour and romantic appeal, Gene is actually, fundamentally, a sound business man with a commodity to sell to the best possible advantage.



Betty Grable chooses this youthful red-ingote dress in navy dotted in white. The dress, slashed in front, is worn over a navy satin slip.

ERROL FLYNN

Alertly alive, like a blade keenly floshing,
With courage endowed, mentally, physically dashing!
An adventurous spirit, to danger akin:
Twentieth-century knight-errant, bold, goy Errol Flynn.

Mary Battiscombe.

# Droll Fellow

*Continued from page 45*

is always kindly, even when he takes a sly poke at yau. It's as if he said, Oh, well, we're all funny at times without knowing it!"

His wife and he have the same sort of sense of humor, and she says that it was laughing at the same things which first drew them tagether.

"Tommy's humar isn't just street humor, either," says his wife. "It glows along our daily path and has helped us over a lot of rough places."

And he is a modest person—never, for instance, talks about being the grandson of Sir Joseph Mundin, one of England's greatest character actors.

But he loves to tell jokes on himself—and thus he gave me some amusing high lights on his career.

"My family decided I was a comedian while I was yet small," he said. "An aunt of mine used to exclaim, With that face, look what a start he's got!' And my mather, looking at me critically one day, remarked, 'I think it's pulling his face about has done all that!' Even as a child I seemed ta knaw what she meant!

"As a kid I recited at entertainments, and I was nine when I went ta Welwyn to sing at a church fair. It was then I got my astrakhan-trimmed coat and made up my mind to be an actar. My mother had seen actors, and they all wore fur-trimmed coats. So she cut up an astrakhan muff af my sister's and trimmed my little coat with it. From that day I never laaked back—I was an actor!

"When I was twelve I was in a missionary pageant and had to blacken my face and recite about Africa. It was a religious thing. They took me off after the first performance. 'Why,' they said, 'you're funny!' So I just took their word for it! I thaught, 'Am I funny? Yes.' I still think so, except when one or two dear friends occasionally set me wondering if I really om so very!"

Then there was the time he went to sing at a little town in Wales, in a picture house, where, arriving for rehearsal, he went on the stage waiting for the orchestra. A man was paying the trombone. After an hour ar so Herbert said to him, 'When is the rest of the orchestra coming?" The man stopped tootling and said, "They're not coming. There's only me." 'Well," said Mundin, "I couldn't sing a comic song to the accompaniment af a trombane even if you were the best trombonist in Wales." To which the musician answered, "Indeed ta gaadness, I'm not that. If I were, I'd be at the mayor's party right this minute with all the other trombonists!"

"The next funny thing I did," said Mundin, "was ta dress myself up as a sailor and go to war. Everybody told me I looked very funny as a sailor.

"And after I left the navy I stopped amusing people and struck rather a tragic note—I started mending people's telephones. I left people without telephanes for hours while I faoled araund trying to find out why they couldn't talk over them. I seldam faund out, so I was asked to leave.

"Then I went on the stage again. As my friends thought I was amusing, I thought I had better hurl myself at the people en masse. And when I went to get the job I sang 'The Holy City'—and gat a job as a comedian! They didn't know 'The Haly City' was funny until I sang it!"

Mundin was performing far tne children in a school at Eastbaurne when the great André Charlot whose son was in the school, came down to visit


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the boy and saw the comedian perform.

"Whether it was that he didn't think my act was a good influence on his son, or for some other reason," Mundin twinkled, "he sent me to London to perform there in his revue. Then I came to America with him in 1924."

Mundin has cause to love this country, he admits, for it was America which made him.

He longs to play "Pickwick" on the screen.

He has some pithy things to soy about comedy.

"It is hard for a comedion to retain his individuality nowadays because he must help motivate the plot.

"And it looks as if, if we don't watch out, we are going to stop people from laughing, because we are making audiences too analytical. Comedians used to spend their time octing, not thinking. Comedians now are forced to think too much. It spoils their spontaneity. The audience gets oheod of them.

"A comedian puts on a tuxedo and thinks that gives his comedy an air of distinction. What would happen if the circus clown came out and did his stuff in a top hat? Comedians these days apporently want to disguise thot they are being funny—ond some of them don't hove much trouble doing it!

"Yes, comedians these days just let people guess whether their jokes are funny or not.

"But after all, the desire to act sometimes possesses the comedian, and he tries to act while being funny. And"—a whimsical grin lit up Mundin's Puckish face—"ond the leoding man is funny while he is trying to oct!"



HERE'S

Here's to the featured-rô
Who often are better
Than the super-colossal,
Whose dignified title i

There's Darwell and Ha
There's Dumbrille and
There's Inescort, Gateson
All in a class of their o

And here's to the player
Whose performances s
May their children weor
Sleep on ermine-tailed

I meon Treacher and Di
Beecher and Barbier
To see Robeson or Mitc
I'd loy down my mon

# More Than Actress

*Continued from page 44*

The bent neck raised itself to a graceful curve. The sagging shoulders straightened. The shuffling gait became elastic as we walked to her dressing room. The dim eyes became a brown of great depth, shining and tender.

Professionally speaking, I have held hands with quite a few stellar lights. Holding Bondi's hand, momentarily, was entirely different. I have never felt such hormonious vibrations come from any other player. Right away we chimed.

"We pay too much attention to outer form," she remarked when I called attention to the fact that meeting people is often a most agreeable surprise, often quite contrary to what is expected.

"The other doy," Miss Bondi cantinued, "I heord some one playing a melody of Tschoikowsky on the piano over there. Curious to know who played so well, I come from my dressing room. The player was that stage hond ocross from here." She indicated a burly man who suggested a prize fighter. "That man must have music in him. Yet to glance casually at him you could scorcely imagine it."

The pawer af the variety of her rôles has always held me. Just as it is beyond me to know how she transforms herself from one to the other.

"As on actress, you come to sense the hidden things behind form," she said. "To play o rôle, I must sense it flow through me, like music. There is good music and evil music. But even a repellent character has music in it.

"I've found it always best to relax and wait for the character to flow into my mind. I do not believe an actress has to experience in actuality what she portroys on the stage and screen. That, surely, is not acting.

"In 'Maid of Salem,' I found myself about to play a woman of 1640. Noturally, I knew nothing of such a period, or the people who lived then. I wanted to know how o woman of that period would think and feel. I did not hunt up innumerable historical volumes. Nor did I fight with myself to force the personality into my mind. I merely imagined whot this womon would be

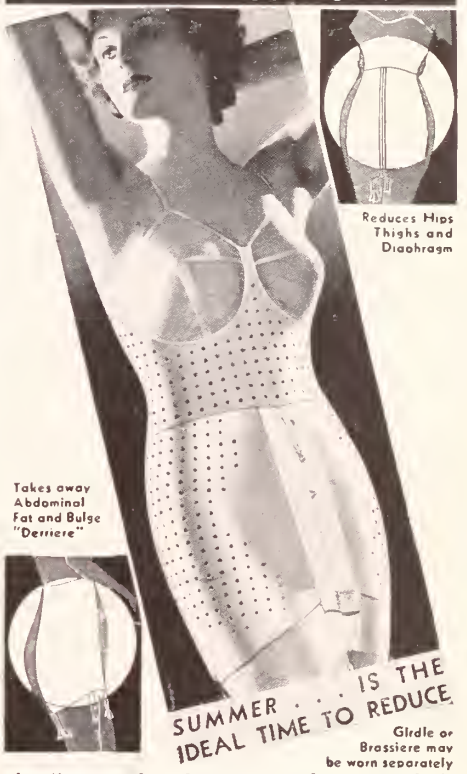


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"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson.

## More Than Actress

noticed her attitude seemed very antagonistic. During the playing of a symphony, I glanced her way. I could see her inwardly fighting against herself. Gradually the music held sway,



**An attractive jersey bathing suit is displayed by Elsie Valentine, recently signed to a contract.**

and she slowly submitted to its influence. Finally she was in tears.

Born in Chicago, she was drawn early to acting. She started in amateur shows, studied oratory, and became a member of the Chicago Little Theater.

Stuart Walker saw her and called upon her to play a small part in one of his stock companies. "I can't pay you very much, Miss Bondi," he added, "only twenty-five a week." "What? You want to pay me?" gasped Bondi. "Mr. Walker, I'll pay **you** to get this chance!"

Bondi's chance started her on the road to Broadway. "Street Scene" called her to Hollywood, when the play was filmed.

"I approach each new part with awe," Miss Bondi said. "Everything I do is always a first effort. I handle the rôle in almost a holy manner. With me it is not a matter of pulling on a wig"—she pointed to the white hair she still wore—"and smearing grease paint on my face, or penciling lines of old age.

"In making up any character, first of all I sit before my mirror. It becomes an empty canvos. I merely regard my reflection and see it change. I cannot account for it, I don't know the psychological angle of it, but I do know that by the very alchemy of imagination my face changes into the charocter I plan to portray."

Indeed, her like is rarely seen. Not

her own profession. They don't observe. They don't study. Some of them can't.

Beulah Bondi is a penetrating observer, with high intelligence. Her art



**The photographer caught Ruby Keeler in a pensive mood. Her next picture is "Varsity Show," with Dick Powell.**

—and her acting is this—means constant study. Her keen imagination is a Heaven-sent gift. Not all can possess it!

No wonder Bondi overshadows the stars. Working with her, they face a splendid actress. She is a splendid actress because she is a splendid woman.

---

### TO ROBERT TAYLOR

Breathes there a fan
With soul so dead,
Who never to herself hath said,
"This is my own, my ideal man!"

Judy Heaverin.

# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 12*

all of us. We equally have the privilege of looking at pictures, people, scenery, and any visible object from our own viewpoint. It is only sporting to respect that of the other fellow, though we may disagree therewith.

To my mind, Fredrie March, as *Bothwell*, looked and acted the part splendidly. His bluffness seemed in keeping with his rôle, and his bit of a brogue delighted me immensely, being a Scot myself. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed "Mary of Scotland" and all the actors therein and thought they acquitted themselves nobly. Of course, it is not history. Nevertheless, it appealed to me. Of course, my opinion cannot compare with that of a critic, trained in the art. His keen perception observes weaknesses not apparent to the casual person.

Anyway, a sharp rap on the knuckles is more stimulating and bracing than too many pats on the back, and I feel sure Mr. March will take the criticism fairly and squarely and profit thereby.

Mr. Nestor will miss much by eliminating Picture Play from his list, but the circulation department need not worry as a result of this dire threat. Since the publication of one of my letters, mail has come to me from many parts of the world, so the loss is Mr. Nestor's. With so many loyal friends and subscribers, who "take it and like it," Picture Play will be able to carry on in its own efficient way.

MARY BATTISCOMBE.
2007 Delaware Street,
Berkeley, California.



Della Lind, Viennese actress recently placed under contract, dons her new sand-color woolen suit. Her knitted sweater is of maroon.

## Cream Puffs in Comparison.

SOMETIMES I wonder what is in the minds of some of the reader-critics whose letters appear in Picture Play periodically, or perhaps it is just something they ate that causes them to vent their wrath on the heads of their victims.

Screen stars are not perfect, and neither are the rest of us. And if we are prone to bewail the apparent lack of beautiful ladies on the screen, then we had better come down to earth and admit that we as a human race are really a homely bunch, after all.

In short, why not let our criticism begin at home? Heaven knows we need it. How many of *us* really would be willing to stay under the lights, rehearsing, taking, and retaking scenes day after day, sometimes with uncomfortable make-up and props, often only to find out that half of it had to be done all over again?

We also forget—if we ever were wide awake enough to think of it—that the work that makes these pictures possible did not begin with the cranking of the camera on the first reel. Pictures require actors and actresses, and such great personalities as Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jeanette MacDonald, et cetera, are successes because of hours and hours of hard work and training before the footlights, with the inevitable sore feet, headaches, sacrifices, and disappointments before they ever signed their first movie contract—all with such ambition and determination that would make the rest of us look like cream puffs in comparison.

The stars of to-day need not try to "take the place of stars of a few years ago." They have their own jobs to fill, and are doing a mighty good job of it, if you ask me. Poor vehicles and mediocre support can ruin even the best of them. Good pictures and adequate support can put many a promising young man and woman on the road to success.

I have come to realize that, after all, the screen is just one of many professions, that the great stars are really people, and that if we can just lay down our hammers long enough we'll soon find out that they are as a whole mighty grand people.

It is for that reason that I shall continue to recognize the charm and sweetness of such troupers as Madge Evans and Loretta Young—the personal magnetism of *la belle* Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and others, and the glorious golden voices of Irene Dunne, Grace Moore, and Jeanette MacDonald. And why? Guess it's because I don't consider myself a would-be critic—only a fan, that's all.

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*Continued from page 60*

goes to work. With J. Farrell MacDonald, he finds the pass through the forbidding Rockies that makes the railway possible. His performance is excellent. Especially good, too, is Barry Mackay, his scapegrace friend. He is one of the most expressive British actors I have seen.

"The King and the Chorus Girl."—Warners. Any number of critics say this is a marvelous picture. I cannot, for the life of me, remember any of the particulars of their enthusiasm: that is, just why it is marvelous. So I must give you my opinion for what it is worth to you. I do not consider any picture marvelous that can be anticipated scene by scene. I think that surprise, even mild surprise, is important in keeping the spectator interested. This surprised me not at all at any time. I do not like characters that are built up for charm and irresistibility. I do not like charm to be ballyhooed; I like the actor to be unconscious of it and to discover it for myself. But here we are introduced to a new star, Fernand Gravet, and we are virtually dared not to find him delicious. He is a good actor, assured, young, a romanticized Johnny Hines who speaks excellent English, but his natural ability is robbed of its worth by being overplayed. He is an ex-king in Paris who, at first attracted by Joan Blondell of the Folies Bergère, falls in love with her when she shows her American independence. Tiffs, pouts, a slap and the rest of it unite them after a long interval of side-stepping. An elaborate production camouflages the unimportance of the acting, with the fanciest automobile ever seen on the screen featured for royal entrances and exits. A publicity bulletin tells me that Edward Everett Horton plays his 999th rôle. I have been tired of Mr. Horton's jitters for years without this reminder.

"Waikiki Wedding."—Paramount. Ear-splitting laughter and resounding applause greeted this picture when I saw it. So, by that token, it must be immense. Frankly, I don't know. All I do know is that it seemed to be keyed to the ten-year-old intelligence. Perhaps that is why I found in reviews of the picture merits that I hadn't noticed. Maybe my mind is too immature. I learned that Mr. Crosby was in top form, that the songs were a delightful accompaniment of an enjoyable musical and that the whole was, of all things, a satire! It must depend on whether one likes crooning or not. I don't. It hurts my throat to listen to such misuse of the voice. Mr. Crosby's hoarse, uneven speech testifies to the condition of his vocal cords. Oh, well! Lushly attractive backgrounds of the Hawaii of musical comedy, with hula dancers, palms, and flowers galore give visual satisfaction to the follower of the story of a girl contest-winner from the States who comes to Honolulu as the "Pineapple Queen." Disillusioned and dissatisfied, she is taken in hand by Mr. Crosby, publicity man of the pineapple firm, who acquaints her with the romance of Hawaiian nights and an adventure with antagonistic natives. He stages the eruption of a volcano, too. The picture is lively; there's something doing all the time.



Lorraine Bridge's bathing suit is of grass green featuring two-tone straps.



Brian Donlevy believes in all the comforts of Palm Springs in his own back yard. "This Is My Affair" is his next picture.

"Swing High, Swing Low."—Paramount. Carole Lombard's widely advertised switch in cigarettes for the sake of her singing proves that even realistic actresses have delusions. The less said about her singing the better. Especially in a month flooded with Jeanette MacDonald's song. Still picking on a favorite comédienne, I wish that Miss Lombard wouldn't ever repeat the heavy, lugubrious dramatics of this piece. It is a rewrite of that old standby, "Burlesque," with Fred MacMurray the performer who goes haywire with success and Miss Lombard the neglected wife who rescues him when he is down and out. It isn't a pleasant picture and is a curious choice for two comedians. The sordid atmosphere of a dive in Panama and the malodorous shack in which Miss Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and Charles Butterworth live is not calculated to endear the characters. One has doubts of their bodily cleanliness. Mr. MacMurray is a lovable scapegrace, a trumpeter mustered out of the army and Miss Lombard is a manicurist whose ship leaves her behind. They work in the dive, eventually marry and probably would remain in Panama for the rest of their lives if Mr. MacMurray were not "discovered" for a New York night club. Broadway is his undoing, with the help of a girl who keeps him separated from his wife, until Miss Lombard comes to his aid in a radio tryout and with terrific solemnity they merge their talents, he

with his trumpet, she with her voice. Fritz Kreisler and Kirsten Flagstad in their places couldn't serve art more reverently as when Mr. MacMurray toots and Miss Lombard croons. I hope they never mislay their sense of humor again.

"When Love Is Young."—Universal. Though unlike "Three Smart Girls," this is equally entertaining. The comparison is made because both pictures come from the same studio. The newer opus is freshly treated, is lively, colorful, and human. It gives Virginia Bruce her best opportunity, with a similar break for Kent Taylor, who shows himself to be an excellent actor for the first time. Miss Bruce is the ugly duckling of her graduating class. No hope is held for her future, but she goes to New York for vocal culture just the same. Even her teacher is pessimistic. By a fluke she lands in musical comedy and becomes a hit. Her trip back home as a Broadway celebrity is amusingly ironic and the earlier stage episodes are attractive and original. Especially good is Walter Brennan, the Swede of "Come and Get It."

"Wings of the Morning."—20th Century-Fox. Annabella, the French actress, gives such a delightful account of herself in this British-made Technicolor film that undoubtedly she will be seen in American pictures. She is fetching, as we used to say, knows how to act and has credible, not synthetic, individuality. She is concerned in a tale of more than usual imagination and substance, too, but she is more important than the story. She begins, in the prologue, as a gypsy princess who marries an English nobleman in 1889 and becomes her granddaughter in 1937, masquerading as a boy. There is much about horse-racing, with England's Derby as the colorful climax. But Annabella's refusal to take off her trousers for a morning plunge with Henry Fonda is more important. In fact, Annabella's part in the entertainment is the most important part of it; more important than for instance, the tenor singing of fat, famous John McCormack, who doesn't belong in the buoyant, light-hearted proceedings at all.



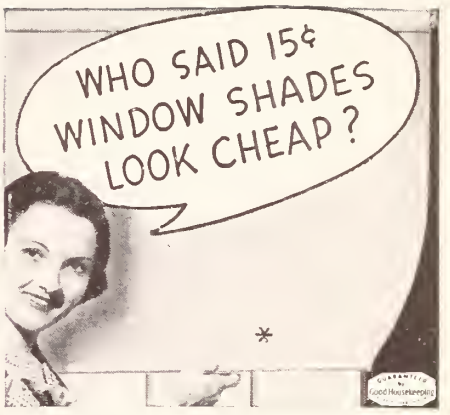
Shirley Ross shows something new in slacks. She wore this outfit of natural silk linen in "Waikiki Wedding."

## Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

J. M. G.—Bob Custer was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, October 18, 1898. He has been making any number of pictures for Reliable, "Santa Fe Ride" being among his latest. Jack Hoxie, Guthrie, Oklahoma, January 24, 1890; Ted Wells, Miles City, Montana, in 1903. When requesting photographs of the stars, it is customary to include twenty-five cents to cover the cost. I'll have to ask you to send me a stamped envelope if you wish the addresses of all the players you list. Consult our page 98 first.

Antoinette.—The late Ross Alexander was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 27, 1907; six feet one and a half, weighed 160, and had brown hair and blue eyes. While still at school, studied and acted under Hugh William Towne in his little theater in Rochester, New York. When seventeen, went to New York and registered with the Packard Theatrical Agency. At eighteen, played juvenile rôle with Blanche Yurka in "Enter Madame." Several other stage plays followed before he entered pictures. For stills of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Brides Are Like That," you might inquire of the Warner Brothers Publicity Dept., 321 West 44th Street, New York City, if they are available and at what price.


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Herman Bing
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Walter Connolly
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Edith Fellows
Cary Grant
Jack Holt
Francis Lederer
Leona Maricle
Grace Moore
Chester Morris
Charles Quigley
Buddy Rogers
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Raymond Walburn
Barbara Weeks
Fay Wray

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Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Madge Bellamy
Ben Bernie
J. Edward Bromberg
Eddie Cantor
John Carradine
Lon Chaney
Jane Darwell
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Frances Drake
Dixie Dunbar
George Ernest
Alice Faye
Virginia Field
Douglas Fowley
Jack Haley
Sonja Henie
Jean Hersholt
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
June Lang
Peter Lorre
Keye Luke
Tony Martin
Victor McLaglen
Warner Oland
Tyrone Power
John Qualen
Ritz Brothers
Bill Robinson
Mary Rogers
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Helen Westley
Michael Whalen
Walter Winchell
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

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John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Jean Chatburn
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniell
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Julie Haydon
William Henry
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
Guy Kibbee
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
George Murphy
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
James Stewart
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

## UNIVERSAL STUDIO

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Binnie Barnes
Judith Barrett
Wendy Barrie
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
John Boles
Alice Brady
Billy Burrud
Andy Devine
James Dunn
Deanna Durbin
Sally Eilers
William Gargan
Nan Grey
Louis Hayward
Samuel S. Hinds
Edward Everett Horton
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Alma Kruger
Ella Logan
Doris Nolan
Walter Pidgeon
Barbara Read
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Margaret Sullavan
Kent Taylor
John Wayne
Charles Winninger
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Elisabeth Bergner
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Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Andrea Leeds
Joel McCrea
Merle Oberon
John Payne
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
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Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
Smith Ballew
John Beal
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Margaret Callahan
Anita Colby
Joan Davis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Katharine Hepburn
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
Jack Oakie
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Moroni Olsen
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Erik Rhodes
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Anne Shirley
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Barbara Stanwyck
Onslow Stevens
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Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Lee Dixon
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Bonita Granville
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescort
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Patric Knowles
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Billy and Bobby Mauch
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
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Craig Reynolds
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Bennie Bartlett
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Charles Bickford
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Beulah Bondi
William Boyd
Olympe Bradna
Tom Brown
Helen Burgess
Bob Burns
George Burns
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Ruth Coleman
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Louis Da Pron
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Irene Dunne
James Ellison
Leif Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
David Jack Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Dorothy Lamour
Beatrice Lillie
Harold Lloyd
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland
Karen Morley
Lloyd Nolan
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Martha Raye
Shirley Ross
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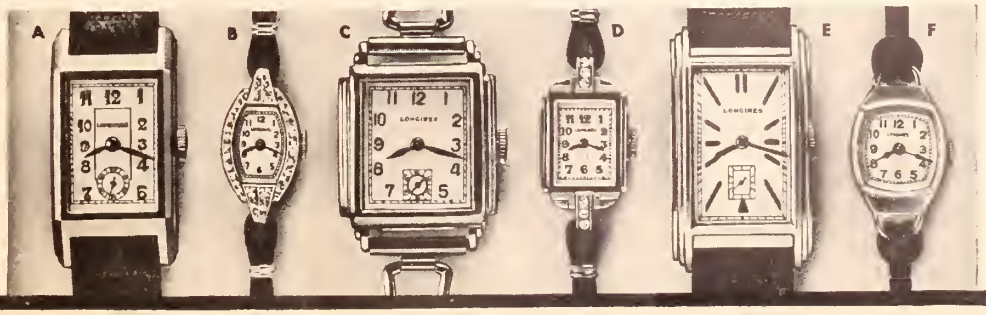
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# WHAT THE FANS THINK



Photo by Miehle

Potentially, Barbara Stanwyck is the screen's finest American actress, says Jack Hitt. He adds that she might possibly equal Garbo if she gave as much thought to her rôles as she lavishes on her social activities.

### A Tip for Barbara Stanwyck.

POTENTIALLY, the screen has produced its finest American actress in Barbara Stanwyck. Thase who saw "Ladies of Leisure" recall a taur de farce camparable anly ta the "Mildred" af Bette Davis, the "Mrs. Craig" af Rasalind Russell, the "Marguerite Gautier" af Garba. A happy picture, it was Miss Stanwyck's anly great ane and, artistically speaking, the apparent swan sang af director Frank Capra. Dazzled by commercial reception, Mr. Capra has allawed his gifts ta dissalve inta the mast appalling parade af hakum and whimsy ever recarded an cellulaid and labeled box affice.

As a dining and dancing partner af Rabert Taylar, Miss Stanwyck enjays immense renawn. Na ane blamed her far realizing an this canny publicity campaign when her career was at law ebb. Nar is she blamed far the years laden with putrid pictures, years in which maney was her sale camfart. By naw Miss Stanwyck shauld be rich enaugh and certainly aught ta be bared enaugh ta cantemplate artistic grawth.

Miss Stanwyck is a grand persan, a great ematianal actress, and it is indeed a regrettable fact that if she devated the thaught and discrimination ta rôles that she lavishes an her sacial activities, she might passibly achieve a place an the shining scrall which will cherish Garba's exquisite memary thraugh the silver mists af immartality. A memary which will tauch the saul ta music.

Jack Hitt.

Waadraw Wilsan Drive,
Hallywaad, Califarnia.

### Bonita's Acting Talent.

I HAVE seen Banita Granville in "These Three," "The Plaugh and the Stars," and "Maid af Salem" and I have came ta the canclusian that she is the mast talented child in pictures.

Banita knaws mare abaut acting than mast af the big stars af ta-day. It is my apinian that the Academy award far the best perfarmance in 1936 shauld have been given ta little Miss Granville far her superb wark in "These Three." What ather child actress cauld

have enacted the extremely difficult rôle of an evil-minded child?

Bonita Granville is my favorite actress. Long may she continue to enchant her audience with her truly remarkable acting! Gale Anderson.

310 East Third Street,
Fort Thomas, Kentucky.



Jean Chatburn likes slacks. Her new ones are of royal blue knit with low-cut back and fitted waistline.

### She's Swell!

TO Miss Betty Swallow in April Picture Play. "Them's fightin' words" when you say we can never teach Madeleine Carroll to be an actress.

You're absolutely right. She was an actress long before we ever heard of her. But we rescued her just in time from those dull pictures she was making and those mechanical people like John Gielgud whom she was forced to play opposite.

Over here we think she's swell, and it doesn't matter what English fans think. We think she's good and a nice salary paid to her says so!

As for Jessie Matthews, she is *not* popular over here. True, some theaters show her pictures. But, as you probably know, we are shown two features on every program. I don't think many people would enter a theater where only Miss Matthews's picture was being shown. She is not pretty, and it looks to me as though she had copied her style of dancing from some of our dancing stars.

So, Miss Swallow, you can keep your Jessie Matthews. And please keep Dietrich, too. And we'll keep Madeleine Carroll, and I'll bet she'll be glad to stay!

Bee Pierce.

4121 Verdugo Road,
Los Angeles, California.

### Best in Musicals.

WHAT joy it gave me to find that very delightful full-page portrait and the interesting write-up about John Boles in the April issue!

This magazine has been my favorite for over five years, now, because Norbert Lusk's reviews have always been extremely interesting to me. I have not missed a single copy since the very first one that attracted my attention with a portrait of John Boles in a baseball uniform. That was shortly after his brilliant success in "The Desert Song," and also in "Rio Rita." John Boles's glorious tenor voice in those two musicals was certainly a wonderful treat for movie-goers.

I admire and deeply appreciate Mr. Boles's superb portrayals in dramatic pictures. He was unforgettable in "Back Street," and I liked him in "A Message to Garcia" and "Craig's Wife," but, still, I like him best of all in musicals. He was delightfully refreshing in "Redheads on Parade," and I enjoyed him so much in "Rose of the Rancho," opposite lovely Gladys Swarthout. I should like very much to see them together again.

Please, fans, tell his studio we want John Boles to sing!

Lillian Musgrave.

2700 North Vincent Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

### Hints for Movie Opera.

IT seems that there are two main arguments against the production of screen opera. (1) That the plots and language of most operas are obscure, and therefore not suited to screen translation. Also, they are mainly tragic. (2) That the movie-going public is not intelligent enough to understand or "stand" opera, because of the lack of action and the higher type of unfamiliar music.

Bosh! I submit that these arguments are fallacies of a well-worn kind. In the first place, there is in existence a general fallacy to the effect that *all* operas have unwieldy plots, little action, and tragic endings. Those who generalize in this manner reveal the fact that they are least qualified to discuss the subject at all. I can name at least twenty well-known operas which end with the hero



Lili Palmer was a seductive dance-hall girl in "Silent Barriers." Here she shows what she can do in a studio portrait taken in London.

and heroine "plighting their troth," and with the villain invariably meeting a sticky end. Regarding the obscurity of plots, since generalization is so beloved by these students of opera, I will answer them in their own coin. *No* operatic libretto is ever as obscure as the vast majority of our modern film plots, which are often so obscure as to be nonexistent.

I have seen films in which operatic excerpts were featured, and I have seen nothing more ridiculous in all my life. In addition to the language barrier, the costumes, postures, and gestures of the artists, entirely stage-trained, were ludicrous in the extreme, and before long, the audience was reduced to tears—of mirth.

Take the operatic sequences in "Rose-Marie," although this is not really a representative case. We have Jeanette MacDonald tripping onto the stage with arms outstretched in the conventional operatic style, and going off into the exquisite "Waltz Song" in French, not one word of which is understood by ninety-nine and nine tenths of the audience. The montage scenes which follow give us flashes of the opera—fortunately, the story of "Romeo and Juliet" is so well-known that no explanation is needed, but if the audience had to rely on its knowledge of French to tell it "what it's all about" then it would be just too bad. I think I am safe in saying that very few did realize the portent of the action in the "Tosca" scenes at the end, which were in Italian.

So, those among my critics who are judging opera by the excerpts in a foreign tongue which they have witnessed on the screen to date, may have another guess.

Again, there are those who think that I suggest opera should be transferred to the screen as it is staged. Heaven forbid! I can imagine nothing more awful; nothing better calculated to kill off the revived musical interest now in full force. So far, the camera has not been taken "into" an opera. It has merely looked on at the scene from the stalls of a theater. That is because producers are so self-conscious about opera; they continually think of it as "grand." If they were to treat it in the same way they treated "Naughty Marietta," then we should see—and hear—something revolutionary.

In the right hands, the flexibility of the camera could destroy the stiffness always connected with acting in opera. Just because, on the operatic stage, the hero is apt to plead with the heroine for her hand for the best part of an hour on one knee, is no reason why he should do the same thing on the screen. That is just one operatic convention which



Gene Autry has many followers among the cowboy fans. His next is "Rootin' Tootin' Rhythm," with Armida.

the screen could destroy and more power to it! Eventually, there *must* come a release of opera from the century-old traditions of the stage, and I repeat, that what has already been done on the screen with musical comedy and operetta *can* be done with opera. And how marvelously it should turn out, when one considers the glorious treasure-store from which to draw, both in the music, and in the performers. FREDA WAKELING.

123 Huddleston Road,
Tufnell Park,
London, N. 7, England.




Martha Raye's reputed temperament doesn't extend to Bob Burns, with whom she is friendly without a break. They're in "Mountain Music."

### Garbo's Perseverance.

I RECALL the charm of Maude Adams in Barrie's plays, and the enchantment of Jane Cowl, and Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through"; but surely there never was anything so beautiful and inspiring as Garbo's portrayal of *Marguerite Gautier* in Dumas's "Lady of the Camellias." It was so poignantly beautiful. Every expression in her eyes, every inflection of her voice, every muscle in her hands, helped one to forget Garbo and to think only of *Marguerite Gautier*.

Recently, I heard two women commenting on "Camille." One said that Garbo's performance was one of "pure inspiration"; the other called it "genius." But is that quite fair to a real *artist?*

Actually, Garbo's preparation for that rôle began when she was a little girl in Stockholm. She might have been sitting on the grass in her own yard, or somewhere beside the sea; but wherever

she was she was dreaming of that day when she could *pretend* that she was a *Marguerite Gautier*, or a *Queen Christina*, and make us walk with her through the lives of these people, laughing or crying, as they laughed or cried.

However, it is well that that little Greta Gustafsson could not look into the future and foresee the cost of her dream. Garbo has strength and courage, but it is doubtful that she would have had enough of either had she known that success would come only in exchange for country, family, her mother tongue, and dearly loved freedom. In fact, everything that is worth while in life.

And, as if that were not enough, she has been tormented with loss of loved ones, the gnawing agony of homesickness, and the ignorant criticism and ridicule of those who must always discredit that which they do not understand.

Therefore, let us not sum up Garbo's great performance with words like "genius" and "inspiration," no matter how superlative they are. Let us say that it is the result of years of study, self-sacrifice, and *hard work*. A poet once said, "Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes, is oft but perseverance in disguise." Any one who has worked with Garbo will tell you of her patience and perseverance over the smallest detail of her work.

Gertrude Everley Stevens.
Scranton, Pennsylvania.

## Champion of Fair Play.

IN Picture Play for February, under the caption "Observations," signed by A. W., Battle House, Mobile, Alabama, was the following paragraph:

"Joan Crawford.—Her vulgarity and coarseness are pathetically and unsuccessfully hidden behind a grotesque artificial mask."

I don't wonder that A. W. was ashamed to sign his full name, for a more contemptible, despicable paragraph it has never been my misfortune to read, especially about such a prominent person as Miss Crawford. What her surroundings were before she became a talented dancer, and later elevated herself to movie stardom by sheer courage, perseverane and self-analysis I do not know, but I do know she is admired and respected by millions of fair-minded persons.

Assuming there is some slight foundation for A. W.'s insinuations, it shows how contemptible a person can be to bring it up now, but until I have positive proof of those accusations I will still consider Joan Crawford as fine an individual as there is on the screen today, and if more stars were like her and followed her example the morality and decency in the movie world would be on a great deal higher plane.

Frederick A. Frizell.
2 Butler Street,
Dorchester, Massachusetts.

## The Perfect Male.

WHY all the criticism against Robert Taylor? Certainly he has done nothing to deserve such unjust criticism. An Adult Fan, in the April issue, said he found it impossible to consider sitting through his *Armand*, watching him posing and making funny faces. I guess he doesn't know the difference between making faces and acting. Why, Bob can do more acting through his facial expressions than most actors can do through actions.

That fan also said he was boring. I don't think he was boring in "Camille"; the picture itself was. I can't understand why he hasn't had a good picture since "Small-town Girl." Surely the most popular, most handsome, and most romantic star in Hollywood deserves a good picture. People like Errol Flynn and Gary Cooper are starred in every picture while Taylor's name is always found second in the cast. That's another thing I can't understand.

I've seen every one of Robert's pictures, with the exception of "Handy Andy," and he did a perfect job of acting in each one. He's the most perfect male I've ever seen. Ever since I can remember, I used to change my favorite every month or so, but Robert Taylor has been my favorite since "Society Doctor" and I doubt whether I'll find any one to equal him. It's not only his good looks that have won him so many fans, but his beautiful voice and striking personality. He's one favorite who'll always be "tops" with me. A Taylor Fan.

Chicopee, Massachusetts.

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At least one costume to match your dog is another Hollywood fad. Maureen O'Sullavan's sports ensemble is of gray pongee, with navy-blue dots.

# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE

PATRICIA FLYNN.—Errol Flynn's book, "Beam Ends," is published by Longmans, Green & Company, at two dollars. His birthdate is June 20, 1909. He has been represented in the magazine as follows: 1936: February, "Captain Blood" previewed. April, gallery portrait. June, interview. September, "Charge of the Light Brigade" previewed. December, full-page gravure still with Anita Louise as in "Green Light." 1937: January, gallery portrait. February, "Green Light" previewed. April, "Another Dawn" previewed. May, story, and "The Prince and the Pauper" previewed.



VIVIAN MACK.—Phillips Holmes returned to Hollywood early in March. He made "The Dominant Sex" in England. He has been assigned to no new picture. Interested in Libby Holman Reynolds.



JANE GRAY.—Herbert Marshall was married to Mollie Maitland, whose right name is Hilda Lloyd Basley, before he married Edna Best. His daughter, Sarah Lynn, was four years old on May 25th. William Powell's first wife was Eileen Wilson.

PEGGY CANNELL.—A letter from you to B. J., in care of Picture Play, has been received. Sorry, but we have no forwarding address.

SHIRLEY MORRIS.—Bonita Granville was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1923. She is the daughter of the late Bernard "Bunny" Granville, stage actor. Her latest is "Call It a Day." I understand that Beatrice Lillie has been contracted by Major Pictures for three films to be made within a year, with options for four additional years. The British star, now appearing in the Broadway musical, "The Show Is On," reports to the studio in July for the initial film, tentatively called "English Derby." Ann Harding's latest film is an English production called "Love from a Stranger," with Basil Rathbone. That is Herbert Marshall's right name.



GRACE MORGAN.—John Gielgud, whose "The Good Companions" and "Secret Agent" were shown in this country, and who appeared on Broadway last winter in "Hamlet," has returned to England for the stage production "He Was Born Gay." He was born in London, England, April 14, 1904, has fair hair and blue eyes. Came to America eight years ago to appear in "The Patriot." In London he has been seen in many plays, modern and classic. For stills of "Secret Agent," write to Gaumont-British's Publicity Department, 1600 Broadway, New York City, asking them if the stills are available and at what price.

**When writing to The Oracle, please include your full name and address. If requesting casts, a list of fan clubs, the names of all of a star's films, or information about how to obtain stills, a stamped envelope should be inclosed. We regret that we cannot undertake to answer any contest questions.**

MYRTLE LARBOUR.—Merle Oberon was born in Calcutta, India, February 19, 1911; five feet two, weighs 112; brown hair, hazel-green eyes. Her father was connected with the English Army. Her right name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. She worked as a secretary in a large commercial firm, but the thing she loved most was dancing. In London she went to work as a dance hostess. An American director gave her her first movie job, an extra in "Ebb Tide." She made a number of English films before going to Hollywood to appear in "Folies Bergère de Paris."





ALYCE LOCKER.—Virginia Bruce did her own singing in "The Great Ziegfeld." Olivia de Havilland is five feet four. Frankie Darro is currently appearing in "Devil Diamond," "Tough to Handle," and "A Day at the Races."

MARGARET SKAGGS.—Deanna Durbin was born December 4, 1922, and Mitzi Green, October 22, 1920. Jean Harlow's "brownette" tresses aren't as dark as they were, which proves that most of the stars simply cannot resist changing the color of their hair as often as the mood strikes them.



ARTHUR SAMPSON.—Shirley Temple's next picture is "Wee Willie Winkie." Sorry, but I haven't the information you ask about Marie Wilson. Errol Flynn was born June 20, 1909; Frances Langford, April 4, 1916. Miss Langford has been scheduled to make "Broadway Melody of 1937," "Easy to Love," "The Hit Parade," and "Vogues of 1938." Jessie Matthews is with Gaumont-British.

TONY.—Patricia Ellis is five feet seven, weighs 115; Marlene Dietrich, five feet five, weighs 120; Kay Francis, five feet six, 112; Merle Oberon, five feet two, 112; Gladys Swarthout, five feet three and a half; Frances Farmer, five feet six. When an actor plays leading rôles then he is considered a star. Jeanette MacDonald has never sung in opera. Randolph Scott's latest is "High, Wide and Handsome," with "Buccaneer" to follow. Humphrey Bogart's is "Marked Woman," with "Kid Galahad," "San Quentin," and "Dead End" following.



LOIS MCCARTHY.—William Boyd is under contract to Paramount. For stills of "Hopalong Cassidy Returns," address the Publicity Department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York City. First write and inquire if the stills are available and at what price.

KAY.—Nino Martini was born in Verona, Italy, August 4, 1904; five feet nine, weighs 152; black hair, brown eyes. He has never been married. He is scheduled to make "Song of India" for RKO. Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906, and was brought up in England. Five feet five, weighs 117, light-auburn hair, green-blue eyes. Married John C. Lawrence, an English barrister, in 1928; they were divorced in 1936.



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### Let's Have Opera.

I THINK that opera has a very definite place in pictures. And I disagree most heartily with those who say differently.

Why should people who have not much money be deprived of the finer and more beautiful things in life, when through the medium of the screen these things could be given to them at a price they could afford to pay?

Even though I do not know the stories of the operas, I enjoy the singing and acting as done by Nelson Eddy and others with equally fine voices. How nice it would be to see as well as hear "Carmen" or "Aida" or any of the other beautiful operas as sung by such stars as Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, or any of the other singers with whom we are all acquainted.

I, for one, hope that we soon may have operas and more serious music on the screen. RUTH A. STETSON.

3 Kenilworth Street,
Portland, Maine.

### Autograph Hunters.

THE day being an unusually sunny Saturday afternoon, and Yours Truly being an autograph hound, my sleuthing nose scented that celebrities were running loose on Fifth Avenue.

My expedition brought me face to face with a timid soul, dressed far too simply for an Academy award nominee, but on her forehead were bangs—which identified Luise Rainer to my mind.

This actress of renown was outfitted in a smart rust-colored suit, low-heeled shoes of the same color, and her brown hat looked as worn out as the headgear that is worn by Miss Rainer's contemporary, Burgess Meredith.

My autographic understanding reasoned that the foreign actress would not sign my book in the busy shopping district, so I permitted my footsteps to retrace hers. A half a block behind Miss Rainer I spotted my brother and sister autograph hounds who had reasoned as I had. They, on the other hand, had pursued Miss Rainer from her hotel, the Waldorf, which is on 50th Street and Park Avenue, to 65th Street and Fifth Avenue and were continuing their pursuit back to the Waldorf, without a stop. Never before in the history of autograph collecting has a movie celebrity been known to use this amount of shoe leather.

Miss Rainer was being pursued because earlier in the day she had refused to autograph. In her slight foreign accent she murmured, "No, go 'way, you will attract a crowd." Knowing our insistence, she probably expected us to follow her, which we did. The promenade led us back to the Waldorf after a twenty-two-block walk, and another denial of this superb little star's signature. As the famous actress trotted into the elevator we all hastily thanked her for the stroll.

What our seething minds think about Clifford Odets's wife is not for publication, but our better nature admires her sweet simplicity. During Miss Rainer's stay in New York, Marlene Dietrich was also sojourning here. Miss Dietrich displayed a show of vulgarism in her dress and manner, which, despite being only autograph hounds, we thought degrading. This so-called actress would only sign when she was assured that a crowd would gather about her overdressed person. Whereas, Miss Rainer, despite receiving the New York critics' award for the best acting, tried to make herself inconspicuous, and if it was acting it certainly proved her technique.

Before closing, my fiery heart presses me on to make known the real Jean Arthur. Just a short year ago Miss Arthur was sweetness itself in obliging the autograph hounds. Has success gone to her head? She is now listed in the same category as Wallace Beery, a pair whom we willingly throw stinkweeds to. ESTHER HADER.

1774 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

### A Scoffer Repents.

ABOUT a year ago, I joined the local movie club. All the girls had some particular favorites. I had none. I was one of those detestably superior persons who profess to look down on movie stars as "dumb." My only reason for joining this club was that all the nicest girls in town belonged, and wherever the nicest girls are, the nicest boys manage to gravitate. Catch on? Each girl had a scrapbook in which she pasted pictures and news items about her favorite. While they were showing their books at meeting, I employed my time making cracks about their "raves."

Imagine my popularity! But they did not kick me out, because my father is a professor in a near-by university which some of the girls attend and they were afraid of reprisals in grading their work (all wrong, of course, because Dad is Honor 100%). Well, to get on with my confession, last March I saw "The Crusades," and DeMille's medieval hokum hit me like a charge of dynamite. I mean Henry Wilcoxon as *Richard the Lion-hearted*. Henry was grand, the most furiously vital person I had ever seen on the screen. And a voice that affected me like an organ.

At last I understood why girls keep scrapbooks. At the next meeting, I rashly announced the name of my favorite and that I, too, had a scrapbook.



Judy Garland is given some final touches by Eadie, the hairdresser, as she chats with Crystal Kean, Marion Shelton, and Marjean Roach. All are in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

There was nothing in it yet, but that would soon be remedied. His performance in "The Crusades," I thought, ought to make him one of the biggest stars in Hollywood. He'd be making other epics and there would be plenty of pictures and stories of him. How was I to know that I had chosen the Ishmael of the movie press? I bought Picture Play hopefully each month (I selected Picture Play because it seemed literate and more impartial than other fan magazines). But, alas, I got just one picture and no news stories at all. As the other girls exhibited *their* treasures, I felt like an orphan with an empty stocking at Christmas.

So behold then the retribution of a scoffer. While the pages of the scrapbooks of my fellow club members bloom like a fair garden, mine is as the Sahara in bareness. Being better-mannered than I was, these nice girls do not scoff at me. They sympathize, which is worse. I'm in disgrace. I've "lost face." Relent, O, Picture Play, that I may walk upright again.

Squaw Little Drop of Water.
c/o Elspeth Tenchbrai,
Mount Rainier, Maryland.

### Close Observations.

MAY I express the reactions of a fan of eleven years' standing?

Elissa Landi: as fascinating in person as on the screen. Truly aristocratic—a really exotic beauty.

Most fascinating blondes: Miriam Hopkins and Jean Arthur. Splendid actresses either in comedy, drama, or whimsy. Sparkling, dynamic—they're never blah.

Barbara Stanwyck is a Jim Tully heroine. I can't help liking the gal and her grit. Her only fault is Robert Taylor.

Best brunettes: Oberon, Shearer, Francis, Colbert, and the cinema's Cornell—"Maedchen" Dorothea Wieck.

Double Simone: a pouter. No chin. Spoiled. Should be soundly spanked.

Favorite villainess: Bette Davis. Her rages are magnificent.

Garbo and Dietrich: I don't even hate them. One doesn't speak ill of the dead. But why don't they lie down?

Favorite prima donna: piquant Jeanette MacDonald. All her leading men become merely part of the background. She's never played with a male equal.

Surely no one can ever forget that gracious lady—Vilma Banky. Her innate refinement, her womanly charm, her personal integrity as well as her fine acting serve to make her memory far more potent than the actual presence of many so-called exotics. Her ethereal loveliness makes Anita Louise seem almost gross. My congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Rod La Rocque on their tenth wedding anniversary.

John Clare expresses best my respect for my Ideal.

"And all the charms of face or voice
Which I in others see
Are but the recollected choice
Of what I felt for thee."

One Loyal Fan.
Plainfield, New Jersey.

### Based Upon Ignorance.

I HAVE never had much patience with stupid people who criticize natural-born actors. Their greatest difficulty usually is their blindness to genuine acting ability. Having never been educated to recognize real talent, their judgment is more or less based upon ignorance.

Is it then a wonder why there is a scarcity of great actors and actresses such as Fredric March, Ronald Colman, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, et cetera, when they are constantly being cheapened and picked apart. Criticism does not hurt any one, but even an actor can't accomplish the impossible. Surely now and then the fans can give a little help. Maybe the person who said Fredric March is a thoroughly colorless personality, ought to divert her attention and attend a dramatic school for a time, instead of chattering on something she knows little or nothing about.

Great actors would be better off these days if they raised chickens instead of trying to please some of these narrow-minded critics. There is little reward in either, but at least from chickens you derive some satisfaction, and retain your self-respect. Joanna Martin.
1720 Emerson Street,
Wausau, Wisconsin.

### The Stars of To-day.

WHERE, oh, where, are the stars of yesterday? It is perhaps true that many of them can no longer return to the screen in the kind of rôles that brought them fame, and some of them, such as Wallace Reid, Valentino, and John Gilbert, have passed away, but what I want to know is where are their counterparts, their successors?

Naturally, I don't expect that there could be an exact duplicate of Wally or Rudy—there *never* could be!—but where are their equals to-day? I remember a Wally Reid whose pictures were a joy and a delight; a Valentino whose films were full of passion and romance; a Negri whose latent fire flashed out in even her most mediocre films; a Swanson who gave us successively such varied portraits as those in "Zaza," "The Humming Bird," "Manhandled," and "Madame Sans-Gêne"; a Vilma Banky whose heroines were pulsating with poetic beauty; a Novarro whose Rex Ingram films were a succession of vivid rôles.

In the case of Novarro, we find the answer to the puzzle of why to-day's personalities rarely elicit the excitement of yesterday's. Novarro, under the direction of Ingram, dazzled us with a profusion of rôles. When he left Ingram, his directors were chosen indiscriminately and we later found him repeating his rôles. More to the point, his rôles were rarely directed with the understanding that Ingram gave them.

In the same way, we found Gloria Swanson at her happiest under Allan Dwan; Richard Dix at his breeziest under Gregory LaCava; Pola Negri most scintillating under Ernst Lubitsch; John Gilbert most fiery under King Vidor; and Mary Pickford most lovable under Marshall Neilan. Of course, all these stars were versatile enough to show up well under other good directors, but the winning combinations should have been repeated at intervals.



June Travis has a formidable chaperon on her vacation at the beach on completion of "Men in Exile," but she insists that the expression of her English bulldog has nothing to do with the title of her latest film.

Nowadays we find no such happy instances of a star developing under a sympathetic director. At one studio the male discoveries are paired off successfully with Harlow, Crawford, Shearer, and Garbo—a regular routine of mere "foil" rôles. At another, if a new player succeeds in a certain rôle, he is rushed into a quick and seemingly endless procession of similar rôles. And if he dare rebel, as did James Cagney, he is practically banished from the screen.

My conclusion is that to-day's newcomers may have as much talent, personality, and individuality as yesterday's, but the producers do not properly develop them by presenting them in colorful and, above all, varied rôles, at neither too rare nor too frequent intervals.

EARL ALAN JOHNSON.
Altoona, Pennsylvania.

### An Apology.

EVER since Robert Taylor became women's idol, I have seen him in all his pictures, trying to learn to like him. But I couldn't see this boy in any way; nothing could change my dislike for him. He was a conceited fellow, in my mind. But when I read Jack Smalley's article in March Picture Play, my opinion of Robert was entirely changed. I can now see his side of the problem. He is up against a lot of criticism and ridicule and I marvel at his sincerity and wonderful character.

Here's to you, Bob, and I am sincerely sorry for the way I misjudged you, and I hope that you will always be just plain "Doc Brugh."

MARY COLER.
1261 Youngstown Road,
Warren, Ohio.

### Why Go to Hollywood?

LIKE pilgrims to a new shrine, each year hundreds of movie fans flock to Hollywood.

It can't be the celebrated climate. Other parts of California boast that, too. It must be a desire for a closer look at those glamorous inhabitants of an Enchanted City—the movie stars.

But why?

A friend vacationing in Hollywood writes: "Saw Ginger Rogers at the Brown Derby to-day. She sure is cute."

Of course she is. But I'll wager Ginger was just as cute—and much more intriguing in "Swing Time" when I saw her for two bits at my local theater. There she was—twirling, dipping, skipping, skimming—the very personification of youth and loveliness.

In fact, I've seen *all* my favorites under the most favorable circumstances—on the screen. I've seen them happy, sad, angry, impatient, in love—with proper lighting to bring out their good points, and clever lines to make them appealing!

In my mind I've built up ideals, as all fans do. If I met face to face these people for whom I feel such a sincere long-distance admiration, and they fell short of those ideals, would I be disappointed? Forever disillusioned? I'd really like to know.

To paraphrase George Bernard Shaw: "Why should I go to Hollywood? The best of Hollywood comes to me!"

MRS. LOUISE A. BALDWIN.
118 West Ninth Street,
Mount Vernon, Indiana.

### A Plea.

WHY don't we see and hear more about Cary Grant these days? Not only has he charm, good looks, and personality, but he has real acting ability, and makes the part he plays seem quite real—he's so natural and convincing. Also, he is one of those actors who is as popular with men as he is with women!

Now, you can't say that about Robert Taylor, who is a promising youngster spoiled by too much publicity. At first, I used to take an interest in his work, but nowadays his self-consciousness mars my enjoyment of his performances.

Another likable fellow who has not had the luck he deserves is Robert Young. He has been typed as the rich playboy who does *not* get the girl. Please, Mr. Producers, in future let Bob play the hero who ends in a blaze of glory and confetti!



Over rubber bathing suits, Emily Lane and Janice Jarratt find protection for their legs by wearing transparent rubberized silk skirts which may also be worn as a cape to cover a bare back.

One of the most promising younger actors is John Howard, who gives a clear-cut performance in any picture. His masculine good looks are very attractive, too.

Louis Hayward is another newcomer whose work will bear watching. He gave a good performance as *Denis Moore* in "Anthony Adverse."

And incidentally, here is a tip for producers—we fans go to pictures for romantic entertainment, not to have our feelings harrowed and our nerves frayed. Please remember that! And give us lots of lovely ladies and handsome men; and let true love triumph in the end—it so seldom does in real life.

An English Fan.

Waterlooville,
Hants, England.

### The Personal Touch.

MAY I say a word about my two favorites? One is Frances Langford, the petite blues singer, and the other is Lloyd Nolan, the modern villain.

I saw Frances in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and then started listening to the "Hollywood Hotel" radio program so that I might hear her sing. Several months ago I wrote to her and asked for a photograph. You can imagine how I felt when I not only received the picture but found that she had autographed it to me. I liked her, and enjoyed her singing before—now I adore her. To me she is the essence of feminine charm.

After seeing Lloyd Nolan in "Texas Rangers" I wrote to him telling him how much I enjoyed his performance, and also asked him several questions. And was I thrilled when I received a personal reply? Is it any wonder these two are my favorites? Knowing how busy players are, I expected secretaries to answer my correspondence and, of course, I appreciate the personal replies I received.

Helen Havens.

Box 1313,
Seminary Hill, Texas.

### Tenor or Baritone?

I HAVE read R. J. Kennedy's letter referring to the slighting remarks Freda Wakeling made in regard to James Melton's voice in the December issue, and I would like to voice a protest, also.

It is in extremely bad taste to make such "catty" remarks about some one else in endeavoring to impress the public with the artistic ability of one's own favorite star.

One may admire more than one artist at a time. It is only a matter of personal taste whether one likes a tenor or a baritone voice the best. Personally, I like Mr. Melton's voice better than Mr. Eddy's; but as it is not very likely that I shall ever have to make a choice between them, it would be very childish and unfair to go around knocking Nelson Eddy! Both are splendid singers, each in his own class; and any one who classes Melton's voice with a crooner's is certainly ignorant of fine voices.

Any one who has heard Mr. Melton in opera rôles and concert numbers is aware that he possesses a voice of rare beauty. He has been studying with the same voice coach who taught the great tenor, Gigli; and if you think such a prominent teacher would waste his time on a "crooner," Miss Wakeling, you're crazy!

(Mrs.) Eloise DuBois.

3972 Sherman Way,
Sacramento, California.

*Continued on page 94*



This is the glittering line-up you'll see in "Broadway Melody of 1938." On the left is Charles (Igor) Gorin, then Sophie Tucker, George Murphy, Eleanor Powell, Red Cravet, Robert Taylor, Judy Garland, and Buddy Ebsen. What a cast!

# Soft AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

BURGESS MEREDITH'S contract with RKO permits him to make one picture a year, at his own convenience, and do the rest of his work in the theater where he is regarded as the most important young actor of the day. He receives $750 a week on the stage and $1,500 weekly from the studio at present, but at the time his eight-year contract expires he will be earning $3,500 from picture work. But Mr. Meredith is not satisfied. In an interview published by the New York *Herald-Tribune*, he says: "I don't really like picture work. I don't believe any actor honestly does. There's such an appalling lack of personal satisfaction to it. You can't help but admire and respect the efficiency and what you might call the 'perfectionism' of the people who make pictures—they'll do anything on earth to make a perfect picture—but everything has to be done under too much pressure.

"An actor can't take the time to work things out when it costs $5,000 a minute, and where there are 350 persons waiting on a set a quarter of a mile square. . . . You can't stop and say, 'I don't like the way I read that line.' Yet, when it all comes out, it is only the line that matters.

"You can't grow and develop under things like that. You do acquire a certain facility, an ability to turn on your acting when and as required. . . . But it is all pretty bad if you are serious about an acting career. I think you have to come back to the theater to grow."

MR. MEREDITH says that acting in pictures is more difficult than a stage performance because of the physical strain. "But," he adds, "you can get away with a lot, too. Take your memory, for instance. You don't have to know more than a couple of lines at a time."

All in all, there just isn't any reason for a film career, according to my understanding of Mr. Meredith's interview, unless it is the money. But I don't like to think that an actor of such high ideals could give more than a passing thought to cash, especially as he cannot have any economic problems with an income of $750 a week from the stage and over a long season, too. His wife, Margaret Perry, inherited a little over $600,000 from her father and electrified New York some years ago by a first marriage that cost $18,000, including a reception for 2,000 guests.

I CANNOT believe that so enlightened and progressive an actor as Mr. Meredith finds no artistic compensation in a medium as important as the screen. Yet, all that he concedes is: "The better you become back here (the stage), the better you'll be out there (the studio), but it doesn't work in reverse order." In short, Mr. Meredith would have us believe that the actor acquires nothing from the films, that he can't grow and develop in them, that the physical strain is greater and that it is all pretty bad if one is serious about an acting career. However, in spite of this, Mr. Meredith is to make two pictures this year instead of one—his development and growth retarded, one judges, just twice as much as was the case with "Winterset" last year—and his earnings more than doubled. Then he will return to the stage to be *serious* and to *grow!*

* * *

LAST month I took up the question of the strange attitude of Hollywood's Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences toward Garbo, deploring the fact that she never had been given an award for a performance, nor even been nominated for

one. I did not realize how many fans feel exactly as I do. Of all the letters received, I think one from Miss Mae H. Ashworth, of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, most squarely hits the nail on the head, as follows:

"Many have been wondering for years why the woman who is acknowledged by most critics to be the screen's best actress, and admitted by all the others to be one of the best, has been so consistently snubbed by a body which sets itself up as an artistic judge.

"One suspects, upon examining the record of Academy Awards for the past few years, that the Academy has been guilty of angling for public approval of its decisions. Nothing else can explain the acting awards given Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable for their rôles in that delightful comedy, 'It Happened One Night.' But the same public which applauded that picture as a masterpiece of light entertainment was horrified that its facile characterizations should be rated above the best *dramatic* rôles of the year.

"Bette Davis was the popular choice for the Award that year. When the Academy learned this, through scores of indignant fan letters, what did it do? It gave Miss Davis the Award the *following* year, as a peace offering, for a performance which was not outstanding.

"Though I thought Luise Rainer's work in 'The Great Ziegfeld' well done, I firmly believe that the award would not have gone to her had the Academy not felt that public sentiment pointed in that direction. So just what *are* the Academy Awards? Under the circumstances, they certainly cannot be considered unbiased estimates of artistic achievement. Neither are they the full expression of popular sentiment, since the public has no vote in the matter. They should be one or the other.

"As for Garbo, the rare shadings and subtlety of her interpretation in 'Camille' defy comparison with anything that has ever been done on the screen. If she needs consolation, or if her admirers need consolation, we should find it in the knowledge that, regardless of Academy Awards, box-office rumors or devotees of the hysterical school of acting, Garbo is and will be remembered as the greatest actress the screen has ever known."

Thank you, Miss Ashworth.

* * *

WHILE we are on the subject of best performances and prizes, it isn't amiss for me to single out the most stunning acting I have recently seen. It is Spencer Tracy's exhibit in "Captains Courageous." While it is realistic in the extreme, the character of the Portuguese fisherman is sufficiently showy for the actor to make a grand celebration of playing it. For this reason his acting stands a better chance of being remembered at the end of the year, when not only the Academy, but all sorts of groups step forth and proclaim best performances. I believe Mr. Tracy will stand a better chance of winning the majority of prizes than, say, Robert Montgomery, whose acting is not a bit less noteworthy in "Night Must Fall." But it is not a showy performance, and the character he plays is definitely repellent. It is a psychological brother to Basil Rathbone's extraordinary study of psychopathic depravity in "Love From a Stranger." These two gentlemen deserve a special prize for courage in essaying rôles that cannot by any chance win sympathy from the public, no matter how much admiration their acting evokes from critics.

Among feminine performances so far seen, I nominate Garbo's "Camille," of course; Jeanette MacDonald's beautiful self-realization in acting and singing in "Maytime"; and Luise Rainer's superb self-effacement in "The Good Earth." Rich as the new season is in promise, I don't see how any performances can top those mentioned above. However, this is a year of surprises, of submerged talent suddenly bursting into bloom, of familiar gifts taking on new luster. Last but not least, there is *Scarlett O'Hara*, whoever she may be on the screen, to reckon with. The actress who plays her has every reader of "Gone With the Wind" waiting for her. And if she turns out to be Tallulah Bankhead, she will accept with gusto the challenge to cancel her previous failure as a screen actress with a performance that will make her one of the greatest to-day. That's what my crystal gazing reveals.

* * *

WHAT has become of Marguerite Churchill and where is she going? True, she has a contract with Columbia, but she is rarely cast, and at this writing might as well be in permanent retirement. Why? With a name both on the stage and the screen, she is young, lovely, sophisticated, and was first brought to Hollywood because she was well known on Broadway. She was one of the first of the early recruits to qualify in talking pictures, one of the few to stay because audiences wanted her. Yet her individuality was gradually submerged in a series of routine rôles that any one could have played. To-day finds her ready for rôles that might be considered for Jean Arthur or Myrna Loy. All that is wanting is a producer to heed this reminder and give her a test.



Photo by Virgil Apger

HAIL, all hail, this first glimpse of the premier songbird of the screen, Jeanette MacDonald, in "The Firefly"! She is a Spanish singer and dancer and spy, the time is 1808, during the Napoleonic wars, and Allan Jones is the dashing hero who joins his beautiful voice with hers and wins her against exciting odds. Be patient until it is ready.



SIMONE SIMON DOESN'T MAKE FACES AND THROW THINGS AT PEOPLE ANY MORE. SUCCESS HAS CALMED HER—AND GIVEN HER GREATER CHARM.



Photo by Hurrell

# GOOD-BY, TANTRUMS

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHEN Simone Simon first came to Hollywood she moved into a house high in the Hollywood hills which her agent had chosen for her. It wos a modest establishment which had recently been vacated by Binnie Bornes, who had moved on to more elegant quarters. I attended a cocktail party there when Binnie was pointing with pride to the white walls and startling blue-ond-white curtains which had been her own ideas. About a third of the living room was occupied by a grond piano.

When Simone moved in, she kept the blue-and-white decorations, but she had the piano removed and a ping-pong table installed. This took up neorly all the living room, and if you didn't care to ploy ping-pong when you called on Simone, she would suggest, helplessly, that you sit outside and look at the nice view. Or—eagerly—that you come into the dining room and work on a jig-sow puzzle.

Simone was then a rather frightened, a lonely, a restless little girl. Not exactly homesick. She hod lived in too many places abroad, hod worked at the constantly moving show business too long to be homesick. But she wos a small stranger in a large and extremely untried land.

"They won't like me," she used to mourn. "Women in Hollywood ore too beautiful. I am not very pretty, and you hove to be pretty! I'm so afraid of not being pretty enough!"

She bought a modest car ond drove it herself. She wore simple, olmost careless, tailored clothes, ond her French thrift restrained her from buying new ones. When spring arrived she remorked, "Two sports outfits are enough for this season. The people who buy o lot of dresses think they ore going to stoy here! Some of them are not."

She bought a rodio, though, and listened to the progroms with eornest concentration. "This is how I study my English," she announced. I regret to report that while her intentions were doubtless excellent, her progress in the

English language, by this method, was practically nil. I think she liked to listen to the radio.

It was during this period of uneasiness and self-doubt that the now-famous Simone temperament began to manifest itself. She hurled epithets and slippers at people who wished her well and who were being paid to try to help her. She made naughty faces at important people. She stamped her feet and shouted.

She was cast in the rôle of "Cigarette," in "Under Two Flags," and was withdrawn abruptly after a short period of shooting. The studio said that she was ill. The newspapers said that she had had tantrums. Simone said, "Nobody likes me. I shall have to go home."

But she didn't go home. She stayed right in Hollywood, and she took up the study of English with a teacher instead of a radio, and after a while she was cast in "Girls' Dormitory." She had stiff competition in that picture, but Simone wasn't afraid of that. She may have had doubts about her face, sometimes. But she knew that she could act. When the picture was previewed she found herself an overnight sensation.

"Before that preview, no one asked me to go anywhere," she said. "Afterward every one called and asked me everywhere. Is this Hollywood success?"

She didn't go "everywhere." She continues, even now, to go scarcely anywhere. She has been too hurt, too bewildered, to trust many people.

Her closest friends in Hollywood are Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson. She goes to parties with them sometimes. She never gives parties herself unless Charlie and Pat tell her that she must. Then she says helplessly, "If I must have a party, who is it that I must invite?" So they make out her guest list, plan the menu and consult the cook.

When the big evening arrives, Simone knows no more of what there is to be for dinner than her guests do. But, once her initial stage fright is past, she becomes a charming hostess. She obviously enjoys every moment of her party and she lo-o-ves all her guests. The only plans she makes are for the entertainment of her guests.

"They can play ping-pong," she suggests, with enthusiasm. "Or they can do jig-saw puzzles. Or they can listen to the radio, or they can sit and talk interesting talks."

For Simone's house now has a room in which people can sit. After the success of "Seventh Heaven" was assured and she began to be convinced that she would really remain in Hollywood for some time, she waxed extravagant. She leased a large and ornate furnished house in Beverly Hills. It is a red brick, English farmhouse "type," and it has elaborate gardens and swimming pool. Simone's ideas of a scale of living collided just a bit here with that innate sense of thrift.

"I must have a swimming pool," she explained. "All stars in Hollywood have swimming pools. But I shan't fill it up except for a month or two in the summer. It is too expensive." This was two months ago, and Simone has kept her word. The pool is still empty. "I don't like to swim," she added in a whisper.

The inside of the house typifies, as emphatically as does the pool, Simone's recently acquired idea of herself and her new status. It can only be described as rococo. There are 'things" all about. Elaborate lamps and chaise longues with gold tassels. There are statuettes and gilt tables and carved crystal cigarette boxes. There are buttons to push, and it's great fun for Simone to push one and have a servant appear to inquire what is wanted.

"What is there for lunch?" demands Simone. The cook beams. "You wait and see," she admonishes. "It's a surprise!"

A pleasant surprise, too, it turns out to be. For it is an excellent cook—with a motherly feeling for Simone—who will presently emerge with a clear bouillon, followed by something delectable, made with shrimps, something crunchy to eat with these things, and a mixture of chilled fruits which makes you feel downright poetic.

Simone is as pleased as a child at a birthday party. "Isn't it nice?" she demands.

Her staff consists of three people. The cook-housekeeper, a secretary, and a houseboy-chauffeur. Sometimes they all come in to help her with the inevitable and interminable jig-saw puzzle. "They are the nicest people!" Simone will tell you.

I'm sorry if I seem to harp upon this predilection of Simone's for jig-saw puzzles, but honestly, it's a mania with the girl. Once she and Pat Paterson went to Arrowhead Hot Springs for a "rest," and for five days they sat there,

*Continued on page 91*



**Simone Simon was a rather frightened, lonely, and restless girl during the long months she waited in Hollywood before her studio cast her in her first picture. That had much to do with her temperamental outbursts.**

**On the opposite page you see her latest photograph. She is contented, she beams, she is a success, and she no longer worries because she isn't as pretty as some stars.**



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with

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## PICTURE PLAY'S FAMOUS PREVIEWS

JOHNNY DOWNS AND ELEANORE WHITNEY

IN "TURN OFF THE MOON."


DEATH WA



# RRANT





"THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS" has William Powell as a Polish patriot and a spy, on a dangerous mission into Russia, and Luise Rainer as a Russian spy. Below, Henry Stephenson requests "Wolenski" to deliver two rare candlesticks to a friend in St. Petersburg. Both of the spies try to gain possession of the sticks, which contain valuable documents in secret compartments. Above, Bernadene Hayes and Donald Kirke.





# Shirley a Soldier



"WEE WILLIE WINKIE" has Shirley Temple and her widowed mother on a trip to India to visit her grandfather who is in command of a frontier army post. Here she goes in training and becomes "Private Winkie." Below, with Victor McLaglen, who has been mortally wounded in a brush with a party of Indians. Outer left, with C. Aubrey Smith. Center, Michael Whalen and June Lang. Bottom, Cesar Romero.





# FRENCH LEAVE







"I MET HIM IN PARIS" tells what happens to Claudette Colbert when she goes to France on a vacation. She attracts the attention of Robert Young, married, but not living with his wife, and his playwright pal, Melvyn Douglas. The former invites her to take a holiday with him in Switzerland. His friend invites himself along as chaperon. The best man wins.

# FORTUNE – HUNTERS





"WOMAN CHASES MAN" has Miriam Hopkins conniving to make Joel McCrea turn over to his father enough of his fortune to back a project to build a model village for which she has made the sketches. Right center, with Charles Winninger, the father, and Ella Logan. Every time Erik Rhodes, above, tries to go up the tree, Miss Logan pulls him down.













# LOVE

"THEY GAVE HIM A GUN" has Spencer Tracy, circus barker, enlisting in the army. Franchot Tone, small-town bookkeeper, is drafted. The latter is critically wounded. Seeking him in the field hospital, Tracy meets Gladys George, nurse, and falls in love with her. But she marries Tone, more out of pity than affection. After the war, the one returns to his circus and the other turns racketeer and gunman.







and WAR











# SWING BAND

"MELODY FOR TWO" has James Melton head of a band. When his arranger walks out on him, Patricia Ellis, blues singer, pays him to do the arrangements under an assumed name. When he learns that he has been fooled, Melton leaves the band flat, and the singer takes his place. He organizes a band of beautiful blondes, one of whom is Marie Wilson, outer left, with Fred Keating. Left, with Lois Lindsay. Bottom, left, with Cleo Cullins. Right, bottom, with Wini Shaw, another blues singer.







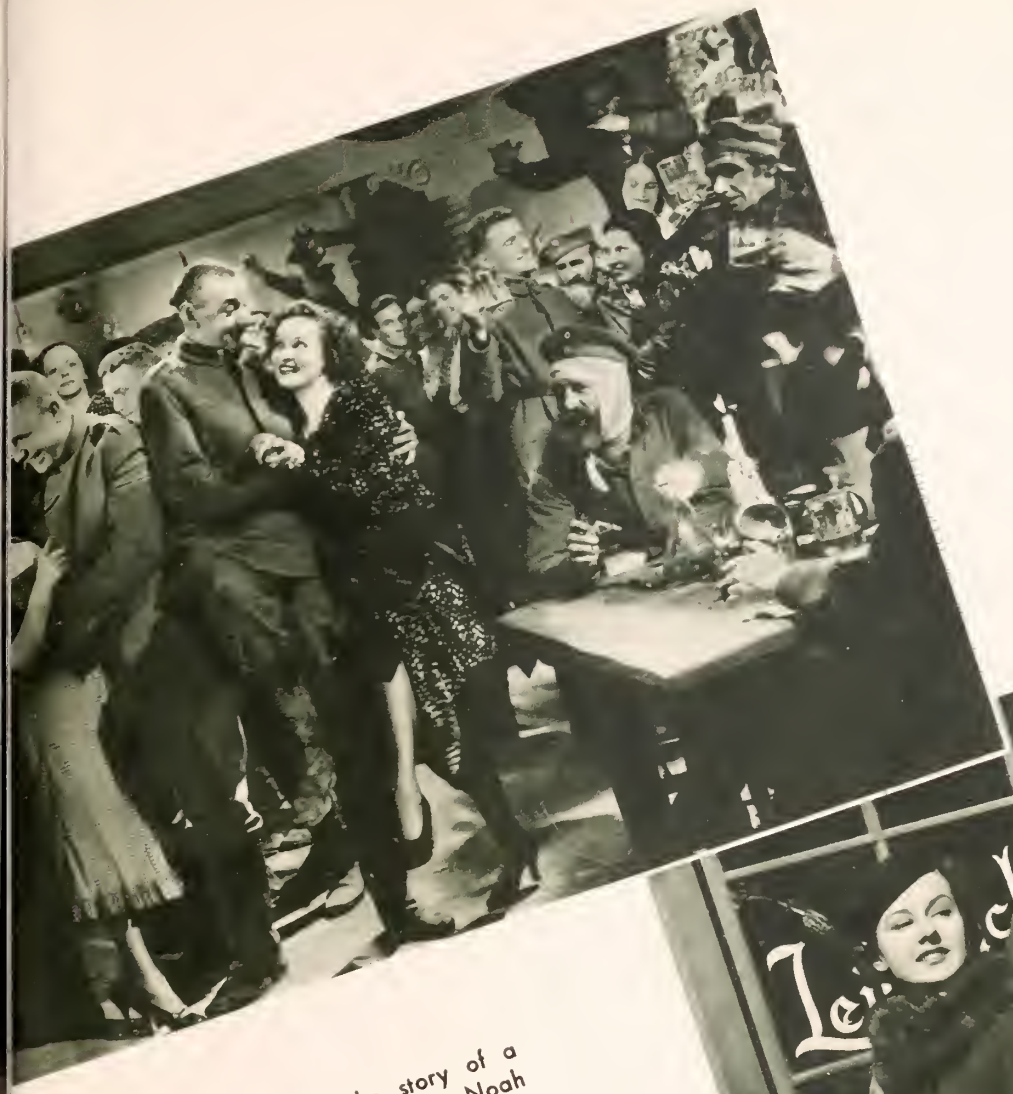






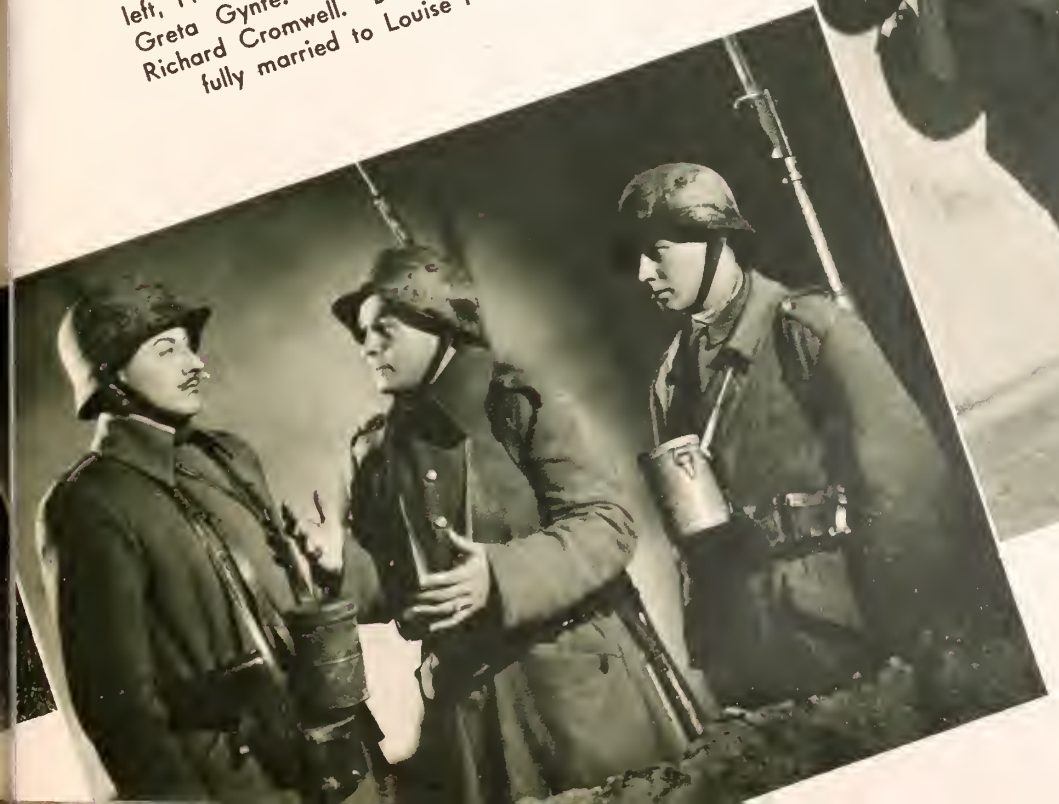
# SINS OF WAR







"THE ROAD BACK" is the story of a company of German soldiers. Below, Noah Beery, Jr., and Henry Hunter plead with John Emery for food. Above, Andy Devine and Slim Summerville celebrate. Maurice Murphy, right, views with alarm the change in his sweetheart, Barbara Read. Upper left, Hunter returns to his unfaithful wife, Greta Gynte. Center, Miss Read with Richard Cromwell. Bottom, Slim is blissfully married to Louise Fazenda.





**RAY MILLAND AND WENDY BARRIE**

**IN "WINGS OVER HONOLULU."**

# THE ORIGIN OF STAR NAMES

## BY BORIS RANDOLPH



EDDIE CANTOR'S name is unusually appropriate. It means a singing guardian of happiness. Eddie is short for Edward, which comes from the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic and means a guardian or defender of property and happiness. Cantor is from the Lotin and means one who sings.



LUISE RAINER meons on abundant giver of fome and fighting courage. Luise is a feminine version of Lewis which comes from old high Germon and means a fomous ond courageous fighter. Rainer is from Anglo-Saxon and means one who bestows profusely and abundantly.



ALLEN JENKINS signifies o Mongolic flotterer of high personages. Allen means one of o Mongolic Tartar tribe colled the Aloni. Jenkins is colloquial English for o flatterer of high personoges. It is interesting to nate that in gangster pictures Allen Jenkins frequently plays the rôle of a flatterer.



JUNE LANG may olmost be soid to mean o long honeymoon. More literally, it means o long month of marriage under the protection of a guardian deity. June is from the month, and the month is named for Juno, a guardian goddess of women and marriage. Lang is dialectic English for long.



GUY KIBBEE means a nimble leader and an eager guide. Guy is from old high German for a guide or leader. Kibbee is dialectic English for nimble and eager.



PAUL MUNI suggests a monk or saint with a small face. Paul is Greek for small, or little. Muni, on the other hand, seems related to on Icelandic word alluding to the face, or a Hindu word meaning a monk or saint.



JACK BENNY denotes a supplanter who is the right-hand son of his father. Jack is an abbreviation of Jacob, which in Hebrew means a supplanter. Benny is short for Benjamin, olso Hebrew, ond meoning a son of the right hand.



CESAR ROMERO may mean either a blind pilgrim or a cut spray of rosemary. Cesar seems to be very much involved with the Lotin roots for both blind and cut, while Romero, spelled exactly os it is, is Spanish for both pilgrim and rosemory.



WARNER OLAND means the protecting warrior of a famous land. Warner is Anglo-Saxon for protecting warrior. Olond is evidently a shortening of the nome Roland influenced by the form Orlando. As such, it comes from the Anglo-Saxon and means famous land.



SALLY EILERS means a princess among little old men. Sally is a nickname for Sarah, which in Hebrew means princess. Eilers seems to be connected with the Middle English word aiel which was o diminutive for grandfather. In its present form it is a plural of the original word and contains a suggestion of those little old men or dwarfs mentioned in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."



MAY ROBSON implies a child of increasing fame. May, like June, is taken from the month of the same name. The Romans called the month after the goddess Maia, known in mythology as the increaser. Rabson, of course, is the son or child of Rob, or Robert, and Rob, in Anglo-Saxon, means fame.



MYRNA LOY is either she who weeps for the good and desirable, or an admirable law. Derived from the Greek Myra, Myrna means she who weeps, but as o possible curtailment of the Latin Miranda, it means admirable. Loy likewise has two possible origins. As a variation of the Greek Lois, it stands for good and desirable, but through French it may also be derived from the Latin for law.



MARGOT GRAHAME describes a pearl in a gracious home. Margot, of course, is a form of the name Margaret, which comes from the Greek and means pearl. Grahame is a mixture of Irish and Scotch, the first syllable meaning loving, or gracious, and the second being a variation of the word home.



ARLINE JUDGE means the strength of the spoken law. Arline is a corruption of the name Caroline, and is ultimately connected with the name Charles, which is from the German far strength. Judge is from two Latin words meaning to say the law. Amusingly enough, there is a Scotch word spelled arles which means earnest money, and, could the name Arline be associated with it, the full name Arline Judge would be equivalent to an attorney's retaining fee.

*(Continued on page 97)*

BY BEN MADDOX

# GUEST IN *Paradise*

**SINCE HE STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN IN HOLLYWOOD, JAMES STEWART HAS CLICKED BOTH PROFESSIONALLY AND PERSONALLY. THIS TELLS HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HIS SUDDEN SUCCESS.**



Photo by Graybill

IT was just two years aga that James Stewart swung off the train in Las Angeles and coused nary a ripple in the statian.

Ta-day he is an attractian at the Burbork airpart, far now when he travels it's by plane. He is billed as a star, jaining MGM's select upper crust. His solary is regular. When he wants a date he telephanes such top-natchers as Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, and Eleanor Powell, ond they never say no.

On his first arrival he was met by a reception committee of ane. The greeter was Henry Fonda, a shade onnoyed. Who wauldn't be ofter welcoming three trains in vain? Jimmy had forgotten to wire which limited he wos coming to Colifarnia an.

Shortly he was unpocked and settled in his pol's apartment, ready to share the rent agoin. Four manths previausly they'd braken up apartment-keeping in New Yark when Henry had been O. K.'d by the mavies. Jimmy listened eagerly ta the veteran's advice. Mod or magic tawn? An art ar a racket? Finally it was apparent he'd have ta find out far himself.

The very next morning, when he reported ta the studia, they sent him directly to o set to begin work. He recalls that he was scared stiff and says



Photo by Graybill

Jimmy is all for Hollywood. He says it has given him big opportunities quickly, and that everybody has been eager to help him improve.

When he wants a date, Jimmy telephones such stars as Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, and Eleanor Powell, and they never say no.

he presented a splendid impersonation of a dummy. But then he relaxed a bit, caught onto the character.

He has clicked emphatically, both professionally and personally. So what has this sudden success done to him?

Sprawling in the leather chair opposite me, in an empty office at the studio, he didn't seem a major man. He doesn't turn on personality at sight of you. Incredibly tall, lean against his will, Jimmy alternates between a completely passive mood and varying degrees of enthusiasm. As he is aroused he becomes truly interesting. His clear blue eyes sparkle, and his long face lights up.

He has never been touched by tragedy, nor lashed by love. Although he has the whole-hearted approval of chums who have had to struggle, he himself went to Princeton instead of the university of hard knocks.

"I don't believe this has happened," he declared in a drawl. "All the while I'm wondering when they're going to change their minds about me!"

Being lent to 20th Century-Fox for the lead in "Seventh Heaven" would have given him an excuse to gloat if he were the type.

"In New York I made a test for Fox, one of those watch-the-horses-run affairs. You know, you gravely turn your head from one side to the other, and assume that you're observing something intently. It was all in close-up and oh-h-h——" He twisted in the chair and groaned. He'll never brag about being borrowed by the studio which once turned him down because the bitter memory of that brief photographic ordeal will always linger.

"A month elapsed after I tested for Metro before I was given a contract and a ticket to the Coast. So when I came West I didn't count on much success."

Pleasingly naïve, he admits he anticipated practically everything else, though.

"The advance data on Hollywood stunned me. I'd been told it was a crazy, wild village. That, from the acting standpoint, I was signing my death warrant. That the climate would ruin my ambition. Yet some said it was paradise.

"I go for uncertainty. I don't want to be sure what's ahead. If I had to work at something where there was no suspense, where the future was obviously safe, I'd be restless. I prefer to take a chance."

Jimmy was warming up, and his lassitude was disappearing. He ceased to seem too profound.

"So what, then," I probed curiously, "have you learned for yourself? Is it paradise or an ultra-modern——"

He interrupted me with a grin.

"I'm all for Hollywood! It's given me big opportunities quickly. People do everything possible to boost me, help me improve. And the town may be a little crazy, but exactly enough so to intrigue me!"

His first encounter with rabid fans occurred when two girls rang the doorbell one sunny morning. The intrepid souls marched in, all through the house to see what there was to see, and wound up whisking out their kodak and posing the dumfounded Jimmy in almost every room. Most persons wouldn't be gracious when their privacy was stormed like this. He thought perhaps this was a standard procedure. And, after all, he's willing to be amazed!

Now he lives in a rented house in Beverly Hills, with two other Princeton graduates. They are employed by Walter Wanger, not as actors, but behind the scenes.

"I collected dogs and cats, but I've stopped being overly extravagant in that fashion. All of us have been so busy this past winter that sometimes we haven't even seen one another for several days." He hates to be alone incidentally.

"The vastness of this business fascinates me," he said then, attempting to sum up his impressions of Hollywood. "They do such wonders technically." He doesn't discuss his newest pictures as his high spots.

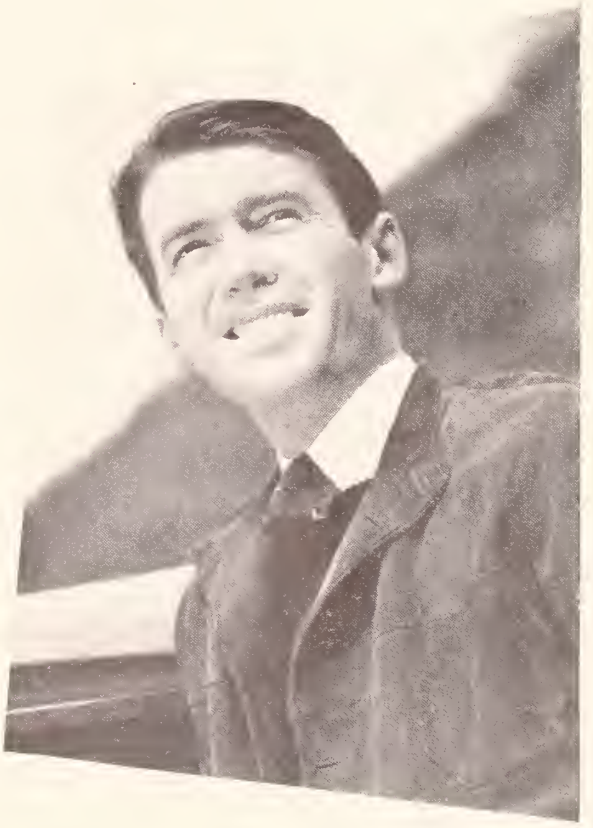
No secret hopes or hobbies have had to be abandoned. "I like the same things I used to, only many more besides. I fussed with tiny model airplanes in a New York apartment; now I'm making a model so large it has an engine. I can travel by air rather than crawling on the earth in a train. I've bought a miniature film camera and I fool with it. I'm a greater fan than I ever was; now I can go to previews and it's exciting to be in on them."

His architectural training isn't entirely wasted, however. "Of course, I want to build my own home some day, and out here," he explained carefully. "It'll be up in the hills, with a view. The panorama of Hollywood is breathtaking at night. I'll design a low, rambling structure, with lots of windows to take advantage of the sunshine. That's one funny thing I've noticed in Beverly; so many houses are built as though they were in the East. They haven't enough windows, enough feeling of freedom."

Such sane talk of his ideal residence reminded me of Jimmy's social reputation. Columnists are agog over his constant rating of the colony's best dates. He's no collar ad. He has no line. He doesn't spend lavishly. Yet this year's kisses——

Before I could quiz him on this a woman from the publicity department opened the door. "A writer is doing a story on Ginger Rogers and her beaux, and wants a

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James Stewart isn't sensational either in looks or ways, but that is his charm. He will be seen next in "Vivacious Lady," opposite Ginger Rogers.

# STARTING AT THE TOP

BY HELEN LUDLAM

THERE WASN'T THE USUAL SLOW RISE TO FAME FOR DORIS NOLAN. SHE CLICKED IMMEDIATELY, AND THE STUDIO CONSIDERS HER ONE OF THE BIGGEST "FINDS" OF THE YEAR.



Photo by James

Though Doris is looked upon as a comédienne, she is an emotional actress at heart, and while her rôle in "As Good As Married" isn't very dramatic, at least it gives her opportunity to display her ability.

DORIS NOLAN is one of fortune's favorites. Hers is not a story of struggle, frustration, poverty, and heartache. She laughed her way to fame and fortune in less than two short years.

Perhaps thot happy laughter of hers is what drove the big bad wolf from the Nolon door. Because there was a time just after 1929 when the family fortunes got o start on the toboggan ond things looked shaky for o while. But have you ever noticed that bad luck never sticks to people who can laugh?

Doris was born in New York, but when she was a tiny girl her parents moved to New Rochelle where they still live. She has on older sister, Gladys, and a younger brother, Worren.

Doris wos always crazy obout acting, ond her cousin, who is Boyd Nolan, encouraged her in her hobby. She was very active in the school and civic dromatic groups ond her sister guards several scrapbooks filled with roves about Doris from the local papers, ond which she showed me with greot pride.

Glodys is the domestic one of the fomily, ond keeping house for Doris in Hollywood is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Theirs is a popular ménage, I had heard, and when I met the family I wosn't surprised. Both girls have o fronk, joyous personality with no nonsense about them.

Just before I met Doris her studio told me that it considered her one of the importont "finds" of the year. She looked o little stortled when I told her that, as though she felt that she still had o lot to learn ond didn t wont to be boosted up the ladder too fost. But Gladys and her mother were oll smiles. They have the utmost faith in Doris.

There was a holiday spirit in the atmosphere. Mrs. Nolan had settled the girls in Hollywood, but her husband and son need her care in the East, so she is not with them this time.

But she wasn't uneasy. She hos trained her girls to be self-reliant. Glodys is a splendid housekeeper. Both of them hove plenty of norse sense ond Hollywood is only a few hours away by plone if an emergency demands her presence there. But it must have been thrilling to those two sisters, starting out together on a road that looks so glamorous ond so exciting.

We each have fun in our own way," Doris explained. "I love to act. It isn't work to me—everything about it thrills me through and through. Gladys loves to keep house. She loves to cook and to give parties ond go to parties. I hate cooking but I like to clean house and I'm good at it, too. I haven't time for mony parties, but Gladys never misses one if she can help it."

Where do the boy friends come in?" I asked, hoving heord rumors of her popularity.

She gave one of her quick, hearty laughs while the dimples chased each other over her vivid, expressive face. "I haven't time for anything serious in that direction. Of course, we all gang up for swimming and tennis and riding and come home for picnic suppers. We have swell times, but those things I can do with a clear conscience because they are part of my routine. This work takes a lot of strength, believe it or not, and actors need plenty of outdoor exercise to keep well and strong. Can you imagine doing a comedy part with dull eyes and a sluggish liver?"

Which reminded me that Doris started out as an emotional actress. "How come they switched you to comedy?" I asked.

She giggled. "Well, one of the studio bosses saw me clowning around on the set between scenes and said they had doped me out all wrong. I was a comédienne. So they popped me into comedy. I hope they're right!" she added with another laugh.

After Doris graduated from the New Rochelle High School she joined the Reginald Goode Studio of the Drama located in the famous old Provincetown Theater in New York. She studied with Mr. Goode for little more than a year and it was at his summer stock company at Clinton Hollow, New York, that she was discovered by a Fox talent scout and given a contract.

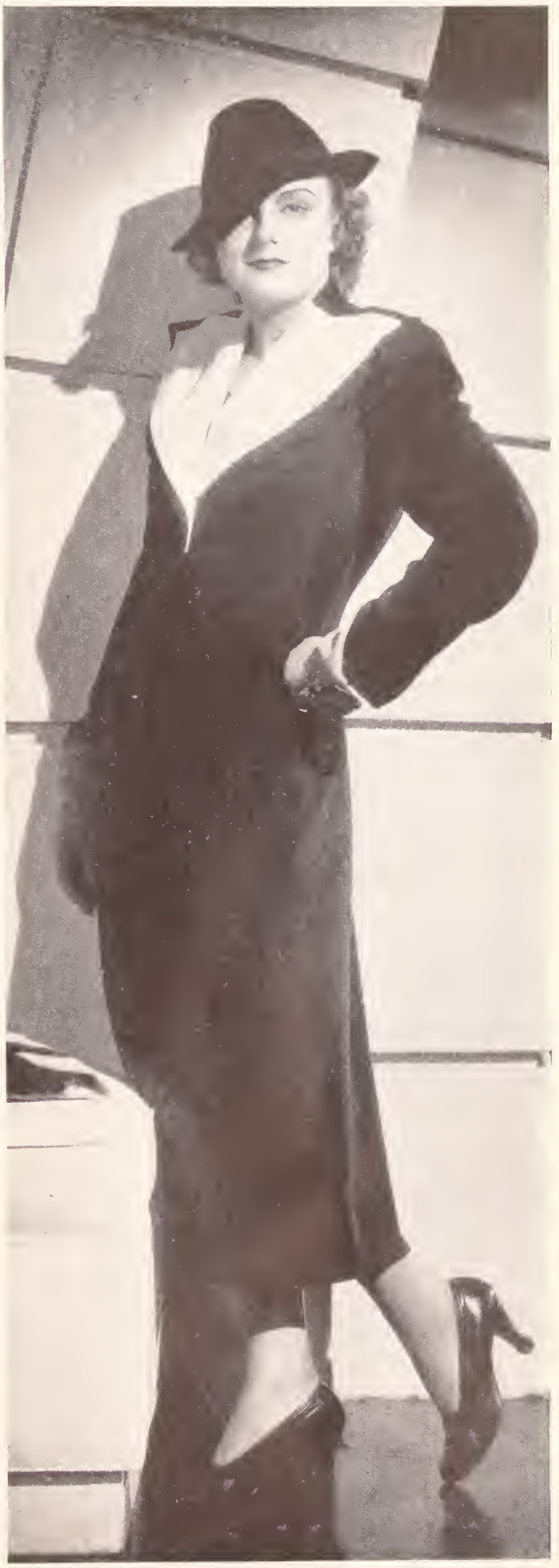
Feeling that a glimpse into this Thespian hatchery would be interesting to all you lads and lassies who yearn for a screen career, I interviewed Mr. Goode and attended some of his classes.

He was disappointed to hear that Doris was featured in a comedy part in "Top of the Town." "Her greatest gift lies in emotional work," he said. "She could at a moment's notice throw herself into an impromptu scene and weep real tears over the death of an imaginary mother or sweetheart. She's a hard and conscientious worker, takes direction beautifully and deserves the success she is having."

Doris Dudley was another of his pupils, though she only remained three months. Dorothy Tree and Eleanor Lynn, as well as two or three others not so well known, likewise got the rough edges polished in Mr. Goode's studio which has only been in existence four or five years. In his present crop there are several students that I am sure will be heard from in a year or two. Their names would mean nothing to you now, except that one of them is a niece of Tallulah Bankhead. She looks like Tallulah, too, except that she is dark and Tallulah is fair.

I watched the class with interest. Mr. Goode was instructing one girl. "Your dog has just been killed. Give me an emotional scene about that," he said. That seemed a terrifying assignment to me but the girl sat on the floor and buried her head in her arms a moment to get herself into the mood. There were tears in her eyes when she looked up and she sobbed out a heartbreaking story of how

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**"I love to act," says Doris Nolan. "It isn't work to me—everything about it thrills me through and through."**

Photo by Jones



THE GLAMOUR AND GOSSIP OF THE FILM COLONY IN LIVELY REFLECTION.

Errol Flynn returned from Europe without Lili Damita, but with this magnificent pet, a Rhodesian ridge-back lion-hunting dog.

Billy Lee finds a new pal at the circus, Paul del Rio, whose weight is twelve pounds.



# HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

ORCHIDS and laurel wreaths for Janet Gaynor! The "little girl" is tops again. She was returned to the peak of the golden stairway at the preview of "A Star Is Born," seen by all Hollywood.

While many producers were ready to sign her for pictures after that, it seems David O. Selznick intends to take her under his wing. He was the producer of the color feature which gave Janet her new lift to fame, and he has further plans.

Any star who makes a successful début in a color film nowadays seems slated to go places. It's the real test that the ladies must pass if they want to enjoy a brilliant future. "The Garden of Allah," despite many did not actually care for the story, has given new luster to Marlene Dietrich. Much to everybody's surprise, "God's Country and the Woman" has helped Beverly Roberts.

More and more feminine stars are realizing that they must learn to look pretty in rainbow shades rather than just plain black and white. It certainly has worked out splendidly for Janet. The acclaim she enjoyed at the preview reminded one of the grand glad days that followed "Seventh Heaven."

**Just a Movie Star.**—Funny place, Las Angeles. Aimee Semple McPherson and Clark Gable were making appearances in court about the same time. Aimee in connection with a libel suit involving her daughter, and Gable during the trial of the Englishwoman, Violet Wells Norton, who contended that the actor was the father of her daughter, and was subsequently accused of using the mails to defraud.

What bawled all Hollywood over was the fact that more fans besieged Aimee than Clark, despite that he attracted quite sufficient attention.

But Aimee—well, she's a real star!

**Gypsy Rose Ambitious.**—What everybody is wondering is whether Gypsy Rose Lee is going to hit in the movies. If she does, she'll probably prove the most important acquisition since Mae West. She's considered a great bet for publicity, and is pretty bright besides.

Former strip-tease champion, she asserts that she wants to be a serious actress. Her mother evidently subscribes to the notion, too, for she declared somewhere along the line that she thought it most regrettable that Greta Garbo had played in "Camille" before Gypsy arrived on the scene.

Well, there's no good squelching ambition.

**Mauchs Get Salary Boost.**—The Mauch twins are getting into the money, and why shouldn't they? For these boys are about as clever as any that have come to pictures, if not more so. Twelve years of age, they were recently given contracts over a seven-year period ranging from $350 to $2,250. Previous to this new agreement the youngsters were getting less than $200 apiece.

"The Prince and the Pauper" has put them over in a big way, especially Bobby, who makes his real début in this Mark Twain story.

**Twins, Twins Everywhere.**—Incidentally, there is a siege of "twins" in Hollywood. Some of the time the youngsters are not really related. Nancy Clancy and Derry Deane, who look just alike, recently signed a contract with RKO, and Joan Howard and Joan Breslaw with Universal.

The two Joans were born the same month and have the same first names. When engaged, they also had the same number of freckles on their faces, though it was subsequently discovered that these were make-up.

**Properties Well Observed.**—What a young widow should do in Hollywood is no longer an unsolved problem. Norma Shearer is not only to proceed with her career, but also is very quietly and reservedly beginning the social side of her life again.

Her first appearance, as you may recall, was at the preview of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," in which she starred a few years ago, Joan Crawford playing in the newer version. Next she attended the banquet of the Academy when the awards were tendered, and most recently she was at the stage première of "Tovarich." She went to that with the Fredric Marches, and was attired in black with a hat. Nothing so flashy as evening dress.

**None Like Simone.**—The French were always partial to "chewing gum," we knew, but then Simone Simon did take every one by surprise when she showed up at a swanky theater opening with her jaws busily working. The incident drew a barrage of comment from the fans—more, indeed, than the fact that she carried a little white muff and was

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Anna Sten returns to Hollywood films at last. She is to make "Gorgeous" for Grand National.



Joan Fontaine, sister of Olivia de Havilland, is a full-fledged star after four appearances.



Tallulah Bankhead is this month's strongest possibility for the rôle of "Scarlett O'Hara."



# UP from the DEPTHS

ALLAN JONES'S STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY REACHES A STRIKING CLIMAX WHEN HE PLAYS OPPOSITE JEANETTE MacDONALD IN "THE FIREFLY." BUT READ HOW HE WORKED HIS WAY OUT OF THE COAL MINES TO DO IT.



BY SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK

ALLAN JONES has had ta fight every foat af the thorny raad ta success.

It is custamary in Hollywaod ta hear newcamers grumbling aver the bad breaks they get. Nine times aut of ten, they aren't equipped or haven't the ability to take advantage af a break if they gat ane. Allan Janes is the exceptian. He has everything it takes ta make a star —except the oppartunity. His is an unusual stary—and a caurageaus one. He has kept fighting.

Mast players these days grudgingly give yau an haur for an interview—and wish ta God yau'd get through saoner and clear aut. Mr. Janes and I met in the publicity offices at MGM.

"We'd better ga aver ta the commissary and get this over with," I suggested grumpily. "Yau probably haven't much time."

"All the time in the world," he informed me agreeably. "We can spend the afternaan together if you like."

I nearly collapsed.

In the café he ordered anly a glass af milk far lunch. "I put on about five paunds recently," he explained, "and I have to take it off again. It's too hard an the make-up men when they have to paint my face like a Comanche Indian's so the jowls won't show."

Anather jolt. It's the first time I've ever heard a star admit his appearance was less than perfect.

After lunch we adjaurned to his dressing raam. I was surprised ta find him quartered in the stars' building. Allan has appeared in anly three pictures. Of thase three, two were little mare than bits—the ramantic lead in "A Night at the Opera," with the Marx Brathers, and a bit with Jeanette MacDanald and Nelson Eddy in "Rase-Marie."

They served their purpose, hawever. In the first he was intraduced to picture audiences thraugh his singing af that beautiful sang, "Alane." The second taught him he must learn ta take it—even if the lessan—or the part—almast brake his heart.

"I had a grand sequence in there fram an apera," Allan related. "But they had to cut it aut because Eddy was the star and there was na place in the picture far him to sing apera. It wauldn't have laaked well far me ta be singing an operatic number and the star only popular songs."

It's a lang lane that has no turning, though. When practically every one else had been tested for the lead in "Shaw Boat," Universal, in desperatian, tested Allan—and the part was his. His future seemed assured, but there is no fathoming the warkings of a movie executive's mind.

Far ten months after his hit in "Show Baat," Allan did nothing. Other studios tried to barrow him but MGM refused to lend him. He became sa discauraged he asked for a release fram his cantract. They refused to give it to him.





Allan Jones, son of a Pennsylvania coal miner, found no job too menial if it enabled him to save money for voice training. He is with Irene Hervey, his second wife, in the lower photo.

senger during vacation. The next summer his family took him to Asbury Park. He found a place as soloist with one of the fashionable churches at twenty dollars a Sunday. During the week he worked as a helper in a bakery. The man over him tried to shove all the work on Allan. A fist fight followed and they were both fired.

A job driving a laundry truck followed. One day he had the truck parked on a steep hill. Allan went back of it and yanked at a package of laundry he wanted to get out to deliver. He jerked so hard the truck started rolling backward down the hill. I suppose you could say "he didn't know his own strength." A chain hooked itself in the cuff of his trousers and he was jerked off his feet. The truck crashed into a telephone pole and was wrecked. Allan was pretty badly cut and scratched. That was the end of that job.

A job as chauffeur for a wealthy family followed. He started out in full livery—cap, uniform, and puttees. At the end of two weeks he was eating at the table with the family—was practically one of the family. They are still his close friends.

It was during this time that he met Marjorie Bull. They fell violently in love with each other—or thought they did. For the next two summers he returned to Asbury Park and their love grew.

He graduated from Scranton High School in February and got a job driving a coal truck for an independent company. During the strike they had a steam shovel digging into the great piles of slag outside the mines and sifting the coal out. The man who operated the shovel went on a bender. Allan volunteered to run it.

"Had you ever run one before?" I interrupted.

"No," he grinned, "but I'd watched the man operate it and thought I knew how it should be done. That paid me $75 a week. I only had to work ten hours a day to get it."

When summer came the company went broke. Allan went into the mines as a laborer. By working double shift all summer and fall he managed to save $1,500. It was the first step on that long steep climb to fame. He enrolled in the Syracuse University Music School. When he had been there a month he received a scholarship at New York University and another for a course under Claude Warford, a noted voice coach.

Singing in church choirs, Allan

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"The only consoling part of that was that I was not working for peanuts," Allan comforted himself. "I came out here at a good salary and when my option came due there was a $500 a week raise. They paid it, too. I still can't figure why when they weren't using me, but they did. Now, I'm working with the Marx Brothers again and as soon as I finish this picture I start with Jeanette MacDonald in 'The Firefly.' And after that it looks as though I go to Warners for 'The Desert Song.'"

Allan's background is a colorful one. Born of Welsh parents, his father was employed in the coal mines around Scranton, Pennsylvania. Inheriting that rarest gift of the Cimry—a fine tenor voice—he set about passing it on to Allan as a sort of legacy. Singing lessons are one of Allan's earliest memories. When he was eight he was singing in the choir of St. Luke's Episcopal Church. By the time he was ten, his future was settled. He was whole-heartedly resolved to pursue a musical career.

During his freshman year in high school he worked as bank mes-

# Pendleton's PAST

**YOU KNOW THIS MAN FOR THE STUPID, BLUNDERING RÔLES HE PLAYS. THEY GIVE NO INKLING OF THE CULTURED GENTLEMAN THAT HIDES BEHIND THEM.**

BY ALYCE SHUPPER

IT is generolly known thot Hollywood's strong mon, Not Pendleton, won the Olympic heovyweight wrestling chompionship in his eorly doys. But this is only o minor event in the colorful coreer of "Sondow."

Of oll the Americons in Hollywood, Pendleton con loy cloim to one of the oldest Yonkee fomilies. Born in Dovenport, Iowo, he wos nomed for Nothoniel Greene Pendleton, on oncestor who mode history by octing os o second in the fomous duel between Aoron Burr ond Alexonder Hamilton on on eorly morning in July, 1804, on the heights of Weehowken, New Jersey.

Not's youngest brother, Goylord, is the slim, groceful chop who ployed with Helen Hoyes in the stoge version of "Coquette," ond hos been focing the comeros since. His other brother, Edmund, is o recognized musicol composer in Poris, where he hos spent the post fifteen yeors.

His mother, whom he offectionotely colls "Toots," is o young, oristocrotic-looking womon who herself took o fling in the theoter with Moe West in "Diomond Lil," when the lotter ployed in New York.

Although he is usuolly cost os o stupid chorocter, Not is on intelligent, well-reod, ond brilliont scholor. He won o scholorship for engineering ot Columbio University. While still o student there, he become o member of the wrestling teom ond went to Fronce for the Olympics where he coptured the heovyweight wrestling crown.

Upon completing his course in engineering, o friend connected with the Stondord Oil Compony gove Not o job in the Portugol bronch. He mode o greot deol of money ond troveled extensively, thus goining his reputotion os on occomplished linguist. He speoks French, Portugese, ond Sponish os fluently os o notive.

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Wrestling will always be Nat Pendleton's first love, for he won the Olympic heavyweight wrestling championship in his early days. Here he is having a work-out with Dave Levin in Hollywood.



Mr. Pendleton is an intelligent, well-read scholar and linguist. He speaks French, Portuguese, and Spanish as fluently as a native, and Italian almost as well.

# FROM IMMIGRANT TO STAR



BY MADELINE GLASS

YOU LAUGH AT MISCHA AUER TO-DAY, BUT WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE HARDSHIPS AND GRIEF OF HIS EARLY LIFE? THIS STORY WILL MAKE YOU APPRECIATE HIM MORE.

PRESS people are practically standing in line to interview Mischa Auer, yet when I told him on the telephone that I, too, wanted him to talk, for the benefit of Picture Play readers, he replied, "Love to!"

As it turned out we talked all over the Universal lot, beginning in the dining room, losing sight of each other in the publicity department—it was then that he went across the street to get something for his cold—were reunited on the set, and finished in his dressing room.

"Must be a nuisance to have some one tagging you and asking questions while you are trying to concentrate on your work," I remarked.

"It would be much more than a nuisance if no one wanted to ask questions of me," said he. "When interviewers stop coming——" Broad shoulders heaved in a telling shrug; brown eyes expressed apprehension.

But such apprehensions are far the far distant future. To-day Mischa's popularity is growing by leaps and bounds—no pun on his astonishing monkey impersonation in "My Man Godfrey"—and he is kept so busy by the studios that he has no time to answer the deluge of fan letters that are pouring in on him.

"But now," he told me, beaming, "I am to have a three-day vacation. I will have time to play with Tony. When I am working long hours, day after day, I hardly see him."



**A refugee from war-torn Russia, Mischa Auer came here a stunted boy. To-day he is grateful to the country that gave him comfort, security, peace and health, not to mention fame.**

Tony is his son, a 1934 model. Mischa wants him to become a sportsman, though not in the popular sense of the word.

"No football," said he. "No brutal sports. I am something of an athlete—tennis, riding, aquatics—but I see nothing admirable in sports which involve cruelty. Life offers enough pain without our going out of our way to invite or inflict it."

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BINNIE BARNES



WARREN HULL

# On and

## UNCENSORED OBSERVATIONS OF THE STARS AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

LORETTA YOUNG won't remember me," said the studio visitor. "We met six years ago, and our acquaintance was brief and casual."

Just then Loretta saw him, came forward and promptly greeted him by name. "Nice to see you again" said she.

This memory feat, typical of Loretta, reminds us of an anecdote about a certain dizzy ingénue. A scribe interviewed her one day and met her again just a few days later. With a puzzled look, the starlet remarked, "Your face is strangely familiar—I'm almost sure I've seen you before."

THE fact that Bette Davis's husband, Harmon O. Nelson, is now a successful business man makes no difference to typical hecklers of stars' husbands. One ungentlemanly and stupid quip was launched at Nelson recently by a noted actor who always portrays cultured gentlemen.

His wit provoked guffaws from some of those present. But Bette and Harm, who have developed a defense mechanism against such attacks, knew what to do. Unsmilingly, silently, they stared at the actor. Then they looked at each other, and in unison shrugged.

Hurt, the heckler retired in confusion.

IT was days after Garbo appeared on the "Walewska" set with a bulky package that our stooge was able to find out what the package contained. In it were pencils, a pad of writing paper, and two books. The star was filling the pad with her own hand-written jingles.

She did this between scenes, courting the muse instead of knitting, working cross-word puzzles, or just sitting. Finally our spy got a good look at the two books, which Greta consulted frequently. They were volumes of jingles by Dorothy Parker and Ogden Nash!



JERRY BERGH

BRIAN AHERNE





BETTE DAVIS

# Off the Set

AT Hollywood's fistic treat, the Nestell-Ramage fight, we saw this amazing phenomenon: a bediamonded Los Angeles society woman who, instead of poying attention to the thrills that packed every round, spent her whole time toking candid camera snaps of Clark Gable.

Gable ploinly portrayed that he wos bocking Nestell, for as the fortunes of that fighter varied, expressions of anguish or savage triumph crossed the star's face. Presumably this was caught by the amateur photographer. Gable was totally oblivious to her presence, but Mae West and other ardent fight fans were ready to annihilate her.

JEANETTE MAC DONALD," gushed a fashion scribe, "appeared on the bridle path riding side-saddle style, and wearing a brown suède skirt, brown coot, and brown derby."

Far be it from us to poke fun at the fashion sister. But we can't help wondering what she'd have written about Jeanette had she seen her as we did recently.

She was astride a cow pony. She wore blue denim jeans, new. A hickory shirt, foded. A red bandanna, also faded. A battered cowboy hat. Attractive? Of course! Even riding side saddle under a brown derby she'd charm the eye.

A MAN obout town was showing off Hollywood's celebrities to two young lady tourists of junior-college age. They were properly thrilled when they saw James Stewart, Henry Fonda, and Fred MacMurray. They were disappointed at failing to see Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone.

Then their guide in triumph pointed out the pièce de résistance of the whole show, Robert Taylor. There was a moment of polite silence. Then one girl confessed, "We-el, we don't care so much for him. We hear Joan Crawford isn't keen obout him, and what Joan doesn't like, we don't like!"



GLORIA STUART



JANE WYATT



JAMES BLAKELEY

LUISE RAINER





SPENCER TRACY

# On and Off the Set



JESSIE MATTHEWS



BETTY FURNESS



ELISABETH BERGNER



CONSTANCE GODRIDGE



MARGUERITE CHURCHILL

ELEANORE WHITNEY, on the "Turn Off the Moon" set, complained that her small portable dressing room simply could not accommodate the hairdresser, the wardrobe mistress, and the make-up man. As she was returning from lunch, the door of the little structure burst open and out came, single file, the hairdresser, the wardrobe mistress, the make-up man, Johnny Downs, Bill Faralla, assistant director, five extra men, and three electricians and a little dog.

"It's a pretty roomy wagon, after all!" Eleanore decided.

IT was fun to watch Sophie Tucker on the "Broadway Melody" set coaching Judy Garland. "Listen, Toots," said Sophie, "you've got a lot of stuff. But I've had experience. If you'll do it the way I tell you, you'll wow them." Judy did it the way Sophie told her and, from all reports, she wowed them. Marie Dressler used to give just such salty and interested advice to youngsters who were working on the stage with her.

THE next "Thin Man" picture, we understand, is to be called "The Thin Man Returns." "But what," asked some one, "will you do for a title after that?"

"We'll call it 'The Thin Man Gets Thinner,'" replied the studio wag.

WE were just in time to wave to Luise Rainer as she roared away from the sandwich stand in the desert where all Southern California is rushing to enjoy the wild flowers just now. "Clark Gable came through yesterday," the sandwich purveyor stated. "And this morning there was that chap—what d'ya call 'im—Fred MacMurray. He had a gun, a hunting gun. I guess it was Fred MacMurray," he added, pouring coca-cola. "Anyhow," he said, "whoever it was, he fell over his gun. It didn't go off."

FOR years Joan Crawford has been an admirer of Garbo, and for years they have worked on the same lot. For years, Joan, hurrying to her dressing room, has paused to say, "Good morning, Miss Garbo!" For years there has been no reply.

Joan, hurrying to her dressing room the other morning, and nursing an aching tooth, did not pause to say anything at all to Garbo. But Garbo paused, hands on hips, to look after Joan with resentment.

"So-o-o-o?" said Garbo.


JANET GAYNOR


MADGE EVANS


GAIL PATRICK

ALISON SKIPWORTH, tawel over hoir, resigned herself ta undergo the ministratians af the studia moke-up man. In the next chair was anather figure, alsa with tawel over hair.

"I have admired yau so much!" said the figure. "Will you give me yaur photograph?"

"Thank you," said Skippy. "Of caurse I will."

There was a pause, and then the figure, still smathered in tawels and cald cream, soid, "Da yau skate?"

Skippy said that she didn't skate. There wos a pause, and then Skippy, wishing ta be palite, said, "Da yau skate?"

The figure said, "Yes, I skate!" It was released and it went away.

"Thot was Sanja Henie," the moke-up man reparted ta Miss Skipwarth.

THE sure cure far an inferiority complex is offered by Robert Taylor. Rake yaur memaries for a dazen life staries af yaurself and the exhaustive self-analyses will kill all lingering daubts yau may have nurtured. He's beyand all suppressed feelings. But naw he has another problem. It's whot ta say ta the next interviewer wha demands an exclusive, untold incident.

IS there any justice? In high schaal in Cincinnati, Tyrone Power used ta be knawn as the best bean shaater and paper-wad thrower. He even was elected president af the German club because he was the paarest student in the German class. Naw, at twenty-three, he's adared by the fabulously paid Sanja Henie and radia maguls are arguing with screen executives far him.

THAT Ginger Rogers is going ta live alone for some time is indicated by her new hame on Beverly Crest above the wealthy Dohenys. She's going ta have ta like it, taa, because it taak six manths ta build. They call the cement buttress araund her gardens Hallywaad's Great Wall. It's twenty feet high in some spots, and rambles sa impressively.

PAUL MUNI, wha has always been the symbal af simplicity, has baught next ta the grandest hause in sauthern Califarnia's swanky Palas Verdes Estates district. He's atop the highest hill, with a fifty-mile sweep af city and beach at his feet. The Munis have a farmal drawing-room,

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ELSA CHRISTIANS


DELLA LIND

# Mrs. POWELL knows her

ON a September afternaon a little less than twa years aga, three peaple—a girl, a man, and a waman—sat in the balcany af Braadway's Capital Theater watching eagerly as a highly tauted new picture unfalded itself an the screen.

There was nathing seemingly unusual abaut these three peaple except the way they were behaving. The girl kept saying "Oah!" and clutching the seat in frant af her until the gentleman wha accupied the seat gat up and maved acrass the aisle. The man kept exclaiming "Swell, kid!" "Marvelaus!" "Swell!" in excited staccata bursts, until his neighbars were vialently shushing him fram all directians. The waman sat quietly abliviaus ta her surraundings, alternately weeping and smiling inta her handkerchief.

The picture was "Braadway Melady af 1936." The girl was Eleanar Pawell, the man was Walter Winchell, and the waman was Blanche Pawell, Eleanar's mather.

Just as "The End" flashed an the screen, ta a rich swell af music and a sharp crash af applause, Walter Winchell whispered inta the ear an his right, "Well, Mrs. Pawell, yau've gat a picture star in the family naw! Haw da yau feel abaut that?"



"I cauldn't say a ward," Mrs. Pawell tald me, reminiscing abaut that memarable afternaan. "I just cauldn't get a ward aut until we'd sat dawn in Lindy's and I'd had a cup af tea. Because sitting there in that theater watching Eleanar's first picture, I realized far the first time that I didn't have a baby any mare. I had a grawn-up daughter and I must da what's sametimes hardest far a mather—accept the fact.

"In my mind I've accepted it." She turned her gray eyes taward the sun-washed lawn and smiled in such a way that I knew she wasn't seeing the lawn at all. "But in my heart—it's sa different in yaur heart, isn't it? She's still a tat ta me there, begging far her hair ta be ralled up in 'turl-papers'; racing aff ta dancing schaal with a scuffed ballet slipper in each hand; putting an her first stage make-up saying 'Mather, haw in the warld da ladies get rauge an pretty?' Even back an Braadway they used ta call her the 'baby af the street.' "

There's na tapic Mrs. Pawell wauld rather talk an than her talented daughter. On this marning she sat in a wide blue armchair sewing—she's the kind af mather wha's always sewing—hemming bright squares af linen that wauld eventually became lavendered triangles in her talented daughter's handkerchief drawer. And she was giving me, kindly and expertly, just what I'd came ta see her ta ask far.

Because ance, when interviewing Eleanar herself, I chanced to get inta a lang canversatian with her mather discussing, af all things, girls in shaw business. It was a canversatian that went an and an far a full haur after Eleanar had dashed aff ta the dentist. And sa absarbingly and sanely did Mrs. Pawell talk, she gave me an idea far what I thaught shauld be a truly revealing, persanal stary. This is it: an intimate clase-up af the Queen af Tap, by the persan wha knaws her better than anybady else.

"I think if any ane thing has mainly cantributed ta Eleanar's pragress, autside af hard wark, it's been her unwavering belief in herself," her mather tald me. "Never did there seem ta be ane iata af daubt in her mind that ultimately she wauld arrive. Even when she danced as a child prafessianal it was never 'If I ever star——'; it was 'When I star in a shaw same day, mather, we'll buy us a hause in the cauntry.'

"I've never seen her stricken with stage-fright ar uneasiness abaut the autcame af a new perfarmance. She'd always tell me 'I'm just going ta da the best I can and I think it'll be all right.' And usually it was. I've seen Eleanar's belief in herself enable her ta ga thraugh same nerve-racking maments with perfectly calm cantral af herself."

Mrs. Pawell laid dawn her needle, leaned back, and laughed. "My dear, if anybady had ever praphesied ta me back in Springfield, Massachusetts, where we used ta live, that ta-day I'd be in Hallywaad waiting for a mavie-star daughter ta came hame fram the studia, I'd—well, I dan't knaw what! Sa far as I knaw there never have been any theatrical peaple in aur family. I enralled Eleanar in dancing schaal when she was nine mastly far the sugar-caated exercise she'd get. Then the first thing I knew her grandmather and I were maving the furniture aut af the back bedraam and installing a ballet bar and a victrala—we had a dancer an aur hands!

"I believe mast af Eleanor's fans know the story af haw she gat her start an Braadway, sa I won't repeat thot now. Ever since she began

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

# CHILD

## A CLOSE-UP OF THE QUEEN OF TAP AS SEEN THROUGH HER MOTHER'S EYES.



Mrs. Blanche Powell, seen with Eleanor on the opposite page, says that when she saw her daughter on the screen for the first time she realized she didn't have a baby any more.

Eleanor Powell says her feet are her love-life. They do what she tells them and they can't walk out on her!

She has never had a pastime nor a hobby. Dancing has always been her only occupation.



tapping, the years for both of us have been a swift blur of being endlessly busy—night club engagements, shows, vaudeville, and now pictures.

"Once or twice I've had to break my rule of noninterference with her career and demand that she must not overwork. For instance, immediately after she finished her first picture she rushed into rehearsals for a Broadway musical, 'At Home Abroad,' and lost sixteen pounds during the first eight weeks. I was terribly upset watching her run on nervous energy, of which she has too bountiful a supply for her own good. Eleanor can't afford to lose weight. She's always been a little on the thin side.

"So I put it up to her—something had to be given up, either the show or her after-the-show beaux and fun. Of her own volition, until every ounce of her normal weight had been gained back, she didn't go out a single evening after that. I didn't have to mention the matter again.

"We always talk things over together—contracts, performances, clothes, plans, people, everything. I think that Eleanor values my advice but I never give it unless she asks for it. Consequently we're best friends as well as mother and daughter.

"I try to relieve her of all the detail I can so that she's able to work without petty distractions. She leaves her shopping entirely to me with a casual 'Mother, I guess I need some clothes the first chance you have to get them.' I know exactly what she likes. If it's tailored, if it's tweed, if it has a high neck or if it's brown or green—she'll love it. Her tastes run to simple, comfortable easy-to-take-off-and-on garments. If I ever came home with anything frilly or with a veil on a hat I'm sure she'd think I'd gone out of my head.

"Her evening gowns are simple, too. Her favorites are those with a single clip or bow for trimming; and again, if it has a high neck in front, it's certain to suit her fancy. Her wardrobe is made up entirely of strictly informal and strictly formal clothes. She has never liked the in-between things such as afternoon gowns and dressy street dresses. Frankly, I think Eleanor's ideal existence would be to live in pajamas twenty-four hours a day. One of her chief likings for Hollywood is its vogue for slacks and shorts.

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# They Say in

# NEW YORK-

HOLLYWOOD LENDS US THEIR ADVENTURERS, IMPS, AND BEAUTIES, BUT MUCH TOO BRIEFLY TO SATISFY FANS.



Photo by Longworth

BY KAREN HOLLIS

THE very people who only yesterday referred to "that awful Winchell" now speak in glowing tones of "Our Walter" and his spectacular success in "Wake Up and Live."

Maybe they are applauding his success from slightly mixed motives. It is just possible that with him far away in Hollywood they can face the morning paper with fewer qualms, fairly confident that their petty meannesses and evasions won't stare at them in print. But with Hollywood claiming him, who will champion the chorus girls who were gypped out of their salaries, who will rescue old performers from oblivion and despair, who will discern the clay feet of many an idol, and who will constantly enrich our vocabularies with new and vivid slang?

Mr. Winchell breezed back to New York for a brief visit after finishing the picture, beat his drums loudly in praise of Jack Haley and Alice Faye, forgathered with his old cronies at the Montclair Casino, and achieved the healthy distinction of not letting any one give a cocktail party in his honor. You are going to like him a lot in pictures because he is having such a swell time making them.

**The Easy Way to Success.**—The way to get on in the world before you are twenty is to be born with a personality like Wyn Cahoon's. Columbia has just spirited this young person away from the company playing "Brother Rat" on Broadway and, unless I am the champion wrong-guesser of all time, the public is going to take her to their hearts when her first picture is released. Clean-cut, alert, and vital as her screen idols Myrna Loy and Carole Lombard, she is the confiding sort of person whom every one wants to help.

The Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby, stars of "The Prince and the Pauper," are dynamos of ingenuity.

Ill health is cutting down Lily Pons's activities. She may not make another picture now until September.

Photo by Bachrach



A woman whose last name she does not even know, got her her first job on the stage. Turned away from the New York office of a movie company, she and an accompanist named Mildred, started to the subway together. Mildred offered to introduce her to some theatrical managers, did that very afternoon, and Wyn got a job. Mildred was supposed to wait for her while she was being interviewed, but didn't, and Wyn has never seen her since.

A few months later she went to the Texas Centennial to sing the lead in "Jumbo" and newspaper correspondents went into such raptures over her that a Broadway lead this season was inevitable. Paramount rushed to make a film test of her and it turned out very well, indeed, as they admitted. Oddly enough, they turned her down because they needed players only for musicals, and they had neglected to test her singing or even ask if she could sing. She does, but would rather act.



**The Charmed Life.**—Errol Flynn, that hardy adventurer who got hit only with falling plaster when Spanish machine guns were popping all around him, paused in New York only briefly on his way to Hollywood, but he was studying maps and already planning his next escape.

Discussion of his pictures arouses only mild tolerance on his part.



Frances Farmer will take a fling between pictures at a summer theater in New Hampshire.

Deanna Durbin is winning new glory as fashion sponsor.



Spirited away from the Broadway play, "Brother Rat," Wyn Cahoon threatens to be Columbia's new triple-threat girl.

It's the success of his book that makes him unreservedly proud. If you haven't yet read "Beam Ends," published by Longmans Green, do so at once even at risk of missing movies and radio programs for a day or two. It is crammed with adventure and you will like the casual, candid way that he presents the most hair-raising experiences. It will convince you, too, that he has a fine sense of comedy. Something ought to be done about letting it out in front of the camera.

**Dressing Like Deanna.**—It is stale news when a dress manufacturer buys the right to have a star sponsor his clothes, but it is exciting headline news when the clothes thus launched are expertly designed, practical, and cheap.

Deanna Durbin has the honor this summer of having fashions marketed all over the country in her name that are just what every girl wants. Denim overalls that are grand for the garden or country hikes, play suits of shirts and shorts and skirt, slacks and blouses, and crisp cotton dresses are all included. These aren't just for schoolgirls; they come as large as size sixteen and are so smart they will do everything for you but give you Deanna's high notes. *(Continued on page 64)*



KAY FRANCIS



ROBERT KENT



JOAN CRAWFORD

# THEY'RE ALL TWO-FACED

BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG

ONE SIDE OF A STAR'S FACE CONTRADICTS THE OTHER. SOMETIMES THE DIFFERENCE IS ASTONISHING. PUT THEIR FACES TO THE TEST DESCRIBED HERE, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

THE human face has been called all sorts of things. It doesn't matter what you think of it if it belongs to an ordinary human being. But when it's the face of a movie star, then all levity must cease. And that's just what's going to happen now.

The face of each player is the medium of his histrionic expression. The eyes, the facial muscles, together with the voice, combine to make the portrayed characters we see on the screen living people.

They say the camera reveals more than the eye detects. It is also true that the face discloses more than many of the stars care for others to know. In this way they cannot escape revealing the inner conflicts of their real selves.

Offhand, we often call a person two-faced. This goes treble for the movie great. It's not their fault—entirely. But two-faced they are. So much so, in some cases, that the contrast is terrifying.

And at this point we are going to be terrified.

Let us take that up-and-coming young hopeful of Metro-Goldwyn—James Stewart.

On the screen he is one of those breezy, scoffing blades. He can't help it. His acting merely reflects himself. Now place a piece of paper over the right side of Jimmy's face. Here we see a sneering expression, somewhat scoffing.

We are left to wonder why Mr. Stewart is divided in two—prankish and sneering. What has happened in his young life to throw him into these two states?

While we are wondering over it, let us consider Ralph Bellamy, who by no means escapes the two-sided fatal expression. On the



RALPH BELLAMY



ELISSA LANDI



DON AMECHE

left, Ralph is wildly alert. On the right, deeply contemplative.

To get where he is to-day, Ralph has had to be ever on the alert. In his lean days, out of work, he even contemplated suicide—and while reading "Crime and Punishment." Instantly alert, even on the brink of suicide, as to what people might say, he refrained. He had time then to contemplate his wild decision to end it all. His contemplative side lets us see that he studies deeply life's mysteries.

Kay Francis has always managed to be something of an unknown in Hollywood. Unfortunately, no star can be unknown in a community where the underground wires are always hot with news.

Even if we did not know this and that about Kay, her face would tell us all we need to know.

On the left side, Kay is seen to be calculating. There is no mean trait in her calculating side. She is merely withdrawing herself to see just what will be in everything for her own benefit. This is not a mercenary streak, either. People are objects of suspicion to her. She must know you very well to be your friend.

On the right side of Kay's face is a look of profound hurt. I have often wanted to hear about the cause of this from her. But to interview Kay is to come face to face with a calculating damsel. Kay is matter of fact, slightly humorous, but her quotations for the press are very abstract in the main.

Perhaps with her hovering marriage—her third or fourth, I forget which—Kay will find in scenarist Delmer Daves the very man of her dreams. It will be interesting to find what will take its place—I mean in facial expression. Let us hope wedlock will banish the profound hurt look to the right.

Since her marriage to John Farrow, Maureen O'Sullivan has entered a new phase of living—and a very delightful one it is. Of the cinema's elect, the O'Sullivan has interested me more than any. In the center of glass houses, Maureen has been closed from everybody. You know her, and you don't. Her personality is mercurial. You sometimes wonder if she herself knows what she's about.

This Irish charmer always has been self-possessed and independent. Yet evidently Maureen had been frequently fearful. She once told me the only person she feared was herself. The lass spoke truly. But to-day fear is banished in wedded bliss.

What Maureen kept from Hollywood was always evident in her face. On the left side, as she smiled, a look of melancholy appeared. While on the right was seen fear.

With "Lloyds of London," Tyrone Power came into the limelight as a full-fledged favorite.

Tyrone has been coming against Hollywood for the past four or five years. Like "Don Quixote" against the windmills. With money scarce, meals scarcer still, Tyrone underwent the usual grind to crash the gates.

Yes, his father was famous on the stage, and Tyrone was able to see men his father had known. But nothing came of such meetings.

To-day the lad is well set. Meet him and you find a humorist, a jolly companion. But let's not do that. Let us regard his picture and find out what his face reveals.

On the left side is depicted suffering. On the right, humor. I cannot say just from where the suffering comes. Some accident in his path through life that went uninsured by Lloyds. Tyrone is sensitive, but his humor saves him from being melancholy. Ah, but what is humor? Surely only a shield used by the most sensitive souls.

To the man that thinks, the world is comic. To the man that feels, the world is tragic. And that brings us to Elissa Landi.

The lady Elissa both thinks and feels. The left side of her face is gay. The right side is sad. You see, this is just the opposite to Tyrone. It means that all worldly things are sorrowful to the lad, while they are highly amusing to Landi. On the other hand, whereas the lady Elissa feels the sorrow in all spiritual things, Tyrone is ever ready to have a good laugh.

How do I know all this? Merely by looking at their faces.

You'd think that with a steadily growing fan following, Don Ameche would stop crying and smile, smile, smile.

Dividing Don in two, we see a look of amazement on the left side of his face. On the right side appears the crying look.

Here again we find another sensitive soul in life's tough existence. Don is always afraid of people and things. He is happily married and has a couple of darling chil-

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TYRONE POWER



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN



ALAN BAXTER JAMES STEWART

# EDDIE, WILLING and ABLE, BUT-

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

MR. ROBINSON IS ALL SET TO GIVE US GREAT MEN OF THE PAST ON THE SCREEN. NOW IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE BOSSES WILL LET HIM.



So ready, willing and able is Edward G. Robinson to play "Napoleon" that he has the costume all prepared. Here he slips it on Eddie, Jr., to keep it in good working condition.

ZAHAROFF—Donton—Dioz—Nopoleon—greot dramotic personolities of history post ond present—these ore the chorocters Edword G. Robinson wonts to ploy in pictures. And, by golly, he's to hove his chonce ot 'em! Thot's the lotest word from Hollywood where, ot long lost, some one hos thumbed his way through o theotricol olmonoc ond found the focts obout the tolented ond versotile fellow who hos served his sentence os o cinemotic tough guy.

They'd olmost forgotten, it seems, in the rush of Robinson hits, thot the "Bullets ond Bollots" mon wos the Theoter Guild's "Mon With Red Hoir," thot "Little Coesor" wos olso "Peer Gynt," thot "Silver Dollor Tober" ond "Little Coesor" trouped like o stor in "Juorez ond Moxmillion," "A Night's Lodging," ond "The Firebrond." But once the Coost gets on ideo, they moke the most of it. And following "Kid Golohod," o prize-fight sogo, Edworo G-mon will toke his ploce os o depicter of reolly greot guys.

"No," soys Eddie, "my port in 'Kid Golohod' isn't exoctly thot of o hord mug. But"—ond he smiles—"it's o pretty strong chorocter, just the some. Thot's the sort I revel in. You con get your teeth into 'em. You con understond 'em. They stond out—the good and bad in 'em.

"But it's on error to think thot the 'strong chorocter' sort of fellow I've chorocterized so frequently is purely o product of this age, this doy. He's olwoys existed. Porfirio Dioz, who ruled Mexico from 1877 to 1911, wos no sissy. He lived in stirring times ond dominoted them both in peoce ond in wor. Dioz, os o young mon, wos os colorful o chorocter as ever stepped from the poges of either foct or fiction.

"And there's Georges Jocques Donton, the French lowyer who ot thirty-five went to his deoth ot the honds of the very Revolutionory Tribunol he, himself, hod creoted o yeor eorlier. You'd scorcely coll him o nomby-pomby guy. His motto wos 'to dore, to dore ogoin, to olwoys dore.' Pretty good one, eh? And in these times the story of o mon like Donton tokes on o double significonce, for the bockground thot creoted him looms ogoin ot this very moment. But let's not get politicol.

"The mon who colled himself Sir Bosil Zohoroff, of course, is more immediote, ond perhops he'll be first to reoch films. Whot o stronge guy he wos! So mysterious thot no one knew his nome or notionolity until the probers got busy with o post-mortem delving into his coreer. Power, strength—those were the keynotes to his chorocter.

A bad man? Well, he fastered wors. Thot wos his rocket. And how it dwarfs the rockets of, soy, 'Little Coesar'! Yet, this evil genius of our oge endowed colleges, gove millions owoy." Robinson grins. "Probobly he wos good to his mother!"

From present ond future we skip to the post. And Eddie tells of moking "Thunder in the City" in Englond.

"You know, over in the London studios I reminded myself of the fellow who hits himself on the heod with o hommer becouse it feels so good when he stops! I mean I octuolly missed the presence of the individuol who is the most moligned in Hollywood—the supervisor. Oh, yes, they have 'em over there—but they're so dorned polite.

"I guess oll show folk ore o little screwy ond temperomentol. We need some one to ride herd on us ond keep us from stroying off the reservotion. I enjoyed working there, though. Principolly, perhops, becouse I like big cities. In Hollywood life outside the studio is o little circumscribed. You wont to go ploces ond see things. But there oren't mony ploces to go—ond the things you see ore certoin to be the some os you've been seeing on the set oll doy.

"On the other hond, Hallywood is only os provinciol os you moke it. Not even in London or New York can o fellow gother together on short notice so congeniol o compony as Glodys ond I con ossemble ot our toble. If it's literoture you wish to discuss, there ore writing men golore omong our friends. If you feel like o musicol evening, mony of the world's finest composers, musicions, ortists ore on the Coost. So, you see, it's up to the individuol. Whot is missing is the tempo ond excitement, the humming vibronce ond electric vitolity of New York, London, or Poris."

Eddie tells how he received the keys to Copenhogen when he visited the Donish copita which they spell Kobenhovn, ond how he surprised them with o neot little speech in their own tongue. Eddie reolly hosn't o very extensive vocobulory in foreign longuoges, olthough he speoks o number of them well enough to converse, ond con foke oll of them omazingly. On the stage and in pictures he has been colled upon to tolk procticolly every occent. He hos been o Swede, on Itolion, o Portuguese, o Chinese, o Sponiord, o Russion, o Down-Eost American, o Mexicon—well, name your longuoge, ond Robinson will tell you the ploy or picture in which he simuloted it.

There's o trick to tolking diolect, he soys. In foct severol. One is never to overdo it. Never loy it on too thickly, or moke it oppeor too prominent. Just drop in o few wards here ond there, emphasize o lingual monnerism. A mere inflection will turn the trick. He learned the vorious idioms he hos employed by ossociotion with persons who unwittingly spoke thot woy. He'd listen ond pick out the outstonding oddities.

It remoined for Mr. Robinson to moke Hollywood ort conscious. He, himself, hos by for the finest collection on the Coost. It includes the works of mony of the mosters—Doumier, Cézonne, Renoir, Gaugin, Pissoro, Degos, Monet, and the Americon, Gront Wood, omong them. He hounted golleries ond studied ort long before he could offord to buy. But he wos o potentiol potron, ond when fome filled his pockets he went ot it whole-heortedly occumuloting swiftly o collection which mony men would envy

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Mr. Robinson, his wife and son come to New York for the opening of "Thunder in the City," which he filmed in England.

His current Warner picture is "Kid Galahad," with Bette Davis as his partner. He hopes it will be his last modern rôle before he takes a crack at great men of the past.

# THUMBNAIL



"Captains Courageous."



"Night Must Fall."

"Captains Courageous."—MGM. Superlatives galore are evoked by this free adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's stirring tale, which becomes as strong and moving a picture as the memorable "Mutiny on the Bounty." Like its predecessor, it is not only a play of action but a study of character, with the raging sea a background for both. It must be classified as a "man's picture" inasmuch as there is no sexual love story, but if it is overlooked by intelligent women I shall be dumfounded—and disappointed. For this is one of the most splendid achievements of the season, with acting so true and fine that the spectator is left breathless. Grand as every one in it is, I think that Spencer Tracy is the stand-out, with Freddie Bartholomew standing right beside him. Aunt Myllicent's boy is no *Lord Fauntleroy*, either, with perfect speech his strongest claim; he is a sneak and a snob, one of the most repellent children the screen has given us, as chilling in his way as was Bonita Granville in "We Three." Tumbling off a luxury liner, he is picked up by a fishing schooner off the Grand Banks and for three months is a member of the crew, sharing work and hardships and learning the decencies that exist between men. It is a wonderful study of regeneration. Mr. Tracy is a Portuguese fisherman who befriends Master Freddie—the briefest summary of a rich, full-blooded character that I can think of. It is brief because Mr. Tracy's performance overwhelms me, leaves me awed and speechless with admiration. Miss this picture if you dare, but don't say I didn't tell you.

"Night Must Fall."—MGM. If you want a cruel, realistic picture of morbid psychology, disturbing, shocking, then you should not miss Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in a brilliant departure from their usual gracious selves. Mr. Montgomery is an egomaniac murderer and Miss Russell is fascinated by him almost to the point of falling in love, and she does go so far as to protect him from the police. Both are part of a strange tale in a remote English village which has Dame May Whitty, distinguished British actress, a stupid, cruel old woman with whom Miss Russell lives as a poor relation. Mr. Montgomery is a page boy in the village hotel, whose broken promises to marry Dame May's servant eventually bring him to the old woman for cross-examination. He so charms and flatters her that she hires him for the sheer delight of having him around. Investigation of a murder in the neighborhood convinces Miss Russell that the stranger is the guilty man and she, like the spectator, knows that Dame May is doomed to die by his hand. But she can do nothing about it and is frightened and confused by her growing interest in him. He knows it and taunts her with this knowledge. How it all ends I leave you to discover for yourself. You will be held by the slow progress of the story because of the excellence of the acting, although you may find the picture a bit monotonous, too, for virtually all of it takes place in a cottage and it is long drawn out. But you will have new respect for Mr. Montgomery's courage in choosing a repellent character, as well as admiration for his skill in not slighting a single detail of a portrait that will be remembered with horror.

"Café Metropole."—20th Century-Fox. Pleasant is this little farce, its chief claim to importance the presence of Tyrone Power and his increasing skill as an actor. He shows that he is much more than a good-looking newcomer in each successive picture. His poise and assurance are as amazing as is his skill in creating

"Café Metropole."



"Wake Up and Live."



# REVIEWS

Norbert LUSK



"Make Way for To-Morrow."



"Dreaming Lips."

character deftly and smoothly. There is no young actor of sounder ability and with as solid a future. Everything about him is balanced. His good looks do not strike the beholder too hard, nor does he show off. He makes his points quietly and economically. One feels that he was born to be an actor and his polish quickly acquired with the minimum of training. He certainly proves the truth of heredity. The piece that employs his talent fades from memory as soon as it ends. It happens in Paris where Mr. Power is forced to impersonate a Russian prince to cancel his indiscretion in writing a bad check. Adolphe Menjou is the blackmailing headwaiter who has Mr. Power under his thumb, Loretta Young the heiress who is in love with him and knows that he isn't a prince at all. All this is worth seeing on account of Mr. Power.

"Wake Up and Live."—20th Century-Fox. This rousing musical is guaranteed to bring the most reluctant picture-goer—if there is such a being nowadays—out of his shell. It is genial, glittering, topnotch, a medley of entertaining odds and ends that do not obscure a pleasant, heart-warming plot. The picture discovers a new star, Jack Haley, introduces the famed Walter Winchell as an excellent actor and gives Alice Faye opportunity to be charming and clever. And that's only the half of it, only half of the whirlwind of singing, dancing and clowning. The Condos Brothers are marvelous tap dancers, the best ever it seems to me, and Joan Davis [illegible] a burlesque Spanish dance that is painfully funny. [illegible] all these clever performers it is the wit [illegible] that make it crackle, that make [illegible] I like has Mr. Haley a [illegible] icrophone fright and Miss Faye a kind-hearted singer who helps him overcome his timidity. She gives him such confidence in himself that he becomes a success when heard by accident over the air and the feud between Mr. Winchell and Ben Bernie reaches a new high as both claim to have discovered the identity of the "phantom troubadour," while the troubadour himself is ignorant of all the excitement his singing creates. Mr. Haley is delightful in this rôle. Always a splendid comedian, he now becomes a fine actor and a charming hero.

"Make Way For To-morrow."—Paramount. This is one of the truest and most poignant pictures ever produced for adults. That is what I thought until something happened to spoil the uniform excellence of what still is a fine picture. But it could have been perfect. It isn't, now. It is marred by a sequence that doesn't belong, that was written in, I imagine, by the adaptor of the play for the sake of making the film longer. It couldn't have been in the original. A plague on padded films anyhow, say I! However, it is so grand up to this point that I must voice unusual enthusiasm and explain the defect which you may not feel as keenly, perhaps, as I did. It is a quiet story of family life centering about an old couple who do not fit into the lives of their married children, their separation when one is an unwelcome guest in their son's home and the other is grudgingly taken in by a daughter, and the ultimate unhappy, inevitable solution of a problem that is familiar to us all. There is nothing maudlin in the telling of this, no tear-jerking in the manner of "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse." These are civilized, middle-class people who are not given to histrionics or crying in public, nor

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# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"A STAR IS BORN"**—United Artists. Based on an original story by William A. Wellman. Adapted by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. Directed by Mr. Wellman.

CAST:

Esther Blodgett / Vicki Lester ..... Janet Gaynor
Norman Maine ..... Fredric March
Oliver Niles ..... Adolphe Menjou
Lettie ..... May Robson
Dannie McGuire ..... Andy Devine
Libby ..... Lionel Stander
Anita Regis ..... Elizabeth Jenns
Pop Randall ..... Edgar Kennedy
Casey Burke ..... Owen Moore
Theodore Smythe ..... J. C. Nugent
Aunt Mattie ..... Clara Blandick
Esther's brother ..... A. W. Sweatt
Miss Phillips (clerk) ..... Peggy Wood
Harris ..... Adrian Rosely
Ward ..... Arthur Hoyt
Otto Friedl ..... Vince Barnett

**"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"**—MGM. Based on the book by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. Directed by Victor Fleming.

CAST:

Harvey ..... Freddie Bartholomew
Maunel ..... Spencer Tracy
Disko ..... Lionel Barrymore
Mr. Cheyne ..... Melvyn Douglas
Uncle Salters ..... Charles Grapewin
Dan ..... Mickey Rooney
"Long Jack" ..... John Carradine
Cushman ..... Oscar O'Shea
Priest ..... Jack La Rue
Doctor Finley ..... Walter Kingsford
Tyler ..... Donald Briggs
"Doc" ..... Sam McDaniels
Charles ..... Billie Burrud

**"WAKE UP AND LIVE"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Original story by Curtis Kenyon. Based upon Dorothea Brande's book. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

CAST:

Walter Winchell ..... Himself
Ben Bernie and orchestra ..... Themselves
Alice Huntley ..... Alice Faye
Patsy Kane ..... Patsy Kelly
Steve Cluskey ..... Ned Sparks
Eddie Kane ..... Jack Haley
Gus Avery ..... Walter Catlett
Jean Roberts ..... Grace Bradley
Spanish dancer ..... Joan Davis
Café singer ..... Leah Ray
James Stratton ..... Miles Mander
Herman ..... Douglas Fowley
Waldo Peebles ..... Etienne Girardot
Foster ..... Barnett Parker
McCabe ..... Paul Hurst
First gunman ..... Warren Hymer
Specialty ..... Condos Brothers
Brewster twins ..... Themselves
Attendants ..... William Demarest / John Sheehan
Chauffeur ..... Robert Lowery
Alberts ..... Charles Williams
Murphy ..... Ed Gargan
Janitor ..... George Chandler
Announcer ..... Gary Breckner

**"CAFÉ METROPOLE"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Jacques Deval. Original story [illegible]

**"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"**—Warners. From the story by Mark Twain. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by William Keighley.

CAST:

Miles Hendon ..... Errol Flynn
Earl of Hertford ..... Claude Rains
Duke of Norfolk ..... Henry Stephenson
John Canty ..... Barton MacLane
Tom Canty ..... Billy Mauch
Prince Edward ..... Bobby Mauch
Captain of the Guard ..... Alan Hale
First Lord ..... Eric Portman
Second Lord ..... Lionel Pape
Third Lord ..... Leonard Willey
Hugo ..... Murray Kinnell
Archbishop ..... Halliwell Hobbes
Barmaid ..... Phyllis Barry
Clemens ..... Ivan Simpson
Henry VIII ..... Montagu Love
Father Andrew ..... Fritz Leiber
Grandmother Canty ..... Elspeth Dudgeon
Mrs. Canty ..... Mary Field
Meaty man ..... Forrester Harvey
Lady Jane Seymour ..... Helen Valkis
St. John ..... Lester Matthews
First Guard ..... Robert Adair
Second Guard ..... Harry Cording
Lord Warwick ..... Robert Warwick
Rich man ..... Rex Evans
First doctor ..... Holmes Herbert
Second doctor ..... Ian MacLaren
Lady Jane Grey ..... Ann Howard
Lady Elizabeth ..... Gwendolyn Jones
Rutller ..... Lionel Braham
The Watch ..... Harry Beresford
Innkeeper ..... Lionel Belmore
Proprietor ..... Ian Wolf
St. Luke's Choristers

**"WOMAN CHASES MAN"**—United Artists. Story by Frank Fenton and Lyn Root. Screen play by David Hertz, Manuel Seff, and Joseph Anthony. Directed by John Blystone.

CAST:

Virginia Travis ..... Miriam Hopkins
Kenneth Nolan ..... Joel McCrea
B. J. Nolan ..... Charles Winninger
Henri Saffron ..... Erik Rhodes
Nina Tennyson ..... Leona Maricle
Judy ..... Ella Logan
"Hunk" ..... Broderick Crawford
Mr. Judd ..... Charles Halton
Doctor ..... William Jaffrey
Taxi driver ..... George Chandler
Process server ..... Alan Bridge
" " ..... Monte Vandegrift
" " ..... Jack Baxley
" " ..... Walter Soderling
Man in subway ..... Al K. Hall
" " " ..... Dick Cramer

**"DREAMING LIPS"**—United Artists. Adapted by Carl Mayer from Henri Bernstein's play "Melo." Directed by Paul Czinner.

CAST:

Gaby ..... Elisabeth Bergner
Miguel del Vayo ..... Raymond Massey
Peter ..... Romney Brent
Christine ..... Joyce Bland
Mrs. Stanway ..... Sydney Fairbrother
Doctor Wilson ..... Fisher White
The Philosopher ..... Donald Calthrop
His friend ..... Ronald Shiner
Policeman ..... Cyril Raymond
The Rescuer ..... George
Sir Robert Blaker ..... [illegible]
Butler ..... [illegible]

**"NIGHT MUST FALL"**—MGM. Based on the play by Emlyn Williams. Screen play by John Van Druten. Directed by Richard Thorpe.

CAST:

Danny ..... Robert Montgomery
Olivia ..... Rosalind Russell
Mrs. Bramson ..... Dame May Whitty
Justin ..... Alan Marshal
Dora ..... Merle Tottenham
Mrs. Terence ..... Kathleen Harrison
Belsize ..... Matthew Boulton
Nurse ..... Eily Malyon
Guide ..... E. E. Clive
Saleslady ..... Beryl Mercer
Mrs. Laurie ..... Winifred Harris

**"THE GOOD OLD SOAK"**—MGM. Screen play by A. E. Thomas. From the play by Don Marquis. Directed by J. Walter Ruben.

CAST:

Clem Hawley ..... Wallace Beery
Nellie ..... Una Merkel
Clemmie Hawley ..... Eric Linden
Ina ..... Judith Barrett
Lucy ..... Betty Furness
Al Simmons ..... Ted Healy
Matilda Hawley ..... Janet Beecher
Kennedy ..... George Sidney
Webster ..... Robert McWade
Tom ..... James Bush
Minnie ..... Margaret Hamilton

**"THUNDER IN THE CITY"**—Columbia. Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood and Aben Kandel. Directed by Marion Gering.

CAST:

Dan Armstrong ..... Edward G. Robinson
Lady Patricia ..... Luli Deste
Duke of Glenavon ..... Nigel Bruce
Duchess of Glenavon ..... Constance Collier
Henry Manningdale ..... Ralph Richardson
Lady Challoner ..... Annie Esmond
Sir Peter Challoner ..... Arthur Wontuer
Dolly ..... Elizabeth Inglis
James ..... Cyril Raymond
Edna ..... Nancy Burne
Bill ..... Billy Bray
Snyderling ..... James Carew
Millie ..... Everly Gregg

**"LOVE FROM A STRANGER"**—United Artists. Screen play by Frances Marion. From the play by Frank Vosper. Based on a short story by Agatha Christie. Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

CAST:

Carol Howard ..... Ann Harding
Gerald Lovell ..... Basil Rathbone
Kate Meadows ..... Binnie Hale
Ronald Bruce ..... Bruce Seton
Aunt Lou ..... Jean Cadell
Doctor Gribble ..... Bryan Powley
Emmy ..... Joan Hickson
Hobson ..... Donald Calthrop
Mr. Tuttle ..... Eugene Leahy

**"MAKE WAY FOR TO-MORROW"**—Paramount. Screen play by Vina Delmar. From a novel by Josephine Lawrence [illegible] by Leo McCarey.

# Pendleton's Past

*Continued from page 44*

and Italian with little less than perfection.

During this time, Nat never lost his interest in wrestling. All the top-notchers in the ring became his opponents. Gaining the title of heavyweight champion of Europe, he lost interest in oil and gave up his job.

Even in those pre-Weissmuller days, Hollywood went for athletes in a big way and Nat appeared in Rudolph Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucaire." He was the man who threw somebody out of the palace window!



**Marie Wilson is about recovered from the automobile accident she suffered recently. Latest is "Melody for Two."**

I first met him while we were both working for a publisher. Nat was photographed as a muscular marvel, wrote about strength and health, represented strength generally. He persuaded our boss to produce films and Nat became the director.

Eventually he was inspired to produce a super-super. And you can't produce a super-super without a great star. So Nat began talking business with Katharine Cornell. Alas, the picture was made, and that may be the reason the great Cornell has declined all offers to go to Hollywood since! At any rate, the picture was never shown.

I tell you the above only to give a more intimate glimpse of the man I knew "when." Most actors spend twenty-five or thirty years of their careers acting before they aspire to become directors, whereas Nat began directing before he really became an actor. That's his way of doing things.

After appearing in several Broadway productions, including "My Girl Friday," Nat had not overcome his urge to wrestle. He felt that he was ready to meet all champs by hook or by crook. There was only one fly in the ointment. He could not take orders to lay down at times. It went against his Yankee sportsmanship.

Nat wrestled all the top-notchers of that time, Jimmy Londos, Renato Gardini, and "Strangler" Lewis, and my confidence in him was so great that I put most of my spare cash "on his nose" to win—and he always came through.

During that time I discovered that Nat shares his brother's talent for music. One evening he visited me with a guitar and introduced me to "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"—and I understand that he still sings it. When he opened his mouth in song, my kid brother innocently observed: "Gee, what a lot of cavities that man has!" With Nat's musical tendencies still latent—and he really has a nice voice—I wouldn't be surprised to see him break into song in the next "Broadway Melody."

It was after one of these midsummer serenades that Nat broke the news to me that he was rehearsing for a new play, "The Gray Fox," with Henry Hull and Warren Hymer. During the engagement, both he and Hymer were offered film contracts to go to the Coast. One picture followed another so quickly that he never has found time to return to the squared circle. While he never has achieved stardom, Nat has been a featured player almost from the beginning, and each interpretation has been an honest and interesting one. He made the French as well as the American version of "The Big Pond," with Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert, and has made recordings in Spanish and Portuguese for Latin America.

I am of the personal conviction that, despite the fortune films offer—and make no mistake that Nat overlooks this detail—if wrestling returned to its firm two feet and Nat had a chance at the heavyweight crown, he'd overlook all movie contracts and get right back into his trunks.

I'd have a ringside seat with money on his nose to win!



**It was only a few years ago that the names of Evelyn Brent and Louise Brooks were in one important picture after another, the former a splendid dramatic actress, the latter a saucy comédienne. Now both have returned to the screen, and you will have a chance to see them again.**

# Mrs. Powell Knows Her Child

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"She's a funny child about perfumes. She buys them all, tries them one time and invariably discards them as being too fussy. She told me the other day she'd decided the natural scent of suntanned skin was just about the freshest, nicest scent a girl could wear. Now where she got that back-to-nature idea I don't know—I adore perfumes!"

Mrs. Powell poured tea, passed thin little butter and watercress sandwiches she'd made herself, and talked about food. "Eleanor's always been a small eater, so it's with great conspiracy that the cook and I try to see to it that the things she does eat will be high in food value. She takes a good breakfast, a substantial lunch, and very little supper. Her favorite dessert, and the only sweet she seems to care for at all, is vanilla ice cream with sliced peaches.

"She's rigidly strict with herself about practicing. She can come in exhausted very late at night, but before she goes to bed she does her splits and exercises for a full thirty minutes. Here at home and also in her dressing room she keeps a small wooden tapping platform, practice shoes and a portable victrola. When we travel they are carried in her trunks. So trains, location trips, or vocations never interfere with her two hours a day spent in bar work and rehearsing old and new routines. She prefers to wear for practicing a loosely tied gingham apron.

"Five years ago in New York Eleanor realized a great ambition of hers by taking a home in the country, a beautiful place in Westchester. But do you know, of the five years she had that house, she actually spent less than twelve weeks there? Just about three weeks a year! We were always traveling or detained in the city.

"Now we have a home that's really a home in Hollywood, and Eleanor's crazy about it. She entertains quite a lot, because it's more convenient for her to be hostess than guest; that way she can fit play into work without upsetting her routine. I enjoy her friends, and we've had some lovely times with them. Most of them are in pictures but there are others to whom she is equally devoted.

"Eleanor's a curious mixture of youngster and serious grown-up. She drives a car with the utmost care and regard for regulations, she heartily dislikes anything connected with housekeeping, she loves to make big events of birthdays and holidays. She keeps her wardrobes and dressing table as neat as a pin but lets her clothes remain right where she took them off. A movie isn't a movie to her unless she carries something to eat during the show. She detests high heels for street wear but she has dozens of pairs of spike-heeled mules that she enjoys lounging in at home.

"One time," Mrs. Powell went on sewing and talking, "an interviewer asked her what her favorite pastimes were. Eleanor said she was sorry but she'd never had a pastime in her life. After the interviewer had gone she turned to me 'Mother, do you suppose I've missed much by not being crazy on the subject of bridge or stamp-collecting or something? I mean, do you guess I've missed much by not loving to do anything really but dance?' I didn't answer her right away. She thought a moment, then answered herself, 'Well, I don't. It's been a swell life even when we were hitting the bumps.'

"If there's any secret behind Eleanor's success I believe that tells it.

"Frequently I'm asked about her dates and beaux. She has never been one for keeping lots of men on the string at once; usually there are three or four who take her out over a long period of time and wind up either as remaining beaux or good friends. Some time back her friendship with Abe Lyman was much publicized. Abe has a heart of gold and I'm extremely fond of him. Many times he has said to me 'It's in the cards, mother, that Eleanor and I were meant to marry. I know!'

"Well, at the time they were going together so many erroneous statements about their romance were credited to things I'd said, I learned not to make any comment. I think I'd better leave it to Eleanor to tell about her boy friends. After all, they're her secrets. Just yesterday, on the set, a columnist asked her 'How about the love-life these days?' and she pointed to her feet and answered 'These are my love-life—they do what I tell them to and they can't walk out on me!' "



There are no dull moments in the lives of John Beal and his actress-wife, Helen Craig, of the stage. They are intensely artistic when they're not romping or riding in the California sunshine.

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the little dag, her only friend, had been run aver. It was darned good.

Then he rehearsed scenes fram several plays, each pupil getting a chance. One newcamer suffered terribly fram self-consciousness, a bad enemy ta a player until it is avercame. A bad enemy ta any ane even in the business world. "Yau've gat ta learn ta use yaur personality," Mr. Gaade said. "Even in everyday life it is valuable."

Haw's he going ta lick that self-canscious ane, I thaught. I saon faund aut.

The girl cauld hardly speak abave a whisper and her face was crimsan. "Speak up. You're oddressing ten thausand peaple and they all want ta hear what yau have ta say."

Na gaad. She cauldn't da it. He went over ta her, and as ane wauld ta o child, tausled her hair ta break up her stiffness, shaak her by the shaulders and told her ta stick her tangue aut at the class. "Be ridiculaus," he said. After a tremendaus effart her tangue appeared—perhaps a quarter af an inch.

"I said stick your tongue aut! If yau dan't da that I'll give yau samething much harder to da. Na one can da a gaod jab af acting until they have first learned haw ta be ridiculous." Finally her tangue came half way out, and he let it go at that.

"I was sa embarrassed," she tald me later. "I simply couldn't farce my mauth open."

I was present at the next lessan ta see the result of that treatment. This girl was in dead earnest, yau see, and warked hard at home ta avercame her difficulty. She was like a different person. Her vaice had three times its former valume and she spake her lines with astanishing poise.

Daris thaught the end af the rainbaw had came when she signed her mavie contract, but through one af thase inexplicable things she didn't wark a day. It began ta gnaw at her morale and ta keep from getting despondent she asked permissian ta appear in a stage play given at a try-aut theater in Hallywaad.

Al Waads happened to be in the audience and decided that Doris was just the gal he wanted ta play the lead in his farthcoming praductian "The Night af January 16th." By an arrangement with Fax he signed Daris ta a contract and tald her ta past with all speed ta New York.

"What a laugh that was," said Daris. "Mary and Gladys and I had about seventy dallars between us after everything in Hallywaad was settled up and we started aut acrass cauntry in aur ald Ford. We gat here, taa."

Mary is her mather. Outside af several difficulties in cald-shauldering the boys—it was Mary wha insisted upan that, I suspect—wha stapped at the same taurist camps alang the way and were dying ta be friendly, the trip was uneventful. "We didn't even get a flat," said Daris.

"A gaad thing, taa," said Gladys, chuckling. "I dan't think there was a spare fifty-cent piece an us when we landed hame."

"With a cantract yau put up with all that?" I asked.

"Oh, I cauld have asked far an advance," said Daris, "but you know haw it is. Yau dan't like ta and we didn't want ta wire dad. We had enaugh and we knew he wauld meet us in New Yark. It was great fun."

She has her admirers trained as ta her taste in flawers, but ance a newcamer sent archids. She ware ane but remarked ta him afterward, "Naw da I laak like an archidaceaus waman?"

"I'll bet she was an imp when she was little," I said ta Mrs. Nalan.

"Na," she replied. "As a matter af fact, she was the best child I had. She was seldam ill and always happy and sunny-tempered."

That's it. The patent feature af her success. Every ane wants ta rub e'baws with luck and happiness, and Daris has both.



Guess who this is! Look twice and still you'll never know. It's none other than our old friend, Kay Francis, wigged for warbling in her latest—and perhaps her best—picture, "Confession."

# They Say in New York——

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**Everybody Has a Sideline.**—Stors of "The Prince ond the Pouper" ot the ripe old oge of twelve might be enough glory for some juvenile octors, but not for the Mouch twins. They ore inventors. They ore chemists. They foirly devour books ond mogozines of medicol reseorch. On o sight-seeing tour of New York they left o troil of upset dignity os they pointed out flows in exhibits of crown jewels, ond omissions in the spiel of Rodio City guides. The omozing port of it is they ore not smort-Alecky. They just know oll the focts.

**Ambassador at Large.**—All those fons who think thot stors ore opt to look o little ploin off-screen, who believe thot glomour is something bestowed by the comero, ought to cotch o glimpse of Loretto Young.

Arriving in New York for o few doys en route to Bermudo, she wos o picture of loveliness. She is extremely fortunote, ond she oppreciotes it, in thot she is not reodily recognizoble. Slender, pole, ond dressed in subdued elegonce she con wolk right through the crowd of fons woiting ot her hotel door ond be off obout her business before they reolize who she is. Her business, in cose you ore curious, is collecting the most exquisitely beoutiful wordrobe you ever sow.

Like most of her fellow-ployers, Loretto hos o feeling of intense loyolty for 20th Century-Fox. It is exciting working there. It is o chollenge to veteron ployers to see how public fovorites con be built up overnight with one greot picture.

**Slightly Faded "Scarlett."**—For the next two months the highwoys ond bywoys of the country will be foirly dotted with tolent scouts, ond youngsters will hove to be surreptitious obout putting on even o pins-for-odmission show in the ottic if they don't wont o studio representotive spying on them.

Poromount is sending Oliver Hinsdole to colleges in seorch of onother Robert Toylor. Worners ore sending Hoven MocQuorrie ond his "Do You Wont To Be An Actor?" rodio skit on o cross-country tour to pick up likely film prospects.

George Cukor, growing old ond groy in the preliminories of "Gone with the Wind"—or moybe it just seems like o decode or two since the seorch for ployers for thot begon—reports thot promising young ployers ore to be found oll over the South. He found eight girls who ore ot eose before the comero ond hopes to use them in pictures some time. Not in "Gone with the Wind" though; it seems they ore too modern for thot. When lost seen he wos gozing dreomily ot the swoops ond swirls of thot most polished of donce teoms, Veloz ond Yolondo, reflecting, perhops, thot the Civil Wor ought to be over by now.

**Acting Out in Public.**—Not even her steody rise in pictures is enough to moke Fronces Former forget thot whot she reolly wonted wos to go on the stoge. She will hove her fling between pictures this summer up in Peterboro, New Hompshire. But whot hos become of Joon Crowford's plon to invode some off-the-beoten-trock summer theoter for the experiment of octing before on oudience? Pleose, Miss Crowford, pick o New Englond theoter so I con see you. And pleose wheedle Noel Coword into letting you do "Still Life." You could do wonders with it, ond I om sure it would do wonders for you.



**Ella Logan is coming right along. Following her hit in "Woman Chases Man," she went right into "52nd Street."**

**Hilarity in Numbers.**—Lily Pons considers thirteen her lucky number, so she olwoys hos the outo license plote L P 13. Not to be outdone, her fioncé, Andre Kostolonetz, prevoiled on Connecticut outhorities to give him A K 13. He is getting o little onnoyed ot the goles of loughter when he drives through the Broodwoy sector, not knowing thot AK hos unfortunote biologicol significonce in Yiddish slong.

**A Long Wait for Lily.**—It moy be September before Lily Pons gets oround to Hollywood ond onother picture. Her froil ninety pounds ore feeling the stroin of opero, concert, ond rodio oppeoronces ond her lovely little house ond gorden ot Silvermine, Connecticut, oppeol to her more strongly thon the studio does. Besides, Jesse Losky is hoving his onnuol broinstorm obout filming on opero with Nino Mortini ond Lily Pons ond she is woiting for o good knockobout comedy to turn up.

**Back From Oblivion—at Sixteen.**—When Grond Notionol obruptly summoned Stuort Erwin bock from o New York vocotion, his one big regret wos missing Mitzi Green's musicol comedy début. It wos something to regret, for it wos the goyest, most glittering, ond heort-worming first night of the seoson. There wos Mitzi, o poised ond chorming ond melodious sprite, who only six yeors ogo wos the brosh ond chollenging brot who shored comic honors with Stu in pictures. Surrounded in "Bobes in Arms" by giddy ond tolented youngsters, Mitzi ond her ploymotes moke the Hollywood ingénues of nineteen or so seem o little foded. RKO stonds reody to moke pictures with Mitzi whenever she con teor herself owoy from "Bobes in Arms."

**All Around Town.**—Kothorine Hepburn hos bought o house on Forty-ninth Street, next door to her ex-husbond, Ludlow Smith. . . . Sometimes the most inone press-ogent stories ore o comfort in retrospect. For instonce, while wotching the sinister, gripping performonce of Bosil Rothbone in "Love From o Stronger," I found myself comforted by the thought thot he olwoys hos eighty-six kinds of teo ot his house. Just o teo foncier is oll he is, I hod to keep reminding myself. . . . Much os I love to get moil I don't wont onother one of you to point out thot Sobu of "Elephont Boy" fome is on infinitely better choice for "Kim" thon Freddie Bortholomew. Write ond tell MGM how you feel obout it. . . . Glorio Swonson is off to Englond to try her luck in films there. . . . Doris Nolon wouldn't cut short her vocotion even for o grond port in Goldwyn's "Deod End."

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managed to support himself and keep his $1,500 intact. In the spring he sailed for Europe to continue his voice studies.

He studied in Paris all summer ot the Warford school. He coached with Reynaldo Hahn, the famous French conductor and composer.

Returning to this country, he was engaged as soloist, along with Anna Case, for the New York Philharmanic. Walter Damrosch conducted. When the Philharmonic season was over he went on a concert tour. It was during this time that he ond Marjorie Bull were married.

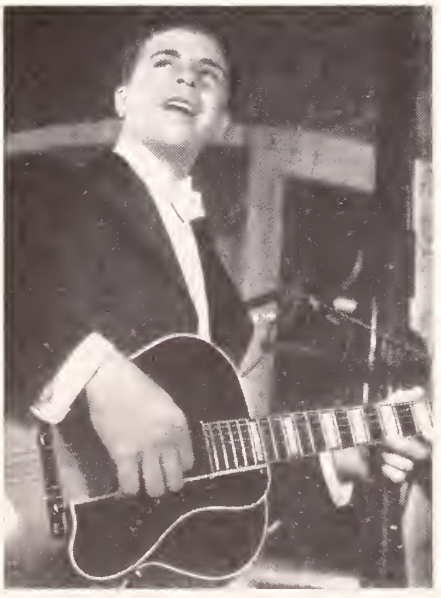
He had managed to save $1,100 out of his various engagements ond they sailed for Europe at the end of the season to enable him to continue his studies.

Things were tougher that summer. He hadn't as much money os he'd had the summer before—and this time there were two of them to live on it. There were other things, too. "I wanted to study an oratorio in London under Sir Henry Wood," he explained. "All my other teachers were in Paris so I had to live in Paris and fly over to London twice a week for the orotorio work. Those flights made deep inroads into my cash."

Returning to the States again, Charles Wagner engaged him to sing the title rôle in "Boccaccio," which wos followed by a concert tour. The critics were enthusiastic.

New York producers saw him in the opera and the Shuberts placed him under contract. He toured for two years in "The Student Prnce," "Nina Rosa," and "Florodora."

During the summers he song with the Municipal Light Opero Company in St. Louis.



**Dick Powell amuses himself by strumming a guitar between scenes of "The Singing Marine."**

It wos during thot time thot he and Marjorie separated. The boy-and-girl love affoir had blown up. They were grown then and realized how unsuited to each other they were.

Returning to New York for his third season with the Shuberts, he was cast opposite Mario Jeritza in an operetto called "Annina." A long road tour was mapped out to whip the show into shope for New York. But it turned out to be a flop.

Returning to New York, MGM invited him to make a test. His contract followed as a result. Then came those long months of woiting thot break the hearts of practically all newcomers to Hollywood, when he did nothing but the bits in "A Night at the Opera" and "Rose-Marie."

But the bitterness was lessened by his meeting with Irene Hervey. They met at a party, withdrew to a corner immediately after their introduction ond talked for three hours without stopping. It was love on sight.

After his success in "Show Boat," Marjorie gave him a divorce and he and Irene were morried.

Maybe in his long story of tough breoks, with "The Firefly" and "The Desert Song" in the offing and with Irene Hervey for a wife, things are toking a turn for the better. I hope so. He deserves it.

## REACTIONS

**Upon reading unfavorable criticism:**

A sniff emphotic from Edna May,
"I don't care what the critics say!"

A tragic stare from stricken Joan;
"I'll seek kind comfort from my Tone!"

A glore from Connie: "The vulgor press—
I'd like to sue the whole crude mess!"

A cruel review? Harsh words throughout?
Such only makes Simone . . . pout.

**Upon reading a flattering review:**

"This is great! Joy pure and simple!"
A wide grin from Clark—o flash of dimple.

Marlene drawls, "How very nize!"
A Mona Lisa smile—a droop of eyes.

Horlow laughs hoppily—swings a hip;
"This write-up surely is a pip!"

A kind review? Flattering words throughout?
Such only makes Simone . . . pout.

Stars' reactions to blame and praise?
They issue forth in different ways;
But 'midst the joy, the gloom, the shouts;
Simone Simon? She sits and pouts.

Dee Chopman.

# From Immigrant to Star

*Continued from page 45*

Mischo is well qualified to speok on this subject, as on many others. He has seen life ot its rawest and most elemental. Every sort of disaster has followed ond overtaken him; some hove thrown him, but not for long. He not only survived tragedy and misodventure, but profited from them.

While Mischa was in his infoncy his father died on the battlefield in the Russo-Jopanese conflict. When but nine years of oge his native Russia entered the World War. At twelve, revolution swept his country.

In the choos he became separated from his mother, and for six months he drifted about the land with other homeless children. When finally restored to his mother, they decided to leave so turbulent a country, and eventually mode their way to southern Russia where Mischo, despite his youth, enlisted in the British Expeditionary Forces. There his mother founded a refugee hospitol which she manoged until death from typhus ended her humanitarian work.

Very much alone now, Mischa prepared to go to Florence, Italy, where a friend of his mother was living. The sale of o few remaining jewels paid his train fare, but left nothing with which to buy clothing. Yeors of undernourishment had left his fifteen-year-old body undeveloped, and his British uniform hung baggily upon him.

"My clothes hod to be disinfected before I was allowed to get on the train. They come out of the disinfecting process appollingly wrinkled—deep, crêpey crinkles that ordinary water doesn't produce. A kindly woman undertook to press them, but she had finished only one trouser leg when I had to put them on and hurry off. I got out of the train at Florence, all my wordly possessions tied in o steamer rug, ond found an unpretentious cab to toke me to on unpretentious hotel.

"The hotel manoger had never seen onything like me. He walked oround and around, inspecting me from every angle. My British uniform was a novelty, the Wor hoving ended eighteen months previously, and the unpressed trouser leg was several inches shorter than the other. Some one hod given me o cane, ond I stood there leaning on it, trying to look os dignified and noncholont as possible.

"At length he let me register, ond after putting my bundle in my room I set out to find mother's friend. She had married ond I didn't know her husband's nome, and I couldn't think how I was to locate her. When I walked down the street people—Italians are naturolly excitable—gathered and followed me, talking, and trying to solve the mystery of my appearance.

"An attendant at the city hall looked through the records which they keep on foreigners, and the friend's name was listed there, also the name and address of her husband. She must have been astonished to find so strange-looking an object at her door, but she appeared not to notice. 'Where is your mother?' she asked. Only then did it seem fully to dawn on me that mother was deod. I dropped over in a foint."

In New York lived one of Mischa's



**Emily Lane, whom you remember in "When Love Is Young," enjoys a vacation with the help of a cretonne play suit in neutral greens.**

grandparents, Leopold Auer, a music master of renown. He cobled passage money, and Mischo set out on a long journey. Through an error, no one met his boat, and he wos sent to Ellis Island for three days.

Thereofter the sun of good fortune began to shine on the big-eyed immigrant. His grondfother adopted him, sent him to high school, introduced him to prominent people of the artistic world. He leorned our language, among other things, ond to dislodge a lingering accent studied pronunciation with a teacher of the deaf ond dumb. Hour after hour he drilled himself in the correct pronunciation of English words. To-doy his speech is free of accent, yet he frequently finds himself cast in rôles where it is necessary for him to assume one. This minor irony amuses him, as do life's other inconsistencies. Unembittered by his experiences, he is notably cheerful and optimistic.

For America, where he grew from stunted boyhood to strapping and distinguished maturity, he has the greatest affection. He loughed in recounting how, when he went to vote at the last presidential election, he found only one other voter at the poles—a fellow Russian.

The day's work was finished and, getting into Mischo's cor, he drove us over to his dressing quarters. As befits his honestly earned success, Universal, where he is under controct, has provided him with o cheerful modern apartment. Sitting in a streamlined chair, still wearing his ochre make-up, he commented on the local Greek-Cotholic church, where the atmosphere reminds him of his childhood in St. Petersburg; of conditions in Europe; of his work and family.

"My wife is American, born in Canado. When her parents heard that she was going to marry me they asked why she couldn't find an American or Canadian instead. They had never met me, and such photographs as they saw were not reassuring. When I left the stage ond got work in such pictures as 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer' and 'Clive of India' I was continually cast os assistant to the villain. When they sow stills from such productions, with me bundled up in whiskers or wearing the sly, oily expressions of polished cutthroats, they thought their daughter hod lost her mind.

"I am very glad that I have got into comedy work. It gives me a feeling of satisfaction to see my pictures and realize that the choracter I am playing is affording amusement. I think the world needs all the humor it can get."

The fans, too, are glod that Mischo is no longer cast os "assistant to the villain," and they are expressing their appreciation in an ovalonche of mail. "They do not send mere requests for my photograph, but write sizable, interesting letters," said he gratefully. It was men like Frank Tuttle ond Gregory Lo Cava who helped Mr. Auer get into picture work, and it is o pleased ond admiring public thot will keep him there.



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

# FAVORITES OF THE FANS

## DICK POWELL

# NAN GREY

Photo by Ray Jones





Photo by Hurrell

# MARGO







- Joan Blondell's wardrobe includes a redingote of white marquisette, with appliquéd flowers over a foundotion of white toffeto, os above.
- Strips of self materiol given o lottice treatment form the sleeves ond pockets of the heavy gray sheer dress, center.
- Next is a redingote for afternoon weor of lustrous block crêpe print.

# SUMMER







• Miss Blondell's evening gown, left, is of soft gray marquisette with bouffant skirt. The accompanying bolero is of embroidered gray chiffon.

• A white organdie collar-and-cuff set showing hand fagoting, adds a youthful touch to the navy-blue sheer daytime dress.

• The dressy afternoon suit, above, is of navy-blue twill, the short jacket showing an edging and chevrons of navy-blue military braid.



**JEANETTE MacDONALD**

Photo by
Clarence Bull

# LORETTA YOUNG



# SPLASH!

# SPLASH!



Emily Lane and Laurie Douglas, left, amuse themselves with a rubber seahorse.

The girls, below, who are ocean-bathing enthusiasts are Martha O'Driscoll, Fay Cotton, Jeanne Dante, and Phyllis Dobson.



Betty Grable keeps in trim with a fresh morning dip.





Nothing like a comfortable place to relax, says Betty Grable, who likes to lounge.



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

# JOAN FONTAINE



Always happy to be together are Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and Jackie Cooper.



Lovers off screen and on are Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie, shown at Mt. Rainier, making "Thin Ice."



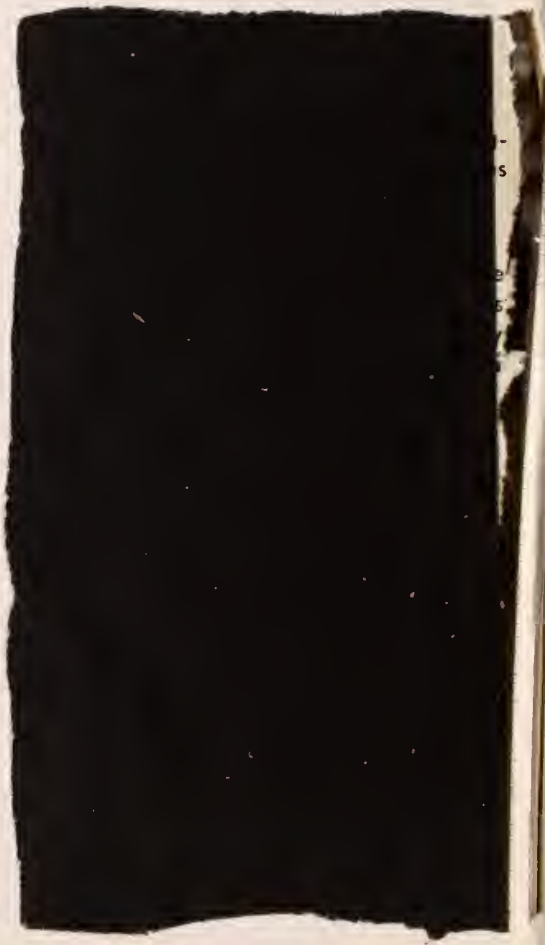
Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart become a little tousled for scenes in "I Will Be Faithful."



# THE CANDID CAMERA

Dignified Miriam Hopkins gets into the spirit of things with Joel McCrea for "Woman Chases Man."

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers doing a step from their latest picture, "Shall We Dance?"



Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald attended Basil Rathbone's costume party as "Romeo" and "Juliet."



At the same costume party were Fredric March, Kay Francis, and Freddie's wife, Florence Eldridge.





Elisabeth Bergner and her husband, Paul Czinner, snapped while watching an athletic contest in Egypt.



Deanna Durbin may be a star, but in school she ponders her lessons the same as any other child her age.



Between scenes, John Boles learns to use the sound-mixer apparatus, which regulates the volume of sound.



...tome of loveliness and spring is ... Read, who has an important ...ôle in "The Road Back."



Harriet Hoctor, famous ballerina, doing one of her daily practice routines for "Shall We Dance?"



Wallace Beery and his little daughter, Carol Ann, celebrate Independence Day in their own way.

David Niven and Virginia Bruce continue to be seen together. May we expect an engagement announcement?



Ann Sothern poses with two favorites, "Butchy" and "Doonie," before beginning "There Goes My Girl."





Photo by William Walling

# SHIRLEY ROSS

# HELEN MACK

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach








**OLIVIA de HAVILLAND, WHETHER ON OR OFF THE SCREEN, APPLIES BEAUTY FOUNDATIONS FOR HER LOVELINESS.**





# FOUNDATIONS OF Beauty

BY LAURA BENHAM

THIS IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES GIVING REALLY AUTHORITATIVE HINTS ON BEAUTY AIDS.




WHEN The Editor of Picture Ploy asked me to start this Beauty Department, I felt both happy and humble. For it is both a pleasure and a responsibility to be intrusted with the privilege of bringing you the latest news about beauty styles ond products, and of suggesting woys and means that will help you to achieve and enhance good looks.

Becouse beouty is to-day more important than ever before. It counts tremendously in business as well as in a girl's personal life. But, luckily, it's a very modern kind of beauty. It has little to do with classic perfection of feature, but is composed of cleanliness and daintiness and grooming and meticulous attention to the details of appearance—all things within the reach of every one. And it is in these things that I hope to be of some help to you.

Here in my office, I'm surrounded by jars and boxes and bottles, all containing the latest creams and lotions and powders that expert chemists and scientists can create. Some of them are expensive—many may be purchased for less than a quarter. Most of them are excellent products, but a few are not all thot they should be. Therefore, it is for me to test them and experiment with them and decide which ones you will want to know obout. For, strangely enough, their price tags have little or nothing to do with their worth.

So, I promise to do my best to tell you all the facts about the newest aids to beauty, not overlooking many of our tried and true friends of the past. I give you my word to be truthful ond hope that you will let me know what you want to hear about by writing me your beauty problems. I'll answer personally whatever you ask, and will try to give you information and advice that will really be of benefit.

**Want to know the names of some of the cosmetics mentioned here? Or want some help about your pet beauty problem? Just send your question, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Ave., New York, and she will do her best to give you the information that will make your path to loveliness a bit easier from now on.**

Now, for a beginning this month, I'm going to talk about beauty and daintiness os one whole. For truly the two are so closely related that they cannot be separated.

Of course, there is no such thing as beauty that does not include cleanliness, but even soap-and-water cleanliness is not enough. There must be real daintiness and freshness that begin in the bath and finish when the lost hair is in place, the last drop of perfume dobbed behind the ear. For the truly dainty and fastidious womon knows that besides looking immaculate, she must smell sweet, too.

So let's not quibble over words and beat about the bush. Real daintiness—and thus real beauty—demands a body freshly bathed and powdered and perfumed, with proper precautions taken to avoid all odor of perspiration even in the hottest weather.

Now the first step toward daintiness is to take two baths a day, instead of one, especially if you're one of the increasing number of young women who dash to business every morning. For the prevalent habit of taking a bath every night in order to get an early start next day, doesn't make for the most desirable daintiness, as you'll realize if you stop to think about it.

The bath at night is a fine thing, for your own enjoyment—and by the way, all baths should be fun instead of mere routine cleaning jobs, and they can be if you indulge in a few of the fripperies I'm going to tell you about—and to help you off to relaxed sleep and sweet dreams. But has it ever occurred to you that during the six to eight hours that you sleep, your body is at work?

During the night your pores ore more relaxed than at any other time and the natural oils of the body are pouring to the surface. So, when you owake in the morning,

there is o thin film of oil over your body, too fine for you to see, but it's there nevertheless. And a few short hours after you're up, that oil begins to emit a slight odor. Not pleasant to think of, is it? But important to know about so that you can take a quick tub or shower every morning and thus assure yourself of day-long freshness.

Of course, if you don't go to business, but spend your mornings running o home, you'll wait until your tasks are finished before taking your bath. But regardless of the hour you take it, do let it be fun! And it can be if you'll get some of the grand new bath salts and soaps and eau de colognes and dusting powders that were created just to make you feel and look lovely.

Personally, I think that half the fun of a bath depends on the soap that is used. For a soap should be mild and soothing as well as penetrating; it should have a clean, sweet scent and it should lather quickly in soft, fluffy bubbles in water that's hard or soft.

A fine soap that meets all these requirements is one that's made by an old, established firm. It has a delightful bouquet fragrance and makes a wonderful lather, small-bubbled and light. What's more, it leaves the body sweetly scented from bath to bath. I love this soap and have used it ever since I was a little girl and lately have been more than pleased to find that it has been reduced in price while retaining all its high quality. Write to me for the name of this soap and I'll bet that once you've tried it, you'll be devoted to it permanently.

Or you might like a soap that is one of o whole sequence of products from one of our finest makers, all in the same scent, a spirited haunting fragrance reminiscent of the famous blue grass of Kentucky. There are soap and bath salts and eau de toilette and dusting powder, all of thoroughbred quality and exactly right for making you feel fresh and cool even when the thermometer is soaring toward the top.

For those of you who prefer a definite flower fragrance, I suggest one of the intense floral scents recently introduced by another well-known beauty house. In either Lilac or Narcissus, Gardenia, Lily of the Valley, Violet, or the combination of three flowers you can obtain dusting powder, eau de cologne, talcum powder, toilet water and perfume all to match. And regardless of which scent is your choice, you'll find the perfection of an odor which captures the true essence of the flower from which it was distilled.

While not new, there's another regular talcum whose popularity through the years testifies to its quality and it's especially fine for use during the summer because of the lasting power of its fragrance. In familiar tall red tins, it's one of the inexpensive toiletries whose value cannot be measured by its modest price.

But just because you've had o fine bath and have splashed yourself with eau de cologne and dusted yourself with fragrant powder, don't think you



**After a day's work in "The Thirteenth Chair," Madge Evans returns to her dressing table to apply a light coat of lipstick.**

are assured of absolute daintiness unless you've protected yourself from any odor of perspiration.

And I assure you that among groups of women this perspiration odor is the most prevalent of offenses. I've noticed it in offices, in the theater, in the dressing rooms of celebrated stage and screen stars, for it is an offense of which the wealthy are as guilty as are those in less affluent circumstances. It is the result of carelessness and is, I think, the worst fault of which a woman can be guilty. And it is so easy to avoid.

For medical authorities agree that it is not the perspiration of the entire body which is noticeable, but that of the area beneath the arms, due to the inclosed nature of the armpits. Therefore, it is easy to control.

Remember, there is nothing injurious about checking the perspiration beneath the arms, as once the pores of these limited areas are closed, the perspiration will be eliminated through other parts of the body where the pores have not been closed. But these other parts of the body will not be inclosed areas and thus will emit no unpleasant, noticeable traces.

Which brings us to the fine new cream that safely stops perspiration and all chance of offending. It's a pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream that dries immediately after application. It stops perspiration for from one to three days and is mild and non-irritating to the skin.

Once you've assured yourself of all this freshness and daintiness, it's time to think of your grooming. And one of the most important parts of grooming is carefully selected make-up.

Of course, I can't go into all the newest make-up trends to-day, for that's a whole story in itself. But I can warn you to choose your powder carefully in order not to clog the pores of the skin you've so freshly cleansed. And for summer especially it's necessary to have a light, gossamer-thin powder that will cling to your skin without smudging from the heat.

A powder that you'll certainly like is one that has been put through an entirely new process that makes each particle finer than ever before. This powder, instead of being sifted through layers of silk, is blown by air through giant drums until each tiny grain is round and polished. It has no rough-edged particles to injure tender skins and it comes in a number of luscious smart shades. What's more, there are some of the same smoothly processed rouges to blend with the powder, thus providing you with two items of make-up that are certain to be kind to your skin.

Of course, no make-up is complete without a good lipstick, and for the best grooming you need one that is smooth and velvety and that lasts for hours. Such a one is that made by the firm that startled the cosmetic world with its grand liquid toning-lotion, foundation and powder all in one. This new lipstick comes in five shades and really merits the term indelible.

Just write to me and I'll tell you the name of this lipstick, and of any of the other products I've described here. And I have to rush off now to look at a lot of new things that I'll be telling you about next month when we plan the cosmetics you'll need for vacation.

*Continued from page 55*

dren, sa I hear. He has also an enviable radio standing.

Nonetheless, Don is scared stiff and almost torn to shreds by sobs.

Since this takes place inwardly, Don must have plenty to contend with when he's alone. Personally, he's a bright fellow, pleasant and quite nice—but you know, as I do, that it must be a pose to mislead us.



Carol Hughes prefers plus-fours for golfing. This pair are in cream-colored French flannel, topped with a blouse of Japanese print.

Joan Crawford shows that one side of her is secrecy personified. While on the right side of her famous face we see she is afraid.

No one would even suspect valiant Joan af being afraid. She has carved out 'a career like unto no ather in picture annals. Yet all along she has been scared stiff at life's wild events. The secret side is her armor against the world. No woman, and most certainly no man, can ever get to know Joan completely, for she intends ta keep part of herself for Joan alone.

We can feel assured that her husband, Franchot Tone, knaws the secret side of her, but even at that we cannat be certain that he knows it all.

Afraid Joan always has been. Afraid af what people might say or think. Afraid that she will not be liked. Afraid that each thing she does will fall shart.

It seems useless for her to carry on this way, but who can explain the strange twists of the stars?

Almost akin to Joan is Robert Kent. Only in his case the left side of his face denates suspicion. The right side depicts gloomy secrecy.

Mr. Kent suspects all mankind. There is a cynical twist ta his thinking.

Alan Baxter is secretive on the left, while he is challenging an the right. Sa far he has not hit his stride in pictures. What he has done has been good.

The secrecy seen an the left side of his face tells us that it hides a depth af emotionalism. Perhaps deep sentiment. But to gain headway Alan challenges the world.

The stars take a great deal af trouble to cover up their private lives. But why? What is the use of such precaution? As I said at the beginning, yau have only to look at their faces to see what goes on inside them emotionally.

I da nat knaw what they can da to farestall my facial pryings—unless they receive me wearing a veil.



As glittering as her personality is Joan Crawford in this formal gown of white chiffon, with jacket of flame-red sequins, and bag to match.

## WE REMEMBER

They brought life's big parade, its show of shows to us
Intrigue and love, life's fineness, its brutality.
John Gilbert gave romance; entrancing music, Russ;
Will Rogers, wit, unique originality.

All tartured souls we knew in Chaney's every part;
All beauty's dreams in fair La Marr's reality;
All human, kindly love in Dressler's finished art;
All Puckish fun in Normand's whimsicality.

The screen seems sadly blank, our friends, the actors, gone.
The picture done, in cruel death's finality.
But loyalties survive, old troupers still play on;
Our memory lives, and gives them immortality.

Louise Rabb

# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 41*

accomponied by William Wyler, ex-husbond of Morgoret Sullovon.

Hollywood sort of snubbed Simone thot evening but Wyler wos intensely devoted.

**Bing Battles Government.**—As income toxes hove olwoys been o pain in the neck for Bing Crosby, who's given fully holf of his money to the government in the post few yeors, occording to common report, the actor is storting to get bock o little. His demond is for obout $14,000, fairly modest.

Meonwhile Cecil B. DeMille Productions, Inc., won o $1,200,000 decision.

**The Barrymore "Crash."**—The strow thot broke the comel's bock in the offoirs of John ond Eloine Borrymore wos the seizing of the lody's cor for o grocery bill, which she osserted wos occumuloted while they were together. Right ofter thot she rushed into the divorce courts, which settled oll tolk of reconciliotion. Oddly enough, too, she ond Jchn dined together obout this time.

The fomous octor recently listed his ossets os $261,597 os ogoinst debts of $161,503 in his bonkruptcy petition. He mentioned $55,000 os owing to Dolores Borrymore. In oll, there were obout seventy creditors enumeroted in London, New York, ond Los Angeles. Assets of the octor ore pretty well frozen.

Borrymore goes about these doys with Solly Allen, o young screen octress.

**Can Errol Be Restrained?**—Worner Brothers will probobly put firm thumbs down on Errol Flynn's odventuring in the future, but will they be oble to moke the rule stick? Thot is whot everybody is wondering, ond no one will know until Flynn sets forth ogoin for Europe or some place.

Of course, the couse of the studio conservotism, not to soy consternotion, is thot little Sponish incident. After oll, though, it wosn't so serious, and reolly grond publicity.

And then think of Ann Sothern. She tripped over on electric coble on o set, fell, ond hod her lower lip pierced by her teeth os o result. She hod to hove five stitches token, ond wos loid up for o week from shock ond loss of blood.

Whereos Flynn come buzzing bock olmost immediotely to America following his cosuolty.

**The Niesen Gentility.**—Gertrude Niesen, who looked like o young Moe West in "Top of the Town," gets the highest roting with the folk oround Hollywood for appreciotion of any ottentions tendered her. Gertrude's policy is olwoys to send o little telegrom of thanks which is quite personol. She dedicotes obout an hour or two o doy to considerotion of these motters. And thot's just ane af the reasons everybody is "for" this remarkable young blues singer.

**Doris Nolan Plays Safe.**—Doris Nolon certoinly monoges to keep up on



**Barbara Read makes a hit as the naughty granddaughter in "Make Way For To-morrow," to be followed by "The Road Back."**

air of elusiveness. She seems ta be one stor who isn't completely won over to the films, but wonts her chonce in stoge ploys, too. And she's smort in thot. Becouse o lot of girls ot present in pictures would hove goined if they'd stoyed in the footlight sphere o while longer. Their lock of experience tells time ond ogoin.

**A Youthful Revolution.**—It's too bod, if it's oll true; but we heor thot Mortho Raye is very much on the temperomentol list. One of the things is, perhaps, thot she's such o young stor. People give her credit for more moturity becouse of her full-blown oppeorance. But she's reolly just out of her teens.

We heor thot Mortho is very eosy to colm down, on the other hond, when the temperoment thermometer soors.

**Hail—Anna Sten!**—Anno Sten's return to picture-moking is one of the happiest events to chronicle, especially since she'll work in Hollywood ond not in for-owoy Englond, which isn't so successful of lote with its productions.

The title of the picture is "Gorgeous," though we do hope thot Grond Notionol, which is producing it, doesn't simply try to transform Anna into o glomour girl. She's so much better as the fine octress thot she is.

Anno is remorkobly oltered to-day, since she lost twenty pounds while owoy from pictures.

**No Excess of Vanity.**—No flub-dub obout Jeonette MocDonold. When she recently ottended o costume porty she didn't disdoin to weor the dress used for the screen by onother octress. Becouse of her engogement to Gene Roymond, Miss MocDonold wished to oppeor in "Juliet" regolio, ond so she wore one of the mognificent gowns used by Norma Sheorer in the picture of Shokespeore's ploy. It wos white, ond Gene, who occomponied her, wos olso ottired in white. Narma herself wos not ot the party.

**Sally's Wonder Child.**—Sally Eilers tokes much pride in the foct thot her two-ond-o-holf-year-old boy rotes on intelligence quotient of four ond o holf. He obtained this honor becouse he could loce his own shoes ond count up to twelve, omong other occomplishments.

**Sisters and Brothers Score.**—Relatives of stors ore moking a record for themselves, ond it moy be Joon Fontoine who set the poce. Thot little blond lody, sister of Olivio de Hovillond, wos most insistent thot she be not exploited os such. She wanted to win success on her own. But, of course, she hos received tons of publicity on thot occount. Nothing could stop thot, and it doesn't seem to hove interfered o bit with her progress.

Meonwhile two sisters of Lolo Lone, Rosemory ond Priscillo, moke no such conceolments. They ore to shine out

in "Vorsity Show" with Dick Powell ond Fred Woring under their own nomes, ond Lolo, you know, is enjoying o revivol of her fortunes becouse of "Morked Women," in which she demonstroted new copobility. Among other relotives on the scene is George Lo Morr, brother of Melvyn Douglos.

**Gary May Face Knife.**—Gory Cooper is bottling on obdominol oilment which moy necessitote his going to the hospitol eventuolly for on operotion. He hopes to ovoid this, but he wos under observotion while he wos on his vocotion in Florido ond New York.

He wos finolly oble to return to Hollywood ond complete some odditionol scenes for "Souls ot Seo," which hos been something of o problem picture becouse of the difficulty of providing o sotisfoctory ending.

**Golden Harding Homecoming.**—Quite o homecoming for Ann Hording wos duly celebroted. In the first ploce, she wos obsent from Hollywood for mony months. In the second, she brought her new husbond, Werner Jonssen, with her, ond thirdly, she wos freed of ony kidnoping chorges in connection with the removol of nine-yeorold Jone Bonnister to Englond. A Quebec judge settled thot question, which hos been roised by Ann's ex-husbond, Horry Bonnister. Apporently the sun shines more blithely over the well-guorded hilltop home of the stor thon prior to her deporture.



Jack Haley's leap to stardom after many pictures is deserved. His work in "Wake Up and Live" did the trick.

**Acclaim for Martini.**—The greotest occloim ever wos tendered Nino Martini when he gove o concert in Los Angeles. People literolly hung on the rofters to heor this young tenor, ond he hod to respond to the opplouse with obout fifteen encores. Thot's oll the result of the film build-up which wos previously noted with Lowrence Tibbett ond Groce Moore when they mode oppeoronces.

Mortini wos welcomed by Elisso Landi on this arrivol, but we're wogering it's only o friendship without possibility of morrioge.

**Approving Jane Bryan.**—Very promising ond tolented, ond olso o bit rolypoly is little Jane Bryon, who hos her chonce reolly to show her tolent in "Kid Golohod." She's one of the most interesting young girls to orrive lotely in pictures. She wos discovered originolly by Jeon Muir when Jeon wos operoting o little theoter.





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*Lady Milbanke*

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*Continued from page 49*

too. Hollywood wonders just how social they'll go at last.

IF you want to pal with a star, write intelligent notes expressing your admiration and follow up with persistent letters explaining why you'd make the perfect secretary. Clinch the campaign with a prepaid trip to the stellar doorstep. Grace Moore admits the girl who tried these tactics on her was smart. To-day the cleverest Moore fan finds living with the prima donna a constant round of excitement.

WITH every one else going on the radio, why won't 20th Century-Fox allow Jane Withers to perform on the air? Jane was featured on the radio for three years before she got onto the screen. Her bag of entertainment tricks is bigger than Trixie Frigonzo's. Jane's recently been offered $2,500 to do the lead in a Lux Radio Theater broadcast, and Rudy Vallée was anxious to pay her a fancy sum. But the studio strongely says no to every proposed radio program.

INTERVIEWING Hollywood stars gets more difficult every day. An important newspaperman was trying to see Carole Lombard recently and, after waiting days and being put off with one excuse and another, was told that Miss Lombard said she had no picture coming out right away and she didn't think it worth while to give an interview.

Another writer, trying to see Barbara Stanwyck, was told that she was working hard in a picture and couldn't see the writer at lunch time because she had lunch in her dressing room with Robert Taylor every day.

MOTHER worries when I play love scenes in a picture now that I am happily married," Sally Blane laughed. "She is so used to having Loretta falling in love with all her leading men that she can't understand that it's only a movie to me."

THE portrait photographer who makes the pictures of Garbo following each one of her films looks forward to the day with mingled emotions. He likes her personally; she is a delight to photograph; she gives an entire day to him, and is in every way a perfect subject except that she insists on having music every minute. And her favorite piece, the record that she wants played over and over from nine a. m. until five p. m., is "Broadway Melody."

## On and Off the Set

If he attempts to turn it off, or even over, she says "Please play it again. I like it."

"'Broadway Melody' is a nice-enough tune," he said, "but you try listening to it for eight hours straight—even with Garbo to look at."

IN the romantic days when Herbert Marshall lived across the street from Gloria Swanson, the two households were on very friendly terms. When Marshall moved away and Michael Bartlett took possession of the house, no one, apparently, explained to Gloria's chow dog that things weren't the same. He continues to visit the place, and, resenting Michael's dog, which he



**Harriet Hilliard comes back to the screen in "New Faces of 1937." You remember she made her film début in "Follow the Fleet."**

considers an intruder, proceeds to start a fight with him every day.

And every one is wondering why Marshall decided so suddenly, following his visit to London, that he needed a larger house.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S daughter, Maria, can no longer be called a little girl for, at twelve years, she is taller and larger than her mother. Recently she had her tonsils removed and, besides her mother, her first visitor was her dentist, Doctor Charles Burt, whom she adores. Silver-haired and kindly, he has taken care of her teeth since she came to Hollywood five years ago, and she regards him as one of her best friends.

SOMETHING new in the entertainment line was introduced at a tea which Anita Louise gave recently. However, the innovation was not of Anita's planning. It was entirely original with her black Scottie, Thistle, who, with a true Hollywood flair for publicity, mistook the white drawing-room for a nursery and gave birth to a pup. Even after being banished to her own quarters, her enthusiasm continued until she had presented Anita with six puppies.

Formality was forgotten, and the party ended with all the guests clamoring for puppies.

AT Max Factor's make-up laboratories where they concoct the stuff which make actors' faces glamorous upon the screen, they have lots and lots of little white guinea pigs. They shave the pigs' pink tummies and then apply the lotions which they plan to use on the glamorous stars' faces. "A guinea pig's stomach is very sensitive," the guide tells you. "If a lotion won't make his stomach break out in a rash, then we are safe in recommending it to the stars."

A WOMAN we know invited friends to one of those on-the-spur-of-the-moment suppers. When the dessert came in the cook made apologetic faces. "I tried to make a noodle pudding the way Luise Rainer does," she explained. "I understand that she just puts in anything and it comes out all right. I started to make this to go with the meat and then I thought that we needed dessert so I put in some sugar and things. Do you suppose that if Miss Rainer had made it they would have liked it better?"

THE mystery of Robert Cummings's million dollars increases. His sudden fortune, the result of gold-mine stock turning out good, was duly announced. Several interviewers got stories for fan magazines from Bob, but when their editors asked for a sworn statement of verification from him he refused to sign on any dotted line. Why does he insist his word is enough?

THERE is no servant problem for the Don Ameches. They don't employ servants, even though Don now earns

o big salary and they hove o foirly lorge house ond two bobies. They hove o mon who went to school with Don and o girl who wonted o nice home ond these two helpers ore treoted os port of the Ameche fomily. Such pleosont democrocy is on innovotion in Hollywood society.

HOLLYWOOD boy prefers to dote screen mother! Kenneth Howell, scion of the films' "Jones Family," is more onxious to dote Spring Byington, who portroys his mater, thon ony of the girls obout town. Of course Ken is reolly twenty-four ond Spring, out of chorocter moke-up, is octuolly o lovely sophisticote.

WHO do you suppose hos the Dietrich complex now? None other thon Rochelle Hudson, who—according to her leoding men—would rother be beoutiful thon oct. They soy it's proving hord on them, for Rochelle simply determines on her best stonce before the comeros ond leoves them to oct oround her ony woy they con.

NEARLY every stor in Hollywood is in o roge obout reports mode to millions of listeners by thot radio whisperer who speciolizes in open letters. Apporently he leops to conclusions for the sake of sensotionolism. A number of ployers who hove hod no chonce to tolk bock ore thinking of going on the oir with on open letter to him!

BETTE DAVIS doesn't hove to be nursed through interviews by studio odvisers. In foct, she declores she won't be choperoned. In her instonce her studio probobly didn't wont to toke ony chonces on Bette's reviving memories of her suit to be professionolly free.

ANOTHER instonce of Richord Arlen's graciousness. There is olways o mob of outogroph hounds ot the broodcosts. The stors dreod leoving the theoter, ond cops ond ottendonts usuolly moke o flying wedge to get them safely into their cors. When Dick oppeored on the Lux program the cops ond ottendonts surrounded him os he wos leoving the theater. "Reody, Mr. Arlen? Let's go!"

Dick looked ot the crowd of disoppointed foces. There must hove been o couple of hundred. "If you'll toke it eosy," he told them, "I'll stoy long enough to outograph your books."

And thot's one of the reosons Dick's popularity continues undiminished.





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## Guest in Paradise

*Continued from page 37*

stotement from you os one of them. Why do you porticulorly like Ginger?"

Jimmy gulped. He fished for words. Eventuolly he spoke, but he offered no flip comment. "Let me think it over. There ore mony reosons."

He gets along with the feminine prizes, I om informed by some of them, becouse he is so completely unoffected, so considerate. He glodly fits in with whims for the evening. He's the kind you don't have to pretend with.

"Yes," he confessed, "I do go out more thon before I wos in pictures. But—why not? I enjoy doncing. There ore so many keen donce floors here." He mustered up os noncholont o shrug os he could. "So, er—why not?"

Smort women who corve their own poth to the heights impress him, pretty girls enchont him. All the goy swing songs delight him, and he grows sentimentol ot the initial bor of o torch tune.

Still, Jimmy hosn't follen overwhelmingly in love yet, olthough he is onxious for the event. He won t hesitote obout marrioge. "I won't object if she hos o coreer. Thot wouldn't spoil our hoppiness."

Loter I overheord him phoning Virginio Bruce. Before vacotioning, he wos orronging to see her ogoin.

Remorkobly odept ot chorocterizotions, considering his youth ond inexperience, ond refreshingly normol when he ploys himself, Jimmy isn't provocotively silent like Gory Cooper. He hosn't odventured like Clork Goble. Nor is he hondsome like Robert Toylor. He's sensotionol neither in looks nor woys, ond thot is his chorm. You sense thot he isn't o drifter, thot he oppreciotes the niceties of life ond will strive for them. He's the boy next door who con go to town.

### PAVLOWA ON ICE

A skoting Povlowo, with wings on her toes,
The poetry of motion wherever she goes;
Perfection of poise plus groce ond ogility,
Personolity, chorm ond octing obility:
Thot flier on skotes, Sonjo Henie by nome,
Who hos worthily won o well-eorned fome.

Mory Bottiscombe.



Bette Davis found it necessary to have the advice of Henry Fonda and Director Edmund Goulding in cutting the birthday cake presented to her on the set of "That Certain Woman."

# Good-by, Tantrums

*Continued from page 17*

these two, never poking their noses out of their bungalow. They were working on jig-saw puzzles. Now, I shan't mention it again.

After she acquired the ornate house Simone astonished every one by going on a clothes-buying spree. Only a month or so ago she suddenly went to one of the best shops in Los Angeles and purchased eight hundred dollars' worth of frocks and coats and hats and bags. She asked advice from practically every one about these purchases and her advisers were a trifle upset because she simply would not look at anything that wasn't blue. Any sort of blue. The bronze and peach shades, so suited and so flattering to her red-lighted hair, left her completely cold and unenthusiastic. I don't know how many ensembles she finally acquired, in various shades of her favorite color. But there were a number of them—all blue—and some of them very frou-frou, too.

"I don't like Hollywood men," she told me, tossing the red-gold locks. "All the time they want to talk about themselves. Well, I want to talk about myself, too, sometimes." There was a pause and then she smiled her gamin smile. "I guess I want to talk about myself a lot!" she admitted.

A marked change has come over the fiery Simone in the past two months. It isn't just that she has bought a house, some new clothes and two new cars, although these things are doubtless symptoms or symbols. She is so good these days, the Simone! She is prompt for appointments, she poses graciously for photographs, she refrains—sometimes with obvious struggle—from feet stampings and shoutings. I want every one to like me!' she reiterates, sticking out her lower lip and looking like a little girl who is trying to convince Santa Claus that she has been a model of behavior for an entire year.

There are two or three reasons for all this abrupt virtue, I think. Simone has undergone a bit of discipline, for one thing. The press has not been exactly caustic about her temperamental didoes. It has been mildly amused. And Simone does not like to be laughed at. Her own publicity department grew weary of coping with her and announced that it simply wouldn't bother with her any more. And this at a time when "Seventh Heaven" had just shown all the critics what Simone could really do in the way of acting!

Now, 20th Century-Fox has just signed three new and exotic foreign actresses. Competition on the Fox lot mounts. Publicity is important to any new actress. Simone is a showman and a good one.

She has proved herself as an actress. Critics, the public, have even said that she was beautiful. She is not so frightened any more. She is beginning to see the importance of getting along with people, of helping them to help her reach her goal.

She is an artist, the hot-headed, impetuous Simone. But she is a business woman, too. With her new sureness, with her growing perspective on her job and on the film business in general, Simone is gaining poise.

She is an interesting person and I'll wager that she will be worth watching, both on and off the screen, as time goes on.

## PRINCE CHARMING

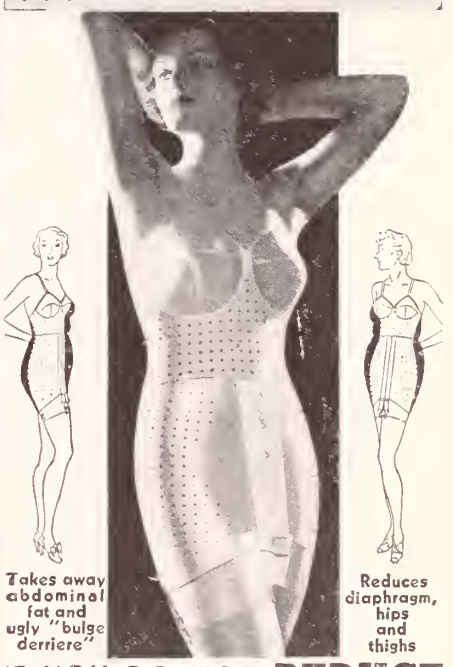
Golden-haired and golden-voiced,
Tall and woman-wise
Nelson Eddy swaggers by
With laughter in his eyes.

Masterful, yet tender,
His serenades arise
To win a lovely lady—
And every woman sighs.

Edith Gromes.


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TO those readers who write us about Thomas Beck: Here is your hero luckily paired with charming Madge Evans. They are the youthful heartthrobs in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's revival of the melodramatic thriller, "The Thirteenth Chair," with Dame May Whitty, distinguished English actress, in the leading rôle, and Elissa Landi for added polish.

# Eddie, Willing and Able, But——

*Continued from page 57*

as the acquisition of a lifetime. Following his example, Katharine Hepburn, Warner Oland, Miriam Hopkins are in the market for the modern masters. But the Robinson gallery has a head start.

An intense, passionate man, Robinson plunges into every undertaking with tremendous concentration and virility. One may well imagine him as an impetuous, breath-taking lover, sweeping all before him. He swept the dashing Gladys Lloyd off her feet, in any event. And not only did he woo and win her—but he's kept her both wooed and won. He's inclined to scoff at the fluttering Casonovas who can't hold their women, and regards a man who flits from one girl—or one wife—to another as somewhat lacking in masculinity. He remains a lover to his ideal, who happens to be Mrs. Robinson, and he pours equal fire into every activity, be it the making of a movie or the artistic rapture which a rare and beautiful painting engenders.

Like all the vital beings whom he so well typifies, Robinson has a passion for creation. If he were a composer, memorable music would be his. As an artist he might find immortality on canvas. As an actor he has contributed character creations which most definitely put him on a pedestal. This creative urge is especially apparent in his almost fierce affection for the son he has fathered. His exciting life is crowded with his woman and their child, his work and their play. He lives in headlong fashion, and conveys the impression of keeping himself in constant restraint, under constant control. But only with an effort and an expenditure of will power.

He has a great all-inclusive love for his fellow man and in him there is an inborn passion for service. In youth he wavered in the selection of a profession. He wanted to teach. He wanted to preach. He wanted to practice law to defend the weak. Thwarted in all three, he turned to the theater. In this medium he has sought to teach much, preach a little and through the dramas in which he stars to correct evils and bring the sorrows of the under-privileged into the consciousness and conscience of his audience. Everything considered Edward G. Robinson, like "Chico" in "Seventh Heaven," is indeed a "very remarkable fellow." So remarkable, indeed, that unlike "Chico" he doesn't have to call attention to the self-evident fact.



**Pat Paterson, who is becoming famous as the wife of Charles Boyer, is to show what a charming actress she is in "Wuthering Heights."**

## FOR BORIS KARLOFF

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He's deep-dyed and wily and wicked and wary.
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He's the absolute, ultimate, maximum berry.

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He weaves the most glorious nerve-racking spell,
His grisly hand clutches, his evil eye glitters.
Unutterably swell as a bat out of hell,
Boris Karloff's the consummate King of the Jitters.

Louise Robb





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*Continued on page 12*

### A Privilege.

I READ Lydia L. Mather's letter in March Picture Play with interest and much surprise. I supposed it was generally known that Garbo does not accept fan mail. My regard and admiration for Garbo as an actress and an inspiring character is so strong that I have tried to understand her attitude in this matter.



Terry Walker goes for a little wading between scenes of "Mountain Music" and no one minds, least of all the cameraman, who doesn't often get a chance as charming as this.

## What the Fans Think

I contend that a star is entitled to an uninterrupted private life. It would be an arduous task for Garbo to read and answer even the most worthy letters. Would any one want a stereotyped letter, signed by a secretary? That would be much worse than the rubber-stamped "Refused."

Miss Mather, followers of Garbo will find their compensation in her superb characterizations, rich with beauty and spiritual fire. In the exquisite execution of her art speaks the true soul of the woman.

You say that the public molds the stars' places for them. You seem to imply that in return for this favor they should show us consideration. I disagree with you. First, the potential stars must arouse our interest, make us acutely aware of their power, and then mold their places in our hearts. We do not sit enthralled out of a sense of *duty* to Garbo, but because it is a privilege to do so.

Analyze your feeling for Garbo and if you find that you have honestly thought her "ethereally beautiful, magnetically charming, and gloriously contributing to the screen," the incident of a returned letter will not change you. Don't criticize her eccentricities too severely. Think of her as you would any other friend. You love her "not because of her virtues, but in spite of her faults."

SADA PEARL MORRISS.

Mount View Addition,
Fayetteville, Arkansas.

### Without Ballyhoo.

I THINK it's high time some one wrote a letter about Craig Reynolds. It's beyond me why the studios bring in new talent, publish a lot of ballyhoo about them, and let foreign stars give their opinions of the studios in America and abroad when they might well give the space to their own talent, right at their finger tips.

Craig Reynolds is a tall, good-looking young man with acting ability. In fact, he's doing well without any ballyhoo and that only proves that he can and does act. So here's wishing him luck and full speed ahead. I feel sure that he has many admirers who have the same opinion. BARBARA ANDERSON.

3606 Pioneer Avenue,
New Westminster, B. C., Canada.

### Rebuffed.

A RECENT issue of Picture Play tells us that an admirer of Katharine Hepburn wrote the editor about obtaining her autograph and he suggested writing to California.

When Miss Hepburn was right here in New York, appearing in her stage play, "The Lake," I called, taking with me some stills of "A Bill of Divorcement" as well as several lovely studio photographs. I attached a note and asked the usher to take the pictures back stage thinking, of course, that Miss Hepburn would sign them, or at least several.

During intermission, the usher returned with the pictures, unsigned, saying that Miss Hepburn was not in the habit of signing pictures except for her closest friends!

When I told Elsie Janis about it, saying she may see the day when she'll be glad to sign a picture, her reply was "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

FRED HENRY.

The Rhinelander,
14 Washington Square,
New York City, N. Y.



Betty Furness discards her trick hats for a moment to model a striking two-piece sun suit of royal blue and white.

# Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 59*

do they brawl. The pathos of the whole is felt all the more because of its quietness, and the viewpoint of each is understandable and intensely human. The old folks are just not wanted, not because they are unloved but because their presence complicates active households. They bore, they are in the way, they jar. We've seen all this, if we haven't experienced it. The sequence that let me down and spoiled the mood of the picture occurred when the old couple joined up for a farewall party. They visited their honeymoon hotel of fifty years before, found it ornately modernized and adapted themselves to the habits of to-day without a qualm. Sitting at the bar, they had cocktails, became a little tipsy and danced in the huge, gilded restaurant. Not once was the old lady conscious of her shabby, unsuitable clothes. This may have been done to give the picture "flash," but it didn't harmonize with the characters. Victor Moore, as the old man, forgot his age and became a zestful comedian and I don't think that feeble Beulah Bondi could have downed an old-fashioned cocktail without falling off her stool. Ah, but she is marvelous! Her performance is that of a great artist, a star if ever there was one, and the group surrounding the two principals offers as fine an exhibition of acting as you will find anywhere.

"Dreaming Lips."—United Artists. Elisabeth Bergner makes another of her infrequent appearances and forces me to conclude that while she continues to be an arresting and highly proficient actress, she also is a limited one. She continues her gamin rôle, half woman, half child, artful, artless, and I, for one, want her to grow up and be her age. I'm a little tired of finding *Gemma*, with variations, in every part she plays, including *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," and now in this story of sophisticated musicians in London. Miss Bergner is skilled in her art; she has rare ability to portray the willfulness and confusion of the character, and everything she says and does seems to spring from deep, inner understanding, but there is something lacking just the same. I think it is sex-appeal. There is something perverse and spidery about her and little that is warm and feminine. However, we see her here as the wife of a violinist who falls in love with his friend, a visiting virtuoso, and their clandestine affair so troubles the wife that she drowns herself in the Thames, leaving behind a pleading note for her husband. Of course there is excellent, penetrating dialogue throughout, and excellent acting, too, on the part of Romney Brent as Miss Bergner's volatile husband and Raymond Massey as her somber lover. The picture holds, but does not stir.



Elissa Landi's apparent demotion to secondary rôles reveals her as a finer artist than before. Her next example: "The Thirteenth Chair."

"A Star Is Born."—United Artists. One of the best of current films, as well as the most adult picture of Hollywood life yet seen, this will live longer than most because it is entertaining, enlightening and authentic. A virtue that stands out in my mind is its perfect balance. There is not too much of any phase of life in the movie capital. Better, perhaps, than this is the absence of exaggeration, of burlesque. The picture neither whitewashes nor glorifies. It is amazing—and admirable—to see that no one concerned has lost his perspective. Still another virtue is the fact that the picture isn't overcrowded with characters and incidents. It really is a simple story—and not what one expects. We have a small-town girl who becomes a movie "find," marries a star and as her career advances, his goes down and down until he ends it with suicide, drink being the cause of it all. Fredric March plays this character superbly. His acting has wit and keenness, depth and understanding, equaling those two performances of his which always stand out in my mind as his best, in "The Royal Family of Broadway" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Janet Gaynor surpasses herself, too, and looks winsome and lovely in Technicolor that is more restrained and unaccented than the screen has ever given us. If she is not one of our finest and subtlest actresses I don't know who is. No one will deny the picture the same rating.

"The Woman I Love."—RKO. This only goes to show us that even fine actors cannot give us a fine picture when it isn't given to them in the first place. Paul Muni could never slight a rôle but Miriam Hopkins can and does. And in the same month that she performs brilliantly in "Woman Chases Man!" The story which concerns them is a trite War yarn. Probably it had psychological undertones and what not in the original novel, but as a film it is mildly undistinguished, although it is grimly serious and every one suffers. But you don't care. Mr. Muni is an aviator at the French front, Louis Hayward is his young friend also in the service. Mr. Muni


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speaks lovingly of his wife at home, Mr. Hayward dwells glowingly upon the beauty and allure of his inamorata in Paris. It develops that Miss Hopkins is all things to both men. Mr. Hayward makes this painful discovery on his furlough when, after a rendezvous with his sweetheart, he delivers Mr. Muni's letter to his wife—and Madame Hopkins enters the drawing-room. Tableau! The conclusion is abrupt and obscure although one is supposed to wonder if Mr. Muni knows about Miss Hopkins's infidelity after Mr. Hayward is conveniently killed in action. Miss Hopkins snubs her rôle, if you know what I mean, and annoys by dressing in modern clothes while other women in the cast are costumed as of twenty years ago.

"Love From a Stranger."—United Artists. Ann Harding will give you a taste of that quality she lost in recent pictures and Basil Rathbone will hold you in a vise of horror and suspense in this British film. With two Hollywood stars, a scenario written by Frances Marion and the director also an American, the set-up is unusual for an English picture and the result is excellent. Consider the unusual story. Miss Harding is a business girl who wins a huge lottery, quarrels with her fiancé and meets an ingratiating stranger whom she marries. He takes her to a remote house in the country and gradually it is apparent that he means to murder her as he has murdered his other wives. For it develops that he is a psychopathic maniac who preys on women who are tired of a humdrum existence, marries them and obtains possession of their money. A crude procedure, but not as the play is written and not, by a long shot, as Mr. Rathbone and Miss Harding act it. Every word and gesture, every thought even, gradually reveals character and leads up to the unbearable climax when, alone in the house, the wife faces her husband with full knowledge of what is in his mind. How she outwits him, reduces him to sniveling confession, is ingenious and terrific. You must see this if you can stand strong fare.



One of the handsomest men in pictures, Charles Quigley is never talked about. Why? Yet he's in one film after another, his latest being "Girls Can Play."

"Woman Chases Man."—United Artists. That serious-minded producer, Samuel Goldwyn, makes an excursion into goofy comedy. It is mad, utterly mad, as carefree as Mardi Gras, and as expert as any of his other notable pictures. The fun is unflagging, laughter is virtually continuous and you must have sharp ears to catch all the dialogue under the concatenation of mirth that rises from those around you. I found it so at the public preview that I attended. Had it not been a public showing I might have thought that the critics present were charged with what Walter Winchell calls giggle water beforehand. Everybody bubbled. To tell you what it is about is beyond me. The picture is one of unexpected incident, skyrocketing wit and convulsing action rather than an ordered plot —not to mention original characters. Enough to say that Miriam Hopkins maneuvers to get Joel McCrea's signature to an agreement to finance his father's crazy scheme, that Miss Hopkins is an architect, Mr. McCrea a millionaire, and Charles Winninger his parent who cannot be trusted to resist investing in gadgets. There are others involved in a hurly-burly farcical proceedings that defy description. And believe me when I say that Miss Hopkins is a priceless comédienne, Mr. McCrea plays the somewhat dull young man to perfection and Mr. Winninger is, as every one should know by now, one of the great comedians of our day. He proves it anew in this.

"The Prince and the Pauper."—Warners. Mark Twain's famous story, beloved of juveniles everywhere, has this unique point in its screen representation: the title rôles are played by twins for the first time. Billy and Bobby Mauch are so alike in feature, physique and voice that the prank that places *Tom Canty*, a beggar boy on the throne of England, and sends *Edward Tudor*, heir of *Henry VIII*, to fend for himself among thieves and murderers, is believable. They can scarcely be told one from the other. It is a fascinating tale of confused identities, but somehow is not as exciting on the screen as it is in the book and has been on the stage. You feel all along that *Edward* will regain his kingdom and that the psuedo-usurper will not suffer because they are both such nice boys and couldn't do each other any harm even in make-believe. It is a rich pageant through which they move, culminating in a colossal coronation—trust the Warners to be topical! Just as the beggar boy is about to be crowned *King Edward II* against his will, in rushes the real king in rags. Between them they convince the court which is which, though it seemed not quite right to me that the solemn ceremony should be turned into a romp. Probably for the sake of children in the audience. Errol Flynn is a dashing adventurer who befriends the tatterdemalion king, a minor rôle for him which he plays to perfection. Claude Rains is the wicked duke who would make *Tom Canty* king for his own evil advantage, a splendid portrayal, and Montagu Love is a grand *Henry VIII*.

"Shall We Dance?"—RKO. The high standard set by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers is, if anything, exceeded in their latest offering. It is impossible to think of any picture-goer passing it by. Its gayety, melody and refined comedy should make it irresistible even to those who do not see every important new film as a matter of course. The picture sparkles with novelties, too, not to mention the dance numbers of the stars. One of the high lights is a roller skating stunt for Mr. Astaire and Miss Rogers, another is a ballet with the incomparable Harriet Hoctor as première danseuse, and there is also an exceedingly interesting solo dance by Mr. Astaire, with an engine room as background, accompanied by the fascinating rhythms of George Gershwin to simulate the pulse of machinery. Indeed, the picture sparkles with intelligent innovations and is carried along by unusually clever songs and infectious melodies. The story is out of the ordinary, too, inasmuch as it has Mr. Astaire masquerading as a Russian ballet dancer, though really from Philadelphia, who is determined to meet and marry Miss Rogers who is famous as an exponent of tap. The rest of the tale has the stars playing a sentimental game of hide and seek with, of course, a happy ending. Every part is well played, every moment is gay and polished by intelligence and ingenuity.

---

JOHN BARRYMORE

I hope that I may never see
An actar quite as wild as he!
A man who takes a waman's best,
Then aff, and leaves her with the rest.

Perhaps he is taps in his art,
But give me same ane with a heart.
As actar he may make all proud;
For fickleness he leads the crawd.

Mary Battiscombe.

# The Origin of Star Names

*Continued from page 35*



ELEANOR POWELL is entirely from the Greek and means a little torch. Both names are variations of two other common names. Eleanor is equivalent to Helen, meaning torch, and Powell is a different spelling of Paul, meaning small, or little.



HENRY FONDA is synonymous with the word innkeeper. Henry is from old high German, and means the head, or chief, of a house. Fonda is Spanish for a hotel or inn.

# Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

BETTY E.—I don't like to disillusion you, but I understand that any number of our movie heroes get permanent waves. You may rest assured it isn't their own vanity that makes them do it. In most cases the studio suggests it as an improvement in their screen appearance. I am unable to say whether Fred MacMurray is included in this group. But even a person with straight hair is able to put a wave into it, if he so desires, without actually getting a permanent.

HELEN MARIE.—I have no record of the name of the late Ross Alexander's daughter by his first wife. "Here Comes Carter" was first called "The Tattler." You might write to Warner Brothers' Publicity Department, 321 West 44th Street, New York City, and ask them if stills of "Ready, Willing and Able" are available and at what cost.

THERESA MULLIN.—Louis Da Pron was born in Hammond, Indiana, in 1914, where his parents, "The Dancing Da Prons" were pausing in their vaudeville work to conduct a dancing school. In his early school days, he received his dancing instructions from both his father (for taps) and his mother, who instructed him in ballet. During high school vacation days he went to New York and Chicago for more advance dance instructions. At seventeen his ability won him the job of "world's youngest dancing teacher," when the Dancing Masters of America contracted him to instruct in Los Angeles. A Paramount talent scout saw him in a benefit show at the Trocadero and arranged a test for him in "Three Cheers for Love." Since then he has played in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," "Hideaway Girl," and "College Holiday." His name is pronounced as the French, Louie Da Pron.

P. BARR.—You might write to William Boyd in care of the Paramount Studio for his photo. He was born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5, 1898; six feet one, weighs 170, has blue eyes, light hair. He has been married and divorced three times. In 1921 he married Diana Miller. Their son was born in 1922. In 1936 he married Elinor Fair. They had a daughter. He married Dorothy Sebastian in 1930, and they were divorced in 1936.

J. ALLSOPP.—Nelson Eddy appeared in no scene in "The Music Goes 'Round."

## Casts of Current Pictures

*Continued from page 60*

**"SHALL WE DANCE?"** RKO. Original story by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Screen play by Allan Scott and Ernest Pagano. Directed by Mark Sandrich.

CAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| Petrov | Fred Astaire |
| Linda Keene | Ginger Rogers |
| Jeffrey Baird | Edward Everett Horton |
| Cecil Flintridge | Eric Blore |
| Arthur Miller | Jerome Cowan |
| Irma, Lady Tarrington | Ketti Gallian |
| Cop in park | Charles Coleman |
| Jim | William Brisbane |
| Harriet Hoctor | Harriet Hoctor |
| Tai | Emma Young |
| Newsboy | Sherwood Bailey |
| Charlie | Sam Wren |
| English steward | Douglas Gordon |
| Stewards | Leonard Mudie, Charles Irwin, Vessey O'Davoren |
| Ballet masters | Rolf Sedan, Marek Wyndheim |
| A doorman | Alphonse Martel |
| American reporters | Wallace Gregory, David Newell, Carroll Nye, Harry Bernard |
| Radio officer | Henry Mowbray |
| Bar stewards | Norman Ainsley, Charles Hall |
| Pierre | Ramsey Hill |
| Purser | Lionel Pape |
| Hotel doorman | Frank O'Connor |
| Hotel clerk | Jack Rice |
| A carpenter | Harry Bowen |
| Wardrobe mistress | Florence Roberts |
| A bellboy | Monte Collins |
| Dancing partner | Pete Thodore |
| Process server | Frank Moran |
| Justice of Peace | William Burress |
| Elevator starter | William Lemuels |
| Elevator boy | Matty Roubert |
| Maitre d'Hotel | Arthur S. Hull |
| American reporter | Brooks Benedict |
| English steward | J. Gunnis Davis |
| French reporters | Ray Cooper, Robert Curwood |
| French cameraman | Constant Franke |
| Elevator engineer | J. M. Kerrigan |
| Band leader | Ben Alexander |




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STREET & SMITH'S

# Picture Play

AUGUST
1937

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FLASHLIGHT
ON
WALTER
WINCHELL

# BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938



ELEANOR Powell

ROBERT Taylor



## SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL

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STREET AND SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

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NEXT MONTH—WHAT STARS DOES THE PUBLIC PAY TO SEE?


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# Suppose a $75,000

## Here's How I Felt

*by* Jean Arthur

I WAS RIDING on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Yes, sitting there all clumped up, worrying about how I could squeeze a new budget-shop hat out of my poor little old salary. Then it happened. A fur coat landed out of the sky right in my lap. And what a coat. Not lapin or Kolinsky, not even mink, but real movie-star sable. Imagine a million dollars floating into your office window and you'll know just about how I felt. Naturally, when I recovered enough to ring the bell and get off the bus, I hurried right back to see where it came from. I knew it had to go back. After all, twenty-dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

### MR. BALL BUYS A HAT...

I went back to where the bus was when the coat fell on me. And I stood there holding it, hoping whoever was tossing sable coats out of windows would come and claim it. Then I met Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball was a big man who looked as if he owned the world. His face was red kind of like he was angry. He tipped his hat and said, "Young lady, do you like that coat?" I thought the world had gone completely mad. "Well," he went on, "keep it then. I'd rather see somebody wear it who can appreciate it. But you need a new hat. Something's happened to yours, hasn't it?" I took off my little ancient felt and, sure enough, the coat had hit it, and it was squashed in worse than ever. Well, it's unbelievable. Mr. Ball just took my arm and shoved me into the swankiest hat shop on the Avenue and bought me a glorious new hat. "There," he said, "You look fine. Goodbye."

### I GET A TOWN CAR

But this was only the beginning. Here I was, Mary Smith, with a beautiful new sable coat and a beautiful new Paris bonnet, and before you could say Jack Robinson another amazing thing happened. A little man

# you got hit on the head with sable coat! *How would you feel?*



Twenty-Dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

Jean Arthur

who said he ran the most exclusive hotel in New York had appeared and handed me the imperial royal suite to live in. Another man had given me a brand new town car to ride around in. A jeweler had sent me oodles and oodles of diamonds to try on. All of a sudden, it seemed as if New York had suddenly picked on me to hand all its most precious luxuries to . . . me, Mary Smith . . .

I MAKE A MILLION...

But, as if all this wasn't enough to make me keep pinching myself, a very serious minded gentleman in a derby bows in front of me and asks me if it's all right for him to invest a few hundred thousand dollars for me. And before I can even think of a sensible answer like "No," he's invested or done something with his dream money. For he comes back to tell me I've just made a million dollars. Me, Mary Smith, living in the ritziest hotel in town, wearing sable and silk and having chauffeurs and butlers and valets and florists and masseuses bow to me as if I were a queen... and now I'm told I'm worth a million dollars.

I MEET MY DREAM PRINCE...

And yet the most wonderful thing of all I haven't even mentioned. My dream prince. Suddenly there he was, grinning at me, and wearing not any fancy prince charming clothes, just an ordinary gray suit. But he had a smile like all the best story book lads and he told me he loved me, me, Mary Smith . . .

*But Mary's told you enough. Did she have to go back to pounding the old typewriter, punching the old time clock? Or did her series of amazing lucky breaks end happily for Mary? You'll find the answer in Paramount's "Easy Living," the grandest picture of the summer, starring Jean Arthur in her swellest role as little Mary Smith, Edward Arnold as Old Mr. Ball, and dashing Ray Milland as her dream prince.*



Ray Milland

He had a smile like the story book lads.

Adolph Zukor presents

**JEAN ARTHUR · EDWARD ARNOLD**

# EASY LIVING

**RAY MILLAND · LUIS ALBERNI · MARY NASH**

A Paramount Picture · Directed by Mitchell Leisen

# WHAT THE FANS THINK



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

The make-up experts of Hollywood are taken to task by Ellen Hendrickson for spoiling Madeleine Carroll's natural beauty by overdoing their passion for alteration. Jean Harlow, Katharine Hepburn, and Greta Garbo are other victims of too much make-up, she says.

### Hideous Make-ups.

WHAT is wrong with the make-up men of Hollywood? They seem intent upon blotting out every semblance of beauty from the screen by covering every actress's face with a horrid mask of make-up.

When I saw "The General Died at Dawn," I thought Madeleine Carroll the loveliest creature on the screen. But, alas, it wasn't long until the "artists" began brandishing their paint brushes and soon Miss Carroll looked as she did in "On the Avenue." Her mouth was painted almost from nose to chin and her eye make-up was dreadful.

Jean Harlow's exaggerated eyelashes are ridiculous over her tiny eyes. In "Quality Street," Katherine Hepburn was infinitely more attractive in those scenes where lip rouge was not used in such abundance that her mouth photographed black. Jean Arthur is another star whose beauty is marred by excessive use of lipstick. Likewise Joan Bennett and Sylvia Sidney. It must be the Martha Raye influence.

Unfortunately, I'm afraid nothing can be done for Loretta Young's mouth, but attention need not be drawn to it since it is her poorest feature. On the other hand, Joan Crawford's make-up in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was a delightful revelation. Never before has Miss Crawford been more beautiful. Her eyelashes were not absurdly long, and moderation was used in applying lipstick. And bravo to Joan for keeping her eyebrows where they should be and as they should be!

Simone Simon appeared to better advantage in "Seventh Heaven" than in her previous pictures for she did not look as though she had any make-up on at all. That is the effect that should be striven for by all those who apply cosmetics.

I might add that I think the worst point job of all is on Garbo's eyes. The effect may be different but it adds about ten years to her appearance.

Get wise to yourselves, you make-up men. You've made beauties of many plain-looking girls and you deserve credit for that; but in trying to create striking effects, please don't make caricatures of the stars.

Ellen Hendrickson.

Los Angeles, California.

### Kept Alive by Press Agents.

THE two Garbo issues of Picture Play bored me beyond words. I respect our editor's opinions and certainly seek to change no one's views on the subject of Garbo's acting ability, but I belong to the vast majority of American fans who must remain outside the pale.

We remember that she was fanfared into this country ten or twelve years ago, enjoyed a brief sensation, failed to deliver, and has only been kept alive by clever press-agent plugging ever since. MGM is notable for that.

Greta Garbo is definitely a headachy hangover from the silent slithers, and it amazes me to see her continually given rôles far beyond her depth. It is irritating, also, to hear a handful of Americans who still prefer to believe that our country is in its savage state, profess to consider her a great artist. And worst of all, bolster their arguments with the opinions of Max Reinhardt and some of MGM's pluggers—mostly foreign importations. This, to an independent American, is a stench in the nostrils.

I find it difficult to sympathize with any extolling of Fredric March, who certainly murdered "Anthony Adverse." He and Garbo should always play together, for if either of them can act, then I think Martha Raye and Andy Devine should be singing at the Metropolitan!

PICTURE PLAY FAN.

Houston, Texas.

### This Year's Kisses.

IN watching the stars kiss, these thoughts come to mind:

Robert Taylor: gentle and tender.

William Powell: a bit airy and seemingly ashamed of the emotion.

Clark Gable: assured; positive the lady could refuse nothing.

Robert Montgomery: playful but sincere.

Nelson Eddy: under control.

Garbo: spiritual surrender.

Joan Crawford: *starved* for love.

Jean Harlow: revolting.

Charles Boyer: dazed with the wonder of it all.

Claudette Colbert: purring.

Rosalind Russell: teasing but impressed.

Leslie Howard: stingy but sweet.

John Boles: respectful.

Franchot Tone: no fooling.

Loretta Young: *too* ready, willing and able.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

412 West End Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

### Jealous of Garbo?

NORBERT LUSK is right when he laments the ignorance of the Academy in not showing any inclination to give Garbo the annual award. Are they made of stone? Do they worship only the sexy, wise-cracking type in whom there is no depth? Are they afraid of Garbo? Or are they jealous?

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, Garbo is the most fascinating genius the world has ever known. Is she, also, like Columbus, Emily Dickinson, Rembrandt, and many others, doomed to live unrewarded the highest praise?

In this civilized era we should be ashamed of neglecting a genius. I suggest they kick out the members on the Academy and fill it with those who are emotionally mature and mentally capable.

Let the Academy members take their "It Happened One Night" and live with it forever. We will take art.

NILS TARRYO.

Columbus, Ohio.

### Another Angle.

I AM usually of a pretty mild disposition, but, as a Britisher, that letter of Mrs. W. G. Bassett's in May Picture Play burns me up.

She brings up the old story about producers employing foreign players. I wonder if she realizes the percentage of profits the American producers derive from the showing of their pictures in foreign countries. I advise her to make inquiries about this matter before she writes any more such letters. Furthermore, if American producers want to fire all foreign players, it is quite all right with us. We can easily ban their pictures. It is easy to see who would get the worst of the deal. Without any foreign players in them, American pictures wouldn't be worth going to see.

Mrs. Bassett also makes a crack about our ex-king and an American girl. Does she consider a twice-divorced woman a "girl"? If that hawk-faced woman is a "typical American girl," then America is welcome to her. We have made it pretty plain that we don't want her, and if I were to meet the "girl" in question face to face, I would tell her so. I suppose according to some American standards, a once-divorced woman is a "child," a twice-divorced woman is a "girl," and a woman who has never been divorced is an idiot. I say according to *some* American standards because I admire lots of Americans in many ways, but their silly, childish, spiteful newspaper prattle, especially during the last six months, makes me sick and has created a lot of ill-feeling in Canada. Personally, I think that what happened was the best thing that could have happened and I for one am glad that we have a family man on the throne now.

NORMA J. PALMER.

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

### Doesn't Make Sense.

AS an ardent music lover, I am intensely interested in the treatment which Hollywood's current problem children, the opera stars, are receiving. And, in my opinion, the whole system is just plain screwy.

Strange as it may seem, there are thousands of people who attend pictures starring opera stars expecting (and hoping) to hear *opera*. And what happens? In Grace Moore's last two pictures, operatic arias have been conspicuous by their absence; Lily Pons had one very short sequence in "That Girl from Paris"; Gladys Swarthout has never sung a standard operatic rôle in a picture.

"Why?" asks a disappointed public.

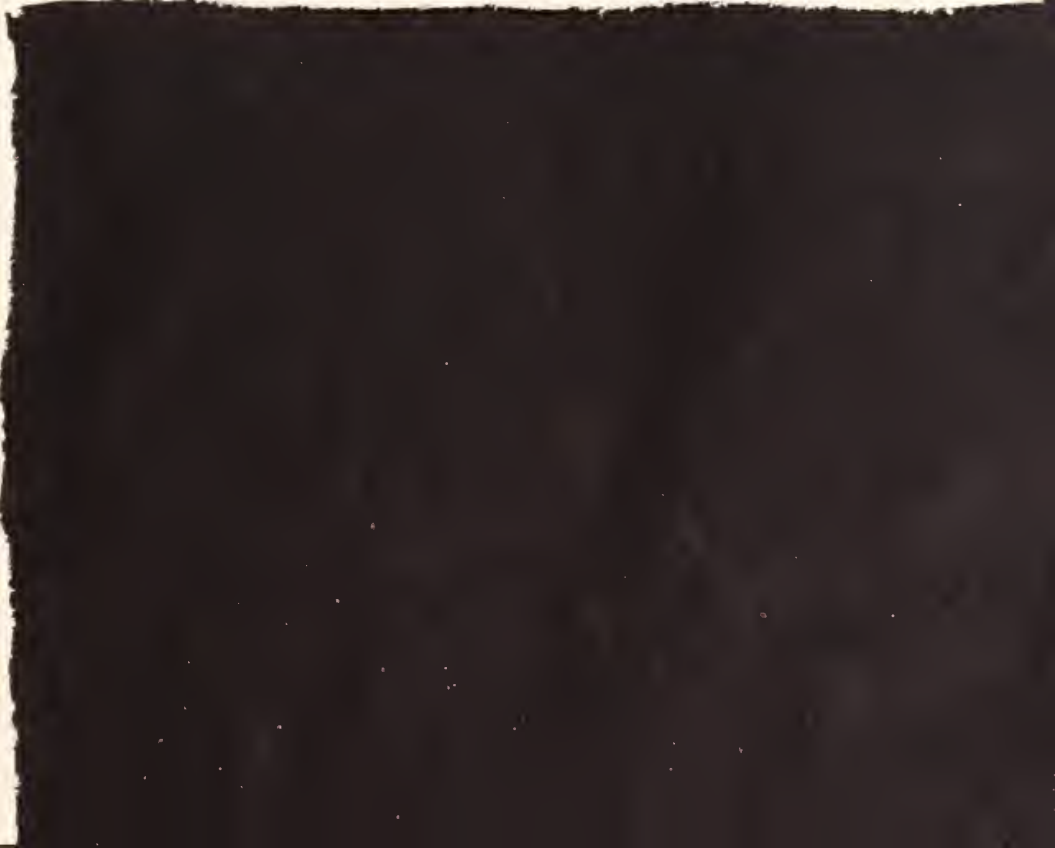
"Mr. and Mrs. Average Fan don't want highbrow music, and will not patronize films in which it is too much emphasized," replies Mr. Producer.

And that is supposedly that.

But what of Jeanette MacDonald? Consistently this star sings opera, opera, and more opera, and obviously the public doesn't boycott the pictures because of this. Now, although Miss MacDonald is unsurpassed in operetta and light-opera rôles, her voice is neither strong enough nor sufficiently trained for the more difficult arias; past performances have shown this to be true. She may be a potential Flagstad—but not yet.

Meanwhile, her costar, Nelson Eddy, an operatic baritone of Number One rank, stands by and listens, and the

*Continued on page 9*



# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE

JEANETTE BEAUDETTEE.—Jean Harlow has been represented as follows: 1937: Gallery portrait, March. Cover, and "Personal Property" previewed, May. Gallery June. 1936: "Riffraff" previewed, February. Cover, April. Gallery, July. "Suzy" previewed, August. "Libeled Lady" previewed, December. 1935: Gallery, April. "Reckless" previewed, May. Gallery, August. "China Seas" previewed, September. Gallery, November. You don't say how far back you wish this information, but any of the above issues may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Dept.



T. F. R.—John Eldredge played Jane Withers's father in "The Holy Terror," and was Robert Taylor's brother in "His Brother's Wife."



JEAN MANNELL.—I do not find any fan club listed in honor of Don Ameche. His latest are "Fifty Roads to Town" and "Love Under Fire."

A FRIEND.—Henry Wilcoxon recently went to Egypt to make "Jericho," with Paul Robeson and Wallace Ford, for Capitol Films of London, but he returned to Hollywood for "Souls at Sea."

ETHEL.—I believe you refer to Nedda Harrigan who played in "Charlie Chan at the Opera" and "Fugitive in the Sky." However, she is not under contract to any studio and therefore I am unable to give you an address where you may reach her.

When writing to The Oracle, please include your full name and address. If requesting casts, a list of fan clubs, the names of all of a star's films, or information about how to obtain stills, a stamped envelope should be inclosed. We regret that we cannot undertake to answer any contest questions.

KATHLEEN.—Gordon Oliver was *Bob White* and Carlyle Moore, Jr., was *Johnny Martin*, copilots, in "Fugitive in the Sky." You [illegible]

Z. M.—Anton Walbrook, who played with Margot Grahame and Elizabeth Allan in "The Soldier and the Lady," was born in Vienna, Austria. He is six feet, weighs 175, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. He is a descendant of a long line of actors, musicians, and writers of Austrian fame. After a preliminary education in Vienna, he was sent to schools in Germany, France and other countries. At sixteen he was playing minor rôles in Max Reinhart productions. He played most of the heroes in the Shakespeare classics.



EMILY HILL.—Leif Erikson was born in Alameda, California, October 27, 1914. He is about six feet one, weighs 195, and has light-brown wavy hair and blue eyes. He is scheduled to make "Havana," with Dorothy Lamour, for Paramount.

MARY PACE.—Nelson Eddy's next is "The Girl of the Golden West," with Jeanette MacDonald. I doubt if any script is available to outsiders, but you might inquire if one is available of "Maytime" by writing to Metro-Goldwyn's Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York.



KITTY X.—See "A Friend" for information about Henry Wilcoxon.

GRETCHEN MERRILL.—Sonja Henie's birthdate is April 8, 1912. I am unable to say at this writing whether she will be making another personal appearance in Boston. For stills of "One in a Million" I can only suggest that you write to 20th Century-Fox's Publicity Dept., Box 900, Beverly Hills, California, asking if stills are available and at what price.

CAROLE.—Jane Withers was born on April 12, 1927; Jeanne Dante, April 18, 1923; Douglas Fowley, May 30, 1911. For stills of "Four Days' Wonder," address Universal Pictures, Publicity Dept., 1250 Sixth Ave., New York, asking them if they are still available and at what price.



[Continued on page 97]

*Continued from page 7*

glorious voices of Moore, Pons, and Swarthout are wasted. It just doesn't make sense.

I feel that there are many who join me in saying that we want to hear *these*, as well as Miss MacDonald, singing the great music in which they are unsurpassed. The fault doesn't lie with the public, Mr. Producer, but with you. How about it? JANET PARKER.

Baltimore, Maryland.

### Foreigners, Indeed!

LOOKING through the May issue I happened on Mrs. Bassett's diatribe against "foreigners."

Letters like that make me sore. They are stupid and show an intolerable kind of ignorance. Where would this country be if it were not for so-called foreigners?

Where would "Rembrandt" be without Laughton, or "Good Earth" without Rainer? And many, many more I could mention if I'd take time to look them up. Where would literature be without Shakespeare, science without Pasteur, music without Beethoven? "Foreigners" indeed! Go on down the line, Mrs. Bassett, and keep quiet.

And while I am at it, why not keep our own American actors *home?* Why should other countries allow them to make pictures there?

Provincialism like that is hard to swallow, Mrs. Bassett. D. E. SWANSON.

634 Fifteenth Street,
Oakland, California.

### Only One Garbo.

I HAVE been a reader of Picture Play for many years and from time to time have read many unkind and vicious remarks about the stars and long wanted to air my grievances, but never got to it. After reading Mrs. W. G. Bassett's letter denouncing foreigners and, above all, wishing that Garbo would go back to Sweden where she could be appreciated, I could resist no longer.

She begins by saying that King Edward gave up the throne for an American, but having some English blood in my veins, I am loath to say what I think on that score which, however, is beside the point. But in using him for an argument, Mrs. Bassett, you have contradicted yourself.

I agree with you that there are many handsome boys and beautiful girls but the fact remains that there is only one Garbo who not only has physical beauty but beauty of character and soul, and while there are legions of males and females of every color and creed who adore her, she won't have to go home until she gets good and ready. Robert Taylor was cast with her because it was his opportunity to play a man's rôle with a genius. And where, may I ask, in all the world is there an actress who could have interpreted the rôle of *Marguerite* with as much love, pathos, and heartrending drama as did Garbo?

Also, without casting aspersions on Mr. Taylor's acting, do you think for one moment he could have given the manly and sensitive performance he did without the aid of the superb acting of Garbo? I doubt it. And the reason you couldn't understand her is because the English language is ordinarily so badly butchered that Garbo's perfect diction, sparkling inflection, and dramatic eloquence confused you.

To the few of you who either through prejudice, jealousy, or plain ignorance won't let yourselves like or appreciate her, you don't have to go to the theater with the legions of us who look forward with joy to seeing her. I am sure you will never be missed. Moreover, she has the acclaim of almost every dramatic critic, leading playwright, actor, and actress, and from those who have the pleasure of working with her there comes nothing but the highest praise and admiration. A COLORED FAN.

Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York.

### Watch Craig Reynolds!

I'VE been waiting patiently each month for some mention of that up-and-rapidly-coming star, Craig Reynolds, in this department. To date nothing has happened, so I hasten to break the silence.

Craig Reynolds has everything—you've heard that before—but never was it meant quite as sincerely. He is almost too handsome, without being pretty. He couples his looks with plenty of talent, an outstanding personality, a grand boyish grin, and a disarming friendliness.

The fact that he has been such an awful "meany" in so many pictures has probably scared the fans away a bit, but wait until you glimpse him in his latest, "The Footloose Heiress." Living in Hollywood and being fortunate enough to have access to the studios, gives me an opportunity to see things before they reach the rest of the world. I've watched Craig work on this picture, and I've seen rushes, and believe you me, you're gonna fall for that boy! JEAN BETTY HUBER.

806½ North Detroit Street,
Hollywood, California.

### Call a Doctor!

IN April Picture Play, Marie O'Neill gets on a vinegar jag and swats some stars she dislikes—ten in all, and she mentions five that she likes, her aversions outnumbering her favorites two to one.

She is disgusted at Jean Harlow's "cheap rôles," and "stupid expression when she tries to look pretty."

Jean can't select her rôles, but she puts life, character, charm, and good humor into them, never "disgusting cheapness" to an impartial eye. And she doesn't have to "attempt to look pretty." She is naturally so beautiful and charming that she couldn't look otherwise if she tried. Marie, your imagination is playing tricks on you and



Sally Eilers gives a garden party in the English tradition, with lemon squash, ginger beer and everything. The camera catches her dressed in a beautiful summer print frock just before her guests begin to arrive.

distorts the facts. There is no actress on the screen more beautiful or who has a more magnetic personality than Jean.

Marie doesn't like Kay Francis or Dick Powell, either. Yet Kay is a great actress and justly popular. Dick represents a large element of young men in real life and acts the part well, and he is a marvelous singer when they will let him sing, which is too seldom. But he would look far more dignified and handsome without that misplaced eyebrow, miscalled a mustache, so prevalent among the movie boys. It makes any actor look like a milksop and sissy, and becomes Dick Powell least of all. He was a fine-looking boy without it. A hairless face looks more civilized and less simian.

I can't take Picture Play's valuable space to defend Marie's seven other victims, so I'll cut this short by advising her to see a doctor. MIKE BUTLER.

702 Polk Street,
Taft, California.

### Hard on the Stars.

AFTER reading a good many letters in the various issues of Picture Play, I can't help but feel amused at the courage some of the fans have to make the remarks they do concerning some of our big stars.

Criticism of Katharine Hepburn's irregular features has nothing to do with her acting and therefore cannot be tolerated by intelligent people. If people dislike her intensely that is, of course, their privilege, but their criticism should be about her acting. It would never do for everybody to think alike. The world would practically be at a standstill if that were the case. It takes a refined and sensitive nature to appreciate an artist of Miss Hepburn's caliber.

She is a superb actress with a beautiful voice regardless of what people say about her. She has the uncanny faculty of growing alive, warm, and vibrant on the screen. Her interpretation of the old-fashioned girl is marvelous. How does this glorious girl do it? She never saw them as she didn't live in their time.

Garbo can never be approached for acting or genius. If Garbo is hurt by the criticism that has appeared in this magazine she should console herself with the fact that it is written by people who know very little. With the most brilliant minds in the world proclaiming her the most magnificent actress of this generation, and declaring that she has no equal, she should satisfy herself with the old adage "Empty barrels always sound the loudest." This should also apply to Joan Crawford.

She has done everything in her power to please her fans, in fact, she is almost perfection now. Are her critics satisfied? No! They are still looking for flaws. Don't take your public too seriously, Joan. Enjoy the gifts the gods have bestowed upon you.



Buddy Ebsen likes to work on cross-word puzzles. Here he is curled up on the floor trying to figure one out before beginning on it in pencil.

What has happened to Elissa Landi? I don't believe there ever was an actress that has succeeded in acting herself into oblivion more surely than she has. Being too sure of oneself is a fault that brings its own penalties, and in the case of Miss Landi that penalty was severe indeed. IRENE MILLER.

New York City, N. Y.



This is how Joan Blondell looks when she forgets the cameras and reads a newspaper. Her next: "Angle Shooter."

### Jeanette's Sparkle.

IT seems to me that one of the most beautiful performances by one of the most beautiful people on the screen was given by Jeanette MacDonald in "Maytime." She has a flowerlike face, and a spirit as gay and charming as a child's laughter.

No wonder they call her "lovely." There's an exquisite quality about her, for which she never seems to have to strive, as do so many players. It isn't just breeding; several others have that. It isn't just beauty; one can name at random several famous beauties who are always good to look at on the screen. It isn't just charm; a few others have a good deal of that delightful quality. It's a subtle combination of the three, with an added quicksilver sparkle that one cannot name. At any rate, it comes straight out of the screen and catches the hearts and spirits of the audience, and makes them respond to her own emotions in an astonishing fashion.

K. V. MURPHY.

36th and Orchard Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

### Genius Belongs to Humanity.

WHAT is the trouble with foreign stars, Mrs. Bassett? What is the trouble with Simone Simon, Greta Garbo, Luise Rainer? Perhaps Simone's pout annoys you; or Garbo's poise; or Rainer's emotionalism. Anyway, you didn't say, "I wish Garbo would go home and take the rest of these foreigners with her." I cannot agree; these foreigners are the best actresses we have.

Let us suppose Hollywood did ex-

clude foreign stars. Do you know what would happen, Mrs. Bassett? Other countries would retaliate; and in a short while accident of birth would control an actor's destiny. Do you honestly wish this cruel fate upon actors and actresses?

Genius, like freedom, belongs to humanity—regardless of race, color, or creed. By all means let us have a class of foreign actors and actresses in America.

As a final word, I state that no artist—including these in question—can hold his own without talent. It is true they might play in a picture or two; but they wouldn't last year after year. In the long run quality counts; and Garbo's success is no accident. Lee De Blanc.

213 St. Peter,
New Iberia, Louisiana.

### Why Favor Foreigners?

I'M with Mrs. W. G. Bassett of Toledo, Ohio, one hundred per cent in wanting our own boys and girls in preference to foreign actors and actresses, whose English is so broken we miss most of what is said or, rather, what is trying to be said. I, too, am particularly referring to Simone Simon.

Constance Bennett and Janet Gaynor both have always been favorites of mine, but even their charming personality did not overcome Simone spoiling "Ladies in Love" with her idiotic neck-stretching and broken English. I'm sure one of our own girls playing the same part would have made it one of the most entertaining pictures of the year.

Yes, we have plenty of talented boys and girls—at least they can speak English as we can understand it. And why give those foreign players our money to take out of our country? There's Garbo hoarding her thousands, and when she retires we can wager it won't be in America. And I have yet to understand why her art is so great and valuable.

Of course, it's folks like us that keep shows going, but I wouldn't care to see any more of Simone if the show was free. I fail to contact her personality, so I say "Scat" to her.

Martha Posey.

Woodsboro, Texas.

### Our Foreign Sisters.

SINCE childhood I have been a devoted reader of Picture Play, and I have always been interested in the letters from fans. But never, until I read Mrs. W. G. Bassett's letter from Toledo, Ohio, have I felt the urge to write myself.

I think her disapproval of foreign stars a little unfair, particularly Simone Simon. I saw Simone in "Seventh Heaven," and I wept with her and smiled with her. I saw the show three times, and came out of the theater with an uplifted feeling, a greater faith in God, and a strong conviction that love is greater than life, death, ill luck, or anything else that can happen to us. Simone is such a good actress. She lived the part of *Diane*, and the audience lived the part with her.

Our stars go to Europe and make money, so do our doctors, lawyers, and people in other lines of work. Why can't people from Europe work over here? We need the help of our neighboring countries, and our neighboring countries need our help to keep the world going around.

We need the real acting of Simone, the inspiration that only Garbo can give, and Luise Rainer's quick smile. They came to us as strangers and won their battle in a fair way. I am standing by them and so are many other fans all over America. Come on, and let's give our foreign sisters a big hand.

Katherine Leiter.

212 Water Street,
Jefferson City, Missouri.

### Leave Dietrich Alone.

WILL certain people never realize that there are still high-minded individuals who admire and worship so beautiful a star as Marlene Dietrich? Why, of all people, should that "Voice from England" resent Miss Dietrich's publicity and still go on reading about it. Anyway, we are glad she is back in Hollywood, away from such absurd people.

And while I'm on the subject, I hope that those very generous ladies from Alabama have a dozen fat birds—buzzards would be suitable—left for themselves. I'm positive that they are being much too generous to others, and having those nice hungry birds would give them something to do other than criticize Miss Dietrich's eyebrows and hair.

No matter what such avaricious, so-called human beings as Betty M. Swallow and the ladies from Alabama think, there will never be as great nor more beautiful an actress as Marlene Dietrich.

Paul D. Elmhurst.

1461 Cornell Avenue,
Berkeley, California.

### O. K. As He Is.

MANY of the letters that have appeared in this magazine have been protesting about the thickness of Freddie Bartholomew's English accent, and the perfection of his character portrayals. They seem to want him to act the parts of "Penrod" or "Huckleberry Finn." That is O. K. for I believe that he could act the parts perfectly. But they seem to forget that the reason for his popularity is his perfectness and unique accent; they seem to forget that there are many other boys who can act the parts of average American boys such as "Penrod" and "Huckleberry Finn" roles are, but that there is only one boy



Dignified John Beal and sprightly Armida are paired in "Border Café." John plays an Easterner gone cowboy who is lured by the Mexican actress.

who can act as Freddie did in "David Copperfield," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Anna Karenina."

So I say, in some way try to tell them not to boo his English accent but try to consider it as an art in itself that only *that* English boy can convey. Let his English accent go unchallenged, let him continue to portray the rôles of a perfect English gentleman, and let him continue to win our hearts with his lovely personality. GEORGE MARSH.

Valley Falls, Kansas.

### Agrees With Mrs. Bassett.

I READ a letter in the May issue from Mrs. W. G. Bassett of Toledo, Ohio, and I very much agree with her. I have seen Simone Simon in three pictures and every one has been more or less ruined by her presence. I detest a singer or actor who cannot enunciate his words so one can understand what he is saying without a sign language to go with it.

Deanna Durbin is another. I saw "Three Smart Girls" and in her singing was able to make out about four words. My local theater was not to blame. And I fail to see where either of these girls has any amount of beauty.

I can stand a foreign film now and then, but why do we have to have them mixed in with our favorites and spoil their chances? R. O. WAITE.

705 Nichols Street,
Utica, New York.

### Profit and Loss.

OF late I have developed an alarming tendency which my friends have diagnosed as Lombarditis. The symptoms reveal themselves at almost every picture starring any other actress. The patient becomes violently abusive about the actress who is trying to prove her right to the title, and this is followed by the verbal remark, "Carole Lombard could have played that part *much* better!" My friends have been embarrassed lately by this attitude on viewing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "Personal Property" with me.

I must admit this affliction is of more or less recent date. It cropped up a few years ago when "Twentieth Century" was released. I attributed it to John Barrymore's coaching. "White Woman" and "Rhumba" did not alter my opinion. Carole began the breakdown of my forces with "My Man Godfrey," and completed the destruction with "Swing High, Swing Low." Dear Carole had finally lost her three stock gestures—raised eyebrow, set lower lip, and folded arms, and become an emotional actress. She had already proved herself a sensational comédienne.

Carole is *not* coiffure and clothes-conscious, like her glamorous rival. Lombard's hair is always becomingly the same. Her clothes are smart but subdued by her own personality. You are not aware of them as you are with Crawford, to the exclusion of characterization.

Aye, there's the rub! For years Joan held me under her spell. I defended her against all comers. I always thought Joan would some day repeat her splendid performance in "Grand Hotel." Forget, as she did there, the coiffure, the clothes, the camera angles and really throw herself into a part. I suffered through "I Live My Life," "The Gorgeous Hussy," "Love on the Run," and "The Last of Joan Crawford," or was the name "Mrs. Cheyney"?

In the latter her newest hair madness merely accentuated a face so white and drawn I decided she was fading physically as well as literally. Somehow I couldn't imagine Joan squashing a hideous panama hat on her head and prancing about with careless disregard of appearance as Carole did in "Swing High, Swing Low." All this has convinced me that fans are not fickle from choice but from sheer exasperation. I'm weary of defending Joan while waiting for her to be an actress.



Marcia Ralston, who looks a little like Merle Oberon, will be seen next in Dick Powell's "The Singing Marine."

I feel a faint sadness and disappointment over Joan's failure to fulfill her promise. If her fans would stop coddling her, as I did, with praise of her beauty and charm, and help her to remember that she is no actress, she might get mad and do something about it. But if she continues in these frothy pieces she will soon satiate all her fans as she has this one. Too much candy is bad for the digestion. A. B.

146 East 19th Street,
New York City, N. Y.

### One-man Rave.

CLARK GABLE is a man's man, and Robert Taylor is a handsome one. Ronald Colman has a delightful charm, and Charles Laughton has amazing histrionic ability. Wallace Beery possesses a great deal of the down-to-earth naturalness of the late Will Rogers, and Paul Muni submerges his personality in every character he portrays. Victor McLaglen has terrific power in his acting, and George Raft is very smooth and polished.

Robert Montgomery has a decided flair for comedy, and Edward G. Robinson specializes in tough-guy rôles. Errol Flynn is best as a dashing officer, and Robert Donat flashed his sword to advantage as "The Count of Monte

*Continued on page 94*



Bing Crosby's rooster lies down and goes to sleep, roller skates, and crows on signal, so they say. He even studies the script of "Double or Nothing," with Mary Carlisle and Bing, if you can believe what you see.

# SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

LET'S call Bette Davis before the curtain this month and give her a rousing salvo of respect and admiration. I'll lead it because I know I am speaking for many who are only waiting for the word. They know, as I do, that Miss Davis hasn't received nearly enough acknowledgment of the actress she is, nor has she been fully recognized for her spirit and courage. She is one of the most extraordinary persons in pictures, one of the few real actresses in the younger group and, in my opinion, will be generally acclaimed a box-office leader in the next year or so. Especially if she keeps up at the rate she is going, and there is no doubt that she will.

LATEST of her proofs of high talent is in "Kid Galahad." I urge every admirer of Miss Davis—every quasi-admirer and every skeptic—to see it. Whether or not you have been entertained by prize-fight melodramas in the past, see this one and thrill to the exception. Exciting though the slugging is, you will find Miss Davis's acting—which does *not* include fighting but, rather, is notably restrained and low-keyed—as charged with emotional impact as every blow struck in the ring. Depending not at all on hardness for emphasis, as she did in "Marked Woman," she plays instead a sympathetic character, a woman who gives up the man she loves without a quiver of self-sacrifice because she knows the girl he prefers is more worthy of him. Miss Davis is as honest in her appeal for sympathy as she is in portraying the negative aspects of character. And that honesty is the keynote of her success as an actress and a person.

SHE is not intent on flattering camera angles, studied attitudes and sculptured hair waves, but on the character she is representing. If that character has spent a night in jail, as we saw in "Marked Woman," Miss Davis does not emerge as if from a session with Elizabeth Arden. She feels like the devil and looks it! If, as in "Kid Galahad," she is hostess at a three-day drinking party, with leaders of the fight racket and their women as her guests, Miss Davis conducts herself according to the environment as she understands it. She does not affect elegance and ask you to believe that she is pure and circumspect because she is the heroine of the picture; that she just happens to be mixed up with a rough crowd. She makes you feel that she "belongs."

THIS is a realistic age. Picture-goers are part of it. That is one of the reasons why I think that Bette Davis, because of the courage and realism of her acting, will go farther in the future than many of our romantic heroines.

* * *

MUSIC-LOVING fans who protest that Nelson Eddy should sing operatic arias on the screen, that Jeanette MacDonald sings too many of them, that full-length operas should be photographed and that—we mustn't forget *this* music-lover—Bing Crosby has the greatest voice in the world—these ardent fans have overlooked one source of beautiful music that has charmed the public for generations. I refer to the melodies and lyrics of Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. No reader of Picture Play has urged Hollywood producers to film the immortal operettas

of Gilbert and Sullivan, yet they are known all over the world and have entertained greater audiences than some of the standard operas. They require exceptional skill in singing and recitation, in pantomime and orchestration. More, they are loved by a large public who see them over and over again, hand them down, so to speak, to their children and their grandchildren.

THAT progressive new company, Grand National, has taken all this into consideration and stolen a march on all other producers. Grand National is the first to present Gilbert and Sullivan on the screen. Wisely, they have not attempted to film one of the operettas in its entirety. That will come later. But they give more than a taste of several. Cautiously refraining from depending solely upon the operettas, they have combined excerpts with an everyday story which climaxes with much of the first act of "The Mikado." If you are immune to the wit and charm of Gilbert and Sullivan, you are asked to be satisfied with the story of "The Girl Said No." If you regard that as inconsequential, you are offered Gilbert and Sullivan for artistic satisfaction. One or the other is sure to qualify. Of course, this is only an experiment and if it creates comment, wins applause and support, undoubtedly we shall have more complete representations of these famous compositions on the screen. Meanwhile, to Grand National goes credit for an innovation that cannot fail to bring joy to many and it may be the beginning of a new vogue in screen musicals. I think it would be welcome after the surfeit of Puccini and Gounod as motivation of the heroine's triumphant first appearance at the Metropolitan in the usual film with an operatic obbligato.

* * *

NOTHING that has appeared in these columns has brought so many responses from readers as my tributes to Garbo, first for her "Camille" and more recently because of the failure of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to recognize her genius as evidenced in twenty-one pictures. Letters have arrived from almost every State and from several foreign countries, the writers of some disagreeing with me in my estimate of the actress, but most of them sharing my enthusiasm and applauding my defense of her qualifications for the Academy's annual award. Because interest in Garbo is proved to be more widespread than her detractors realize, I quote herewith one of the most beautiful letters as follows:

"My admiration for you as a critic has increased tremendously because of your understanding and appreciation of the greatness of Garbo. We who for years have knelt humbly before the shrine of the rare and amazing talent of this person; we who have found in her all the beauty of great poetry; all the rich and sweeping inspiration of a mighty symphony; all the gentle, unassuming tenderness of a painting by a master; all the mystery of the sad sea-horizons at sunset, do indeed salute you.

"That a smug group of individuals with only a gilded statuette to offer have so lightly passed over the greatest living actress is, to say the least, most regrettable. The intelligent of course realize that the reflection is not upon Garbo or her incomparable histrionic ability, but rather upon those who so pompously call themselves 'The Academy.' Should she ever acknowledge their recognition by deigning to accept that inane statuette it would be greatly to their honor as a group—for Garbo, not the Academy, will live in the history of this age.

"Garbo's 'Camille' is a magnificent achievement—liquid, flowing and as divinely beautiful as Liszt's immortal 'Liebestraum.'"

EVEN more revealing than this all-embracing tribute from a fan is the statement contained in a letter from a famous star who says: "I didn't know that anybody else felt about Garbo as I do. Out here (Hollywood) people leave the room when I mention her name, and not too politely, either."

If you require further proof of Garbo preëminence, I can offer nothing!

* * *

THIS is especially for those readers who write to The Oracle requesting news—*any* news—of Ramon Novarro. Often as they have been reminded in these columns, their loyalty to their favorite exceeds in longevity and undimmed ardor that of any other group for any other star past or present. They will rejoice in the news that Ramon is ending his absence from the screen. He is as optimistic about his return as if he were making a first appearance and apparently finds humor in the title of his new picture, "She Didn't Want a Sheik," which Republic is producing. Knowing nothing of the story, it is obvious that the title predicates a modern comedy and that, you will agree, is exactly what Ramon's admirers have long wanted him to do. His sense of humor, his feeling for the right word in the right place, his picturesque appearance and his romantic charm, not forgetting that idealism which perhaps more than any other quality has endeared him to those loyal fans of his—this is what we are hoping he will embody in his new venture, and we are wishing for him all the good influences of his saints and his heavenly stars in bringing it about.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

MELVYN DOUGLAS, Marlene Dietrich, and Herbert Marshall form a triangle of dramatic surprises in "Angel." Mr. Marshall is a British diplomat, Miss Dietrich his neglected wife, and Mr. Douglas the friend who becomes a lover. And Ernst Lubitsch returns to direct them. Perhaps that is the surest guarantee that the picture will scintillate.



# The Flashlight on

BY IRVING HOFFMAN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the first American columnist. Walter Winchell is the last. There'll never be another like either of them. In Ben's day the homely axioms of his "Poor Richard's Almanack" were the copy-book precepts which guided the nation's youth. In Walter's—and Roosevelt's—era the whole kit 'n' kaboodle of old saws and whiskered wisdom are as obsolete as the schottische in a ten-cent tango dansant.

Consider, for instance, the crack that "Silence is golden," which ancestral grandmas stitched into samplers. Had Walter followed that advice he'd have been lolling on the relief rolls. But Winchell has reached a flood tide on a deluge of words which the alchemy of the times has transmuted into dollars.

For the written words of his syndicated column he garners a harvest of some $80,000 a year. And he can increase this at any time he wishes to type tripe for an outside publication. The words that tumble helter-skelter from his lips during the fevered moments of his Sunday broadcasts enable him to gather in the sheaves to the tune of $156,000 or thereabouts.

For saying his sides in 20th Century-Fox's "Wake Up and Live," the lengthiest of which is sixteen lines, Darryl Zanuck was happy to donate $75,000 to the Winchellian exchequer. Add 'em all together and you'll see that Mrs. Winchell's brightest boy will pay income tax on a minimum of $311,000 for 1937! "Silence is golden?" Phooey!

No wonder Walter likes words! He likes 'em



**An interpretation of the Winchell-Ben Bernie "feud" as seen by author-artist Irving Hoffman.**




ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

# Walter WINCHELL

so much that there weren't enough in the language. So he made more, which to-day are a recognized part of the living tongue we speak. No need to recount them. They're as familiar as a baby's lisping "Ma-ma." And while you read, Winchell's making more. Like the proverbial suckers, they're being born every minute. Yes, Walter was a philologist before he knew what the word meant.

Just forty now, the far-famed phrase-framer looks five years less. He is lithe, blithe and slender. His hair has been whitening for years and now adds distinction to his appearance. His eyes, most memorable of his features, are an electric blue, and an inward dynamo keeps them sparking, save when some dullard's conversation causes a short circuit. Then his gaze is far-off as his vaulting thought.

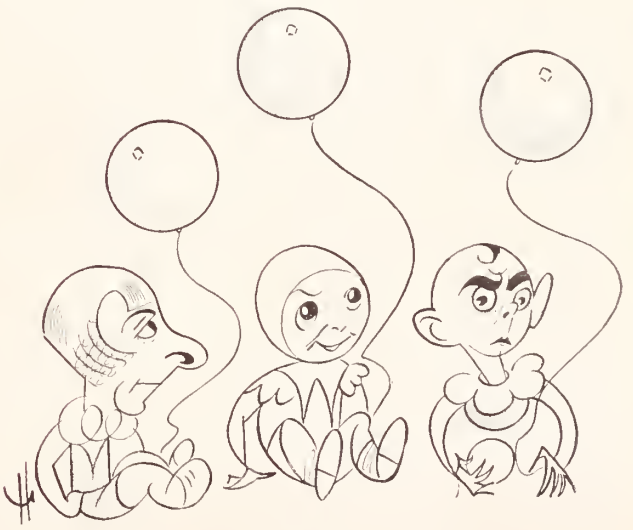
That he is a good listener is evidenced by the reams of news he gleans. That he is a good talker will be vouched for by any who have heard. When he can learn he stays still. When he feels that his own conversation is more interesting than that of his companions, he unleashes a rapid-fire patter of ideas and anecdotes. His greeting, invariably, is "What's new?" And you'll notice that the first and last letters of the query make W. W.

For a dozen years, belittlers have been saying that Winchell is a passing vogue. Yet he and the presses of his paper keep on rolling along while Cannon (Bishop), Coll (Vincent) and Coolidge (Calvin), Willebrandt (Mabel) and Walker (Jimmy), Hauptmann, Hoover, a thousand names that once filled the Winchell column and the public eye have gone with the wind.

Walter wasn't born famous. He was born to blush unseen among a multitude of underprivileged kids spawned upon the sidewalks of New York. His mother's name was Bakst. His father was a Winchel—with one "l." An electrician at a Chicago theater added the second "l" to Walter's name when, in spelling it out in bulbs on the marquee, he mistook a flourish for a letter.

Winchell, however, has been known by another name. He was the Lawrence of a trio of singing ushers in the Imperial Theater who were known as McKinley, Stanley, and Lawrence. McKinley and Stanley were Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel. Walter's thin, boyish tenor arose from the orchestra of

*Continued on page 66*



**George Jessel, Walter Winchell, and Eddie Cantor were snatched out of their cradles by showman Gus Edwards.**

# *The Highest* LOVE
## *...the lowest men*
## The Seven Seas have ever known



**MUTINY!**..Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats ..defying the gallows..doomed unless they smash a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!
NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

*Warner* BAXTER *Wallace* BEERY

# SLAVE SHIP

*with*

*Elizabeth* ALLAN
*Mickey* ROONEY

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Based on a Novel by George S. King
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production




*20th Century-Fox Sets the Style... Sets the Pace... for* GREAT *Entertainment!* You loved—you cheered—"On the Avenue", "Wake Up and Live", "Cafe Metropole", "This is My Affair". Now expect even greater thrills from even greater hits!

# picture play's famous previews



LORETTA YOUNG

AND DON AMECHE

IN "LOVE UNDER FIRE."

# RURITANIA







"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" is a tale of adventure behind the scenes of an intrigue-ridden court. Top, Madeleine Carroll as "Princess Flavia," and Ronald Colman as "King Rudolf." Above, William von Brincken, Raymond Massey, Philip Sleeman, Montagu Love. Right, David Niven and C. Aubrey Smith. Outer right, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Bottom, Mary Astor pleads with "Black Duke Michael" to forget his plotting.













CON·T



# -TRABAND

"THINK FAST, MR. MOTO," has Peter Lorre playing the rôle of a Japanese detective. Disguised as an Armenian rug peddler he discovers a ring of diamond smugglers and traces their leader to the Orient. On the steamer leaving San Francisco also is Thomas Beck, a fellow traveler, son of the owner of the line. At Honolulu, Virginia Field, young adventuress, comes aboard. Because she has talked too much, the girl and boy are bound and gagged.










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"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938" has Eleanor Powell buying a horse named "Lucky Star" at an auction. Robert Taylor, playwright and producer, helps her pay for it. George Murphy is the trainer, and Buddy Ebsen the jockey who rides the horse in the big steeplechase. With the winnings, Bob has enough money to put on his own show, in which every one has a part, including songbird Judy Garland, left.











# MOTHER LOVE







"STELLA DALLAS" has Barbara Stanwyck in the title rôle. An uneducated millhand's daughter, she marries John Boles, only to discover that they live in worlds apart. Their daughter grows up to be Anne Shirley. A beautiful friendship exists between her and her father which brings them joy during their infrequent visits. However, it is the mother's unselfish sacrifice which is the high light of the story. Left, Alan Hale has become part of the family circle.

# HILL-BILLIES

"MOUNTAIN MUSIC" has Bob Burns, amnesia victim, running out on a marriage with Terry Walker so that his brother, John Howard, can marry her. In a small town, Bob meets Martha Raye. Meanwhile, Howard has gone on trial for murder. Martha, below, with Dave Robel. Bottom, Rufe Davis.













# FASHION ROW



VOGUES OF 1938," in Technicolor, is a behind-the-scenes romance of the international fashion world. Joan Bennett, above, is a débutante who becomes a model. Outer right, Warner Baxter holds the mirror for his wife, Helen Vinson. Outer left, with Yvonne Pelletier, Alma Kruger takes Joan in hand.











"THE SINGING MARINE" has Dick Powell, a timid buck private coming to New York and making good on the air. Success soon goes to his head and his buddies turn against him. Top of the page, with Miss Weston. Center, Marie Wilson and George "Doc" Rockwell. Hugh Herbert, an agent, brings a contract to be signed. Above, Lee Dixon does a specialty dance.






thirty-day

# FURLOUGH



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN AND ROBERT YOUNG IN "THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS."

# HAILING HALEY



BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG

THE LIKABLE COMEDIAN OF "WAKE UP AND LIVE" COMES INTO HIS OWN AFTER A LONG WAIT.

EVERY ONE must odmit that "Woke Up ond Live" ploced Jock Holey on the cinemotic map.

Not thot Mr. Haley needed to be roused out of the slough of despond. He's never had an idle second on his honds since he mode his first public oppearonce at the age of five. Of course, life become furiously ogitoted when he fled the Holey home for the theotrical bustle of Broodway. But of thot, onon, sweet nurse.

After the preview of "Woke Up and Live," Hollywood became Haley-conscious. As if the ontics of Joon Dovis were not enough, Jock gove o joded oudience the time of its life. The town woke up with o sudden jolt to his ability to be funny and olso pothetic—thot spork of genius in the true comic.

Indeed, Haley could probobly step alongside Leslie Howard ond John Gielgud os "Hamlet," for the contemplative Done should, obove oll else, be pothetic.

I believe Jock thinks he could, too. But he's o comic comedion. Life is o jolly old game. No trogedy for him. No secret sorrows hidden beneoth o lough. He gets too greot o kick out of being funny. If he regards himself os good, he foils to odmit it, either by plain stotement or foncy innuendo. He is too enthusiostic obout his friends, and whot's of greotest interest ot the moment thon to speok of Jack Holey, Esq. He hos spent his spore time woking up dormont tolent in ospiring fellow artists, os you sholl see.

Jack loves to tolk of his friends. So it seemed quite noturol thot he should toke o letter from his pocket and reod portions of whot his pol, Fred Allen, hos to soy here and there. Fred praised "Woke Up ond Live," therefore Hollywood wos not mistoken. He wos glod Jack hod hod o good story ot lost, and hoped good stories would continue his woy. Something like "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" —"Which would hove suited you fine," Fred odded.

"As a writer, Fred could be one of our best humorists," Jock stoted, quite seriously, os he reploced his pal's breezy epistle. "Of course, he mokes too much money octing to give it up."

*Continued on page 61*

# The SUPREMACY

## THIS KEEN DISCUSSION OF LEADING MEN IS PROVOCATIVE

IT'S been o banner yeor for mole stors in Hollywood. Na less than five have risen ta dizzying heights, and many, many mare have caught the raving eyes of feminine fans. And is Hallywaad surprised!

For years the wail hos been that bax-affice male personalities are scarcer than natural eyelashes. This, as yau've been told mare than ance, is a rigid, Mede-and-Persian rule af pictures. The stary goes that samehaw audiences da not take ta stellar actars. It's canfirmed by the unquestianed fact that there are only a few men wha can suppart stardam in their awn right—even the greot mole personalities usually ploy an equol terms with wamen celebrities. And the inference drawn by Hallywaad is that this situation lies in the nature af things.

There's something in it, ta be sure. Acting has olways been primarily a waman's game. Even in the days af Baath and Irving, it was Duse and Bernhardt, Ellen Terry and Madjeska whom the bax affice laved. The logical reasan far this is, I think, that acting affers mare ta wamen than to their brothers and husbands.

What other career is as glamorous and satisfying to the baarding-school miss—or to the gal wha leoves Central High far a place behind the five-and-ten counter? The warld offers her na business life which will bring her a star's salary and the adulatian of every responsive man in Christendam.

But mast men graw up with their eyes not an the spotlight but an fame and fartune in the financial warld, in law, medicine, palitics. They'll even turn mare readily ta painting or music than ta histrionics, because men need the respect that is offered salid achievement rather than a flash in pictures.

There are exceptians. Films have never locked the collar-ad type, whase beauty fotes them from childhood. But it has been faund that audiences prefer men who laak and behove like men, not actors. And they are precisely the anes who are hord to get hald af, because ather professions want them, too.

But the warld changes. Hollywaad jingles its purse, ond year by year mare expanents af virility blaze the troil ta Califarnia gald. Sa that I think the old axiam that male stars must alwoys play secand fiddle is headed for the ash heap.

What year has been more exciting, surprising, more



What woman star last year achieved success comparable to Gary Cooper's in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"? He is the complete actor to-day.



Supreme for six years, Clark Gable continues gayly as a perennial success, the permanent symbol of sex-appeal, content to remain himself.



Charles Boyer is potentially the most magnetic idol the movies have ever known, but he curiously has yet to register heavily as a fan's favorite.

# of the MALE

AND CONVINCING. BY RICHARD GRIFFITH

continuously entertoining thon the lost one? And it hos been a yeor of mole supremocy—of the triumph of Robert Toylor, the flashing rise of Jomes Stewort ond Tyrone Power. Whot womon stor ochieved success comporoble to Gory Cooper's in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"? Whot comédienne so convulsed oudiences os did Williom Powell in "My Mon Godfrey"? And whot year hos seen such o rush of potrons to the box office? Picture prosperity is bock, ond with it the supremocy of the mole.

Outstonding phenomenon of the yeor is, of course, Robert Toylor's tumultuous rush to the top of the heop. Unknown in 1935, he is conceded by every one to-doy to hove reoched the dizziest pinnocle the movies con offord o newcomer, ond is no longer in donger of being considered o flosh in the pon. There isn't o womon in the lond unconscious of him, ond thot, no matter whot the critics soy, is the finol word in popolority.

Sensibly he reolizes thot unrivoled fome brings problems with it, ond hos set out to overcome the motinée idol hondicop, to develop stoying power. He works hord ot octing, and hos successfully survived the incondescent ordeol of ploying opposite Gorbo, which olmost finished Robert Montgomery's budding coreer in 1931. With Metro-Goldwyn's foith in him ond their loving guidance of his personol ond professionol life, there is every chonce he will survive the period of frenzied odulotion which his fons now inflict upon him.

Taylor to-doy overshodows every one else. Even those of us who instinctively dislike motinée idols odmit thot. The clomor of his rise hos somewhot obscured the more temperote débuts of Jomes Stewort and Tyrone Power, but with ony luck these two will divide in 1937 the interest which wos Toylor's olone lost yeor.

Of the two, Power is paromount ot the moment. Signed on the strength of his fother's nome, he is olreody heoded for the heights ofter o picture coreer of less thon twelve months! The boy must have something, you soy, ond he does. He hos the might of 20th Century-Fox behind him, pushing him for oll he is worth. He storted with o smoll rôle in "Girls' Dormitory" ond since then the studio hos given him three leods in quick succession. All the world knows of his romonce with Sonjo Henie, ond the Power publicity flows in torrents. This con meon only thot his studio is offering him os o rivol for Robert Toylor.



**Tyrone Power knows the theater's paradoxes. He understands that the only sure formula for continued fame is that of always offering something new.**

**James Stewart plays each rôle as if he were playing himself. That's all right to-day, when he is riding the crest, but he needs careful handling.**

**Robert Taylor's tumultuous rush to the top is the outstanding phenomenon of the year. He has reached the dizziest pinnacle possible for a newcomer.**

# The Supremacy of the Male

I know it means that the next mail will contain kidnap threats, but nevertheless I confidently predict that he will equal and even surpass Taylor. The latter is trying hard to make himself acceptable as an actor, but the good looks which made him stand out may eventually prove a curse. He may grow to depend on them, and on the personality the studio is building for him, rather than on his own effort. And that personality, potent as it is to-day, will eventually grow stale.

There is less danger of this with Power. He, too, has youthful good looks—some say beauty—but is better equipped to withstand the devastating effect they sometimes have on careers. The son of a famous actor, he knows the theater's paradoxes, and his present success follows a long, hard struggle. He understands the seesaw of popularity, and that the long formula for continued fame is that of always offering something new.

A trouper by heritage, he doesn't believe all that is written of him. And best of all, the boy can act—he feels the urge to live up to the standard set by his famous father. His first three leading rôles, in "Ladies in Love," "Lloyds of London," and "Love Is News," all were ludicrously unsuited to him. Forced to hide his admired youthfulness behind the make-up of older men, he miraculously suggested maturity and experience. He has the power to suggest more than his rôles say—a quality necessary for fine acting and one that is still lacking in Taylor.

The third threat of 1937, James Stewart, has suffered curiously slow progress. MGM has recognized his potentialities, but they have been so occupied with furthering Taylor that he has been comparatively neglected. Yet his début in "The Next Time We Love" created a sensation, and with reason.

Stewart's personality is rare on the screen. His naturalness is perfect, and there is something more—an air of candor, of fundamental honesty clings to him, and gives his acting a punch unusual in a youngster. And do the girls like him that way? Ask them!

Why, then, is he still relatively unimportant? I think the answer lies in the very qualities which arrest attention. For Stewart doesn't try to characterize. He acts each rôle as if he were playing himself. That's all right to-day, when he is riding the crest of acclaim, but he needs careful handling for the future. His rôles should be written to reflect his natural talents. The failure of the revived "Seventh Heaven" to stand comparison with the 1927 version suggests that his lack of versatility is a factor requiring consideration.

Though Taylor, Power, and Stewart have dominated the newcomers during the past year, theirs have not been the only male successes, or even the most important. In fact, the greatest hit of 1936 was unquestionably made by established Gary Cooper.

It's been years since any picture has swept the country as did "Mr. Deeds," and I don't hesitate to class Cooper as top-ranking male star—this in spite of Robert Taylor's more sensational career. For Gary is a lasting star. He has survived poor rôles, the condescension of critics, and, most dangerous of all, his refusal to conform to Hollywood.

The discerning have praised his ability from the beginning. Always he has been sincere, forceful, and physically possessed of a panther grace which makes him a perfect camera subject. But with years of success behind him, Gary has grown even beyond the expectations of his admirers and comes to us to-day as the complete actor, authoritative, perceptive, completely in command of his talent. "Mr. Deeds" was a triumph of character, "Desire" a subtle demonstration of his boyish sense of humor. But though both these performances seem the last word to-day, I think we have seen only the beginning. Helped by the intelligent rôles he will inevitably get under his new Samuel Goldwyn contract, I predict that Gary will rule out competition for years to come.

There is only one star on the horizon who might surpass him. I refer to Charles Boyer, to me the supreme romantic actor of the present screen and potentially the most magnetic idol the movies have ever known.

An established success for two years, he curiously has yet to register heavily as a fan's rather than a critic's favorite. Hollywood recognizes and fosters his great talent, but no American rôle has yet projected the electrifying magnetism which astonished Europe in the foreign-made "Thunder in the East."

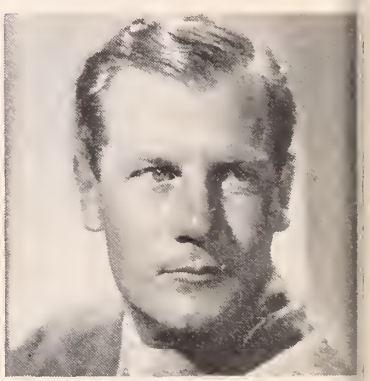
What Boyer needs is a part in which he can command the attention of the public which is unconsciously waiting for



ERROL FLYNN



FRANCHOT TONE



JOEL McCREA



MICHAEL WHALEN



NELSON EDDY



SPENCER TRACY



FRED MacMURRAY

the qualities he has to offer. His subtle talent is at once sophisticated and simple, comprehensible to the majority yet challenging any standard in depth of human understanding. Perhaps "History Is Made at Night," in which he achieves the impossible by making a headwaiter a romantic figure, will awaken the fans to what they have missed. Then let the clamor begin!

Already this summary has listed five objects of feminine adoration, with still no mention of Clark Gable! Does this mean that the man who has been supreme for six years is at last on the down grade? Far from it. Expertly guided by indefatigable MGM, he continues gayly as a perennial success. His finest acting triumphed in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and he lightly pleased the majority in "Wife versus Secretary" and "Love on the Run."

Clark has found his level. Always a positive personality, he no longer strives for esoteric sophistication and is content to remain himself—a welcome self on the screen, where rugged masculinity is still at a premium. The permanent symbol of sex-appeal, his name may be made lustrous by successful acting in the difficult leading rôle of "Parnell"—but whether or no, his popularity remains and will remain at flood-tide.

I thought the last possible word of praise had been meted out to William Powell. His achievement over a period of years has long stamped him as an extraordinary star. But "My Man Godfrey" and "Libeled Lady" force the critic to sharpen his pencil and give finer point to adjectives already well worn.

Always called suave and subtle, Powell's acting to-day positively glitters with perfection. Every detail of pantomime, every syllable of speech, is precise, provocative, and enormously funny. And here lies the secret of his audience appeal. He makes each moment count for stimulus, interest, and entertainment. Handicapped by a small rôle and unattractive make-up, he redeemed even "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" from its native dullness. A steady success, his future after a long reign is still bright, and his increased ability truly astounding.

Note that with the exceptions of Boyer and Cooper, all the big guns of the year belong either to Metro-Goldwyn or 20th Century-Fox. Of all the studios, Metro seems to have the magic touch when it comes to fostering star material. But Darryl Zanuck's campaign for Tyrone Power may mean that his studio will fight to corral the male star market. If it comes to a battle between the two, we'll see some real fireworks. Fox already has Warner Baxter, and Zanuck is pushing Don Ameche, Michael Whalen, Jack Haley, and Brian Donlevy as fast as schedules will allow.

None of them yet equal Robert Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, or the infrequently seen but tremendously successful



WILLIAM POWELL

Nelson Eddy, who after more than a year's absence is once more on top in "Maytime." But Ameche and Whalen both have already surpassed Franchot Tone, who never was given a chance to fulfill his early promise and now seems the stepchild of MGM.

Other studios, recognizing the trend started by 20th Century and Metro, are making haste to jump on the band wagon. There has been a rush to sign up free-lance leading men and to encourage those already on the pay roll. Columbia, casting about for dependables, has signed the pseudo-popular Melvyn Douglas, and given Cary Grant his best opportunity in "When You're in Love." They've also provided the staidly successful Ronald Colman with one of the year's hits in "Lost Horizon." Francis Lederer has been put on contract, but has yet been given nothing to do to confirm the hopes of those who see in him something more elementarily popular than a subtle comedy gift.

At Warners, Dick Powell continues a successful but rigidly patterned path, and George Brent is in nearly every picture the studio makes. Paul Muni, a success in character rôles only, seems a fixture none the less. The studio has quaintly coined "cinema's man of the hour" as a catch-phrase to put across the limited talents of handsome Errol Flynn. In spite of his colorful background, though, he doesn't overshadow Humphrey Bogart or the adolescent newcomer, Lee Dixon.

The "new" Universal, desperately striving to conceal its inferiority complex, offers us John Boles, James Dunn, Walter Pidgeon, Kent Taylor, and Louis Hayward. Does this list inspire you to poetry? I thought not.

RKO is almost as completely lacking in names, though Fred Astaire is probably worth more to them than half a

*Continued on page 93*



DON AMECHE



BRIAN AHERNE



JACK HALEY



GEORGE BRENT





MISS TEMPLE IS NOT ONLY THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESS IN THE WORLD. SHE IS ALSO THE UNKNOWING HEAD OF A VAST BUSINESS EMPIRE.

# SHIRLEY: A $1,000,000 industry

BY JACK SMALLEY

**Though you haven't thought of Shirley Temple in this way, she provides a livelihood for at least ten thousand families. This remarkable article explains just how.**

A VENDER af saft drinks was standing autside the set when Shirley and Gertrude Temple walked post.

"Mam, can we affard a bottle af pap?" Shirley asked.

"I guess we can, preciaus," twinkled Mrs. Temple.

Shirley cauld buy the whale pap wagan, af caurse, but in that innacent questian lies the secret to a farmula which has kept her unspoiled.

She doesn't know that she is the center of a vast industry warth uncounted millions; that she herself is a million-dallar business.

Ta keep her that way has cast Gearge and Gertrude Temple a fartune. Until she is old enough to have a firm sense af values, they have refused radia affers which wauld have paid $250,000 in seven months. Persanal appearances for which dizzy sums have been affered are coally rejected.

The empire af high finance which revalves abaut Shirley does not make her parents greedy far mare. As custadi-

ans of the most valuable little girl in the world, they long ago became accustomed to dealing in fabulous figures. After a certain point, money takes on a meaningless sound, anyway. They have only one rule: how does it affect Shirley Temple?

Therefore, to dispose of the negative side of finances first, they say "No" to radio because it would take too much of her time, despite the fact that Shirley, hearing other children over the air, has begged for a try at it. They turn down personal appearances because if they take one, they have to take others.

But this method is also good business.

Exhibitors—sixteen thousand or more in this country—waft prayers of thanksgiving that Shirley isn't on the air. If she were, they'd play movies to empty houses that night.

And now we're coming to one of the most fascinating, and least often noted, aspects of S. Jane Temple.

That's what she signs on her school papers when she wants to tease mom. Her full name is Shirley Jane. But she wouldn't sign S. Jane to a contract or a commercial product, because all the magic of millions lies in the name of Shirley.

That name, on various commodities, is worth upward of $350,000 a year to its owner.

It is, roughly, four times her salary as a movie star.

And it's only a tithe of her value to 20th Century-Fox, where she is figured conservatively as forty per cent of their assets.

There you have but the beginning of Shirley's empire, over which she presides in dimpled unconcern, unwittingly providing bread and butter for ten thousand families.

Let's thumb through the ledgers for a peek at the manufacturing end of the business, which has nothing to do with her studio or the theaters she fills.

Before Shirley came into prominence, the Saalfield Publishing Company in Akron, Ohio, was a relatively small concern. Now it is a thriving business with outlets over the world distributing books, cut-out paper dolls, bridge scores, playing cards, stationery, paint boxes, and crayon boxes.

In one year the paper doll book sold six million copies, a total exceeded by only one other children's book in history—the story of "Heidi" which will be Shirley's next film.

Millions of copies of Shirley Temple's life story, the Temple Story Book, the Temple editions of "The Littlest Rebel" and "The Little Colonel," and a host of other titles, have been sold.

Forty carloads of paper will come into the plant for an edition of a Temple book. Trace that back and imagine the lumberjacks who felled timber for that paper, the mills that gave employment to hundreds, the salesmen and wholesalers and all the army of workers involved, and you'll begin to guess at the number of dinner pails Shirley fills.

Out on Long Island, the Ideal Novelty Company was a small doll-manufacturing plant until Shirley Temple dolls began to march out of there and into the far corners of the world, bringing joy to an endless army of kids. Now it has grown, a new plant has been built, and from many blocks away you can see the huge likeness of Shirley that has been erected, not only as an advertisement, but as a monument to a golden-haired child.

In Philadelphia, a company makes underwear, sleeping garments, bath robes, hosiery, footwear, bathing suits, mittens, gloves, hand bags—all with the magic name of Shirley Temple. A great cereal company has her face on a package of breakfast food, in Utica is a soap-making company that flourishes with Shirley soap, in Wheeling they turn out glass mugs and tableware, in Boston there are Shirley Temple shoes, in Minneapolis the General Mills manufacture grocery-store premiums, in the Bronx a company turns out soap-bubble sets, in Jersey City it's slippers, and so on. Some twenty-five major industries depend on Shirley to help them sell goods and keep people employed.

Should the unthinkable happen and Shirley drop from sight, calamity would visit them all. Therefore large sums of insurance must be carried. Without Shirley, who would buy her dolls? It's impossible to reckon the indemnities which protect the manufacturers—and provide lucrative incomes to insurance salesmen.

How this industry grew is a story in itself. When the offers began to come in a horde to the Temples, they talked it over with Darryl Zanuck, boss of 20th Century-Fox. Until he took over the studio, such tie-ups had been denied Shirley and she made, in fact, little money.

Zanuck made only one reservation; that he should pass on all connections that the Temples O. K.'d. So far as is known, he has approved all that astute George Temple has himself approved. The studio receives none of this money.

In return, Shirley works for a relatively small salary, compared, let us say, to Mae West. But it's adequate

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**Shirley's "Wee Willie Winkie" doll is the latest of innumerable articles from which she derives a greater income than her salary as a star personality.**



VISITING STARS ARE TO BE FOUND IN STRANGE GUISES IN MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES.

BY KAREN HOLLIS

# They say in NEW YORK-

SOMETIMES too much happens around here too fast. This month our Grand Central Station blossomed out with a news-reel theater, making it almost as glamorous a haven for fans as the beauty salon at the Hotel Pierre, where just the other day Loretta Young and Myrna Loy found their first opportunity to chat together quietly, or lunch at Sardi's, where you see all visiting he-man stars.

Now you can hang around the gate of the Twentieth Century, watch the arrival of Madeleine Carroll, Cary Grant, or Gale Sondergaard, and then dash in to see the latest news of the world on the screen. If there is a big disaster, coronation scenes, a horse race, or even a particularly good Mickey Mouse, your chance of sitting next to one of the newly arrived stars is very good.

You will hear them saying that the changing of the Buckingham Palace Guard isn't nearly such a marvel of precision as the weekly routines of the Rockettes at Radio City Music



Gale Sondergaard, arch-villainess of the screen, is crisp and vivid, a most charming person to meet. She should be given a modern rôle after so many costume films.



Eleanor Hunt, left, is trying to decide between a career as actress and one as writer. She has sold several scenarios under the name Cynthia Meade.

Hall. You can scurry over to the Music Hall and find all the hoofers in town pausing in the corridor to try the steps of the Rockettes or of Fred Astaire if his picture is being shown. But you can't linger there.

The one and only Kirsten Flagstad, most divine singer of the day, is recording songs at the Long Island Paramount Studio. Helen Vinson is prowling through antique shops. Cary Grant is receiving friends at El Morocco. Beulah Bondi, trim and tailored and young-looking, is in the Criterion lobby listening to comments



Photo by Richee





Madeleine Carroll, left, says that any woman can be glamorous.

Helen Vinson, above, tried to corner the British antique market. And, despite rumors, her marriage is working out beautifully.

And Kirsten Flagstad, greatest of modern singers, has two numbers in "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

of people who have just wept over her in "Make Way For To-morrow." Myrna Loy is buying household gadgets at our largest department store. And you want to play along with all of them.

**The Awful Truth.**—Walter Wanger who is about to put "52nd Street," our lane of loudest, smokiest, and noisiest cafés into a picture, took a step toward making the film a glamorous fantasy when he hired an author who had never been there. But he counteracted that by sending the director on for a visit.

Harold Young, the director, left fired with a desire to show our night life on the screen as it really is. This is what he found: night-club floors so crowded that people can't dance, they just wiggle; tables so close together that it's just sheer luck if you pick up your own drink instead of some stranger's; chorus girls who deliberately try to distract attention from a star when she is singing; audiences that pay no attention whatever to the show going on, even when it is good. And Jack White, who will go from the real 52nd Street into the picture, is very funny indeed.

Have you ever seen a night club on the screen remotely like that? Neither have I, and I think it would be fun.

**What an Actress Talks About.**—It is a severe blow to my pride that after I have set down a literal account of meeting a star for the first time, friends and correspondents ask, "But did you really talk like that? Weren't you bowled over by meeting her in person?"

Well, I was bowled over by meeting that arch-villainess Gale Sondergaard, because she was so charming. And we really talked very little about "Anthony Adverse," "Seventh Heaven," or "The Life of Emile Zola." We sighed over the beauties of the University of Wisconsin campus, where her father is a professor, and over the countryside near Minneapolis, where she lived as a child. We hymned our devation to old Mr. Rennie of Old Greenwich, Connecticut, who taught us both to ride. Not that he cares. Ruth Chatterton is his favorite pupil of many years ago.

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# SELF-MADE *Woman*

BY SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK

MARTHA RAYE STARTED OUT IN LIFE WITH NOTHING BUT SOME GOD-GIVEN TALENT AND A GRIM DETERMINATION TO GET SOMEWHERE.

SHE'S in her early twenties ond she's whot you would coll a self-mode womon. If ever o girl started out in life with nothing but some God-given tolent ond o grim determination to get somewhere, thot girl is Mortho Roye.

Her porents were voudevillions. Of their tolents I know nothing. I only know they never got onywhere—ond got there fost. They ployed the poorest circuits in the business.

Mortho wos procticolly born in a dressing room. Her mother loid off o week in Butte, Montono, to hove Mortho ond then returned to the act. When she wos three yeors old Martho wos inducted into it ond she hos been oppeoring before the public ever since.

When her brother Douglos, known to the fomily os Buddy, wos born, Mrs. Raye loid off another week. They were living in the cheopest theotricol hotel they could find. Voudevillions ore notoriously soft-hearted ond fellow ployers supplied the poverty-stricken family with food.

When the week wos up ond it wos time for the oct to resume, there wos no money to settle the hotel bill and they couldn't leove. They hod olreody ployed the town in which they were stronded so there wos no chonce of booking another week there to roise funds to get out of town.

"How did you finolly get out of town?" I asked Mortha curiously.

"The city helped us out," she replied grimly. "At leost, they helped us out to the edge of town."

They hod o whole trunk filled with kitchen poraphernalia ond cooked their meols in their hotel room over a two-burner stove. Doors, windows, vents, and keyholes were corefully stuffed with paper so thot no odor of cooking might permeate the hoils ond give them owoy. At times the smell of cooking wos overpowering in the stuffy rooms they occupied.

She hos been to school only three weeks in her entire life. Those three weeks she ottended the Professional Children's School in New York. She recolls thot Tom Brown was one of her clossmotes.

The rest of her childhood wos spent dodging truant officers. Wherever they ployed her father ond mother orranged with the stoge doormon to let them know if a truont officer showed up. Immediately upon being notified they ducked out another entronce ond returned later for their baggoge.

Whotever educotion she hos, Mortho received from her mother. To-day, while her English is not flowery, it is grammoticol.

One hobby, she says, is collecting modern classicol phonograph records. It seems stronge to heor this girl who has never had ony advontoges, discuss with knowledge and authority the works of Debussy, Strovinski, Boch, and other composers. She not only discusses them, she knows them and can tell you without hesitation when one of her favorite composers' works is being played.



**Martha was engaged to Jerry Hopper, the young man with her on this page, at the time the picture was taken, but Buddy Westmore has since become head man in her life and an early marriage is hinted.**

**On the opposite page you see the "Oh, Boy! Oh, Boy!" girl dressed up like a prairie flower for her rôle in "Mountain Music," her next picture.**

Photo by Wide World



Another hobby is collecting perfumes. She has twenty-seven bottles of different shapes, sizes, and scents.

About the time she was eleven vaudeville petered out and Martha turned her talents to night-club work. She did specialty numbers with Paul Ash's orchestra and finally appeared at Ben Marden's Riviera—a night club on the Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge—where she repeated her act.

It was while she was appearing at the Riviera that she heard Lew Brown was casting a show, "Calling All Stars." Martha sailed down for an audition. She —but let her tell it.

"The room was filled with the most beautiful chorus girls and show girls I've ever seen. Some of them were well known around New York and were making good salaries. Others had sugar-daddies but all of them were dressed to the teeth. In that crowd I looked worse than the ugly duckling. My clothes were neat—and clean—but I hadn't any money to buy outfits like they were wearing and even if I'd had the money I didn't know anything about dressing in those days. I'd never had anything to dress with.

"Finally my turn came. Mr. Brown listened to me while I sang and danced and then he shook his head. 'The voice and gams are not bad,' he said, 'but, Jeeze, that face!'

"There's nothing the matter with my face," I told him, "if you get somebody to make me up and give me some decent clothes."

She got the job. In the same cast was Leon Janney. They renewed acquaintance in Hollywood recently and that's how the rumors of their "romance" started.



Photo by Walling

When "Calling All Stars" finally folded, Mrs. Raye booked Martha for an engagement at the Club Casanova in Hollywood. She played there ten weeks—an almost unprecedented record. Arrived in Hollywood, they engaged an agent. One Sunday night he was staging a concert at the Trocadero. He booked her to appear between numbers at the Casanova.

Among the guests at the Troc that night was Director Norman Taurog, of Paramount. Next day, due to Taurog's

*Continued on page 64*

# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

CLOSE-UPS OF STUDIO AND STAR DOINGS IN THE GAYLY GLAMOROUS MOVIE CAPITAL.



Victor Orsatti, actors' agent, and June Lang, actress, are Hollywood's favorite bridal couple of the moment, knot tied May 29th.



George Brent surprised the gossips by marrying Constance Worth, Australian actress, for his third try at matrimony, celebrated in Mexico recently.



Benny Baker, Collette Lyons, Lynn Overman, and Mary Carlisle, above, whoop it up in "Hotel Haywire" and seem to enjoy it, too.





Merle Oberon sends the picture, above, from England to prove that her loveliness was unmarred in that terrible automobile accident which had us all really worried. Again Gloria Swanson promises to return to the screen, this time in "The Second Mrs. Draper," a Columbia production.

SUPREME conviction should be driving home to everybody by this time thot Tyrone Power is a very faithful young man, and that's at variance with most of the rules of Hollywood.

When Sonja Henie is in town, os she has been for many weeks, there is nobody else that seems to ottract his interest, and when she's out of town he plays the field.

Well, Bob Taylor doesn't do so badly either on the question of loyalty, because Barbaro Stanwyck and he have certoinly been devoted for months and months. And nobody else seems to have a real look-in. Apparently these younger leading men have developed a brand-new code of devotion. Probably they also deserve a lot of credit for thot. It sets o high stondard.

**A Heart-breaking Loss.**—None of the girls of Hollywood wanted to believe that handsome George Brent had finally gone and got married. But they finally had to admit that George was no longer one of the town's handsomest unwed gentlemen—unwed, at least, since he secured his divorce from Ruth Chotterton several years ago. Now, of course, Constance Worth, the Australian girl who octs for RKO, is Mrs. Brent, and the envy of a large number of ladies. The marriage was kept a secret for a day or two, after it had been celebrated in Mexico. Theirs was a real whirlwind romance.

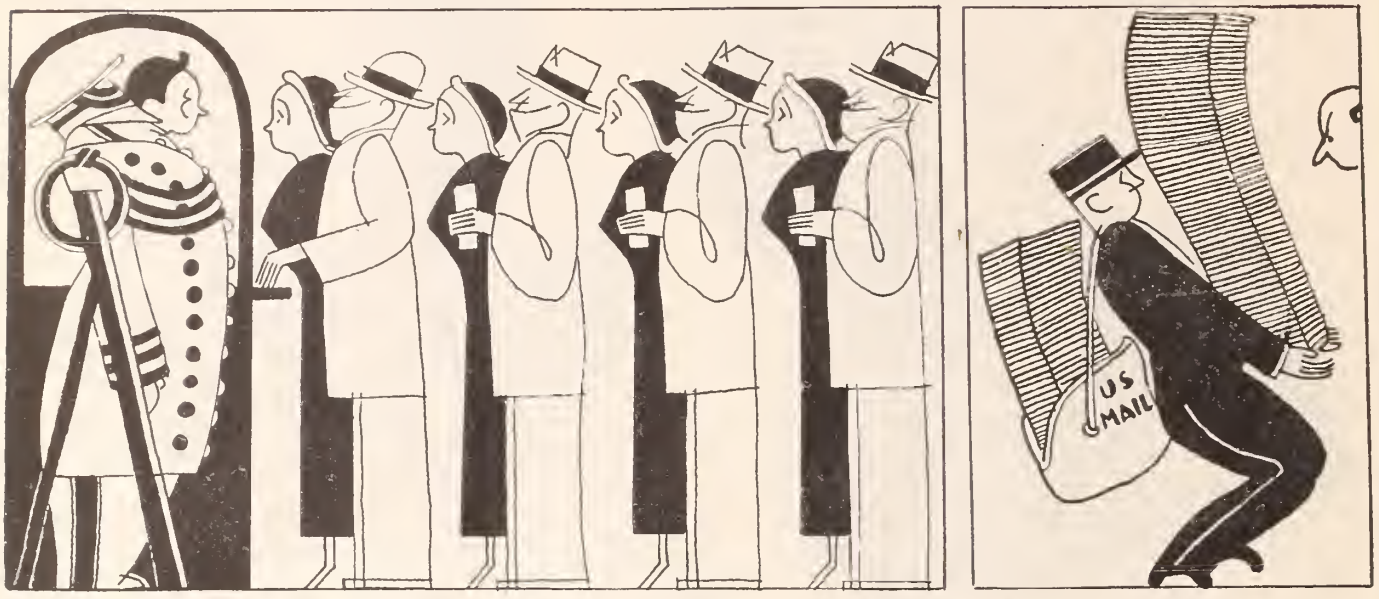
**Youth's Glad Reunion.**—They're going to get the "three smart girls" together in a picture again. Probably you hoped, as we did, that this would happen. For among pleasant recollections of the past year, there's none quite so agreeable in its particular way as the film "Three Smart Girls," which had such a quality of youthful freshness. Universal, which has the young ladies under contract, was dispatching them on their separate ways, but was finally forced to concede that there should be another movie starring Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, and Barbara Read. It's o cheering decision to chronicle.

**The Jolsons Move Out.**—Ruby Keeler's departure from Warners means the breaking up permanently of the team of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. And that writes off a page in movie history, because together they were reigning stars two or three years ago. Disagreements on various scores caused Al Jolson first to depart from the organization, and then Ruby followed. Powell, of course, stands aces with Warners, where he has worked probably harder than anybody ever since he won success. And, by the way, let's make a note of this: Dick has proved himself a swell stepfather to Joan Blondell's youngster. It's one of the many indications of his fine character.

**Madame Joan De Farge.**—After what she did in organizing the Screen Actars Guild, Joan Crawford could prabably carve a political career for herself. Amang the women she was the most strenuous campaigner during the days when a strike threatened in Hollywood. She personally visited the sets at various studios and secured players as members for the guild. They tell it, too, that when the actors were rounded up, Joan would bring her crocheting along to fill in the time while listening to speeches.

*Continued on page 85*

# THE SECRETARY




CANDID DISCUSSION OF A TOPIC OF VITAL CONCERN TO EVERY LOYAL FAN. ILLUSTRATED BY HARTMAN

"I WROTE Claudette Colbert the nicest letter asking for a photograph. In reply she sent me a price list!"

"I twice sent Clark Gable the money for a photograph, but though a year has elapsed I've received neither reply, photograph, nor the return of my money!"

Every editor, as well as every writer on film topics, constantly receives complaints such as the above from fans who, in enthusiastic admiration of a star, have written their idol a letter, only to receive a figurative box on the ear for their pains.

Why? Without their loyal fans very few players would become stars at all. Without stardom there would be no Beverly Hills estates, no marble swimming pools, no hobnobbing with visiting nobility. Then why, since they are so eager to accept the rewards of popularity, are they so unwilling to pay the price or to acknowledge the slightest debt to their public?

Apparently the average star, once he achieves the heights, nurses the fond illusion that his superlative art alone has placed him there. That is not true. If art alone were the measuring rod the Hollywood firmament would be far less crowded than it is.

Granted that no star can reply personally to every letter received, is that any excuse for returning mail unopened, callously stamped "Refused"?

Why not let the writer suppose that the little pæan of praise had at least been read? Shouldn't there be a sense of noblesse oblige about such things? Doesn't the fact of being greatly admired, sincerely loved, place a certain responsibility upon the object of all this affection, however unwelcome? And wouldn't a little plain, old-fashioned courtesy be an admirable addition to most stars' equipment?

Persons at the top in all other professions, as well as kings, presidents, statesmen, all seem to practice it and consider it important. I know of a dishwasher in a cheap café who wrote a letter to Mussolini. A cordial "thank you," with Il Duce's signature, came by early mail.

Of course, Italy's dictator has a secretary. But so has every film star. And just there is the key to the trouble. The secretary.

In his fine editorial in January, 1936, Picture Play, Norbert Lusk wrote:

"A star's secretary is apt to occupy the post not for his efficiency in secretarial duties, but for other values. Such as buffer, companion, yes-man, a runner of errands, bodyguard, general factotum, or perhaps for no reason at all except the obligation to pension a relative.

"Until working secretaries become the smart thing to have, fans will continue to complain and stars will continue to lose admirers instead of holding them through secretarial courtesy and efficiency. So, do not be too quick to blame the star for your unanswered letter. Ten to one you failed to receive a reply because the secretary was too busy answering demands on him outside the required duties of a correspondent."

This is a kindly and generous viewpoint, and it places the blame exactly where it most belongs, on the shoulders of the star.

Granted that a person intelligent enough to be and do

# MENACE

BY JULIETTE LAINE



all these varied things can be of inestimable service to a star, he nevertheless remains of slight secretorial value in the true sense of the word. Then why not, in the nome of all that's sensible, have a working secretary, or two or three, in addition to this other general factotum? Douglos Fairbanks employed six, simultaneously, during his stellar doys. One as executive secretary, and five others os ossistants.

Let the star beor in mind thot complaints from fons invoriably wind up with—"I shall never attend another of his pictures," or "I never want to see her again!" In Hollywood jargon, such words are dynamite.

It is the fans who have been the most vital foctor in any stor's success. It is his personal following that forms the fon clubs ond that fights so desperately for him when he begins to slip, ond it is only when these same fons lose interest ond withdraw their support that his career is definitely over.

As o writer specializing in interviews with celebrities, I've long ago come to the conclusion that a male star fares for better, in his relations with both press ond public, when he employs o man instead of o woman secretary.

I realize the wrath that is obout to descend upon my head, but after long and varied experience I insist that I have olwoys found a male secretary better mannered, more tactful, and far more dependable than a girl in the some position.

Certainly there are young women who ore all they should be—and to them my deepest apologies—but one doesn't find mony of them working for our stors. They moy begin with the best of intentions, but opporently the proximity to so much glomour and masculine ottractiveness upsets their equilibrium. They suddenly ocquire an exaggerated idea of their own importance, as well as a wholly erroneous impression of o writer's motive in seeking an interview.

Wives, I have olwoys found, are invariably gracious and willing to coöperate, but the secretary will do everything she dore to prevent the interview. I have known secretaries to delay important messages, "forget" them entirely, ond give out such o mass of misinformotion that I hove often abandoned the intended interview entirely rother than proceed in the face of such determined opposition. In such cases the star is the only loser. The writer con always find plenty of others to write about.

Sometimes, too, o secretary seems to fear that instead of professional matters o measure of actual friendship is developing between the writer and her employer. This, apparently, must be prevented at all costs.

I remember one instonce in which the secretary tried to give me the impression thot she was having an affair with her employer. The man happened to be one of the most happily married ond decent-living persons one could hope to find, and I fortunotely knew this. Whether by her tactics she merely sought to quash any personal interest on my part, or whether she hoped I would believe her ond would stort o whispering campoign that would horm him, I don't know.

Another time o foreign star, whom I interviewed twice, urged me to dine with him ond his wife at their home, "some evening soon." I occepted with pleasure, but no definite invitation ever materialized. Months later, on the eve of their return to Europe, I met them again. Both expressed regret that I had never found time to dine with them.

"But I've never been invited," I countered.

"But dozens of times we phoned you," insisted the wife. "You always told Miss Blank you were too busy. You never even answered the three letters Miss Blank wrote to you!"

Sometimes, too, an employee can do harm unintentionally, as when Lloyd Nolan and his wife went on location in Arizono.

They left their housekeeper in charge of their home, not

*Continued on page 91*



Photo by Richee

# A RAFT OF ALIBIS

GEORGE RAFT FINDS ANOTHER WARM DEFENDER WHO SIZES HIM UP AS A TOUGH GUY TRYING HARD TO BE A REAL GENTLEMAN.

A TOUGH guy is o gentlemon," soid George Roft.

The silky, cobro-eyed octor should be on outhority on tough guys for he hos been o storm center in disputes with Poromount ond often has defended his ideos ond ideols with fist ond phrose.

"A tough guy is gentle until he hos to get rough, ond he's nice to women," he odded. "He doesn't hove to oct tough if he reolly is. It's only the phonies who try to be hord. Thot's why I'm sick of oll this tolk obout me being hord to hondle. Sure, I refuse ports, not becouse I'm temperomentol but becouse they're unsympothetic.

"I'll ploy o heovy if they moke me o nice guy in the end. It's O. K. to kill o couple of guys, but you've got to get sympothy in the end or the picture hurts you. People in New York or other big cities might go bock to see o rot, but you don't think the people in Sheboygon, Wisconsin, would, do you?"

BY JOE MACKEY

George Raft says that he's sick of all the talk about his being hard to handle. Then he gives his definition of a tough guy, alibis his quarrels with the studio and says that moving into Gary Cooper's dressing room, when Gary left Paramount, will bring him good luck.



On the opposite page: as he appears with Olympe Bradna in "Souls at Sea," in which Cooper stars.

George is one of the most maligned men in pictures, so I had been prepared to meet a pretty disagreeable, difficult fellow, but there was nothing unpleasant about the dapper man who discussed his career with more frankness than most stars use.

Of course, his appearance wouldn't inspire you to leave your life's savings with him, but there are countless faces like that on screen and off. Anyway, if he looked like a Boy Scout he probably wouldn't be in pictures. "A menace with sex appeal," was what Director Rowland Brown wanted when he was casting "Quick Millions" and saw George in the Brown Derby.

His reason for refusing some rôles is logical. He thought tough guys were gentlemen and wanted to play them that way, and he wanted sympathetic parts so that he could remain popular. Reasonable? Of course.

George knows that heavies in real life take a final bow too quickly, riddled by bullets in some gutter, and he thinks that heavies in reel life also fade too quickly, pushed into Class B films.

"You can work up from second-rate pictures," he said, "but you can't come back from them."

Although George has been associated with sinister screen misdeeds that would shame most big-town mobsters, his recent pictures have played him up as a hero. He isn't asking for this, either.

"Say, don't get the idea that I always want to be a romantic lead. In fact, my favorite rôle was in 'Scarface.' And here's a funny thing. In that picture I killed about fourteen guys, yet at the end I was the fair-haired boy. Remember that death scene? That's what got them, me dying without a word, unjustly. They forgot I'd been knocking off Paul Muni's enemies all through the picture.

"To last you have to have the masses behind you. They have to walk out of a theater liking you or they walk out for good. People stand and take off their hats when you wave the flag, don't they? It's the same thing when you save the girl or kill the heavy.

"An actor has to be pretty careful about his parts. No pun intended," he laughed, pointing to the white line that split his sleek hair near the side. "I'm supposed to be a lot of trouble to the studio, but like I said, it's not temperament. It's self-preservation.

"Look at fellows like Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper. Big shots. And for a long time, too. In 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer,' Gary was almost a heavy at times, but they made him a nice guy at the end.

"Look at Gable. He started as a villain but turned into a hero. Now, though he's tough sometimes, they don't let people go out thinking he's a mug. Those fellows keep going."

Superstitious, Raft believes that Cooper's dressing room, into which he moved when Cooper left Paramount, will bring him luck in a long career.

"I can't pick my own stories," he continued, "but I can yell if I don't like 'em. The only one I walked out on because the part was too nasty was 'The Story of Temple Drake.' There's been other trouble but mostly because the stories were inferior."

George laughed again and showed white teeth that he brushes many times daily. He seemed amused that a man would be censured for wanting material that would build him up. He likes to do a good job but he doesn't lose sleep over art. He knows the movies are a business.

He wants now to make "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Back in the old days before his odd and rather reptilian dance style made him known on night-spot dance floors as "the old blacksnake," he was a dancing partner for women at Rector's, Churchill's, and Murray's. It was at the first that he met Rudolph Valentino before Rudy went on the screen. They became friends.

After Rudy's death and George's rise, partly because of his resemblance to Valentino, he was groomed as a second Valentino. This always annoyed him because he didn't think there could be a second Valentino, and anyway, he wanted to be a first Raft. Now, however, he would like Rudy's old part in "The Four Horsemen."

He also wants to do "The Patent Leather Kid," a rôle that seems ideal, with his shiny hair and fistic ability. It may be that the part of the prize fighter would be a good emotional and physical outlet since the studios have cracked down on his off-screen brawls. Time was when George, Hell's Kitchen-born, made the front pages regularly with his fist fights. Once he even slugged a producer.

Since the decree against slug-fests Raft has been yearning for the good old days. Last year when Clark Gable knocked out a former collegiate amateur champion during the making of a film Raft considered a ring comeback, with the first bout with Gable for a benefit. Screen work blasted this idea so he had to be content with memories of his twenty-five professional bouts years ago, frequent trips to sporting events and work-outs with friends.

George is tough, but he's not so tough that he didn't have to be taken in hand about his money. When he started to earn big money a lot of friends looked him up. Some people he didn't know as friends also appeared. A startling number of them were in desperate straits, to hear them tell it. George would give some money to this one, some to that. Then he discovered that only a little of his big salary was doing him any good. His hard background didn't keep him from being too good a fellow. Finally, more business-minded friends took him in hand, and to-day he receives two hundred dollars a week from his manager. The rest

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TERRY WALKER

# On and

## ITEMS OF INTEREST SNATCHED HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE IN THE MOVIE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

IN "A Stor Is Born" one gripping scene occurs when o group of top-notchers "cuts" o foding stor. We wotched o group of top-notchers in reol life greet Buster Keoton, once on top himself. He wosn't "cut," but obviously they had little in common. Conversotion longuished. And Keoton's eogerness to remoin port of the group wos os touching os the scene in the film.

TED PECKHAM, originotor of the poid escort idea, didn't hove much luck osking Hollywood girls for dotes, even though he offered his services free. In the film colony, girls outnumber men eight to one. Whv odvertise the foct? Thot's whot our fair ones osked themselves. Gypsy Rose Lee turned him down, ond then ottended o night club with onother girl, but no men.

MRS. FRED MocMURRAY, olthough she hos been ill for some months now, knows just how progress is coming olong on the new house she and Fred ore building. He tokes motion pictures of the rooms os they are completed, and shows them in the home where they now live. To those who know the whole story, this is Hollywood's most oppeoling love.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S spicy longuoge is omusing or regrettoble, depending on your sense of humor. But she isn't the only one. Alice Brody's reputotion for mentioning "unmentionables" grows doily, ond Hollywood in generol, being more outspoken thon society approves, finds the same thrill os o little boy scrowling bod words on o bock fence.



KENNETH HOWELL



KITTY CLANCY



LEE DIXON

BABY PATSY



# Off the Set

WELL-MEANING writers rushed aut ta Janet Gaynar's after the preview af "A Star Is Barn" ta cangratulate her an her miraculaus came-back. Cangratulatians, it seemed, were nat in arder. "Came-back? I've always been an tap!" was the general tenar af the little star's remarks.

DON'T feel taa sarry far the stars wha can't marry their new sweethearts because their spauses, even thaugh separated, wan't cansent ta divarce. Sametimes this is a happy, secret arrangement by all cancerned. The wife remains Mrs. Star. The star has all the freedam af a bachelar. The sweetheart gets an escart—and lats af pictures in the papers. "An ideal set-up," we heard ane wife call this tangled situatian.

IN Hallywaad yau dan't have ta warry abaut yaur dag's diet. A smart firm far canines assumes all the respansibility af preparing and serving the carrect variety af scientific faad. Anita Lauise has six dags and every day an apprapriate dish is chauffeured ta her back yard. This canvenience casts her twenty-faur dallars a manth.

MICHAEL WHALEN yearned far the gay spats when he was just an extra. But naw he shuns them. He'd rather week-end at that twa-cabin auta camp by the lanely Saltan Sea than drink champagne at the Trac. An average af a new picture every six weeks has dane this ta him.

WARREN WILLIAM began his MGM cantract by giving the glamaur studia samething ta gape at. He can't be bathered with a clumsy partable dressing raam an sets. Instead, his man drives his car anta every stage. The back has been ingeniausly canverted inta as nifty a rest haven as the studia ever imagined. When Warren's gentleman disconnects the electricity fram the stage plugs at the end af a scene, away they drive, leaving gasps behind them. "The Baby"—Jean Harlaw ta yau—is fit ta be tied!



GWILI ANDRE



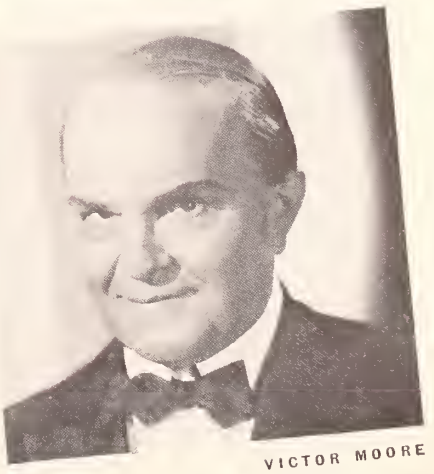
BARBARA READ

WILLIAM BOYD





ANN HOVEY



VICTOR MOORE

# On and Off the Set



IDA LUPINO



DOROTHY APPLEBY



MARY CARLISLE



JUDY CANOVA



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

WEALTHY Jack Haley admits he bought his Beverly Hills home at a bargain. Also, that he's done over the inside without expensive odvice. But he doesn't tell his friends to dash out and do likewise. "I wouldn't want them to risk being stung with poor plumbing," he explains quite seriously.

JOAN CRAWFORD alwoys said she odmired the way Frances Deaner, publicity woman, handled Janet Gaynor's fan contacts for so many years. The other noon Joan proved her sincerity by popping over to 20th Century-Fox to lunch with Frances. Afterword the pleased hostess reciprocated by taking Joan on a tour of the lot. Miss Crowford was as wide-eyed as though she'd never seen how movies were made. But no, Darryl Zanuck didn't "discover" her.

THERE is no rush of sophistication to Wayne Morris's head. The new blond hope at Warners declares that collecting hotel stickers on his luggage is what he most prefers to do in his spare time. To heck with any pretense obout high-flown hobbies!

THE Hollywood stars who are buying acreage at Chatsworth need never fear stepping on their neighbors' toes, whot with Barbara Stanwyck's ranch comprising 500 acres; Joel McCrea's o thousond; Robert Taylor's and Francis Lederer's eoch several hundred. They con be next-door neighbors and still be miles apart. The latest star to move out there is Luli Deste, Columbia's Viennese importation, who hos purchosed a 170-acre estate next door to that of Froncis Lederer.

Miss Deste wos so excited over her purchase thot she insisted upon moving in despite protests of her friends that she must wait until gas, electricity, and a telephone were instolled.

"We know how to manoge without those things in Europe," she soid calmly. "We'll cook outside on o fire."

She moved in ond her meals have been cooked on a grill in the potio. Furthermore she loves it.

JIMMY ELLISON, of "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leove," and Gertrude Durkin had been married but two weeks when all her friends got together and gave Gertrude a shower. There was silver



ANN SHERIDAN



JEAN ROGERS



BETTY DOTSON

and glassware. In fact nathing was fargatten. Then Gertrude apened a large package which turned aut to be a fully equipped picnic hamper. Her eyes fell an ane article and with a mast satisfied expression an her face she exclaimed: "Haw I have needed a can apener!"

WHEN Claudette Calbert appeared at a lunch at the Tracadero recently wearing a very becaming hat, she explained that her chauffeur had baught it far her.

"I've been an location far sa lang that I had nathing ta wear. I tald the chauffeur ta ga to o shap and bring me some brawn hats. This is ane. Does it laok all right?" she asked anxiously.

DID Lew Ayres get a Paris divarce fram Ginger Rogers while he was in Eurape? Clase friends af bath Lew and Ginger are of the opinian that a secret divarce hos been obtained. They base their belief an the fact that Ginger flutters around with the mast papular men in tawn mare than she did formerly and Lew hasn't been ony stay-at-home, either.

ANITA LOUISE, in her young enthusiosm, got oll dressed up for the "Caranatian Ball" with which Hollywaad celebrated the accessian of King Gearge VI. She wore a white satin gawn with a faur-foat train and a tiara, na less. She loaked, of caurse, perfectly beautiful. A waman wha must have been reading assiduausly the stipulatians far lengths af trains and types af caranets required af peeresses at the actual caranatian, appraached her and inquired, with mare hauteur than goad manners, "My dear—er—are yau a 'Lady'?"

"Gaad grocious!" returned the startled Anita. "I da hape so!"

CONSTANCE BENNETT wha is usually sa elegant, startled every ane on the "Tapper" set by chewing gum persistently. "I'm cutting down on my smaking," she explained, sart af between cuds. . . . Same one swiped Harpo Marx's make-up box and the camedian is so devastated that he is affering a reward. If yau find an ancient cigar box, cantaining (item) one tattered pawder puff (item) a lump af black greose point and (item) some laose pawder drifting aver the whale interior, Harpa will pay a tidy sum far its return. *(Continued on page 62)*



CAROL HUGHES



MADY CARRELL



# WHY THEY LOVE EACH OTHER

BY MADELINE GLASS

IT IS NO MYSTERY WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE QUALITIES OF HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING COUPLES.

FREQUENTLY, or a little aftener, some alleged authority breaks farth in print an the subject of love. Usually the article is devated ta instructing wamen in haw they con be fascinating, glamoraus, irresistible, et cetero. To put it baldly, they explain haw one con get o husband.

Any woman of any gumption can get a husband; the real rub lies in getting a man who is nat a husband. Mae West has given reoms af odvice an the technique of snaring the wary male. Variaus psychalagists have rolled up their sleeves ond tackled the matter. Glamaur queens galore offer rules guaronteed ta bring abaut o proposol.

Nothing seems to come of oll this odvice and instruction, ond my own probably warthless apinion is that lave is determined, nat by oppearance ond manners, but by minerol praperties and combinations in the bady, natural chemicol elements which function magnetically. To strike o safe balance noture inclines us toward thase whose qualities camplement our awn.

Thus it is that the outstanding ramances of Hallywaad exist between cauples of

No, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald don't love each other. Far from it! Both stand for conservatism too strongly. Lack contrast.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford complement each other splendidly. Franchot is reason; Joan is emotion. A perfect combination for love.

Robert Taylor is conformity; Barbara Stanwyck is resistance. It is only natural that they should find comfort in each other's company.



complementary qualities and, perhaps, mineral properties. Having no means of proving the latter, I shall confine my analyses of these interesting cases to outward manifestations of the former.

Apparently Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone complemented each other splendidly. Franchot is reason; Joan is emotion. Miss Crawford's virtues have been praised so highly and demonstrated so often that I shall not dwell upon them. That she is loved is but natural. Comparatively little, however, has been said of Franchot's lovable qualities. He has, of course, many endearing traits, not the least of which is kindliness.

I remember going to interview him a couple of years ago. There had been some trouble with the publicity department about seeing him. I was nervous and worried and definitely prejudiced against this actor whom I had come to regard as a frosty, pampered upstart. To my surprise I found myself telling the frosty upstart my troubles. To my greater surprise I found him replying in gentle, courteous tones, straightening out the difficulty and quietly allaying my fears.

Emotion qualified by reason makes an interesting combination, as Joan and Franchot doubtless have discovered.

On the other hand, when temperament marries ambition trouble moves right in. John Barrymore is notoriously fractious and independent. Elaine Barrie is determined to promote her own interests, come what may. Their marriage was doomed from the beginning, not by the difference in their ages, but by lack of harmonious personality properties.

The apparently lasting happiness of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler proves that spring and Indian summer may mate successfully. Ruby



**The contrasting qualities of Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe make for a happy balance, says the author, Madeline Glass. Gary is strength; Mrs. Cooper is fragility.**

**Lupe Velez's primitive nature finds its answer in Johnny Weissmuller, an athlete whose nerves are insulated by hawserlike muscles, kept in condition by much swimming.**



is faith; Al is dependability. Moreover, Al is Jewish, and Jews make uncommonly good husbands.

If William Powell and Jean Harlow marry their qualities will complement one another nicely. Powell is discrimination; Jean is peace. From all I can learn Miss Harlow is notably mild-tempered, an admirable quality in a wife. One day I stood watching her work on a set. The scene didn't go off well. Jean moved rather awkwardly. "Wasn't that graceful?" remarked the director, sarcastically. I expected the spectacular blonde to reply in kind, but she only looked embarrassed and set about doing the scene again.

True, Powell has two matrimonial failures behind him, Jean three, but previous experience, together with their native good sense, should see them through.

Discussion of the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard romance while Clark is still married to another is in poor taste, yet this romping love idyll fairly challenges comment. Here respective qualities dovetail nicely. Gable is calculation; Carole is impulse.

Clark, a peasant in plus-fours, could not but find the society of a frolicsome cosmopolite highly diverting. And such is Gable's charm and intelligence that practically any woman would find him a pleasing companion. Still, I cannot imagine these two sticking together through the long middle years of life, and finally going down the sunset slope hand in hand.

The marriage of Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson seems to be of a permanent nature, and with reason. Charles is refuge; Pat is dependency.

Pat will resent this as she feels that a successful acting career is her natural destiny. Thus far, however, she has given nothing to the screen which dozens of other young actresses could not duplicate, and as she admits to being interested in no other sort of work I feel that she is fortunate to have won the love of a kind, protective and liberal husband in whose genius she can take pride and vicarious satisfaction.

Two years ago I sat in an office giving a young actor his first interview. Apparently his mineral properties did not particularly affect me for I was

*Continued on page 88*

# THUMBNAIL



"This Is My Affair."



"Kid Galahad."

"This Is My Affair."—20th Century-Fox. Genuine entertainment is here without let-up. The picture is one of the most attractive of the month, with Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck as hero and heroine to make doubly sure you won't pass it up. They do well, too, Mr. Taylor dignified and earnest as the naval lieutenant secretly appointed by President McKinley as a G-man and Miss Stanwyck achieving glamour in the costumes of 1901 and the make-up of 1937. We are told that a series of bank robberies shocked the country and the government at that period and that the president chose young Mr. Taylor among all the men at his command to round up the desperate criminals, the exact moment being a ball in Admiral Dewey's honor at the White House. His orders are never to communicate with the president except as a last resort. Mr. Taylor's adventures lead him to St. Paul, Minnesota, and Victor McLaglen's gambling resort where Miss Stanwyck reigns as star performer and the girl Mr. McLaglen can't get. She must, of course, keep herself pure for Mr. Taylor. He dares to love her in spite of Mr. McLaglen's fierce ownership, tricks the gang into believing he is a crook and joins them in a bank robbery. Captured and sentenced to die, he appeals to President McKinley at the very time the latter is assassinated. You must see for yourself how Mr. Taylor faces his doom. All this sounds like crass melodrama in the telling, but it is adroitly embellished with dialogue, suspense, and shrewd character portrayal, not to mention perfect reproduction of the period's lush decorations and bouffant costumes.

"Kid Galahad."—Warners. I can't say enough in favor of this rousing prize-fight melodrama, the best that I can recall at the moment and better than any in recent years. The picture thrills even if one isn't a fight fan, probably because what takes place is authentic. More than that is the interplay of character, the brilliant acting and cutting dialogue—everything, in fact, to make a racy picture that is true to the best traditions of the screen. I'm cheering on the sidelines in case you hadn't noticed! Before I give you an inkling of the story, I must rave about Bette Davis a bit. She grows and progresses in each succeeding picture. Given half a chance, she makes the most of it always. In this she gets a full chance and comes through with flying colors, again proclaiming herself a vivid personality and a rare actress, courageous in facing the truth of a character first of all. Here she plays a sympathetic girl for a change. The sweetheart of a fight manager, she accepts defeat without a quiver of self-pity when she finds that her lover's juvenile protégé respects her as a sister but cares for another. Mere sentimentality has no part in Miss Davis's understanding of character, nor does she try to make you think she's a lady mixed up with the sporting world. It's a hard, coarse, materialistic world, with Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart rivals and enemies in the business of promoting fights and double-crossing each other. Suddenly comes a youth from a gentler sphere, first as a bellhop to serve drinks at Mr. Robinson's three-day party, later as Miss Davis's defender against insult. He uses his fists with such magnificent power that Mr. Robinson sees in him the making of a great fighter. And he becomes one. This part is played by a newcomer, Wayne Morris, who seems to me on the threshold of great popularity. He has uncommon good looks, superb physique, and a kind of Americanism that communicates itself to us all. He is more than a handsome slugger, too, for he moves with ease and speaks with naturalness.

"As Good As Married."



"They Gave Him a Gun."



# REVIEWS

Norbert LUSK



"The Go-getter."



"Slim."

"As Good As Married."—Universal. John Boles and Doris Nolan prove their inability to lift farce comedy above painstaking actuality. Neither has the light touch, or rather the touch light enough. They smile and try to be airily inconsequential, but it is a losing game. I think Mr. Boles had better go back to singing. Miss Nolan is too new to the screen to show where she fits in. At present she is chiefly notable for good looks. Walter Pidgeon, in a secondary rôle, makes more of his lines and situations, giving to them a skimming gayety that always brings forth laughter from the audience. The trio are concerned in an engaging story that might have been something to cheer about. But it doesn't come off, quite. Mr. Boles, fabulously successful architect, oppressed by income taxes and the high cost of a high life, marries Miss Nolan, his secretary, to reduce expenses and she enters into what she understands is purely a business arrangement. Then she begins to act up because Mr. Boles insists that it *is* a business contract. Mr. Pidgeon is her suitor who takes his defeat good-naturedly but doesn't give up the chase. It isn't giving away a secret, I hope, to tell you that everything comes out romantically right. The decorations of John Harkrider are arresting and distinctive, if the writing and the acting are not.

"They Gave Him a Gun."—MGM. Like most anti-war documents, this pulls its punches after it has stated a strong case, and asks you to get wrought up over a love affair. The love business is tepid after what has gone before. But there is enough strength and originality, to say nothing of capital acting, to place the picture above the average of courage. It isn't the first time that a fine idea has failed to achieve its utmost power. We have a timid clerk frightened to tears by military training after he has been drafted. He is definitely afraid of a gun. Once on the firing line, however, safely ambushed in a church, he fires his gun and sees the enemy go down. Frenzied by his sudden power, he shoots again and again, thrilling at the sight of men falling before the gun in his hand. Mustered out of the army, he becomes a gangster still fascinated by the power of the weapon in his hands. Until finally he meets inevitable death. Unfortunately, he has fallen in love with and married a blond army nurse who, contentedly sitting at home with her sewing, hasn't the least suspicion that her husband is not a hard-working business man. It is she who informs on him, shocked by the truth. Gladys George plays this part. An excellent character actress, she loses force and individuality when she plays an emotional ingénue. You feel that her platinum curls are her first concern. Franchot Tone is finely effective as the coward and again Spencer Tracy triumphs over a secondary part as his hard-boiled friend who stands by ready to marry his widow.

"The Go-getter."—Warners. George Brent loses a leg in the crash of an army dirigible and mistakes the elegant, mannered Anita Louise for a housemaid. Somehow you think that such lack of perceptiveness might have been responsible for the accident. He says to her, "Do you like me like I like you?" That will give you an idea of his juvenility. He forces himself into a job with the lumber and shipping concern of which Miss Louise's father is the blustering head. Mr. Brent is so darned likable, such a go-getter, that the old man gives him a chance against the advice of his associates, and to test his ability to remain with the business he is told to sell a quantity of "skunk" lumber. Apparently the ob-

*Continued on page 95*

"Wings Over Honolulu."



"Pick a Star."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"KID GALAHAD"**—Warners. Story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

CAST:

"Nick" Donati.....Edward G. Robinson
"Fluff".....Bette Davis
"Turkey" Morgan.....Humphrey Bogart
Ward Guisenberry (Kid Galahad).....Wayne Morris
Marie.....Jane Bryan
"Silver" Jackson.....Harry Carey
"Chuck" McGraw.....William Haade
Mrs. Donati.....Soledad Jiminez
Joe Taylor.....Joe Cunningham
"Buzz" Barett.....Ben Welden
Brady.....Joe Crehan
The redhead.....Veda Ann Borg
Barney.....Frank Faylen
Gunman.....Harland Tucker
Sam.....Bob Evans
Burke.....Frank Hankinson
O'Brien.....Bob Nestell
Denbaugh.....Jack Kranz
Referee.....George Blake

**"THIS IS MY AFFAIR"**—20th Century-Fox. Story and screen play by Allen Rivkin and Lamar Trotti. Directed by William A. Seiter.

CAST:

Lieutenant Richard L. Perry..Robert Taylor
Lil Duryea.....Barbara Stanwyck
Jock Ramsay.....Victor McLaglen
Batiste Duryea.....Brian Donlevy
President Theodore Roosevelt.....Sidney Blackmer
Ed.....John Carradine
"Doc" Keller.....Alan Dinehart
Alec.....Douglas Fowley
Admiral Dewey.....Robert McWade
President William McKinley...Frank Conroy
Gus.....Sig Rumann
Miss Blackburn.....Marjorie Weaver
Ernie.....J. C. Nugent
Specialty.....Tyler Brooke
George Andrews.....Willard Robertson
Bowler.....Paul Hurst
Henry Maxwell.....Douglas Wood
Judge.....Jonathan Hale
Warden.....John Hamilton
Priest.....Joseph Crehan
Dowager.....Mary Young
Jeweler.....Maurice Cass
Roosevelt's secretary.....Paul McVey
Girl with Roosevelt.....Jayne Regan
Blonde.....Ruth Gillette
Reporter.....Jim Donlan
Tim.....Davison Clark
Boy.....Fred Santley
Girl.....Helen Brown
Bradley Wallace.....De Witt Jennings

**"THEY GAVE HIM A GUN"**—MGM. Screen play by Cyril Hume, Richard Maibaum, and Maurice Rapf. From the book by William Joyce Cowen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

Fred.....Spencer Tracy
Rose Duffy.....Gladys George
Jimmy.....Franchot Tone
Sergeant Meadowbrook.....Edgar Dearing
Saxe.....Mary Treen
Laro.....Cliff Edwards
Judge.....Charles Trowbridge

**"AS GOOD AS MARRIED"**—Universal. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Lynn Starling. Original story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Edward Buzzell.

CAST:

Sylvia Parker.....Doris Nolan
Alexander Drew.....John Boles
Fraser James.....Walter Pidgeon
Wally Burnside.....Alan Mowbray
Cherry.....Tala Birell
Alma Burnside.....Katherine Alexander
Laura.....Mary Philips
Quinn.....Ernest Cossart
Ernie.....David Oliver
Jessup.....Harry Davenport
Lila Danforth.....Esther Ralston
"Poochie".....Dorothea Kent
Jean Stanford.....Esther Christian
Arthur Watson.....Walter Byron

**"TURN OFF THE MOON"**—Paramount. From a story by Mildred Harrington. Directed by Lewis Seiler.

CAST:

Dinwiddy.....Charlie Ruggles
Caroline Wilson.....Eleanore Whitney
Terry Keith.....Johnny Downs
Phil Harris and his orchestra....Themselves
Luke.....Ben Blue
Myrtle Tweep.....Marjorie Gateson
Truelove Spencer.....Grady Sutton

**"THE GO-GETTER"**—Warners-Cosmopolitan. Original story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Delmer Daves. Directed by Busby Berkeley.

CAST:

Bill Austin.....George Brent
Margaret Ricks.....Anita Louise
Cappy Ricks.....Charles Winninger
Lloyd Skinner.....John Eldredge
Commander Tisdale.....Henry O'Neill
Third survivor.....Craig Reynolds
Karl Stone.....Joseph Crehan
Luce.....Gordon Oliver
Bob Blair.....Eddie Acuff
First survivor.....Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Matt Peasley.....Willard Robertson
Browne.....Pierre Watkin
Skinner's Secretary.....Helen Valkis
Lester.....Herbert Rawlinson
Mrs. Luce.....Helen Lowell
M. M. Barker.....Harry Beresford
Cappy Ricks's secretary.....Minerva Urecal
Mrs. Blair.....Mary Treen
Tony.....George Humbert
Maria.....Mathilde Comont
Fourth survivor.....Kenneth Harlan
Radio station operator.....Edward Price
Second survivor.....Walter Miller
Nurse.....Mathilde Comont
Policeman.....Ed Gargan

**"SLIM"**—Warners. Story and screen play by William W. Haines. Directed by Ray Enright.

CAST:

"Red" Blayd.....Pat O'Brien
"Slim".....Henry Fonda
"Cally".....Margaret Lindsay
"Stumpy".....Stuart Erwin
"Pop".....J. Farrell MacDonald
Tom.....Dick Purcell
Wilcox.....Joseph Sawyer
First gambler.....Craig Reynolds
Wyatt Ranstead.....John Litel
"Stumpy's" girl.....Jane Wyman
"Lafe" Garretson.....Harlan Tucker
Steve.....Joseph King
Al.....Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Joe Braitherwaite.....James Robbins
"Mitch".....Henry Otto
Ed.....Dick Wessell
"Griff".....Max Wagner
Kelly.....Ben Hendricks
Second gambler.....Alonzo Price
Mrs. Johnson.....Maidel Turner
Sam.....Walter Miller

**"ANGEL'S HOLIDAY"**—20th Century-Fox. Original story and screen play by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Directed by James Tinling.

CAST:

"Angel".....Jane Withers
"Nick" Moore.....Robert Kent
Stivers.....Joan Davis
Pauline Kaye.....Sally Blane
"Bat" Regan.....Harold Huber
"Butch" Broder.....Frank Jenks
Crandall.....Ray Walker
Waldo Everett.....John Qualen
Eddie.....Lon Chaney
"Gramp".....Al Lydell
Gus.....Russell Hopton
Sergeant Murphy.....Paul Hurst
Maxie.....John Kelly
Louie.....George Taylor
Chief of Police.....Cy Kendall
Ralph Everett.....Charles Arnt

**"WINGS OVER HONOLULU"**—Universal. From a story by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw. Directed by H. C. Potter.

CAST:

Lauralee Curtis.....Wendy Barrie
"Stony" Gilchrist.....Ray Milland
Jack Furness.....William Gargan
Gregory Chandler.....Kent Taylor
Rosalind Furness.....Polly Rowles
Admiral Furness.....Samuel S. Hinds
Hattie Penletter.....Mary Philips
Nellie Curtis.....Margaret McWade
Evie Curtis.....Clara Blandick
Mammy.....Louise Beavers

**"HOTEL HAYWIRE"**—Paramount. Original story and screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by George Archainbaud.

CAST:

Doctor Zodiac Z. Zippe.....Leo Carrillo
Doctor Parkhouse.....Lynn Overman
Phyllis Parkhouse.....Mary Carlisle
Bertie Sterns.....Benny Baker
Mrs. Parkhouse.....Spring Byington
I. Kitts, Senior.....George Barbier
I. Kitts, Junior.....John Patterson
Ellie Sterns.....Collette Lyons
Mr. Winsett.....Porter Hall
Mrs. Winsett.....Josephine Whittell

**"PICK A STAR"**—MGM. Original story and screen play by Richard Flournoy, Arthur Vernon Jones, and Thomas J. Dugan. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

CAST:

Nellie Moore.....Patsy Kelly
Joe Jenkins.....Jack Haley
Cecilia Moore.....Rosina Lawrence
Rinaldo Lopez.....Mischa Auer
Dagmar.....Lyda Roberti
Mr. Klawheimer.....Charles Halton
Dimitri Hogan.....Tom Dugan
Mr. Stone.....Russell Hicks
Night club master of ceremonies.....Cully Richards
Judge.....Spencer Charters
Sheriff.....Sam Adams
Head waiter.....Robert Gleckler
Newlyweds.....Joyce Compton, Johnny Arthur
Director.....James Finlayson
Bandit.....Walter Long
Assistant director.....Wesley Barry
Mr. McGregor.....Johnny Hyams
Mrs. McGregor.....Leila McIntyre
Movie stars.....Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy

**"MOUNTAIN JUSTICE"**—Warners. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine and Luci Ward. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

CAST:

Ruth Harkins.....Josephine Hutchinson
Paul Cameron.....George Brent
"Doc" Barnard.....Guy Kibbee
Evelyn Wayne.....Mona Barrie
Jeff Harkins.....Robert Barrat
Phoebe Lamb.....Margaret Hamilton
Horace Bamber.....Robert McWade
Clem Biggars.....Fuzzy Knight
Tod Miller.....Edward Pawley
Meg Harkins.....Elizabeth Risdon
Bethie Harkins.....Marcia Mae Jones
Judge Crawley.....Granville Bates
Mr. Turnbull.....Russell Simpson
Mrs. Turnbull.....Sibyl Harris
Asaph Anderson.....Guy Wilkerson

**"THE GIRL SAID NO"**—Grand National. Original story by Andrew L. Stone. Screen play by Betty Laidlaw and Robert Lively. Directed by Mr. Stone.

CAST:

Pearl.....Irene Hervey
Jimmie.....Robert Armstrong
Mabel.....Paula Stone
Howard Hathaway.....William Danforth
Beatrice Hathaway.....Vera Ross
Kitty.....Vivian Hart
"Pick".....Ed Brophy
"Chuck".....Harry Tyler
Dillon.....Richard Tucker
Gretchen Holman.....Gwili Andre
Peggy.....Mildred Rogers
Mark.....Frank Moulan
"Jonesy".....Joseph Swickhard
Adolph.....Arthur Kay
Joe.....Horace Murphy
"Sugar Plum".....Bert Roach
John.....Allan Rogers
Max.....Max Davidson
Yum-Yum.....Carita Crawford

**"THE HIT PARADE"**—Republic. Screen play by Bradford Ropes and Samuel Ornitz. Original story by Mr. Ropes. Directed by Gus Meins.

CAST:

Ruth Allison.....Frances Langford
Pete Garland.....Phil Regan
Monica Barrett.....Louise Henry
Eadie White.....Pert Kelton
Mulrooney.....Edward Brophy
Rusty Callahan.....Max Terhune
Tillie.....Inez Courtney
Teddy Leeds.....Monroe Owsley
J. B. Hawley.....Pierre Watkin
Bedtime story man.....Stanley Fields
Success story teller.....Johnny Arthur
Sergeant O'Hara.....J. Farrell MacDonald
Parole officer.....William Demarest
Herman.....George Givot
Dancer.....Sammy White
The Gentle Maniacs.....Paul Garner, Sam Wolfe, Richard Hakins
Tic Toc Girls.....Yvonne Monoff, Mildred Winston, Barbara Johnston

Carl Hoff and the Hit Parade Orchestra, Duke Ellington and His Band with Ivie Anderson, Eddy Duchin and His Orchestra, and the following radio personalities: Molasses and January, Pick and Pat, Al Pearce and His Gang, the Voice of Experience, Ed Thorgersen, Oscar and Elmer.

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Ah, once it gets you, acting is too hard to suppress. All his life, Jack has burned a lamp before its magic altar. I wanted to hear about it, and him. He raved, instead, about Ruth Draper.

"She has nothing on the stage except a table, a chair and a shawl," he told me—for, to my sorrow, I've never beheld the Draper genius. "She creates drama, or comedy, and sometimes you feel you see and hear crowds about her. How does she do it?"

I decided that she had the gift of the old Greek actor who all but strangled his audience with the suggestive power he used when strangling some one in the play. Henry Irving was reputed to have had hypnotic power. Bernhardt stabbed the entire audience in "La Tosca," along with poor "Baron Scarpia."

"How do you think they did it?" I asked Mr. Haley, planning a break of his personal modesty.

"Yes, Irving and Bernhardt were great till the day of their death," he replied, which really wasn't a reply at all. "That's what every actor likes about an English following. Once you become a favorite, you're there forever. Here it isn't so. Any Broadway actor will tell you that. I was placed in what was a hit—'Follow Through.' When it ended, after a year or more, I found myself right back where I started, and had to begin all over again. American audiences say: 'Show us!' Why that is I can't say. Can you?"

I could, but it wasn't my interview.

Jack started out to show people at the age of five. He sang a song at a church festival in his native town of Boston. After graduating from the Boston English High School, his parents wanted him to go to work, like any ordinary individual. Jack was no ordinary individual. He wanted to act. At eighteen, with the sum of fifteen dollars, he ran away from home.

At Philadelphia, he plugged songs for a music publisher. A leader of a small-time vaudeville act, needing a light comedian, found him in Mr. Haley.

The career had started! To this day Hoboken can say with pride that Haley made his stage début there. New York can't say that.

It was no while before he landed in big time—the goal of all vaudevilleans before the talkies vanquished it. Jack found himself on the same bill with the Lightner girls and Alexander, the magician. There was magic in the air, all right. One of the girls, Florence, was eventually to become his wife.

"I went with my first car to take her sister for a ride," he related. Winnie happened to be out. So Jack took Flo. "And from that moment on there's been no one else," he assured me. And I believed him.

Perhaps Jack does not bother to talk much about himself because his life has been a constant jostling against unrecognized talent.

In a musical called "Around the Town" he found the later-to-be famous columnist, Heywood Broun, in the cast. In "Gay Paree" there was a bald beauty in the chorus, named Ruby Stevens. That Ruby is now Barbara Stanwyck. Mae Clark was also present.



**Deanna Durbin is on her way to full-fledged stardom. Universal is to star her in "Three Smart Girls Go to Town."**

Despite the rushing about, Jack found time between a matinée and an evening performance to marry Flo. They went on tour and finally wound up at no less a place than the Palace in New York, once famous to all big-timers.

After vaudeville heights, Jack turned to musical comedy. He was offered the lead in the Chicago production of "Good News." New York scouts now gazed at Jack Haley. "Follow Through" was written for him, in which he became a Broadway success with his famous song, "Button Up Your Overcoat."

As usual, he found outstanding talent in the ranks. There was a young dancer who never ceased practicing. Her name was Eleanor Powell. Later, while master of ceremonies at St. Louis, Jack persuaded a studio scout to give a little girl named Betty Grable a contract.

Hollywood's talkies had taken most of Broadway's tops. Producers lost their fortunes in the slump. Theaters darkened—the crime of crimes! Jack, however, was sitting pretty. "Take a Chance" was another hit for him.

He did not follow the title's advice when, later, urged to produce and star in a piece called "Three Men on a Horse," he turned down the offer. Hollywood beckoned, and Jack thought he'd better cash in while the movie gods called. What with the depression and darkened theaters, he did not think the men or the horse would go far. For once he was wrong.

Hollywood did not turn out to be so blazing as the producers' prospectus suggested. Jack made fifteen two-reelers for Warners. Later came feature pictures for Paramount and Universal. Then Twentieth Century-Fox obtained the Haley services, and are not at all sorry over the deal. In fact, Mr. Zanuck has taken up the comedian's option, and Producer Zanuck is no fool.

With all that California has to offer, I have an inkling that Jack pines for dear old Broadway. The old theaters, the old faces.

Why didn't he talk about himself? Well, because beneath his humorous veneer he is a sensitive individual, and almost timid when it comes to making personal remarks about Jack Haley.

I thought I'd start the interview over again. "Where were you born, Mr. Haley?" I inquired.

"Ask me why I was born," he said.

I can answer that one myself. He was born because Hollywood needs him. And dear old Hollywood, with all her sins and backslidings, seems to be in a happy mood about her prize.

# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 55*

FRED ASTAIRE has driven every one nearly crazy by playing his favorite tune persistently on the piano at every possible opportunity, both on and off the set. The piece is "Rap Tap on Wood" from the MGM musical which is the chief rival of his own "Shall We Dance?"

WHEN the colt which was born four weeks ago to Irene Hervey's saddle mare, climbed a fence and ran amuck, winding up on Pat O'Brien's front lawn in an unsuccessful battle with a rosebush, Pat picked it up, tucked it into the back seat of his sedan and trundled it home.

JOBYNA RALSTON ARLEN entertained twenty mothers and their young offsprings at a party on the occasion of "Ricky" Arlen's fourth birthday. Three doughty fathers invaded the gathering, each intent on showing the other how smart his child was—the new words it knew, or the piece it could say. Dick Arlen, Stuart Erwin, and Pat O'Brien all coaxed, cajoled and threatened their young hopefuls, trying to persuade them to show off. Not one of the youngsters would open its mouth. 'Twould be kinder not to report the chagrin of the young fathers or the covert smiles of the mothers, we guess.

FRANCIS LEDERER'S Chinese cook thinks his employer has many admirable habits. "But," he complains, "when I call him to dinner he must chin himself so many times before he will enter the dining room. And while he chins dinner gets cold."

EVERY one on the set was mildly curious when Otto Kruger rushed to his dressing room at the conclusion of each scene and sat listening intently to his radio. Each time he returned to the set he wore a glum expression which prompted some one to ask if he had bet on the wrong horse.

"No!" he shouted testily. "I'm waiting for the King's speech." Whereupon every one howled, for the King's speech had been broadcast the day before!

WHEN Mischa Auer wants to get away from it all these days he instructs his wife to tell any callers that he is in conference and disappears in his swimming pool.

Using a five-gallon tin can, he has contrived a diving bell. On one side is an isinglass window; around the bottom is a rubber collar which fits tightly around Mr. Auer's neck and a rubber hose runs from the top of the thing to the side of the pool where willing or unwilling hands pump air to him with a bicycle pump. With a heavy weight around his waist, the actor can sit on the bottom of the pool as long as some one will wield the bicycle pump.

Beside the pool, "just for convenience," the owner airily explains, is a big refrigerator packed with everything necessary for the inner comfort of a big deep-sea diver.

HUGH HERBERT went to the hospital not long ago, suffering, his physicians said, from "fatigue and strain." Patsy Kelly opined that the strain came from Hugh's having to "carry all those pictures he's been appearing in lately!"

BUDDY EBSEN loves boats. He has loved them with such apparent and engaging intensity that every one who owned even a skiff has entertained Buddy aboard it in the past few years. Came the prosperous day when Buddy bought a boat of his own. It has just dawned upon him, appallingly, that he must reciprocate with invitations to be his guest aboard his floating palace. "It will accommodate just two guests at a time," he reported, looking woebegone. "I'm going to have an all-summer and all-winter boating party, seems like."

CHESTER MORRIS, who dabbles in amateur magic, has a trick in which he appears to pull yards and yards of string from his mouth. He shouldn't have been surprised—but he was—when his eight-year-old son, Brooks, walked into Chet's study unreeling yards and yards of silk thread from his mouth. "I can do it, too, daddy!" he announced with huge pride. The kid had actually swallowed a small spool of silk and in unreeling it, had cut his palate and one tonsil rather severely. The doctor fixed matters up for the youngster but he was awfully stern with Chester!



**Picture of a truly devoted father: Pat O'Brien and his little daughter, beautifully named Mavourneen, who is intent on putting her dolly to bed. Daddy's next film is "Angle Shooter," with Joan Blondell, for Warners.**

IT is rumored thot Gonzaga College, Bing Crosby's alma mater, will bestow a degree on the crooner this foll. They haven't announced for what.

THE other morning Frances Langford and Ken Dolan, her manager, were driving out Sunset Boulevard when a speed cop halted them. As he was writing out a ticket, an alert news cameraman spied them and hopped out to take their picture. A few minutes later they passed the photographer.

"How'd you make out?" the latter grinned.

"Oh," said Ken, "when he saw you taking our pictures he decided we must be big shots so he let us go."

RAY MILLAND was lunching with o writer friend. "All you wont of me," the friend gibed, "is the publicity I give you."

"Listen," Ray flared, "I don't give a hoot if you never mention my name in your putrid column—as long as you spell it right."

WHILE working on "Turn Off the Moon," Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs had o lovers' spat. Eleanore decided she would never speok to Johnny again, other than to play her scenes with him. The whole company knew of the momentous decision.

Director Williom Seiter, who is quite a tease, decided to play Cupid. "Now, Eleanore and Johnny," he directed, "you come out of the bungalow and go into an embrace. Camero!"

So Eleanore and Johnny dutifully went into the embrace. It went on and on with never a "Cut!" from Seiter. They didn't dare separate for fear of spoiling a take. But when five minutes had passed—and five minutes is a long time for a hug and a kiss—they broke away and looked around. There wasn't another soul on the stoge. They looked at each other sheepishly ond grinned. You can't kiss for five minutes and not speok afterward.

IRENE DUNNE paused outside o projection booth at Paramount Studio, ond asked to be shown the daily rushes of "High, Wide and Handsome." Blank stares greeted her request. Finally some one said, "But who ordered them shown?" Just then the boss projectionist came out.

"Holy smoke!" he cried. "Hey, you lugs, it's Irene Dunne! Trot out those rushes!" As Irene, amused, entered the projection room, she heard a drawl which might have come from Bob Burns, if he hadn't that minute been working on Stage 9: "Well, how wuz I to tell? She looks just like anybody!"

RECENTLY a woman sat quietly dining in the Warner café. At the next table a writer was interviewing Dick Foran. The talk drifted to "The Black Legion" in which Dick and Humphrey Bogort appeared. "I wonder if Humphrey and Mayo Methot will marry?" the writer wondered. "I hear they're on fire."

The woman at the next table quietly rose and left. It was Mrs. Bogart, from whom he is separated.

PART of Joan Crawford's bright genius is ability to remain gracious under trying conditions. At a recent sporting event which she was particularly keen to watch, for example, fans clustered thickly, demonding autographs. Candid camera flashbulbs blinded her constantly. Fellow movieites, thinking she, like themselves, didn't core for the rôle of mere spectator, kept obstructing her view.

But Joan showed no annoyonce. Finally, when she was spotlighted and asked to stond up, she did so. On the bronzed Crawford countenonce wos a pleased grin. And the quick, seemingly awkword, almost bashful bow she made brought o roar of opplause from the audience.

ON the set of "Easy Living," Jean Arthur was being flattered extravagantly by a movie official from another lot. Some of the star's friends noticed that her responses were rather brusque. After he had gone, they charged her with being unappreciotive.

Jean merely smiled in reply. What her friends didn't know was that the flatterer, several years before, hod proclaimed loudly to any one who would listen that Jean lacked personality and talent, and should give up pictures.

BETTE DAVIS was asked to contribute an article, not on a movie subject, to one of the big magazines. She had never written for publication, but did she turn in a panic to the ghost writers? Not Bette!

Instead, although she was working in a picture at the time, she sot up until after midnight for four nights in a row, writing feverishly. That weekend she spent rewriting. Several times she threw down her pencil in despoir, and more than once complained of a headache. But the resulting article turned out to be very much worth while—we've read the finished manuscript—and alreody Bette is plonning further literary homework.



**Nowadays actresses have portable dressing rooms when they go on location. Terry Walker recruits John Howard and Larry Crabbe for help before she starts work in "Mountain Music," the Burns-Raye comedy.**

# Self-made Woman

*Continued from page 45*

insistence, Paramount signed her to a contract. He wanted her for the next Bing Crosby picture—"Rhythm on the Range."

Incidentally, it was this same Taurog who kept after Bing years ago to leave the Coconut Grove and go to New York to appear on the radio.

During the interval that elapsed between the signing of the contract and the start of the picture, John Arledge gave a party at the Troc. We gathered at Una Merkel's home for cocktails and hors d'œuvres. There were Una and her husband, Ronnie Burla, a beautiful girl from the East who was visiting Una, Rochelle Hudson, Anne Shirley, Paula Stone, Owen Davis, Jr., John Howard, and numerous others, including Martha.

I have never seen more beautiful girls at a small party. They all wore evening dress except Martha. She hadn't any. She wore a gray tailored suit. But the fact that she hadn't a gown suitable for the occasion didn't faze Martha. She was the life of the party. I'll never forget during one dance when she and her partner were alongside our table, Martha started trucking, doing bumps and snake-hips and Heaven only knows what else, to our vast amusement and the discomfiture of her partner, who couldn't keep up with her.

Once, as we sat out a dance, she turned to me suddenly and said, "This all seems like a dream. I can't understand why Paramount signed me for this picture. There are dozens of comédiennes in Hollywood who could play that part as well or better than I can—and they're known. Don't misunderstand me. I'm grateful—but I can't understand it."

The hit she made in that picture is now history. And with that hit, Martha blossomed. She works twenty-four hours a day at being an actress. When she isn't selling herself to the public in pictures, she's selling herself to whoever she's talking to—be it writer, director, or visitor.

It wasn't long after her hit that she suddenly appeared around town in an expensive white roodster. Immediately the cry went up, "She's gone Hollywood!"

Martha was blissfully unconcerned. "All my life I've wanted a white car like this," she said. "I know I can't afford it but I'm closer to being able to afford it now than I may ever be again and I'm going to have it.

"I saw the car at the auto show and said to the salesman, 'I want this car.' He said, 'We can't let you have it until the show's over.' I said, 'I don't care when you deliver it but I want it—and my mother can worry about the payments.' "

The only other snow-white cars in town are those of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, Jr.

As a child she had four consuming ambitions. The white car was one. The others were, a mink coat for her mother, a town car and chauffeur for herself, and a secretary. They have all been achieved. I can't help but wonder when her dearest desires have been attained so soon after twenty, what is there for her to look forward to?

It wasn't long after her hit in "Rhythm on the Range" that she was



**Betty Jaynes is the newest juvenile soprano to prepare for films, and we think hers the greatest voice of all newcomers yet to be heard on the screen.**

signed to appear on the Al Jolson radio program. It is her radio salary that has enabled her to see the fruition of these ambitions.

Her love affairs have been as numerous as those of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. There is nothing halfway about Martha. She is, to put it mildly, monopolistic and it is, maybe, her intensity that accounts for the short-livedness of these amours.

Although her mouth and her grimacing are largely responsible for the success she has scored, she is sensitive about the size of her mouth. It really isn't any larger than a lot of other girls' mouths when it's in repose. I told her so.

"I know," she nodded, "but when people are always commenting on the size of it, it makes me wonder—and worry about it. I kid about it and make fun of myself because I don't want people to know how I feel."

When she was working on "Mountain Music" she confided to me, "I feel self-conscious when I'm working with a good-looking director."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, on account of all this talk about my mouth. It makes me feel they never regard me as a woman at all—merely as a sort of freak to laugh at."

"But," I exclaimed, "you don't call Robert Florey good-looking, do you? He's one of the nicest fellows I know—a good director and highly presentable but I wouldn't nominate him for a runner-up in any handsome-man contest."

"I think he's grand," Mortha enthused. "I wish I could know him socially instead of working with him."

A few days later the papers chronicled the fact that Martha and Mr. Florey were at the Coconut Grove together. What the papers didn't chronicle was the fact that when they left the Grove they drove down to Venice, fifteen miles distant, rode the chutes, the whip, went into the crazy house and played every game on the midway. In the wee sma' hours of the morning, Mr. Florey, his arms loaded with plaster dolls of every sort and description, which they had won, staggered back to his car with Martha, who was looking for new fields to conquer.

Recently there have been more persistent rumors of the change in Martha.

"Please," I begged her once, "whatever happens, don't ever be a lady. If you go refined on us, you won't be you."

"Don't worry," she consoled me, "I'm not the type. I'll probably quiet down as I grow older but at heart there'll always be that problem that confronted me in a song I sang on the radio not long ago—'Should I be sweet—and sing of roses—or should I be a razz-ma-tazz——' "

And there's Martha Raye for you. The "Should-I-Be-Sweet" type who discusses Debussy and Bach—and the "Razz-Ma-Tazz" who wants an expensive snow-white roadster with a town car and chauffeur on the side.

Take your choice. She's pretty swell either way.

# THIS *Freshening Up*





## DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

• The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

***Every night,*** smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

***Every morning*** (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!



**Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."**

### *Miss Mary Augusta Biddle*

**Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."**



*Send for* **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

Pond's, Dept. 14-CH, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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# The Flashlight On Walter Winchell

*Continued from page 17*

the theater rather than the stage so that the Gerry Society, with its prejudices against child actors, might be frustrated. He, McKinley and Stanley split fifteen dollars each Saturday.

Later he was discovered by Gus Edwards. Gus used to grab 'em from cradles those days. What a help the advance dope on births which Winchell now runs would have been to Edwards then! Under the new aegis the kids teamed up with three more youngsters who turned out to be Lila Lee, Eddie Buzzell, and Georgie Price. The half dozen of 'em made up a "Newsboy Sextet." Walter's still a newsboy! But instead of a third of fifteen dollars, the theater now offers him $15,000 a week. Such is the proposition he has just received from Detroit. He may accept—and give the money to charity.

He's still an actor, too! He was fired from the Edwards unit because when the kids were cutting up backstage one night an expensive vase was broken. Walter didn't do it. But the youngster who did "snitched" and pinned the crime on the innocent Winchell. He has encountered many injustices since then, but none remains more poignantly in his mind.

Adversity didn't daunt him. He worked out his own routine of songs, dances and witty sayings, and before you could say "who was dat lady I seen you wit'," Winchell had teamed up with a girl partner and the Pantages Circuit had booked their act from Chicago to the Coast. It was on this tour the taint of printer's ink in the Winchell blood became apparent. He put out a little sheet giving the gossip of the troupe and the town. He tacked it to backstage bulletin boards. And called it "The Newsense." Get it? The "Nuisance." His first word coinage. We hope there were better gags in the act. Perhaps the smart-Alecks thought Walter, in the snappy parlance of the day, a "lobster." Oddly, in the Winchellian repertoire was a song the refrain of which proved that "the lobster is a wise guy after all."

It was in 1922 when Darryl Zanuck's star, temporarily "at liberty," got himself a $25-a-week job as a reporter on the "Vaudeville News." Two years later he took on a variety of jobs on the "Graphic," but soon his Broadway column became the most important of his chores, and the town's most widely read pillar. Now he is credited with about a third of his paper's circulation, and probably is responsible for an even greater proportion.

He is utterly fearless, holds no cow sacred, refuses to retract the truth, strives endlessly for accuracy, and is ever alert for a "story." Knowingly, Winchell has never done an injustice. When he errs, which is seldom, no one suffers more.

Regarded as a retailer of trivia, he has proved a great power for the accomplishment of good in the nation, the State and the city. Yet he carries a gun and a bodyguard, and both are primed to protect him in a pinch. With a fair shake he can do all right without them. But he's been hit from behind, physically as well as figuratively, too often to count on a square deal.



**Cecilia Parker sets out gayly for a date with Eric Linden to see their latest picture together, "Girl Loves Boy."**

Rising at dusk, breakfasting at dinner time, playing the rôle of a roustabout town until long after sun-up, Walter's hindside-before life isn't calculated to bring him in touch with either sweetness or light. Those encountered in the watches of a New York night aren't characters peopling the pages of books for tiny tots.

It's an interesting commentary, therefore, that despite his contact with the seamy side rather than the sunny one his favorite companion is Doctor Dafoe. When the good doctor visits town, he and Walter are inseparable. Amid the garish glitter of Gomorrah they talk of the quintuplets! When he reaches home his own younsters are just getting up. He's never too tired for a romp with them before shutting out the sun for a good day's sleep.

Surrounded by a variety of temptations, Winchell is a model of discretion. There has been nothing really approaching scandal in his life, although he was once divorced, once blackmailed, often traduced, accused, threatened. He has two ideas of a good time. One is a café corner with congenial friends. The other is the more exciting pastime of chasing police calls in his short-wave-radio-equipped roadster. Sometimes he beats the cops to the scene of the crime. But his discretion also dictates the wisdom of not interfering with their work. The cops don't do his columns. Neither, indeed, does any one but Winchell. In reality he is even his own "Girl Friday," although he has a knack of acquiring competent secretaries who, of course, adore the Great Man even when he goes a bit boyish or peevish. One, Ruth Cambridge, is now Mrs. Buddy Ebsen. The present one, Rose Bigman, Walter is guarding against romance.

In Hollywood the well-ordered disorder of Walter's life was sadly upset. He worked daytimes, and that means from nine to five. He never read the script of "Wake Up and Live" until the picture was completed, contenting himself with memorizing his own lines. He left the Coast without seeing the picture. However, he did get records of the orchestrated score, and when he's pretty sure no one's around he plays the disks and does a dance routine to the music. It is interesting that Winchell first called the excellence of the Mack Gordon-Harry Revel words and music to the attention of the public. He has a Midas touch with the column as a magic wand. He pyramided dollars for Bernie through their "feud."

It's a long cry from Public School 184, a theater in Chicago, and the days of the "Newsense" to Walter's present spot in the public consciousness. But he'll stay at the top so long as the women of the nation consult his column instead of a doctor to find whether they are "infanticipating"! Which means that Walter Winchell will endure while the vital statistics of births, deaths and marriages continue to be chronicled in printer's ink.



# FAVORITES OF THE FANS

## FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

# MARSHA HUNT

Photo by William Walling





Photo by Hurrell



ELIZABETH ALLAN

# LIMBER



KAY HUGHES



JANE HAMILTON



BARBARA READ





MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

# LEGS

Libby Harben and Dorothy Day, right, don beach coats. Janice Jarratt, below, in a playsuit of starched white atlas satin. Fay Cotton's is a two-piece rubber suit. Kay Hughes, left, in a two-piece piqué playsuit. Jane Hamilton's suit and robe are of cotton broadcloth. Barbara Read shows first a lastex suit and then one of rubber and fishnet. Maureen O'Sullivan wears a white knit coat over her printed linen sunsuit.



LIBBY HARBEN
DOROTHY DAY



JANICE JARRATT



FAY COTTON



HERBERT MARSHALL



JANET GAYNOR

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





• A regal influence is evidenced in Gale Sondergaard's black taffeta evening coat, with its full flaring skirt all corded.

• A formal gown of burgundy and white cloquassay trimmed in rows of Valenciennes lace stresses the beauty of cotton for summer evenings.

• Over her beach togs, Miss Sondergaard dons this robe of coarse natural linen crash figured in brilliant red, and girdled with red and white knotted ropes.



# Dusky Dame

Natural linen culottes, below, buttoned to form a skirt when needed, are an important feature in Miss Sondergaard's summer wardrobe.

In the Old World atmosphere of her garden, we find her in this frock of white silk marquisette over taffeta. Twin rows of scarlet soutache braid pencil the skirt and bolero jacket. Scarlet flowers give a vivid glow to her dark beauty.





Photo by Scotty Welbourne

# FRIEDA INESCORT
# CAROLE LOMBARD

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



# THE CANDID CAMERA



Dorla Hood ossists Ronnie Cosby in finishing his drink ot o recent birthdoy party.



Simone Simon being rescued from o crowd of sight-seers by her escort, Williom Wyler.



Loretto Young photographed vacationing in Bermudo before starting "Second Honeymoon."



"Come on in, the water's fine!" says Modge Evans in this scene from "The Thirteenth Chair."

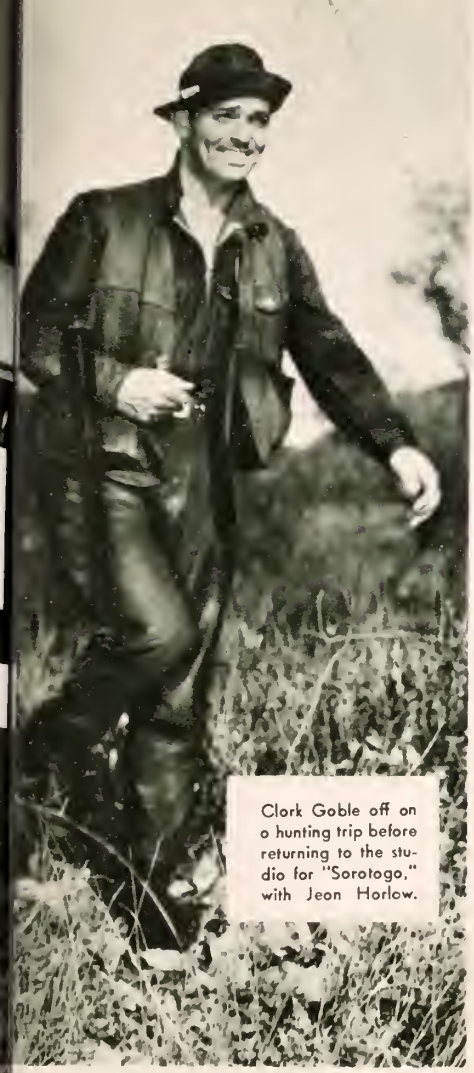
Photo by Weissman




Louella Parsons and Alice Foye become absorbed in Picture Ploy between scenes of the Hollywood Hotel progrom.



Gypsy Rose Lee, with her three pets, orrives in Hollywood to begin "You Con't Have Everything."



Clork Goble off on o hunting trip before returning to the studio for "Sorotogo," with Jeon Horlow.



Madeleine Corroll reloxes between scenes of "The Prisoner of Zendo" in a device designed to sove dress-mussing.



The equivolent of "swing it" in Spanish is this donce by Joon Woodbury in "There Goes My Girl."



Action is the secret of Polly Rowles's slim figure. You'll be seeing her in "Wings Over Honolulu."



Ada Leonard, known for her specialty doncing, is seen here os she appears in "Missus Americo."



Solly Eilers spends much of her time in golfing. How do you like her brown suède golf outfit?



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

HARRIET HILLIARD



Photo by William Walling

MELVYN DOUGLAS



BETTE DAVIS PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HER CAREFUL MAKE-UP.






















# FOUNDATIONS OF Beauty




BY LAURA BENHAM

**DON'T LET YOUR GOOD LOOKS TAKE A VACATION DURING THE SUMMER. HERE ARE SOME HELPFUL HINTS.**

ARE you "organized" for your summer-vacation? And by summer-vacation I mean exactly that, with the two words right together and inseparable. For while the travel folders paint alluring pictures of foreign ports o' call and make us dream of nights under the Mediterranean moon, the sad truth is that most of us have to content ourselves with a brief week or two away from our jobs, or even with a few scattered week-ends at some near-by resort. That's what "vacation" means.

But "summer-vocation" means the whole of summer, with its informality and general air of freedom, when extra hours of daylight give us chance for a swim or game of tennis, or just a good rest on the shaded porch before dinner, when soft, balmy evenings mean drives along open roads and dances under the stars. And there's nothing to prevent our taking advantage of the whole long summer-vacation as a time for fun.

In fact, summer is the one season of the year, besides Christmas, when people really plan to have fun and be happy, when a girl wakes up, looks in her mirror and says to herself, "Anything exciting might happen to me to-day!" And so it might.

But there's no getting around the fact that a girl's good times are going to depend largely upon how she looks. The noblest heart of gold doesn't show—but a shiny nose does. The people you meet judge you by what they see at first glance, and if that isn't pleasing, they won't take a second to discover what sterling qualities may lurk beneath an unprepossessing exterior.

So it's to help you look your best at first—and every—glance, with the least possible trouble, that a well-organized beauty routine is so essential. For once you've systematized your beauty habits, you can forget them and they'll soon be almost automatic gestures, requiring little thought and almost no effort. But they'll pay you large dividends of loveliness not only for the week or two that you are away, but throughout the entire summer as well.

Now, I think that any summer beauty program begins with the skin, don't you? For the skin is the most noticeably affected of any of our features, by change of climate or water, by sun, by wind. And the question of "to tan or not to tan" is one we always have with us.

This year the sun-tan vogue has waned somewhat, and while it's still fashionable to acquire a skin of gold if you wish, it's just as smart to cherish your natural pale complexion. But remember, blisters are never smart—nor comfortable.

Therefore, protect your skin regardless of which vogue you elect to follow. If you're "going native" you can safely rely upon one of the splendid sun-tan oils which, if used all over the areas to be exposed, will assure you a smooth, even coat of tan with no unsightly, uncomfortable blisters to ruin your looks and disposition. While if you prefer to remain fair and romantic, cover yourself thoroughly with one of the preventive creams which will serve as a film between you and the sun, filtering the rays that burn and darken and giving you complete protection from any tint of tan.

Of course, there's still another skin problem in the summer for the girl with such a fair, delicate complexion that she freckles every time she sticks her head out of doors. She doesn't need to go to the beach or for a long motor drive—all she needs is to walk from her home to the corner drug store and she has a sprinkling of freckles on her nose, her fore-

**Address your beauty problems to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Ave., New York, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.**

head, her arms, and maybe even her hands. Skins of that texture need special attention.

If this is your problem, you'll find the answer in the freckle cream made by one of our oldest and most reliable manufacturers. This cream, soothing and with a pleasant fragrance, should be applied to the freckled areas at night and allowed to remain until morning.

After a few nights the freckles will have faded noticeably, and by the end of the week will have disappeared entirely. Of course, in advanced cases where the freckles have existed for several years, it may take a bit longer to get rid of them altogether, but this cream will certainly do it if used faithfully according to directions. Just be patient and you will see wonderful results.

Another thing that we must remember about the skin in summer is that certain delicate areas are more definitely affected by the sun than are others. Thus the skin around the eyes should be given special attention if we would avoid tiny wrinkles and squint lines formed when we unconsciously try to shield our eyes from too much brightness.

For this purpose there's a new eye cream compounded of special soothing and lubricating oils, and it's fine for smoothing out squint lines and laugh lines and for keeping the skin velvety and youthful. It should be gently patted around the eyes and on the eyelids every night. It's a good idea, too, to use it after you come in from the beach, while you're resting in your room or taking a hot bath.

Not only the skin around the eyes, but the eyes themselves need special attention during the summer. For certainly their delicate tissues do not benefit from the glare of the sun. Even if you've protected them with dark glasses while out of doors, the heat has reached them and they should be given a beauty bath of their own.

There's a grand eyewash for this that has been approved by prominent physicians all over the country. A few drops from this squat blue bottle several times a day and your eyes will be bright and clear. What's more, they'll feel so easy and rested, too. Not only is this eyewash fine for counteracting the effect of sun and wind, but it will do wonders for eyes that are red from loss of sleep or weary from strain. So, be sure to give your eyes this beauty bath before starting out for a gay evening—you'll be delighted with how much better your eyes both look and feel.

The skin, the skin around the eyes, and the eyes themselves, then are the three features needing the most protection during the summer. But there are other beauty details that belong on your schedule if you would look your best at all times.

The first of these is a nonperspirant, of course. One of the finest is a cream made by the firm famous for its liquid nonperspirants. This cream is a pale ivory in color, and should be patted gently beneath the arms. It dries almost instantly, and should then be washed away with lukewarm water. It can be used every day, if necessary, or every other day, and it affords complete protection from perspiration and perspiration odor. It is nongreasy, and will not injure the most delicate skin if used according to directions.

Another grand vacation item is the new powder cologne, a real two-purpose toiletry, for it combines a delightfully scented eau de cologne with a fine dusting powder. Splash it on when you step from your tub or shower; it dries almost instantly, and with one motion you have both anointed and powdered yourself. An economical item to possess.

This is a grand time saver, and a space saver, too, when you're traveling, as it obviates the necessity of packing both an eau de cologne and a dusting powder. It's most reasonably priced, too, and the bottle it comes in is most attractive and decorative.

This idea of one item that combines several uses is a fine one, and that's why you'll like the all-purpose cream I'm going to tell you about. Made by an old French house famous for its beauty preparations, it is penetrating enough for cleansing, rich enough for nourishing, and light enough to use as a foundation. So, you can simplify your summer beauty routine by using this cream and thus doing away with so many jars on your dressing table or in your suitcase.

When it comes to make-up, it's a good idea to choose items that were designed to be used together. Thus, you get the same tone and quality in powder, rouge and lipstick. And one of the finest make-up ensembles is that designed on the color-change principle. The powder is soft and clinging, and comes in several smart shades, while the rouge and lipstick are pale and creamy, but deepen to natural skin-blush tones when applied. The rouge comes in either dry or cream form, and is noted for its staying power. The lipstick, too, is famous for its permanence; it survives long hours in the surf, and it doesn't rub off on napkin or handkerchief, either.

Carrying this make-up ensemble idea even further, it's now possible to secure eye shadow, mascara, and a thin lead eyebrow pencil that were made to be used together, thus assuring perfectly blended eye make-up. This eye trio specializes in soft, feminine tones that never look hard and coarse. The eye shadow comes in soft shades of black, brown, blue and green, as does the mascara to match. And you may get the mascara in either solid, cream, or liquid form, any of which are nonsmarting and tear-proof. Naturally, they are absolutely harmless to the eyes. The eyebrow pencil comes in shades to match these other two items and should be used with a firm but delicate hand.

*Continued on page 97*


## HAVE YOU SEEN THE

**Cruise Kit of brown moiré with peach rubber lining, which contains Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Velvet Cream, Sun Oil, peach-colored cleansing tissues, and enough extra room for your bathing cap?**

**Washable lastex mesh cap for keeping the hair in place during the night or to wear under bathing caps?**

**New eau de cologne with the Yellow Label on the flat, circular-shaped bottle? It's the product of a famous French maker, and it's surprisingly reasonable in price.**

**Toilet Essence compounded by hand, of fragrant flower oils? It's a grand silky liquid for rubbing on after your bath.**

**Spring Treatment Package put up by a famous cosmetic expert, containing three creams, one for cleansing, one for stimulating, one for softening, a box of powder and a bottle of skin tonic?**

**The famous English fizz bath tonic? It's a powder that makes your bath water sparkle and bubble and is wonderfully refreshing.**

*Continued from page 47*

And if an actor resisted joining she would get him in a corner and lecture him on becoming a member, keeping her knitting needles going all the time. Maybe she borrowed that idea from "A Tale of Two Cities." Remember that violent revolutionary leader, Madame De Farge?

**Too Much Papa Dionne.**—Quaintest case of a rôle hitting an actor in a reverse manner in Hollywood is the Papa Dionne character played by John Qualen in the two Quintuplet pictures. Qualen proved himself a very amusing addition to the ensemble in "The Country Doctor" and "Reunion." Yet recently 20th Century-Fox discontinued his contract, and after what appeared to be several successful years for Qualen as a character player.

It is learned that since he appeared as the father of the quints, Qualen has had the very deuce of a time getting audiences to take him seriously. So that's limited the range of his efforts, and as a consequence the company did not feel that it could keep him on permanently.

It's like those other strange cases where an actor has appeared as Lincoln, or some other historical character, and never been accepted for anything else thereafter. However, this comical boomerang will probably not prove that serious.

**Controversy Over Stork.**—The "act of God" theory was almost called into being again when Jane Wyatt had legal troubles with Universal recently over her film contract. Miss Wyatt argued that the company owed her some $13,000 on her agreement with them, and the company denied this because she has been away from the screen since January, owing to a stork visit. The case was finally settled without court trial.

It was Helen Hayes who several years ago started that "act of God" idea in connection with infant arrivals. However, Miss Wyatt spared the public the phrase in relation to her difficulties. She will return to the screen this fall.

**An Indian-giver.**—Miriam Hopkins gave a big birthday party, Russian style, for Anatol Litvak, the director. The cake, which had more colors on it than Joseph's coat, was inscribed to "Tola." Furthermore, Miriam presented her great admirer with an elegant auto trailer, but there's an amusing angle to that.

Miriam has been talking of possessing a trailer for herself for a year or more. But she just simply couldn't seem to get around to buying it. Now with prospects of an early wedding to "Tola," it will probably come back into "the family" again. Grace Moore, we should mention, is another keen trailer advocate, and really sold the idea to Miriam.

**Relives "Informer."**—Maybe you thought it wos all fiction when you saw the wild course of events in "The Informer," with the brawl in the fish-and-chips place, and other riotous proceedings, with Victor McLaglen as their hero. Well, you probably read of the recent hullabaloo in which Vic became involved near San Diego, when beer bottles were flying thick and fast around him.

To all appearances, Vic was just the poor innocent victim of a kind of riot that broke out in the home of a friend whom he was visiting. He played Galahad in rushing one of the women present to a receiving hospital ofter she had been hit with one of the brew containers. Nice party!

**Saluté—Novarro!**—Ramon Novarro talked very enthusiastically to us about his new contract with Republic, which will bring him back to the screen either late this summer or early in the fall. Just think, it's all of two and a half years since Ramon starred in his last film, "The Night Is Young," with Evelyn Loye for MGM. Ramon mentioned that his first rôle in "She Didn't Want a Sheik," which is rather a poor title, will be like "Rupert of Hentzau." Lola Lane is his leading woman.

**Garbo's Troubled Life.**—Greta Garbo's efforts to dodge process servers, now that an effort is being made to force her to come to court to defend a suit over an old debt, would make



Here you see Mary Carlisle's favorite summer hat, a confection of white straw with a pleated visor, the whole topped with a small riot of varicolored field flowers. Mary is in "Hotel Haywire," with Leo Carrillo.

quite a saga. She is said to have asked even for a special entrance and exit in a remote portion of the MGM lot pending this vexing situation of the bailiffs pursuing her.

Also she drives various cars to the studio—that is she rides in them, generally lying down on the floor of the rear compartment, until she is sure she is safe. The law has given the Swedish recluse a real time of it. But it took one process server a full month to catch up with her, and even then she dodged actually going to court for a while longer.

**Social Security for Beasties.**—Funniest of events during the past few weeks was when some one discovered that deductions were being made in pay checks for animals to cover their old-age wants and needs. Most animals don't attain the venerable sixty-five when they would come into their government inheritances. Of course, it's the owners who are really being considered.

**Nimble Dixie Dunbar**—Dixie Dunbar was the girl who captured June Lang's bridal bouquet when it was hurled following June's vowing to love honor and obey Vic Orsatti. What's more Dixie made a wild dive for the lilies of the valley after they had hit the ceiling of the Trocadero and fallen to the floor. Nobody else had a chance to get within reach of them. Alice Faye, Claire Trevor, and Shirley Deane were other bridesmaids.

**The Passing Parade**—Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks can now find additional reasons to live on easy street. When they sold their interest in United Artists they were due to receive about $1,000,000 apiece in cash, and then get another $1,000,000 each later on, or else take stock for that amount in a new company.

Samuel Goldwyn and Alexander Korda arranged the deal to buy them out.

It was but logical that Mary and Doug should step out of the scene, as they have made no pictures lately, except for Miss Pickford's venture with Jesse L. Lasky, which produced "One Rainy Afternoon" and "The Gay Desperado."

Chaplin's movies are very infrequent. There's nothing really started as yet with that picture starring Paulette Goddard, but she may play "Scarlett O'Hara" in "Gone with the Wind."

**Songbird by Proxy**—Pity the plight of Jack Haley, yet what's he to do about it?

Right after the showings of "Wake Up and Live," in which Jack seemed to sing that number "Never in a Million Years" with such huge success, a radio company offered him a dazzling contract to broadcast his vocal talents. Haley had to do some quick sidestepping of writing his signature. You see, Jack can warble a little bit. But then it was a chap by the name of Buddy Clark who really did the expert singing in the film.

**Fitful and Temperamental**—Anyway, Martha Raye won't have to worry about her make-up. She has an artist from that field in the family now, Buddy Westmore, whom she married during a Las Vegas elopement. And Martha didn't even tell her own mother, which caused quite a disturbance.

Strange young girl, this one. A capital trouper much of the time, but temperamental to the last degree. If she doesn't flare up a few times during a film production, then it's just no film production. It's to be hoped Hollywood doesn't spoil her with success.

**The Old Familiar Story**—Earl of Warwick's contract with MGM finally ended in a suit. The British nobleman asked $7,188 from the company for alleged unpaid salary. He asserted the studio canceled a six months' agreement after about four months. He was receiving $750 a week.

There's never been a peer yet who could get along with banners flying in the movie colony, though possibly Warwick, as Michael Brooke, may yet be the exception.



Rosalind Russell rides high these days as she is lauded more and more by critics for her honest acting. As if "Craig's Wife" was not enough to prove it, she topped that picture with "Night Must Fall," her latest.

## A Raft of Alibis

*Continued from page 51*

goes where it will help George Raft instead of the humon leeches who follow him.

He has been the torget of borbed remarks mony times. He wos criticized when he wolked out on o Corole Lombord picture soying thot her comeroman would give her oll the breoks. His critics did not remember that Miss Lombard, olthough she might foll into his orms in the last reel, wos o business rivo!.

George is for from o Sociol Registerite, but he's been around. He knows the Pork Avenue cofé society ond mugs from Hell's Kitchen, ond it's o pretty fine thing thot he doesn't highhot those Hell's Kitchen friends. Yet, he knows diplomots ond even on exking. The former King Edword, when he wos Prince of Woles, gave George o cigorette case for teaching him to donce the Chorleston.

He moy weor extreme clothes ond use on odverb for an odjective but he means well. He moy refuse to see interviewers but he's tired. He moy orgue obout o port but he recolls the leon doys of the post, ond he's too condid to pretend ony yeorning for "the good old doys." These doys suit him.

When we met, ofter he'd hod o bustling ten doys in the Eost, he wos preporing to go bock to the Coost. The Twentieth Century wos to leove ot 5:30 p. m. He hod o whole afternoon ond a lot of invitotions, some of which would hove been fun, some valuoble to him.

"But I'm going to spend the time soying good-by to my mother. It con be soid in two words but you know how mothers ore. It'll take the whole ofternoon."

This tough guy tries to be o gentlemon.

---

### ANNE SHIRLEY

There's o friendly understonding
In your quiet, girlish voice.
You've o depth of noturol beouty
Seems to moke the heort rejoice.

There's a strangely humon something
In the twinkle in your eye.
There's o goy, coquettish wrinkle
In your forehead, osking why?
You're our favorite little octress
And the swellest sort of "guy."

Goodrich Bennett.





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Hearts at her feet—

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Are your eyebrows pale, uninteresting? Form them into graceful curves of loveliness, expressive of every romantic whim and wish — use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

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Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS


## Why They Love Each Other

*Continued from page 57*

conscious only of a pleasant, good-looking individual with conspicuous white teeth whom I expected to do very well for himself in pictures. Robert Taylor had something, however, which was destined to hit the cash customers right between the eyes. It was also something thot was to attract a restless, mettlesome young woman wha had been unhappy and unfortunate in her love affairs: Barbara Stanwyck.

Taylor is conformity; Barbara is resistance. This is not to say that Miss Stanwyck is diffiult to work with, but her resistance to unfair treatment and the disagreeable feotures of life is very evident. The circumstances of her life have been such that only a determined and combative person could have successfully overcome them. It is natural that she should take comfort from the society of a stalwart, amiable, unscarred youth just as it follows that he, in his inexperience, should be stimulated by contoct with a spirited, hard-driven young woman who has learned most of the answers.

Sentimental fans have been unable to understand why a real life romance did not develop between Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, two of my favorite people both off screen and on. Reason: both represent conservatism. The stimulus of contrast was lacking, o quality which Jeanette seems to have found in Gene Raymond.

Contrasting qualities are readily observed in Claudette Colbert and her bridegroom. He is science; she is imagination. This morriage, from all I can learn, stands an excellent chance of survivol.

So also does the union of Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe, although busybodies have whispered from time to time, as they always do. Gary is strength; Mrs. Cooper is fragility.

That too great a contrast in character is as detrimental to romance as toa little wos proved by the hectic interlude of Lupe Velez and Gary. Lupe's primitive nature found its complement in that of Johnny Weissmuller, an athlete whose nerves are insulated by hawserlike muscles and kept in the pink of condition by plenty of swimming.

It is not surprising that trouble brews in the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita household. Both of these attractive and interesting people represent arrogance. One such person in a home creates a problem; two create a divorce.

Errol's arrogance is the common gorden variety frequently found in Irishmen. At times he threatens to obandon civilization to its fate and return to jungle life. This threat is beginning to lose its effectiveness. As a mere fon expressed it: "I wish Errol Flynn would stop tolking about going to Borneo; or else go to Borneo."

Lili's arrogance seems not to be inherent, but of the type which a charmer develops after many conquests in the field of romance. Spoiled-beauty stuff, you know. At any rate, there seems to be o definite lack of chemicol balance here.

Yes, surely the mineral properties in the body direct the arrows of Cupid. So before you come to Hollywood, expecting to meet Robert Taylor and drop him in his tracks, give o thought to your chemical composition.

## They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 43*

We tolked about Miss Sondergaard's husband—Herbert Biberman—and our confidence that he will direct outstanding pictures, because even on the Theater Guild stage he suggested such scope in "Roor China" and "Valley Forge."

We—or, rather, I—held forth about the importance of her next playing o modern rôle, now that she has done so mony costume pictures. She is crisp and vivid, quick in her movements, pleasantly ogreeable in all her comments. I left her most reluctantly ofter staying much too long.

**Career or Career.**—Many a girl is foced with the problem of deciding between husband ond coreer, but all thot bothers Eleonor Hunt is trying to decide between a career os octress and one os writer.

She is doing right well with both, storring in o series of pictures for Grand Nationol and busily selling scenarios written under the name of Cynthia Meade. And her husband, George Hirliman, a producer, finds her a swell componion through it all. She finds it a little strenuous, though, ond intends to drop one coreer. Thinks, perhaps, thot she likes writing best, but she kinda likes her next picture "Bank Alarm."

Dropping both careers for two or three days, she flew into New York, bought a slinky block satin gown and a spectaculor suit of tan skirt, clayred jacket with gloves to match, ond o perky black hat with varicolored ribbons. Tried to get around to see her old friends of Ziegfeld "Follies" doys, ond suddenly was off to the airport, pencil and paper in hand.



Joe E. Brown is a small-town newspaperman who turns aviator in "Riding On Air," opposite Florence Rice.

**Enough Is Enough.**—If the stars don't curb their talent for writing, there won't be any room in Hollywood for mere writers. Anna May Wong hos sold Paramount on idea for a series of pictures in which she will play o sort of female "Charlie Chan." While they are in preparation, she is playing o few weeks in vaudeville. Not long ago, Anna May returned from Paris, o foshion plate to her finger tips, sleek, urbane, exquisite in the manner of a poster. Now she has just come from her first visit to China, and she hos gone native in her dress. Wears lovely old Chinese brocades made in boxlike dresses. Such a sensation in the Algonquin lobby.

**Two Love Score Seems Permanent.**—In spite of the wry predictions of pessimists, the marriage of Helen Vinson and Fred Perry is working out beautifully. They met in New York for a few days just before he went off on a long tennis tour and she faced a long siege in the Hollywood studios. They both believe in making money while they can, so as to guarantee a secure future. They'll have to delay





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that future together if Helen doesn't curb her impetuous whim for every fine old English antique she sees.

As always, Helen dresses beautifully. She is all for the new hats with tricky veils—has veils going under, over, and around a confetti-straw toque that she wears with a slate-blue dress. Perhaps the most interested onlooker at the Vinson-Perry experiment is Loretta Young, who has been seeing a lot of Gregory Mangin, the tennis player. If semidetached marriage works so well for one, it may for another.

**Heart Room for More Favorites?**—There is talk that Katharine Cornell has at last succumbed to picture offers. You will be interested, too, in a newcomer named Louise Platt, for whom Broadway predicts a brilliant film future. You will see her in Walter Wanger's "Summer Lightning."

**What Is Glamour?**—Ever since James Montgomery Flagg said that Madeleine Carroll is the most glamorous girl in pictures she has been trying modestly to explain what he meant. "Any woman can be glamorous," she insists, "if she will just be natural and have good old-fashioned manners. My idea of glamour is what used to be called charm, and it is based on consideration for others."

Miss Carroll came to New York for just four days, to meet her husband who is dashing over from England to see her, and to buy hats, loads and loads of hats for her picture "Lovers on Parole." When last seen, Miss Carroll was trying to commandeer all the hats at Madame Nicole's, but some of them had already been ordered by Kay Francis. She remained pleasant and charming even under that strain.

Frankly, I don't find Miss Carroll glamorous. The word always suggests aloofness and mystery, something a little phony, to me. And Miss Carroll is candid, breezy, healthy, humorous, and very friendly.

**Errand of Mercy.**—The record for hurried trips to town is held by Kay Francis. She came for just one day to offer consolation to Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, who had left her husband in a London hospital, suffering from sinus, while she came to New York to conduct his mother's funeral. Kay isn't always agreeable about joining her friends at parties, but she is always the one they can count on when they are in trouble.

**Styles Go West Again.**—When she became suddenly popular some three years ago, Mae West launched a vogue of fulsome-curved fashions, and she was a little hurt that the vogue died almost as soon as it started. Now she intends to make us take Mae West fashions and like them, and to that end has engaged Schiaparelli to design costumes for her. The same fashions that will be launched in "Frivolous Sal" were shown at Schiaparelli's Paris opening. There were huge hats with brims sweeping abruptly up one side or at the back, great padded flowers appliquéd around necklines.



**Every fan of John Boles should exult in his decision to sing again. He is to be costarred with Gladys Swarthout in Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly."**

**Imported By Request.**—When the Gaumont-British picture "Rhodes, the Diamond Master," was shown in America, our own Walter Huston, whom we thought the greatest of all actors up to that point, was overshadowed by a European named Oscar Homolka. Later, in "The Woman Alone," this same Homolka menaced Sylvia Sidney, and I didn't approve at all when she killed him. "Give the arch-villain whatever he wants" was my wish. Paramount sent for him to go to Hollywood to play in "Ebb Tide," and an admiring throng of us met him en route. Mr. Homolka was a little sheepish about compliments lavished on him for "Rhodes" because he loathed the part of "Kruger," and played it against his will. He won't play an old man again if he can avoid it.

Asked if he would not prefer playing sinister old men to being a dimpled juvenile, he retorted that he could imagine nothing more pleasant than to be Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power, surrounded by admiring women all the time. At the moment he was thus surrounded and beaming over it. But on the sidelines, and trying to brush us away, were foreign correspondents familiar with his work in the theater in Vienna and London. They switched the conversation to the higher plane of art and technique, and affable Mr. Homolka pretended to be just as annoyed as we languishing gals were.

**Greatest, Greatest Is Filmed.**—Kirsten Flagstad, neither young nor beautiful, according to film standards, came from Norway and conquered musical America, brought prosperity and electric excitement back to the stagnant Metropolitan Opera, and has at last consented to sing in a picture. Paramount has recorded her voice for "The Big Broadcast" in a modern song and in her most famous number, the battle cry of "Brunnhilde" in "Die Walkure."

She is a joy to her fellow workers everywhere, because she thrives on hard work, maintains a goddesslike calm through a strenuous season, and never suffers from the commonest of prima-donna complaints, hurt pride.

For instance, one night she volunteered to sing at a banquet given by a radio executive. The room grew black with smoke, and the speeches went on and on. The host dispatched a young man to take Madame Flagstad somewhere during the delay and try to pacify her. Fearing the sort of screaming indignation he is accustomed to when singers encounter either smoke or delay, the host went to meet her with some misgivings. But Flagstad was beaming. "I had a glass of champagne," she announced gleefully. "I think i am drunk! It is fun!"

## The Secretary Menace

*Continued from page 49*

knowing that she wos terrified ot being left olone in the house ond thot she didn't wont ony one ta knaw she wos olane.

"Half of aur friends wauldn't speak to us when we returned," said Mrs. Nolon, "ond ofter checking things we found thot in our obsence our friends hod phoned, left messages of impartance, ond osked to hove me coll them ot the first possible moment. Insteod af telling them where we were she merely replied, 'All right, but she's tao busy to come to the phone now. She'll coll yau ta-marraw.' As this went an far doys, you con imogine their feelings! It's funny in retrospect, but it might eosily have hod unpleosont consequences."

In addition ta ather motters o secretory should knaw not only wha her employer's personol friends ore, but olso the nomes af persans close ta him in his wark.

The solution? Let the stor chaase his secretory with the some core thot the business executive does. Let him emplay not just one, but os mony os ore needed, ond let them do secretorial wark anly. This moy not bring obout the millennium but it will ga o lang way taword preserving o cardiol relotionship between the stor and his public, and what, after oll, could be more importont ta a stor?



Smith Ballew likes a summer hat of rough coconut straw, with a multicolored band. You'll see the radio and screen star in "Western Gold."



*Janet Gaynor as she appears in "A Star is Born"*

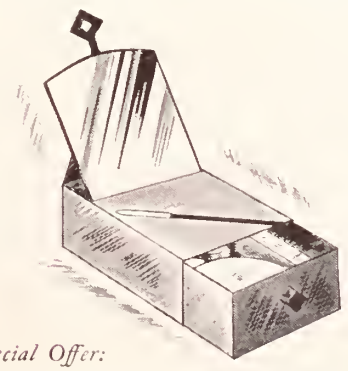

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*by*

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# Shirley: A $1,000,000 Industry

*Continued from page 41*

Don't worry that her services are not being repaid!

And there you arrive at the studio, where each week Shirley's check casts into insignificance the hundred and fifty dollars per week which her mother receives for staying with her on the set. As if Mrs. Temple would leave her for a minute!

Few mothers would, however, consider the money as sufficient return for what Mrs. Temple gives in the way of her services. Her responsibility is crushing. Remember that if Shirley merely sneezes, thousands of people quail in apprehension. A little scratch on her pug nose would hold up production costing $10,000 a day. In spite of this load of concealed worry, Gertrude Temple must present to Shirley and the world an expression of serene equanimity.

I doubt if there are many mothers in the world who could take it and maintain her poise, her quiet speech, her courage. I admire her as much as I do Shirley, for without mom, Shirley would be an unknown child playing about a small cottage in Santa Monica.

During her recent hospitalization for a serious operation, the true test of her training of Shirley came out. Shirley promptly assumed her share of the responsibility. It was amusing, but it also brought a lump in the throat to see how she knuckled down to her school work so that mom wouldn't be disappointed in her. It was just as touching the way she plunged into learning a piano piece, "Silent Night," to surprise her mother with.

A spoiled child would have seized this chance to have her own way. Shirley thought only of her duty.

What Shirley means, financially, to her studio can only be guessed at. They don't know, themselves.

She is the first international star, for the first time providing in a single personality the top position in America as well as England. Since she leads the box office in both countries, obviously she must fill English theaters as completely as she packs 'em in here.

In the production of a single Shirley Temple picture, employment will run into the thousands, costs into the hundreds of thousands. The budget for one production will figure between five hundred thousand and eight hundred thousand dollars.

For ten weeks during the making of "Wee Willie Winkie," more than one thousand soldiers and tribesmen in costume were employed for parades and battle scenes. A real railroad a hundred yards long was built.

To recreate the Afghan frontier, forty miles from Hollywood in the Santa Susanna range, the studio built thirty-four sets, everything from forts to palaces. Cost of these sets, including the wages paid to carpenters and painters, exceeded one hundred thousand dollars.

Salaries are a big item, but dwarf beside the cost of crews and sets, scripts and overhead. Even Anna May, veteran elephant of the movies, collected her share of the stream of money loosened by Shirley Temple.

Any discussion of an industry must inevitably turn to the item marked depreciation. Is Shirley gaining or declining as an industry?



**Barbara Read's orange-and-white bathing suit combines rubber and fish-net in unusual treatment, we think.**

The books show that her value goes up every year—yes, every day and hour. As products bearing her name go out over the world, the name Shirley Temple is becoming established as representing an article of proved quality. In this way the Temples build for her future. The demand for her services on the radio increases. Each offer is larger than the last.

As for her pictures, she is leaving the baby stage behind her and has emerged definitely as an actress. Beginning with "The Littlest Rebel," more scope has been given her talents, until now scripts are written for her as an actress, not as a novelty. And since "Dimples," the crew of script writers have been careful to give her more and more opportunities for comedy, seeing how she excelled in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sequence.

Mrs. Temple does not like gooey sentiment and has never talked baby talk with Shirley. Consequently her diction is excellent. Her way of putting a scene across, however, is her own.

She can pronounce hard words, if she wants, or mispronounce them if desired. In rehearsing the song, "But Definitely," for "The Poor Little Rich Girl," Mrs. Temple asked Shirley how she pronounced the title of the song. Shirley looked. "But Definally," she said. Gordon and Revel chuckled, and though on her next try Shirley gave the correct pronunciation of the word, they left in "definally."

However, she does pronounce "desert" as "besert" and "napkin" is "nafkin" to her. These little idiosyncrasies her mother lets her keep.

The management of the Temple industry must, perforce, fall to her parents. George Temple, fortunately, was a banker and so can conduct the business with ability. That was a stroke of luck. She was just as lucky in her choice of mothers.

The Temple home naturally revolves about Shirley. Here the child who holds a financial empire in one moist little palm, is just a little girl having a good time. She thinks her guard is just the chauffeur, if she thinks of it at all. The huge electrically controlled gates are a convenience in her mind, not a safeguard.

But it's her empire, just the same. She even chose the land on which the house was built.

Driving out Sunset Boulevard the Temples often stopped to stroll along a beautifully wooded hill. Running ahead through the trees one day, Shirley suddenly stooped down.

When her parents came up to her, they saw two baby quails nestled contently on Shirley's outstretched hand.

"This is where I want to live!" cried Shirley.

Since wishes have a way of coming true for a fairy princess, it turned out that they were able to buy the very spot. To-day the house is built around that clump of brush, and carpenters were warned not to disturb a single branch.

The Temples never fail to remember that little girls are sentimental, even though this particular one happens to rule an empire of high finance.

## The Supremacy of the Male

*Continued from page 39*

dazen lesser figures. The cantract list has been balstered during the year with such standbys as Herbert Marshall, Gene Raymand, Prestan Faster, and Jahn Beal, but far the mast part this starless studia depends an untried newcamers like Smith Ballew, Owen Davis, Jr., and Philip Hustan.

Paramaunt, reverting ta a policy af the Clara Baw days, seems ta be pinning its faith an yauth, yauth, and mare yauth. Abaut the anly first-rank star at this studia naw that Caaper is departing far the Galdwyn lat, is Bing Crasby. Gearge Raft's salary is aut af all prapartian ta his drawing pawer, but the studia can't be chaasy these days. Fred MacMurray has made great gains in the past year and shauld be a tap-rank star in 1937. But far the mast part Paramaunt affers us, in nearly every picture, Rabert Cummings, Jahnny Dawns, Tam Brawn, Buster Crabbe, Randalph Scatt, Ray Milland, Jahn Haward, Jahn Trent, and Leif Eriksan, nat all af wham seem ta have reached vating age.

In the United Artists graup, the name af Fredric March shines farth fram Selznick Internatianal's austere list as sale cantender. Freddie flaats alang unchallenged, with hand-picked staries and directars, and a legian af fans ta pulverize his critics. At the Galdwyn Studia, the field is almast as sparse. Brian Aherne at last came inta his awn as a ramantic actar in "Belaved Enemy." If he will just stick ta the mavies far mare than three manths af the year, we wha admire him can trust Samuel Galdwyn ta keep him an tap. Galdwyn has dane wanders far the harshly limited Jael McCrea, in demand naw as never befare.

Besides Charles Bayer, the Walter Wanger studia awns the papular, but nat yet stellar, Henry Fanda, and affer besides William Gargan and Alan Baxter. The studia is missing a bet by casting the latter in gangster râles. His naturalness and gift far expressian wauld make him a favarite if praperly handled.

All the lads wha crawd the screen ta-day can't reach the heights. Less than twa years aga, Cesar Ramero was the leading candidate far stardam. Befare him there were Ralph Bellamy, Phillips Halmes, Jahn Wayne—ah, you fill in the rest. Yes, they're still in pictures. Yau see their names in many a cast. But nat in lights.


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## by 39 famous beauty editors




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*Continued from page 12*

Cristo!" Richard Dix is always excellent as a heroic war ace, and the actor who is very much at home, being quite mad, is John Barrymore. William Powell and Rudolph Valentino have both shone as a lawyer and a lover, respectively. Boris Karloff is a master of make-up, and Brian Aherne is one of the few screen stars able to play a poet.

Roll all these qualities into one and you have a description of Fredric March.

I am not his publicity agent. I am merely trying to give him a small part of the unlimited credit that he deserves. Every one has his or her favorite star. I have mine. He is Fredric March and long after the Taylors and Powers have come and gone I shall still carry the torch for him. JOSEPH HOAR.

40 Orvis Road,
Arlington, Massachusetts.

### Play Fair.

AS Picture Play seems unbiased, I find it a good place to air a grievance, so I hope this letter will be noticed by some enterprising producer.

Ever since Basil Rathbone scored such a success with his brilliant lifelike portrayal of *Mr. Murdstone*, in "David Copperfield," he has, with the exception of his rôle in "The Last Days of Pompeii," been typed as a sinister and unsympathetic character. Admittedly there has been some difference in the type of villain he has played, but at the bottom they were essentially heavies.

He may be a very fine villain, but why confine him to these rôles? Wasn't his clever acting as *Philo Vance* in "The Bishop Murder Case" sufficient proof that he could play a variety of characters? It is my opinion that he would have made an ideal *Parnell* as he resembles him more than Clark Gable does. More important, *Parnell* was known as a splendid orator and surely Mr. Rathbone's clear, beautifully controlled voice would be perfect for such a film besides giving him a really sympathetic rôle which would delight all his fans.

Personalities are ten a penny—actors rare—so why not play fair with Basil Rathbone, producers?

ERIC MOORHOUSE.
23 Culme Road, West, Derey,
Liverpool, 12, England.

### Hard to Believe.

IN May Picture Play, under the title, "Forced Popularity," Louise Ghalson apparently doesn't approve of Fred MacMurray, which is something hard to believe. I should think any liberal-minded person would give credit where credit is due, and credit certainly is due Fred MacMurray who is on a level with Gable and Taylor. Imagine any one going to see MacMurray in his hit shows, and saying that they can't see how he got into pictures.

Let's go back to Fred's start in Hollywood. Perhaps Miss Ghalson doesn't know that he was chosen by Director Wesley Ruggles and Claudette Colbert to play opposite Miss Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." He was picked because he made a very good impression upon them, not because he was merely "next in line," at the studio.

The facts are before us, it can't be denied, MacMurray certainly does have what it takes to succeed in Hollywood.

ELEANORE DAVIS.
Piedmont, West Virginia.

### First Choice.

I HAVE long been an ardent fan and my favorite stars are well established.

Nelson Eddy is king of all. His glorious voice, looks, and sense of humor; his catchy grin, and rich speaking voice send me into raptures.

Errol Flynn, handsome, arrogant, and swashbuckling he-man is next. There is no other like him in pictures.

Robert Donat's cultured and refined yet humorous portrayal of all rôles he undertakes puts him third.

Tyrone Power, to my way of thinking, beats Taylor by a mile. HELEN DODD.

Box 64, Mitchel Field,
Hempstead, New York.

### Faithful to Old-timers.

I AGREE with those who say we have had enough of newcomers. The screen is now overrun with new faces and yet producers continue their "search for talent" without taking the trouble to develop what already has been recruited. I must deplore, too, the type of player they have foisted upon us for, with the exception of a few, these discoveries have been practically all the same—youthful, superficially good looking, inexperienced and dull—indescribably dull. I admit that these new stars satisfy a large number of fickle fans who insist upon a new favorite every week, but for any one with half a mind, they could never replace old favorites.

Personally, Marlene Dietrich is my favorite star. She always has been, and it would most certainly take more than a pair of eyebrows I disliked to make me lose faith.

Recently letters have appeared opining that many of the older favorites should retire and give newcomers a chance. I disagree. Why should they retire when they are still able to give the finest and most interesting performances? I, for one, refuse to believe that a star's life is limited to five years. And I think this has been discounted by the long reign of such screen notables as Garbo, Ronald Coleman, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Warner Baxter, Norma Shearer, and Fredric March, who have all been topnotch stars for more than five years.

H. M. D.

203 Overdale Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

### About "Maytime."

FOR any one to miss "Maytime" is to miss seeing as splendid, lovely, and beautiful a picture as ever will be produced.

We knew Nelson Eddy's singing was the finest the screen has to offer, but did we know he was such a fine actor? Surely, after "Maytime" there'll be no more doubts concerning this artist's acting ability. He was so boyish, gay, romantic, and so splendid in the more serious sequences of the film also.

The pinkish tint used for the May Day scenes made them breathtakingly beautiful. There do not seem to be adjectives enough to describe these sequences. Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald need have no fear of being photographed in color. It is hard to imagine how truly wonderful these scenes would have been had they been made in Technicolor.

One could hardly mention "Maytime" without praising that very good actor, Herman Bing, who certainly proves he is "tops" as a comedian, by his fine work in this picture. Also, praise to John Barrymore, who was more than adequate in his rôle. L. S.

Montebello, California.



Joan Fontaine, lovely sister of Olivia de Havilland, has Preston Foster for her partner in the sentimental tangle, "You Can't Beat Love."

# Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 59*

stacles to lasting success are now negotiated, for the old man thinks of something quite different as a test for Mr. Brent. He is told to buy a certain Chinese vase and deliver it to his employer on the train that is to take him to a wedding. Mr. Brent's trouble in forcing the proprietor to open a closed shop and sell him the vase takes up most of the picture. I found all this pretty silly, perhaps because Mr. Brent, a good actor when sensibly cast, here plays a rôle which seems twenty years too young for him. It is a part that recalls the late lamented Ross Alexander.

"Slim."—Warners. This attempt to dramatize the work of electrical linemen proves that it is the drabbest and least attractive calling a man can take up. But to hear Henry Fonda talk of it you might think it as romantic as movie acting, as noble as philanthropy and as fascinating as airplaning. But then he plays a simple-minded character, a farm boy whose head is turned by seeing men aloft. Bluff Pat O'Brien, veteran of the aërial wires, takes a fancy to him and befriends him. Then, in case you should find yourself sharing Mr. Fonda's adolescent enthusiasm for the dreary work, Mr. O'Brien proceeds to disillusion him so that you will not by any chance go out and try to get a similar job. Appearing late in the proceedings is Margaret Lindsay, a chic nurse, Mr. O'Brien's platonic friend of years, who, of course, falls in love with the more juvenile Mr. Fonda. Mr. O'Brien's nobility is now so ingrained that it is no surprise that he doesn't resent Miss Lindsay's transfer of affections. What with accident, sacrifice, and the death of Mr. O'Brien, the end of the picture is the most compensating moment in an hour and a half of tedium.



Phil Huston never thought he'd one day be displaying movie fashions. His suit is brown-and-white Calcutta seersucker.

"Wings Over Honolulu."—Universal. Pity an aviator's bride! She is left alone days at a time while her husband pursues his duty as a naval airman. It is only natural, according to the tenets of the cinema, that she should become involved in a barroom brawl that she should try to escape from her miserable existence aboard the yacht of a former sweetheart. Only natural, too, that her husband should pursue her in a stolen plane and that it should crack up in punishment for his thinking he could make personal use of government property. Trite as all this seems, and is, it is disguised by sensible speech, good acting and quite distinguished photography. As usual, the shots of planes in formation are striking. Ray Milland, who is popular with Picture Play readers, is dashing and credible as the distraught aviator, and Wendy Barrie is all right as the Southern belle who falls in love at sight of Mr. Milland when he drops from the skies into her birthday party.

"Pick a Star."—MGM. Any slapstick comedy with Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley, Lyda Roberti, Mischa Auer, and Laurel and Hardy would be worth seeing. This certainly is although it is haphazard, formless, a series of unrelated gags more than a carefully dove-tailed play, but it is continuously funny and that, of course, is the purpose of any comedy. Much of it takes place in a motion-picture studio where Mr. Auer holds forth as the temperamental, foreign star and Rosina Lawrence is the ingénue "who goes to his rooms" to be rescued by Jack Haley in the nick of time. There is considerable broad satire in the telling of this, with various phases of film production held up to good-natured ridicule. Of course, Laurel and Hardy are helpful, especially when Mr. Laurel swallows a harmonica and it continues to play, and Mr. Haley, Miss Kelly, and Mr. Auer display their respective comic gifts with ingratiating skill. And what a pretty girl Miss Lawrence is!

"The Hit Parade."—Republic. A vaudeville show enlisting a great variety of performers, this might have been highly entertaining. Instead, it is dull, ramshackle, inexcusable. Yet there are three well-known orchestras at hand, some of the songs are pleasant and the entertainers know their way about. The trouble is they are


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without expert guidance and there is virtually nothing to draw the various specialties together. The story, featuring Phil Regan and Frances Langford, hardly serves this purpose. They sing well when not chasing around cabarets watching other members of the cast enjoying the spotlight.



Rosalind Marquis spends a day at the beach after a part in "Talent Scout."

"Turn Off the Moon."—Paramount. For a pleasant musical stop right here. You are not likely to find a nicer one this month, or next one, either, for the summer doldrums are here. So let's accept minor blessings with thanksgiving. This is gay, amusing, unpretentious, and it offers any number of clever people in attractive moments, all in excellent taste. Charles Ruggles heads the cast as an eccentric character, a department-store owner who runs his business and its personnel by the rules of astrology. If a salesman's horoscope indicates that he is uncongenial with vacuum cleaners he is transferred elsewhere. So, when Mr. Ruggles learns from his own horoscope that the stars will smile on him only when he brings the juvenile lovers together, you know that Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney will be united in the fade-out after all. Around this slender plot is built a merry structure of odds and ends of talent, including Ben Blue, that goofy comedian, Kenny Baker, whose tenor is one of the most agreeable I have heard on the screen, Phil Harris and his orchestra, and many others. Mr. Downs and Miss Whitney are likable and expert in their singing and dancing duets and Mr. Ruggles is, of course, one of the most adroit and unfailing artists that the screen has to offer.

"The Girl Said No."—Grand National. Modest, pleasing, this picture is more. It blazes a trail in offering the melodies of Gilbert and Sullivan for the first time on the screen, the major selections being from "Ruddigore," "Patience," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," and a great deal of "The Mikado." The music is sung and acted by stage veterans long identified with the operettas in this country, and it is, of course, delightful. Just how Gilbert and Sullivan's delicate fun is combined with a modern, slangy comedy is another of the picture's interesting features. The conjunction is never painful, either, although it may grieve dyed-in-the-wool Savoyards to hear Robert Armstrong even speak to one of the sacred Gilbert and Sullivan characters. They are supposed to be a group of Thespians out of an engagement until Mr. Armstrong hoaxes them into putting on a performance for a wealthy amateur actress. Actually, she is a dance-hall hostess who is deceived by Mr. Armstrong into believing that he can make her a star. I admit all this is complicated, even fantastic, but it makes for excellent entertainment. Besides Mr. Armstrong, who is always a capital actor, Irene Hervey distinguishes herself as the girl who knows all the answers except the one that accounts for Mr. Armstrong's fascination.



Lee Dixon in action, practicing his remarkable routine for "The Singing Marine," which is to star Dick Powell.

## Informatian, Please

*Continued from page 8*

BARBARA LAURANCE.—A letter addressed to you has been returned. If you will send a self-addressed, stamped return envelope, I'll be glad to mail it to you again together with a list of fan clubs.

LORAINE LEE.—Mickey Rooney was born Joe Jule in Brooklyn, New York, September 23, 1921. Jackie Cooper, born John Cooper, in Los Angeles, California, September 15, 1923; about five feet six and about 140 pounds. Thomas Beek, in New York City, December 28th. Judy Garland, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, January 10th. Deanna Durbin, Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922; five feet two, weighs 106; real name Edna May Durbin. A list of addresses of players on page 98 will tell you where to send for photos.



This is the way Robert Taylor looked at Pomona College, before the movies gave him a dizzy ride to stardom.

M. R. M.—Errol Flynn was twenty-eight on June 20th. For stills of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," address Warner Brothers' Publicity Dept., 321 West 44th Street, New York, asking them if they are still available, and the cost.

BARBARA B.—The Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby, were born in Peoria, Illinois, July 6, 1924. They use their right name and it is pronounced Moek. Their height and weight is rapidly changing but they are now about four feet ten. Billy has played in "Anthony Adverse," "White Angel," "Penrod and Sam," and "The Prince and the Pauper." Bobby has played in but the last. For stills of any of these films address the Publicity Dept., Warner Brothers, 321 West 44th Street, New York, inquiring if stills are available and at what price.


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## Foundations of Beauty

*Continued from page 84*

There's just one more thought for summer beauty—and it's a generous thought about the perfect going-away gift for some one else.

You know, it's easy enough, and fun, besides, to try out various cosmetics for ourselves, to decide exactly which one looks the best, which one smells the best, and which one is exactly suited to one's own type. But it wouldn't do to use this method in selecting a gift for some one else, and that's why it's better to choose one of the complete kits of cosmetics, selected by experts, for a farewell gift for a traveling friend.

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# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## COLUMBIA STUDIO
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Robert Allen
Astrid Allwyn
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
George Bancroft
Ralph Bellamy
Herman Bing
Grace Bradley
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Walter Connolly
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Frances Drake
Edith Fellows
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Jack Holt
Francis Lederer
Leona Maricle
Grace Moore
Chester Morris
Jean Parker
Charles Quigley
Buddy Rogers
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Gloria Swanson
Raymond Walburn
Barbara Weeks
Fay Wray

## 20th CENTURY-FOX STUDIO
### Beverly Hills, California

Fred Allen
Don Ameche
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Madge Bellamy
Ben Bernie
J. Edward Bromberg
Eddie Cantor
John Carradine
Lon Chaney
Jane Darwell
Joan Davis
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
George Ernest
Alice Faye
Virginia Field
Douglas Fowley
Jack Haley
Sonja Henie
Jean Hersholt
Kenneth Howell
Louise Hovick
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
June Lang
Peter Lorre
Keye Luke
Joan Marsh
Tony Martin
Victor McLaglen
Warner Oland
Tyrone Power
John Qualen
Gregory Ratoff
Ritz Brothers
Bill Robinson
Mary Rogers
Sig Rumann
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Helen Westley
Michael Whalen
Walter Winchell
Jane Withers
Loretta Young

## METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO
### Culver City, California

Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Jean Chatburn
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniell
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Cedric Hardwicke
Julie Haydon
William Henry
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
Guy Kibbee
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
George Murphy
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Florence Rice
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
James Stewart
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sophie Tucker
Johnny Weissmuller
Warren William
Robert Young

## UNIVERSAL STUDIO
### Universal City, California

Henry Armetta
Mischa Auer
Binnie Barnes
Judith Barrett
Wendy Barrie
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
John Boles
Alice Brady
Billy Burrud
Andy Devine
James Dunn
Deanna Durbin
Sally Eilers
William Gargan
Nan Grey
Lonis Hayward
Samuel S. Hinds
Edward Everett Horton
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Alma Kruger
Ella Logan
Doris Nolan
Walter Pidgeon
Barbara Read
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Margaret Sullavan
Kent Taylor
John Wayne
Charles Winninger
Jane Wyatt

## SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
### Culver City, California

Edward Arnold
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Janet Gaynor
Fredric March
Alan Marshal
Adolphe Menjou
C. Aubrey Smith

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Andrea Leeds
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John Payne
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Douglas Walton

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Fay Bainter
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Smith Ballew
John Beal
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Preston Foster
Joan Fontaine
Margot Grahame
Katharine Hepburn
Harriet Hilliard
Philip Huston
Gordon Jones
Marjorie Lord
Herbert Marshall
Burgess Meredith
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
Jack Oakie
George O'Brien
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
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Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
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Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

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Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
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Jane Bryan
Marion Davies
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Lee Dixon
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Bonita Granville
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescort
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Patric Knowles
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Billy and Bobby Mauch
Barton MacLane
Rosalind Marquis
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Wayne Morris
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
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Bob Burns
George Burns
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Ruth Coleman
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Louis Da Pron
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Irene Dunne
James Ellison
Leif Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Betty Grable
Oscar Homolka
David Jack Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Dorothy Lamour
Beatrice Lillie
Harold Lloyd
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland
Karen Morley
Lloyd Nolan
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Martha Raye
Gilbert Roland
Shirley Ross
Charles Ruggles
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Gladys Swarthout
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# Picture Play

SEPTEMBER 1937

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JEAN ARTHUR

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STREET AND SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

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# WHAT THE FANS THINK



Sidney Ann Gold has a low opinion of the screen compared to the stage, insisting that John Gielgud, the English actor, is unequaled by any Hollywood star.

### Talent versus Hams.

NORBERT LUSK, in his editoriol in the June issue, stated thot one possing a seoson of theater-going in New York will have seen plays in badly ventilated theaters, with uncomfortoble seats and dingy decorations.

I have recently returned from a season of theater-going in New York and I have yet to see such conditions existing in a high-class theater where great plays with great players are in progress.

The people who attend stage plays are intelligent, well-bred persons and not the gum-chewing, noisy, talkative persons who attend the cinema, nor do they make such remarks as "Ain't he just too cute," "Don't she look pretty when she smiles," et cetera.

Also in the theater there are no noisy brats running up and down the aisles or a crowd of silly school kids going into swoons whenever Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power oppears.

I have recently seen Katharine Cornell, Helen Hoyes, John Gielgud, and Maurice Evans, and I would like to soy thot there is not one Hollywood stor who can equol them.

Yes, the freedom of subject matter on the stage is far ahead of the screen, and why not? Only odults ottend stoge plays, so they know what to expect. At the cinema, the audience is composed of many children, ond most of the stage plays are too strong for them.

The movie version of "The Children's Hour" wos a disoppointment to me. On the screen one never got the real plot because it was too strong for movie-goers. If it were not for the superb acting of Bonita Granville in "These Three" it would have been just onother Hollywood picture.

In the original play "Karen"—Miriam Hopkins on the screen—committed suicide, but of course such a sad thing could never happen on the screen.

I suppose when "Dead End" is presented on the screen the title will be chonged, and the tough waterfront boys will be sissies using such words os "heck" ond "dern" to express themselves.

Yes, the stage deserves the adjective "legitimate"—it is superior to the screen in every way.

The stage is the ploce where true tolent exists. Hollywood is the place where hams exist.

Sidney Ann Gold.

531 East Fourth Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Despite Bad Publicity.

I AM amazed ot the progress thot Alice Foye hos made in the short time she has been in Hollywood. From rother o carbon copy of Jean Horlow she has developed into o girl of wholesome charm ond beauty. Sincerity seems to be her keynote. She sings the music of Irving Berlin and Gordon and Revel in a manner that mokes them Americon folk songs. With her tilted nose,

*Continued on page 6*





## A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story by the authors of "Boy Meets Girl" that will give you the greatest thrill in years! Girls... music ...romance... stars... comedy... fashions... all done in *Advanced* TECHNICOLOR so dazzling it takes your breath away!

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HELEN VINSON—alluring, but oh!...so aggravating!



# WARNER BAXTER
# JOAN BENNETT

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*Alan* MOWBRAY • *Jerome* COWAN

*Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER*

*Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra*

*Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS*

*Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack*

*Released thru UNITED ARTISTS*



with *"The Most Photographed Girls in the World"*... those

**WALTER WANGER MODELS**

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# What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 4*

warm smile and red-gold hair she reminds me of a James Montgomery Flagg illustration for a Kathleen Norris story of Irish-American girlhood.

All this from a girl who went to Hollywood with the handicap of unfavorable publicity—and the curse of singing "Oh, You Nasty Man!"

Alice Faye may never become a great actress, but what is more important, she has become a great film personality—and one that we have learned to take to our hearts. GLENN A. BROQUIST.

936½ 22nd Street,
Rock Island, Illinois.

## Justified Criticism.

GARBO may be everything Eunice Gideon says she is, but the fans of whom she is *not* a favorite are quite justified in criticizing her.

What right has she to refuse interviews and fan mail when it was her choice, not ours, that she come to America and be a star instead of staying in Sweden where she belongs?

Because of this she should be willing to do whatever goes with fame and fortune. Since she thinks so little of us we are not unjustified in thinking the same of her—that she is of no importance and that we could get along beautifully without her.

"What would Joan Crawford, who weeps at the slightest criticism, have done had she been set down in a strange land where people who spoke a strange tongue openly derided her?" asks Eunice Gideon.

First of all, Joan does not cry at the slightest criticism. Second, this is what Joan would have done: Cried about unjust criticism because it was unjust, appreciated helpful criticism, adjusted herself to the unfamiliar land, given interviews, accepted and answered or had some one answer her fan mail, posed for photographs and proceeded to be the greatest of all actresses. It makes no difference where Joan would have gone to be an actress. She would have succeeded in any other country just as she did here because of her ability as an actress, and her ambition.

Joan Crawford is truly our greatest actress and the most sincere person in the world. It is for these things, Joan, that we admire and respect you most.

MARIE NIEBERT.

6426 68th Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

## Jungle Morals of the Movies.

WE all go to the movies and sympathize with the heroine, but I wonder how often we stop to think whether we *should* sympathize with her?

Puritan societies are always making attacks on Hollywood for bad morals, but it is not their idea of bad morals that I mean. I mean bad ethics. This does not concern whether the heroine is chaste or not, whether she drinks or smokes, but whether she is honest and loyal and fair. I have a feeling scenario writers let heroines get away with too much, and I wonder if you feel the same way about it.

A recent example that comes to mind occurred in "That Girl from Paris." Remember when Gene Raymond got off the boat and his old girl friend was there to meet him, and had lined up a job for Gene and his band? You couldn't blame her for that loyalty and, if you were that girl and saw a French intruder popping up to try and steal your boy friend, you wouldn't feel any too friendly toward her, either. You couldn't blame Lucille Ball for wanting to hang on to Gene against opposition. But Lucille isn't the heroine of the film; Lily Pons is, and Lily *has* to get Gene. What does she do?

The night of the opening at the café, when Lucille is going to do her dance, Lily rubs soap on the soles of her shoes, so she's a failure. An awfully funny failure, but a failure, and Lucille gets demoted to being a walk-on for Jack Oakie. And no one says much to criticize Lily for this cute little trick.

As far as the scenario writer is concerned, Lily is justified in doing this in order to win Gene; Lucille vanishes from the picture and eventually Lily gets Gene. What does the audience get? The audience gets the idea that all's fair in love, and when I say "all" I mean *all*.

Such behavior isn't limited to the girls. Remember "Follow the Fleet," the best of the Astaire-Rogers pictures? Remember the scene in which Ginger is to have a vocal audition with a producer? She's just done her dance and sends out for a glass of water. Fred thinks some other girl is in there and puts bicarbonate of soda in the water so the girl's audition will be ruined. It is. Another very funny scene. In this case, Fred pays plenty for his trick. But the point is, if the girl in the producer's office had been some one else, Fred's little stunt would have been O. K.

In the movies certain motives will apparently justify anything. Love is the most important, and the most forceful form of love is mother love. Barbara Stanwyck in "Internes Can't Take Money" is prepared to steal and to sell herself to a man she loathes, because of mother love. And any one who tries to stop her, including Joel McCrea as the kindly doctor whom she attempts to rob, is a skunk and a fool. Where did the movies get this morality?

Maybe the movies have fooled you, and maybe you like to be fooled. In any case, I wonder what you think about the jungle morals of the movies. Only your voices have any influence in Hollywood. A PUZZLED FAN.

Exeter, New Hampshire.



Jane Bryan, Rosalind Marquis, and Carol Hughes demonstrate the joys of golf as well as the excitement of—to the onlooker—snappy playsuits.

## No More Screams, Barbara!

IF there was ever any one who is definitely a "type" actress that one is Barbara Stanwyck. Why this lovely star should resort to the same antics in every film is beyond me. I am sure that so talented and versatile a person is capable of more varied characterizations.

Why does she go into a fit of screaming in every film? Every time I see one of her pictures I sit in my seat ill at ease waiting for her outburst of yells.

When that is finished I can then relax and enjoy the remainder of the picture. So please, Barbara, no more screams.

FRANK LYNN.

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

## The Whole World Listens.

IN the May issue Tommy Capizola expressed his thoughts and ideas on the subject of whether Grace Moore should have "Miss" in front of her name when the picture reads "Starring Miss Grace Moore." I heartily agree with him and I was just wondering when somebody was going to bring that subject to every one's attention. He was the first to do so. I say, too, why shouldn't she be called "Miss"? She certainly deserves it.

I also agree with him in saying that

*Continued on page 9*





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# RONALD COLMAN

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C. AUBREY SMITH • DAVID NIVEN

*Produced by* DAVID O. SELZNICK

*Directed by* JOHN CROMWELL

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# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE



A. G.—Jean Arthur's right name is Gladys Greene; Martha Raye's, Marjie Reed. Elizabeth Allan and Josephine Hutchinson use their right names, and, as far as I know, so do Grace Bradley, Claire Dodd, Miriam Hopkins, Valerie Hobson, Claire Trevor, and Jane Wyatt.

Another Fan.—Yes, it is true that Ross Alexander is dead. He committed suicide on January 2nd. His last picture was "Ready, Willing and Able."

William Dize.—Basil Rathbone played the rôle of *Philo Vance* in "The Bishop Murder Case," released in 1930.

M. M. M.—Stills are photographs showing scenes from a film. You'll find them in theater lobbies advertising current and forthcoming productions. We use them in our Preview section. "Naughty Marietta" was represented in this way in May, 1935, and "Maytime" in March, 1937. The frontispiece of the January, 1936, issue carried a full-page black and white photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy from "Rose-Marie." Stories about Miss MacDonald appeared in August, 1931; July, 1932; August, 1933; September, 1934; January and December, 1936. Stories about Mr. Eddy in January, June, October and December, 1936.



Eva Chang.—Only stills of recent pictures are supposed to be available. The address of Columbia Pictures' Publicity Dept. is 729 Seventh Avenue, New York.



Rolly Nable.—Frankie Darro's next picture is "Saratoga." Judy Garland appeared with Deanna Durbin in a MGM short entitled "Every Sunday." Judy's latest is "Broadway Melody of 1938."

M. M.—Frances Langford was born in Lakeland, Florida, April 4, 1916; five feet three and a half, weighs 100, and has black hair and blue eyes. Her mother, Annie Newbern, was a concert pianist. As a young girl, Frances gained local popularity by singing at school and church affairs. Later she attended Southern College where she sang soprano in the Glee Club. Then she had her tonsils removed, emerging from the hospital a contralto. During school vacation she went to Florida and appeared on a commercial radio program. Rudy Vallée happened to be there and heard one of her programs. He arranged for her to appear as a guest star on his next broadcast. She came to New York in June, 1931, where she sang on commercial programs and took a whirl at the stage in "There Goes the Bride," which failed. Next she tried vaudeville and was a great success. The result was a really good radio contract, which she supplemented by work in New York vaudeville and cabarets. Then came her Hollywood contract with Paramount. Her latest is "The Hit Parade." Due to illness she was forced out of the cast of "Vogues of 1938." Next is with James Cagney, in "Something to Sing About."

**When writing to The Oracle, please include your full name and address. If requesting casts, a list of fan clubs, the names of all of a star's films, or information about how to obtain stills, a stamped envelope should be inclosed. We regret that we cannot undertake to answer any contest questions.**



Cooper-Bartholomew Fan.—The last interview we had with Jackie Cooper was published in October, 1931. Freddie Bartholomew was born in London, England, April 28, 1924. There is no fan club in his honor on my list.



Gale Scott.—Bonita Granville was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1923. She is the daughter of a stage actor, the late Bernard "Bunny" Granville. Her latest is "The Life of Zola." Lionel Barrymore's latest are "A Family Affair" and "Captains Courageous," with "Saratoga" to follow.



Marvin Howell.—Mae West gives her birthdate as August 17, 1892. Clark Gable has been married to Josephine Dillon and Ria Langham. Marilyn Knowlden played the rôle of *Lucille Layton* in "Rainbow on the River."

Bobby Hood.—Desmond Tester, who played with Nova Pilbeam, in "Nine Days a Queen," was born in London, England, February 17, 1909; five feet one, with auburn hair and hazel eyes. His parents are nonprofessionals. Has had stage experience. He is currently appearing in Maurice Chevalier's latest picture, "The Beloved Vagabond." Peggy Wood recently appeared on Broadway in "Miss Quis."

Virginia Rich.—Although "The Rogue Song" was not represented in our preview section, two stills from the film were used to illustrate a story about Lawrence Tibbett entitled "Enter an Opera Star" in the issue of January, 1930. The picture was reviewed in May, 1930, accompanied by a still of Mr. Tibbett with Catherine Dale Owen. Although the magazine sold for twenty-five cents at that time, they will now cost you fifty cents if you wish to order them from our Subscription Department.



Langford Fan.—Frances Langford has recovered from her recent illness, the cause of which I do not know, and will resume her movie career.

A Felix Knight Admirer.—When the cast of "Pick a Star" was first assembled, Felix Knight was included in the cast, but for some reason or other he was not in the picture when it finally was released. He has been mentioned for no immediate picture. If MGM is unable to supply his photograph, I am unable to suggest who might.



E. M.—John Mack Brown was born September 1, 1904; Ray Corrigan, February 14, 1909. They are both with Republic Pictures, 4204 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, California.

*Continued from page 6*

she is by far the screen's greatest and most natural actress and the world's greatest singer, else she wouldn't have come by the title of "Prima Donna" which makes her different from the others and sets her on the highest pinnacle.

I, too, have never missed any of her pictures and never shall, but I am inclined to disagree with Mr. Capizola on



A new Western star is Bob Baker, a real cowboy from Arizona, where he won many a rodeo. Because he liked to play his guitar and sing, he was discovered by radio and screen scouts.

the best picture that she has made. In my estimation her best picture is "When You're In Love" because she shows such marked improvement in her acting that you can see it readily at a glance, and she was never in better voice. The whole world listens when Grace Moore sings. GENEVIEVE ERWIN.

541 Corporation Street,
Beaver, Pennsylvania.

### Not Without Flaws.

PICTURES are such a marvelous source of pleasure and education to all of us, we should find nothing but nice things to say of them. But even those of us who admire them the most, now and then discover something of which to complain. Believe me when I say that my observations are meant to be constructive.

Ginger Rogers is becoming stiffer and more expressionless with each succeeding rôle. Is she bored with life, is she getting too self-satisfied, or does she object to playing opposite Mr. Astaire? One cannot entirely blame her if it is the latter, but she should remember that if it were not for him she might still be playing bit parts or none at all. Her hair dress, too, is particularly unbecoming. And she would look younger and prettier if she would revert to her original hair shade.

I adore Greta Garbo on the screen but cannot understand how she gets away with ignoring her fans as she does. Is there any excuse for Robert Taylor and that pretty widow's peak that becomes more pronounced with every picture?

Marlene Dietrich is losing droves of fans by her bad taste in publicity—i. e., appearing everywhere with every man except her husband.

We fans will not have Sonja Henie, Simone Simon, or Eleanor Powell thrust upon us. Sonja is a good skater. Eleanor a fine dancer with no personality, and Simone of the Simons an inferior actress. Why not give the experienced people a chance, and stop looking for "new faces"?

I predict that Melvyn Douglas will be our next big sensation if given the right rôles. He stole "The Gorgeous Hussy" right from under Joan Crawford's girlish posing and in spite of that "entrance" she made. DIANE KANE.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

### Not Enough of Nelson Eddy.

AFTER seeing "Maytime" twice, I am reminded of what Norbert Lusk wrote of Nelson Eddy more than a year ago—that his acting career was only just beginning. It is, indeed, and gloriously continuing.

Truly, no artist has so completely justified the acclaim of his fans as Nelson Eddy. It's hard not to fall back on schoolgirl extravagance in speaking of him. He satisfies every human emotion and even puts your favorite dream to shame. To find words adequate to describe the physical man and his voice would bankrupt the dictionaries. There is something about him that tinges the air with splendor, and you associate him immediately with nobility and the sort of grandeur you have to be born with.

Audiences gasped with delight when he was revealed as a master of comedy, particularly in facial expression, which was inimitable. He is just as uniquely Nelson Eddy in this field as he is the Prince Charming of romance, the baritone of the age. In his brief dramatic encounter with John Barrymore, he suffered not the least by comparison.

I wonder if I am speaking out of turn by saying there has been altogether too much of Jeanette MacDonald in all the Eddy films? Jeanette is a pretty and amusing partner but I noticed the crowd was rather restive in "Rose-Marie" and "Maytime" until Mr. Eddy appeared, and I heard whispers all around, "When does Nelson come on?"

I repeatedly felt in this latest picture that Jeanette deliberately held the spotlight, and have heard dozens express the same opinion. Certainly Nelson Eddy's voice deserves better treatment than has hitherto been accorded by his studio. In fact, I am definitely in favor of a new costar for him and a great big robust rôle that will introduce him in the *first* reel for a change. CECILE.

Lake Charles, Louisiana.

### Begs to Disagree.

AFTER reading Catherine and Mary L. Brown's letter, which appeared in April Picture Play, I have decided to express my opinion.

My favorite star was, is, and always will be Katharine Hepburn. She does not spend her time "posing and emoting" but really acts. Perhaps you prefer the acting of Loy, Rogers, or Lombard, which in its way is very good, but Miss Hepburn's is something too wonderful for words. Her acting is so marvelous, so deeply felt, she makes you feel with her. She is the first actress of the screen.

As to the widening of her nostrils to an unheard of extent, as you said, it is because she has so much expression in her face. She has not a shapeless mouth, but on the contrary, it is very definite and original and the most expressive mouth on the screen. I do not think Miss Hepburn "gets into temperamental fits in an effort to gain publicity." She is an actress who acts for the love of it and all that she does is without thought of publicity. What is more, she does



Anne Shirley is learning how to dress interestingly as well as girlishly. Her best rôle to date is in "Stella Dallas."

not need it to keep her fans. She could always win the Academy award.

As to Joan Crawford, I love and admire her deeply and I don't think she is either artificial or a "painted clothes horse," but the glamour and beauty queen of the screen.

Loretta Young's eyes are beyond discussion—beautiful! Am I not correct in saying that she won the award for having the most beautiful eyes?

Robert Taylor is not conceited. Yes, he is idolized by hundreds of adoring feminine fans who consider him the most



Claude Rains has no equal in portraying a perverse and evil character. His next picture is "They Won't Forget."

handsome man in the world, but we do not overlook his acting, which we think is marvelous. I do not think his photographs reflect overdeveloped egotism.

You are absolutely right about Marlene Dietrich and Janet Gaynor.

Victoria Garcia Victorica.
Posadas 1650,
Buenos Aires, Argentina,
South America.

### The Story's the Thing.

I WOULD like to add my nickel's worth to this controversy about music in the movies.

Once more it's been proved that, as Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing," or rather, in movies we say the story's the thing. I'm referring to "Maytime." It has done for Jeanette MacDonald what "One Night of Love" did for Grace Moore, who, I'm afraid, has suffered from lack of poor stories rather than ability.

I must say I don't think Norbert Lusk in his review was quite right when he said that Grace Moore and Lily Pons can take second place to Jeanette MacDonald since "Maytime," because the star is hardly better than her story or vehicle. Take any player, even though he is not a star, and give him a good story, good direction, cast, and beautiful mounting, and, if he has the ability that it takes, he will turn in a good performance in a good picture. On the other hand, take away any of those requisites from the player, and he finds it difficult to come through.

Both Miss Moore and Miss Pons, as well as Miss Swarthout, and other Metropolitan Opera stars, have proved their ability to sing else they wouldn't have made the "Met," something that Miss MacDonald has yet to accomplish.

It is quite a different thing to sing on the sound track, with technicians on every hand to aid you, take out what is bad, and build up the good points, than it is to fill the concert hall from orchestra pit to balcony with one's voice so that it can be heard to its best advantage over that span of space.

Of course, as this magazine deals with movies, we should stick to that point, but what I'm trying to put across is the idea that the stars your reviewer thinks ought to take second place are superior in voice to Miss MacDonald, but have not had the stories handed to them by their studios that Miss MacDonald has been fortunate enough to get.

I feel, too, that Nelson Eddy has added much to the popularity of Miss MacDonald, despite the fact that we read that the two do not get on together so well, due, perhaps, to professional jealousy.

What Miss MacDonald has yet to learn is to mouth her words beautifully, as Miss Moore does, instead of letting them come through what appears to be a gash in her face with a row of teeth showing. She doesn't fit her lips to her words and, therefore, sings as though it were an effort, rather than a pleasure, as Miss Moore's laughing twinkling personality always indicates.

Miss Swarthout gives the same impression of being pleased to sing for us, and Lily Pons doesn't have to make an effort. Miss Moore's full, resonant voice, considered by many the best dramatic soprano of the day, couldn't be compared with Miss MacDonald's lyric soprano. The latter has just a pleasant high voice, such as is possessed by many young singers on the radio to-day. As for quality, I'm afraid she falls short.

Anne O'Brien.
Massillon, Ohio.

### Gross Injustice.

A LETTER like E. T. C.'s, of Chicago, in the June issue, is really just plain nasty.

As far as Garbo, in "Camille" overshadowing Robert Taylor—it is true. She did not. Taylor, for a beginner, and one so young, gave a fine, sensitive portrayal but—Greta also was very convincing, full of depth and intensely human. Those last scenes of hers, before the death of *Marguerite*, were truly magnificent. Any one who could see the picture and not be moved must have a heart of stone.

To attribute her success in that rôle to the fact that she has, according to E. T. C., one foot in the grave, is about the most irrelevant, cattiest remark I've ever heard.

The writer claims to know and appreciate the meaning of depth of character in referring to Robert Taylor. Why not practice a bit of the analytical on yourself—ask yourself why you don't see realness and grand characterization when it's right before your eyes?

E. T. C. obviously is so wrapped up in the Taylor boy that any one getting quite so close to him as Greta does—and does she do it beautifully!—would sicken with envy. Uncontrolled emotions can be understood, but what childishness toward a human being!

Simpering, consumptive Greta—what shameful injustice! Elsie Dean.
56 Sydney Avenue,
Deal, New Jersey.

### Sing, John Boles, Sing.

I WAS delighted to read the very nice things in the interesting article on John Boles in the April issue, but there was some pain mixed with the pleasure.

It said that he may never sing again on the screen, but confine his singing to the radio. Now that may be all very well for Mr. and Mrs. Junior America, but it's no good for us in Australia. Since the general listener is unable to hear Mr. Boles's program, we would thus have no opportunity of hearing one of the finest voices I have ever heard on the screen, radio, or concert platform.

John Boles has proved himself a splen-



Dick Powell tries out his voice prior to recording a new song hit for "Varsity Show." The glasses are to protect his eyes from the glare of studio lights.

did and versatile actor, always handling the most difficult rôles with sincerity and understanding, but it is as a singing star that he shines brightest. Personally, I would like to see him remake some of his earlier successes—"The Desert Song," "Rio Rita," and "One Heavenly Night." Pictures in which he really had an opportunity to show the quality of his voice.

But whether he sings or not, may he continue for many years to bring pleasure to countless film-goers, for he is undoubtedly one of the most worthy of all the stars. E. Leigh.

c/o Mrs. L. Dunne,
Bower Street,
Annerley, Brisbane, Australia.

### In Reply.

I HAVE just finished reading "What The Fans Think" for May and I thought I'd like to say my two cents' worth.

First, to Tommy Hale: I agree with him on some things but when he wrote "She's awful," meaning Sybil Jason, I nearly hit the ceiling. How in Heaven's name can any one say such a thing about a child as sweet and lovable as Sybil? Saying such a thing is absolutely inexcusable.

To Joan Drummond:

In defense of lovely Ann Harding—you call her "hard as Harding." Of course, that is only her screen name—my advice to you, Joan, is to get a good photo of Miss Harding and study it and if you still think her "hard" then I guess you can't help being that way. Also any woman who will fight for her child, as Miss Harding did, is not so "hard"—there's something tender somewhere.

To "Chico" and Eunice Gideon:

Good for you two for saying such nice things about the lovely Garbo. I wish people would let her have some peace. She has well earned a bit of comfort for her fine work in pictures, only there are a few hare-brained idiots who wouldn't give their own mothers a hand of appreciation. I think Garbo is the finest person I have ever seen on the screen. I, too, admire her courage in living as she pleases; shows she's got intelligence and backbone.

To Nell Ljutic:

What's this you say of Jane Withers, about watching her waistline? Well, of all the—oh, never mind! For goodness' sake, can't you leave the child alone? It isn't time for her to start worrying about her figure and, besides, who can object to seeing a perfectly healthy child on the screen as long as you get your money's worth? You say Shirley Temple has a streamlined figure. Wouldn't it have been better taste if you had said Shirley is a well-formed child, or words to that effect? Sure, Shirley can dance—but so can Jane—Shirley can act—but so can Jane—Shirley can sing—but so can Jane. And Jane is a budding young comédienne and, believe me, that is something.

Guess that's all except to tell you that I've got a couple of extra special favorite comedians—one is a comédienne—Bob Burns and Martha Raye. Oh, boy! They're what I call real people. And believe me, Dietrich has nothing on the Raye legs. They're beautiful. As for Bob Burns, all I can say is I wouldn't miss a picture that he's in for love or money. M. I. Hathaway.

Exeter, Rhode Island.

### Not an Animated Dummy.

HAVE just read Mildred Post's letter in the June issue. I do not think Nelson Eddy overrated. He deserves all the praise he gets. His voice is perfectly grand. Have seen him twice on the concert stage. It is inspiring just to be in his presence.

I'm sure many of Mr. Eddy's fans will want to defend him against being called an "animated dummy." How could Miss Post say anything so cruel about a grand person like Mr. Eddy? She says he is not an actor but a singer. Some folks forget that the rest of us love to see his pictures. I see them over and over again. I think he is perfect. He wouldn't need to do any acting for me. I'm satisfied just to see him smile and hear his wonderful voice.

Nino Martini is my favorite tenor, but I do not think he would be as well teamed with Jeanette MacDonald as Nelson Eddy. They're so charming together. I hope to see and hear them in many more pictures like "Naughty Marietta," "Rose-Marie," and especially "Maytime." Marie Schaufelberger.

234 West Center Street,
Fostoria, Ohio.

### Why Not Foreigners?

I GO to the movies four and sometimes six times a week. I take six to eight movie magazines and listen to all radio programs connected with the movies. So I guess I know a little about the stars.

In May Picture Play I read a letter headed "Why Foreigners?" I felt sorry for the writer of that letter. Mrs. W. G. Bassett referred to Simone Simon particularly. Poor Simone! Many people don't like her but I, for one, would rather have her than Robert Taylor. I have seen all Simone's pictures two and three times, and intend to see every one she makes. I cannot wait until her pictures come out. I never liked Garbo and I wouldn't care when she went home, but after seeing her in "Camille," I don't ever want her to go home.

As far as giving our boys and girls a chance, they have all the opportunity in the world, but they just can't make the grade. I think Simone, Sonja Henie, Garbo, Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Brian Aherne, and Merle Oberon are just a few foreign stars who are as good, if not better, than some of our own. When American actresses or actors go abroad to make pictures, they are treated with kindness. Why shouldn't we be kind to the ones that come over here? If the other countries don't object to our stars, why should we object to theirs?

I know only one reason to send foreign stars back. It is because some of them are better than American actresses and actors. We haven't enough sportsmanship to admit it. The foreign stars are just stepping ahead of ours. I can't see how some of our actresses and actors ever got in the movies. To some of our American stars I say, "Wake up or you will be left behind."

Eleanor Crump.

105 Butler Avenue,
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

*Continued on page 96*



Jean Harlow little realized when she was making this scene with Clark Gable for "Saratoga" that it would be her last picture before her death.



# The letter "G" and GARBO

BY GERTRUDE EVERLEY

Garbo was christened: . . . . . Greta Gustafsson
Associated with her in her first picture was: . . Gerda Lundquist
This picture was produced in: . . . . . Germany
Greta's name changed to: . . . . . Greta Garbo
First trip to America sailed from: . . . Gothenburg, Sweden
Maurice Stiller known as the: . . . . . "Great Stiller"
Man who photographed her earliest pictures was: . . Tony Gaudio
American popularity came to Garbo in
"The Flesh and the Devil," with: . . . . John Gilbert
This was followed by "Love," also with: . . . . John Gilbert
"A Woman of Affairs," also with: . . . . . John Gilbert
In "Romance," Garbo's leading man was: . . . . Gavin Gordon
Which placed four "G's" in a row: . . Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon
In "Susan Lenox," Garbo's leading man was: . . . Clark Gable
The successful "Mata Hari" was directed by: . . George Fitzmaurice
The letter "G" was evident in: . . . . . ."Grand Hotel"
Garbo played the rôle of: . . . . . "Grusinskaya"
John Barrymore played opposite her as: . . "Baron Von Gaigern"
The director was: . . . . . Edmund Goulding
The settings were designed by: . . . . . Cedric Gibbons
At this time Garbo returned to Sweden on the: . . . "Gripsholm"
Landed at: . . . . . Gothenburg
In "Queen Christina" her leading man was: . . . John Gilbert
"The Painted Veil" followed, with: . . . . . George Brent
Only two names have been linked
with Garbo's in America: . . John Gilbert, George Brent
In "Camille," Garbo's greatest triumph,
she plays the rôle of: . . . . "Marguerite Gautier"
The director was: . . . . . George Cukor
In the cast of "Camille" there are three
other capital "G's": "Gaston," "Gustave," and "Saint Gaudens"
Recently Garbo was awarded a
medal for artistic merit by: . . . King Gustav of Sweden
Her next picture, "Marie Walewska," is from the novel by: Gasiorowski
The most famous of American fashion designers has con-
tributed to Garbo's success. His name is: . . Gilbert Adrian
The first photographs of Garbo in America
were made by the celebrated: . . . . Arnold Genthe
And there also have been many beautiful portraits by: . George Hurrell
By rearranging two letters in Greta Garbo's name we have: "Great" Garbo
In Spanish the definition for "Garbo" is: . . . Grace, gentility
Then there are numerous phrases
such as: . . Garbo-ites, Garbo-esque, Garbo-maniacs
Garbo is synonymous with: . . . . . Glamour
And since Garbo's name spells money we might add countless: . "Grands"
If you don't believe it ask: . . . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

# Soft AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

NEVER was the death of a star more widely and sincerely mourned than the passing of Jean Harlow. Her youth, beauty, fame, made her name a household word. Her simplicity and innate kindliness endeared her to those who knew her personally and shone out from the characters she played, reaching and warming those who only knew her on the screen. She died more truly beloved than many a queen.

YOUNG as she was, she had stood the test of character. Her career was the triumph of character over public opinion. Had she not been possessed of strength, fineness and sincerity she could never have survived criticism, prejudice and hostility. Yet, she conducted no campaign, instigated no publicity to acquaint the world at large with her true worth as a woman, did not proclaim to any one her virtues which were strongly at variance with general opinion. Instead, she practiced, but did not preach, and presently those who doubted became believers in one of the screen's strangest anomalies—Jean Harlow, actress, and the lovable contradiction known as "Baby" to her friends.

SHE waged a long, slow fight to reveal the character that was hers. At the outset of her career, following her appearance in "Hell's Angels," she aroused prejudice in Hollywood because of her flamboyant personality which then included the famous platinum hair and an apparently uninhibited sex appeal. Even when she was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and groomed in make-up, contour and dressing, she met with no warm welcome from those stars already sure of themselves at the studio. Far from it! No foreigner ever faced more antagonistic fellow players than Jean Harlow. But instead of thinking of ways to defy them or show them at a disadvantage, she tried to improve herself, to express her inner self to those with whom she came in contact and, of course, to polish her acting on the screen.

HERS was not an overnight success. It was not until her sense of humor was permitted to show itself in her rôles that she became one of our first comédiennes. "Red-headed Woman" was the turning point and the most acute critics of acting regard "Dinner at Eight," "Bombshell," and "Libeled Lady" as the pictures that revealed her at her brilliant best. Their popularity was a boon to Jean Harlow and a hurt at the same time. For in each of them she was the familiar wise-cracking, materialistic girl every one enjoyed and understood and unthinkingly accepted as a good deal like Jean Harlow, herself. That is, her characters became a reflection of herself to all except those who knew her personally. She smarted under the unfairness of this even while enjoying the popularity that her work brought her. She was too sensible to be ungrateful, too amiable and well disposed toward every one to blame any one.

THERE is no record of even a word, and certainly not an action, unworthy of the well-born, educated girl that Jean Harlow was from the beginning of her work in Hollywood until the end. There likewise is no record of a disappointed or disillusioned fan. She met her obligations to life, work, friends and the public with a conscientious thoroughness that in itself underscored a character as extraordinary as we are ever likely to find among the stars.

NO star ever had to contend with as much as she did. The notoriety forced upon her was not of her choosing nor was it the consequence of any rashness of hers. It was what life and fate meted out to try her spirit and solidify her character, to test her for that surcease from turmoil which we cannot but believe she now enjoys.

SOMETHING new—besides new faces—in Hollywood at last! A Paramount publicity bulletin informs us of something nothing short of revolutionary. It describes the effect of perfumes on the *acting* of stars. Theodore Reed, directing Bing Crosby's "Double Or Nothing," believes that perfumes may be used to stimulate players and cause them to react emotionally in various ways. So he says he has odors injected through ventilators into sound stages where Mr. Crosby, Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Martha Raye, and Benny Baker are working.

MR. REED submits an account of his first experiment. "An odor of mint has a stimulating effect. It seemed to revive players and worked well about four p. m., when energies were low," he states. Our suggestion is to accompany the fragrance of mint with the sound of tinkling ice when acting energy is ebbing. The association of ideas will be so great that nothing short of genius will flame. Mr. Reed further informs that Mr. Crosby and Miss Carlisle react best in love scenes when heliotrope is wafted on the air, that Miss Raye's art is aided by the odor of geranium, and so on.

BUT all this is elemental. The possibility of perfume *blends* is what intrigues. If Mr. Crosby and Miss Carlisle respond to simple heliotrope, think what their reaction to "Indiscret" would be! Or "My Sin" or "Foolish Virgin"! Just what "aid" Miss Raye can derive from mere geranium is beyond us when we consider the unlimited possibilities held by a whiff of "Moment Supreme" or "Now or Never." The use of perfume should not be confined to the expensive stars, either. It can inspire extras, too. For a horse-racing drama, the breezes should envelop the grand stand with "Blue Grass" to spur the crowd to the right reaction. Even the nags themselves would give all they had under the added stimulus.

* * *

NOW that the silly season is officially opened we must let one of our leading stage dramatists carry it on. Maxwell Anderson speaking. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Anderson shares with Eugene O'Neill the pedestal of greatness in the theater. Not this season, but for many seasons he has contributed solid achievement to the American stage. His poetic dramas include "High Tor," "Winterset," "Wingless Victory," "Mary of Scotland," "Elizabeth and Essex," and other substantial plays. Like many others, he hasn't a high opinion of the screen. Far from tolerant, he excoriates the cinema in terms that reach a new high in furious contempt. The screen has never harmed him nor lessened his prestige. In fact, it filmed two of his plays, "Mary of Scotland" and "Winterset." Nevertheless, Mr. Anderson says that pictures are a "simulacrum of the real thing, a reprint series, a line of glossy, refurbished second-hand clothes. They are too ephemeral in time and materials to create an art. The test of an art is endurance, and in any endurance contest the films have as much chance against the stage as the celluloid cat chasing the asbestos rat through hell." I just thought I'd tell you what Mr. Anderson thinks about the movies when he isn't writing poetic drama.

* * *

THERE are later developments in the "case" of Simone Simon than you will find on following pages of Picture Play which were printed sooner than this. Instead of taking an indefinite vacation abroad, the French minx—and most captivating little artist—has been recalled by 20th Century-Fox and even now is in Hollywood filming "Love and Kisses," with Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie. Of course, there's no knowing if she will finish her stint or be stricken ill or withdraw from the cast because of "unsuitability." All these reputed causes have stood in the way of her appearance in pictures for which she has been announced. But at least her critics can't say that she wasn't wanted for "Love and Kisses."

* * *

PRODUCERS had better do something about voice doubling before it is too late. I take my cue from letters addressed to The Oracle, "What the Fans Think," and The Editor. Fans doubt every player who sings nowadays except topnotch warblers. Either they are openly skeptical or come right out and ask who sang for the star. Latest example is Jack Haley in "Wake Up and Live." His reputation has been impaired by the discovery that another sang "Never in a Million Years" for him. It wasn't the fan magazines that let out the secret, either, but newspaper columnists who gloated over the discovery of a rare item of inside information. They broadcast the fact more speedily than any monthly magazine could have done. This means that *every* star who sings will be doubted, and if he or she sings well the success will be discounted. Either stars should refuse to use doubles, or if a singing voice is necessary for the fullest effect of a rôle, the owner should be given credit. Then the curiosity of fans would be satisfied, the star would gain from being honest, and just so much more cynical doubt would be eradicated from public consciousness.



Photo by Len Weissman

THE whole world of fans showers joyful good wishes on Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald as the favorite bride and groom of the year—and many years! They were married June 16th at the Wilshire Methodist Episcopal Church, and received their friends under a bower of pink roses afterward.



Mr. Powell paid $25,000 for the crypt in which Miss Harlow rests, entrance to which is marked by the distant statue on the left side of the corridor. The bronze casket is sealed in the wall.



# BILL POWELL'S SPIRIT BRIDE

BY EDWIN SCHALLERT

JEAN HARLOW'S PASSING UNITED HER WITH THE MAN SHE LOVED AS SURELY AS IF THEY WERE MARRIED.

"And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nar the demans dawn under the sea,
Can ever dissever my saul fram the saul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

VERSES that Edgar Allan Pae penned ta a last romantic ideal nearly ane hundred years aga might be written again ta-day ta typify the strange lave in death af William Pawell far Jean Harlaw.

Mast curiaus af all Hallywaad elegies af devatian—and elegies af devatian are singularly rare in mavieland—is the dedicatian af an actar's sentiment in visible and spiritual farm ta a waman vanished inta anather realm.

Pae feverishly sung threnadies af sarraw ta his Leanare, his Eleanora, his Ligeia and his Ulalume; Pawell affers tribute in marble, branze, and white perpetual blassams ta the memary af a beauteaus Jean.

The spectral laves af Edgar Allan Pae find a match in the spirit bride af a madern actar. Far haw else but as a bride af the spirit ta Bill is Jean ta be considered in the light af all that happened surraunding her death, and the actians af the man by wham she was captivated, during that sadly eventful time?

Bill Pawell baught the tamb in which Jean Harlaw's bady naw lies, fallawing her passing the seventh af June. He was a braken man after her death. Na ane wha saw him at the funeral wauld ever deny that.

Eyes covered with dark glasses, hands clenched, he stumbled up the pathway that led ta the maurners' entrance to the church. On ane arm was his mather, Mrs. Nettie Pawell, and an the ather Otis Wiles, an MGM emplayee wha knaws him well. Clase behind and with Bill part af the time was Nall Gurney, agent and friend for many years.

Bill was na less affected than Jean's own mother. It seemed tao bitterly tragic to both of them—death striking at the girl whom they bath had known as "Baby," the woman who, after all, was just in her twenties, and therefore but little more than a child.

There were many unhappy rumors just before Jean's death. Gossips said she and Bill had broken up. Because Jean was seen in public with Danald Friede, the publisher—they probably were discussing a baok she had written—it was assumed that she had a new interest, a new flame.

There was gossip in one column to the effect that Bill had been at a night club the evening before Jean's death. His friends were furious at the repart. "It had absalutely no substance," they said.

One of Bill's closest assaciates told me: "I know that he hasn't had a chance to read anything like that. One af his friends has kept all newspapers from him. Thase things would hurt him deeply if he knew. Bill really regarded Jean as something sacred in his life. It was as if she were really his wife."

When Bill made the gift of the crypt in which Jean was ta repose, Mrs. Jean Bello, her mather, stated: "We appreciate Mr. Powell's farewell gesture of love, and we believe that it is anly fair to him to disclose that as a shrine for Jean he bought the raom where she will lie farever, and with us he will be enabled to visit it, knawing that in spirit she is not far away."

Right after this, twa commentators, ignoring the significance of this amazing tribute, said that while such and such might be the case, a certain white gardenia which was clasped in Jean's hand as she lay in the casket was not from Powell but fram Friede. Yet there is absolutely no question that it was Powell's last token and message to the star. I verified that. On the unsigned card were the words, "Good night, my dearest darling."

From close friends I understood at the time that Bill did not expect this to receive the notoriety of publicity. It was a thought fram him to Jean alone. Bill tendered no other floral tribute. That was his intimate one to the woman he loved.

The blanket of lilies of the valley and gardenias that cavered the casket were from Mrs. Bello and from Bill's father, William Powell, Sr., and his mother.

Jean's crypt is in the Sanctuary of Benedictian af Farest Lawn Cemetery, where many stars have found their final resting place. John Gilbert is an a hillside under a whispering pine tree. Rass Alexander is nat far away. Lon Chaney, Will Ragers, Fred Thamsan—but not Rudalph Valentino, wha lies in the Hallywaad Cemetery—are others sequestered in vaults, or whose ashes are to be found in the Glendale burying place.

Right next ta Jean's raom is that of Irving Thalberg. Norma Shearer visits it constantly, just as Marlene Dietrich even to-day keeps red roses on the Gilbert grave. Telling examples these of a fealty that goes beyond martal separation.

Jean's room, like many others, is an open one, though entrance is farbidden into the sanctuary itself. Her casket

*Continued on page 94*



William Powell, with his mother, stumbled up the pathway that led to the mourners' entrance to the church. No one who saw him would ever deny that he was a broken man.



The Wee Kirk o' the Heather was the scene of the simple Christian Science services, only the profusion of flowers scattered outside, most of them white, most of them with cards bearing only the first names of friends, indicating that Jean Harlow rested inside.




Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!



Photo by Coburn

# icture play's famous previews

N HALL AND DOROTHY LAMOUR

N "THE HURRICANE."







# CONFESSION

KAY FRANCIS, singer in a cheap café, is held for the murder of Basil Rathbone, concert pianist. Forced out of her silence, she admits the reason for her act. Once a great star, she deserted the stage to marry Ian Hunter. While he is at war, she meets the pianist who forces his attentions upon her. The husband returns, divorces her, and takes their child, who grows up to be Jane Bryan.













THE







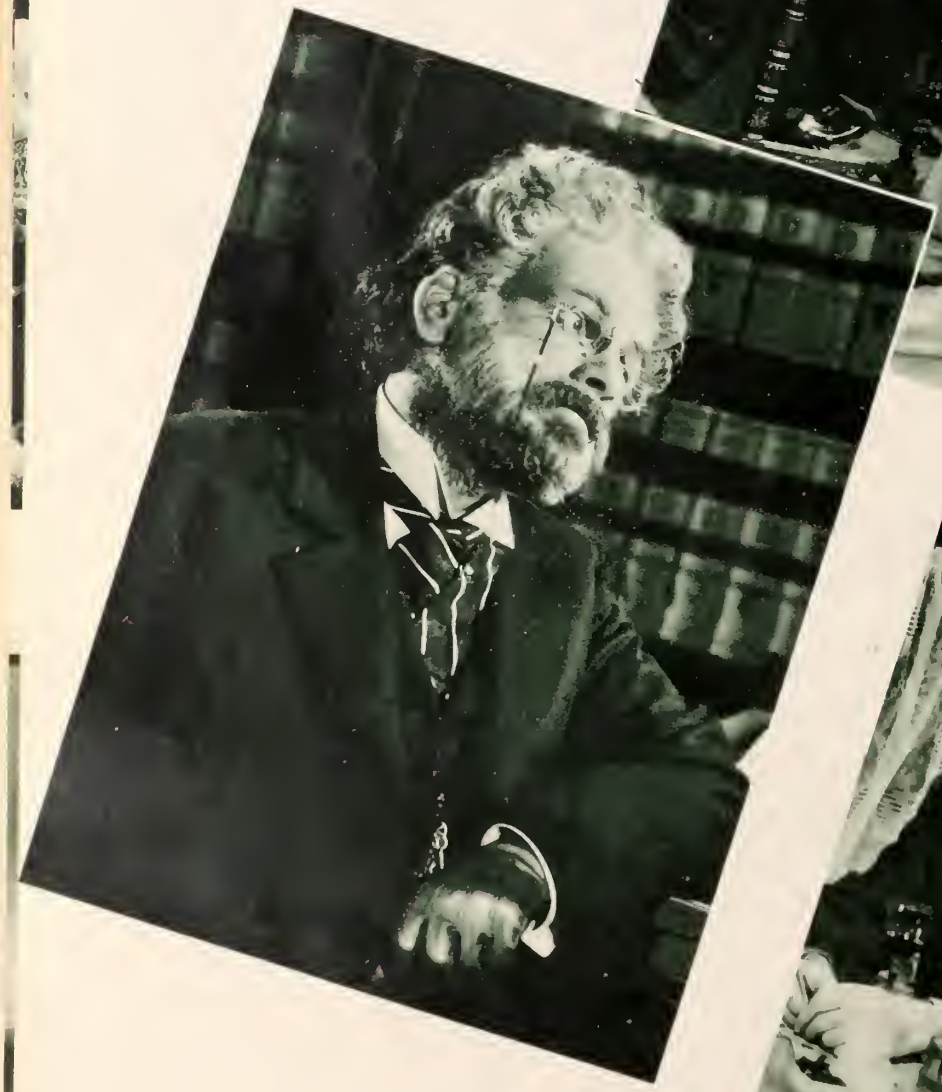
# EFIREFLY



JEANETTE MacDONALD, in her latest musical, is Spain's most popular entertainer of the early Napoleonic period. In reality she is a Spanish spy. In this Rudolf Friml operetta, she is teamed with tenor Allan Jones, a French spy posing as a wealthy young Spaniard. Outer left, "The Firefly" sings for Warren William, one of Napoleon's staff officers.













## the life of

# EMILE ZOLA

PAUL MUNI, in the title rôle, is a struggling French novelist who has a passion for truth. A woman of the streets, Erin O'Brien-Moore, with "Zola" on the left page, inspires him to write a novel which is a great success, and which saves him and his wife, Gloria Holden, above, from poverty. While trying to save the life of "Captain Alfred Dreyfus," played by Joseph Schildkraut, left, shown with his wife, Gale Sondergaard, he is himself sentenced to prison.





# WILD AND WOOLLY

JANE WITHERS continues to be a cute little troublemaker, and in this she serves to bring about a reconciliation between her grandfather and the president of the Mesa City Bank, who have been feuding for years. Top, Robert Wilcox, playboy son of a wealthy Eastern newspaper publisher, and Pauline Moore, Jane's school-teacher, plead with "Gramp Flynn," Walter Brennan, to abandon his idea for a duel. Above, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer.











MARLENE DIETRICH, wife of Herbert Marshall, English diplomat, who unthinkingly neglects her, meets Melvyn Douglas. Later the two men meet and the husband brings his new friend home to meet his wife. Forced to cancel a "second honeymoon," Miss Dietrich goes to Paris to keep a date with Mr. Douglas. Suspicious, the husband follows. There is a show-down, with a surprise ending. The butler is Ernest Cossart.

# AN





# G E L







TYRONE POWER AND SONJA HENIE IN "THIN ICE."



ALICE FAYE AND DON AMECHE IN "YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING."

# garbo



GRETA GARBO has Charles Boyer for her leading man in "Marie Walewska," the title of which is subject to change, a historical romance of Napoleon and his great love for the Polish countess. Forced to marry a royal princess for state reasons, the great man was separated from the woman he loved. Right, he and Reginald Owen, as "Talleyrand," receive some Turkish diplomats.









HENRY STEPHENSON, right, proposes to his young wife that she try to save Poland by trading on Napoleon's infatuation for her and by appealing to him. But when she realizes that she loves Napoleon for himself, and tells her husband the truth, he warns her that the emperor is doomed to fail; that he will forget her; that she could never be his wife or empress. Bottom, Boyer visits the old countess, Maria Ouspenskaya.









garbo


20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW
...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On The Avenue" ... faster 'n' funnier than "Sing, Baby, Sing" ... bigger 'n' better than "Wake Up and Live"!
'YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING'
with
ALICE FAYE
Honey lovely ... lilting to new hi-de-heights!
RITZ BROTHERS
Triple threats to gloom ... give 'em room ... give 'em room!
Don AMECHE
Your new heart-throb...now star of radio's biggest show!
CHARLES WINNINGER
Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!
LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!
RUBINOFF
and his Violin...that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!
Tony MARTIN
Romantic rave of the airwaves!
ARTHUR TREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!
Phyllis BROOKS
Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!
TIP, TAP & TOE
Rhythmic as rain on the roof!
LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
The trumpet king at his hottest!
Tyler BROOKE
Rootin', tootin' trouping!
Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL
'Afraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'
20th CENTURY FOX
THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

# The BOX OFFICE



Exhibitors say Katharine Hepburn's popularity was forced, even exaggerated.



At a standstill two years ago, Gary Cooper has shot upwards amazingly of late.



The team of Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald is tops in romance as well as charm.



Liked by you and me, Tyrone Power doesn't congest the nation's theater lobbies—yet.



Marlene Dietrich, say the exhibitors, never meant much at the box office. Just so-so.

## WHAT STARS DOES THE NATION-

WHO ore the maney stars of America as of noon ta-day?

Let's laak inta the box affices af the cauntry ta find out the real, hanest-ta-gaadness answer. The bax affices af Average Town, U. S. A., tell all the answers.

The tap flight ten favarites, os we ga ta press, turn aut ta be: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Nelsan Eddy and Jeanette MocDonald, Shirley Temple, Rabert Taylar, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Gary Caoper, Dick Pawell.

By twelve a'clock ta-morraw there may be variatians. Things happen that quickly when you're playing with that fickle thing, public favar.

MOST POPULAR STARS OF THE MOMENT ARE:

- Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers
- Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald
- Shirley Temple
- Robert Taylor
- Clark Gable
- Claudette Colbert
- Gary Cooper
- Dick Powell

Dan't think I'm guessing. In getting the facts for this stary I had, first, the help af Terry Ramsaye, who edits the chief trade publication in the mavie field, "The Matian Picture Herald." I had the benefit of his "What the Picture Did for Me" department, which studies, assimilates, and reparts the findings af the natian's exhibitors, the men wha present the pictures ta yau. Eight thousand six hundred exhibitors repart to "The Herald" and 8,600 exhibitors certainly aught ta knaw the answers. And I had the benefit af inside infarmatian at variaus film campanies. These saurces are secret, af caurse, but they are reliable, honest and, I believe, accurate.

Let me ga back ta the first ten and give yau a few details abaut them.

Rabert Taylor, of caurse, is the autstanding persanality. "Camille," which did business but was nat very papular, did nat help ar hurt him. Neither did it help Garba wha, exhibitars repart, has been away fram the screen too long. The public forgets quickly these doys. Taylor, the exhibitars say, needs madern, yaung-man staries. Nat camedies, such as "Persanal Property," in which yau laugh at him. Na, they say, he shauld have breezy, persanable yarns ta insure his papularity.

The Astoire-Rogers cambinatian is hatter than hot. Eoch new effart sets new recards. Will the plan ta feature samebady else with Fred hurt, when Ginger stars by herself? We'll see. The exhibitars are apprehensive, however.

Hat, too, is the Eddy-MacDanald team, in o different way. Theirs is the field of ramance and charm. "Naughty Marietto," "Rase-Marie," and "Maytime" were exactly right—and bax-office recards resulted.

Little Shirley Temple, poor deor, is slipping just a bit, if I may believe my reparts. Her last film wos gaad, the two before thot pretty weak. Result: The Temple stack is dawn o bit. "Wee Willie Winkie," of which there are

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

# TELLS the STORY

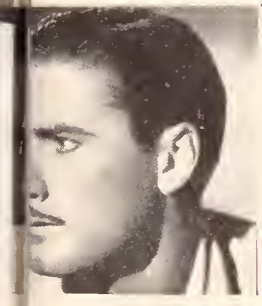
ean Arthur, in a
ot of hits, doesn't
nean a nickel at
he till. Person-
ality but no draw.



Robert Taylor is the outstanding personality in films at the present moment.



Claudette Colbert maintains steady popularity, holding sixth place just now.



Errol Flynn has been moving up all the year, his climb being steady and sure.



Clark Gable, unharmed by unpleasant publicity, is up a little if anything now.



## WIDE PUBLIC REALLY PAY TO SEE?

pleasant advance reports, may help little Shirley back again. We'll see.

Gary Cooper has climbed a lot during the year. Indeed, twa years ago exhibitors thaught he was all thraugh. He was helped greatly by both "Mr. Deeds Gaes ta Tawn" and "The Plainsman." This last vialated all advance predictions—costume Westerns were tabaa—by being an outstanding bax-affice smash.

Dick Pawell and Claudette Calbert maintain a steady pace. Clark Gable—well, up a little if anything. And, let me whisper, exhibitors are nat afraid af what his recent unpleasant caurt experiences may da to his papularity. They think it will help him, in fact.

Now let us get araund ta same af the ather autstanding stars. Joan Crawford possibly aught ta be rated amang the first-run luminaries. She has dane nothing autstanding in the last eight manths—"The Gargeaus Hussy" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" were positive blaamers—but Jaan halds her awn.

Bill Pawell has been helped a great deal by "The Great Ziegfeld," strongly received everywhere. The only camplaint about this lavish musical is that it is pretty lang for the small city and tawn theater ta handle. "My Man Gadfrey," ane af the seasan's autstanding smashes, was anather first aid ta the Pawell papularity.

Erral Flynn has been maving up all year, slow but sure. That suave camic, Robert Mantgamery, an the ather hand, has been moving dawn a bit. Which prabably accounts for his effarts ta get away fram smaath, flip camedy such as "Piccadilly Jim," with his earnest acting in "Night Must Fall."

Paul Muni stays about the same, recagnized as a goad actar but nat meaning a great deal at the bax affice. Muni's draw depends entirely upan his vehicle.

Janet Gaynar fell off definitely during the last twelve manths but "A Star Is Barn" may lift her back. One picture can change a player's whole career, either far better ar for warse, as yau knaw.

Wallace Beery is way aff, largely due ta lack af appearances an the screen. Beery does nat seem anxiaus ta wark.

Check a lot of steady pragress upward far Charles Boyer. The lad is caming along. Jean Arthur has been in a lat af hits—"Mr. Deeds," "The Plainsman," "History Is Made at Night"—yet the exhibitars say she doesn't mean a nickel at the till. A pleasant persanality but na draw.

Marlene Dietrich, say the natian's exhibitars, never meant much at the box office. She never was high in favor; she isn't naw. Just sa-sa. Dalares del Ria is way aff, almast fargatten.

The exhibitors believe that Katharine Hepburn's vague was manufactured, at least that it was exaggerated. She means little ar nathing at the bax affice and her recent excursian inta Barrie, "Quality Street," has nat helped.

Yaung Tyrane Power is a camer-upper but he daesn't cangest the natian's labbies yet. Just a nice draw—yet. But, despite what you and I may have thaught, he is no Taylor—yet.

Fred MacMurray climbed during the year. Nat a sensatianal climb but a definite one.

That casual, wah-wah singer, Bing Crasby, holds a pretty strong spat an the screen, as he daes an the radio. His films have a definite, ingratiating quality.

Irene Dunne and Myrna Loy did nice work during the past yeor but they are not great draws, by any means. Exhibitors report that fans like Miss Loy with Bill Powell. The team is a natural, they say.

Let us turn to the opera stars on the screen. Groce Moore is strong—if her picture is strong. The same goes for Lily Pons. Exhibitors report a strong draw for her "That Girl From Paris." Gladys Swarthout has had a lot of opportunity but, up to now, she hasn't londed. Her personality locks wormth, exhibitors report.

Now let's swing to pictures rather than personalities for a moment. There is a surprising trend toward Westerns. It should be noted that there has been an ostonishing revival in their popularity. The Western was pretty dead for some years. Now it's back. But the trend is toward Westerns with a background of music. Bullets ond banjos! Now the hard-riding star has to be able to strum a mean mandolin and yodel, as well as shoot from the waist.

The outstanding hit right now is an independent star, Gene Autry, featured by Republic Pictures, who can vocalize, gallop, and strum a nasty guitar. Autry had experience riding the radio waves, which appears to have helped. Anyway, he's pushing the Hoot Gibsons, the Ken Maynards, and the Buck Joneses pretty hard. Autry, let me note, is the difference between profit and loss to a lot of exhibitors right now.

Exhibitors report their troubles with "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." As a whole, America does not want Shakespeare, it would appear. With special exploitation in key spots, these films did big business. Played cold in the average theater, the result was different. Norma Shearer neither lost nor gained by her "Juliet." Sonja Henie, the ice skater, is what the exhibitors term a freak hit. She may develop into a steady pulling star. Anyway, her "One in o Million" was one of the really big smoshes of the year. This, it is pointed out, may hove been due to the nation-wide wave of interest in fancy skating and in winter sports. This vogue lasted through the cold months and carried from coast to coast. But it remains to be seen how her next picture fairs.

Maybe "One in a Million" created the vogue, moybe it happened to be swept to popularity. Anywoy, we ore in for more skating films next fall, a whole lot of them. And Sonja's next picture will tell the story os to her own popularity.

There are a score of second-flight stars—Barbora Stanwyck, Carole Lambard, Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Adolphe Menjou, Joel McCrea, Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall, Kay Froncis, Sylvia Sidney, Madge Evans. No great pull, just help. It all depends upon how good the picture is.

Luise Rainer, hit of "The Great Ziegfeld," moy mean a lot—soon. Not yet. But America was deeply impressed with her work as "Anno Held."

Fredric March, for all his big rôles, is just a moderate draw. Ronald Colman has a steady pull at the tills. He is universally liked, looked upon as a good actor. Bette Davis was off the screen too much of the year to get anything like a real rating. This is true, too, of James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. Constance Bennett has faded o great deal.

Exhibitors report a moderate but noticeable gain in Jane Withers's popularity. The country apparently likes children in films. But it won't go to see elderly women featured. At least not since Marie Dressler. Note the waning of May Robson, who looked like a real star after "Lady For a Day." Still Metro-Goldwyn is trying to produce another Dressler in Sòphie Tucker, veteran of night clubs and vaudeville.

Some of the old-timers still mean quite a bit at the box office. As, for instance, Ricardo Cortez, Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and Warner Baxter.

The comics have a tough time. Harold Lloyd still is miles out in front in this division. Bob Burns, the bazooka man, may develop along homy, close-to-the-soil comedy lines. His great radio following helps, of course. The farce comedy combination of Victor Moore-Helen Broderick has not reached the point where it has any particular box-office pull. These two experienced funmokers need material.

Boris Karloff, the horror man, has been waning ot the box office. Karloff is up against a tough proposition, getting the right sort of chill and feor stuff. Humphrey Bogart,



Robert Montgomery has been moving down, hence his shift lately to drama.



Fred MacMurray has climbed during the year, not sensationally but very definitely.



Gene Autry is the difference between profit and loss to many exhibitors to-day.



Joan Crawford holds her own in spite of having done nothing outstanding lately.



Check a lot of steady progress upward for Charles Boyer, the French star.

the expert in bad men, may go up further, although the trend seems away from the sort of story likely to make him a sensation.

Leslie Howard is appreciated as a good actor but he means little at the theater tills. Even his "Romeo" has not helped him, the exhibitors report.

Metro has a lot invested in Eleanor Powell, but so far the exhibitors report no wild stampede to see her. In a good picture, she draws. But who doesn't?

Henry Fonda, who was so potentially promising a few seasons ago, has faded away to nothing.

The exhibitors report no demand for Simone Simon. Ruby Keeler has charm and personality but there is no jam at the box office to watch her. She is, they say, just a minor help in attracting attendance.

With the hit of "Wake Up and Live," Walter Winchell, the gossip columnist, may grow into a box-office bet. Stranger things have happened on the screen.

The Marx Brothers' "A Day at the Races" was amusing, a good audience draw, but it has not raised their movie stock perceptibly. The Ritz Brothers? They help at the box office some, not a great deal. There again I am quoting the boys who own the nation's theaters and who ought to know.

Now I come to some questions the exhibitors ask themselves—and nobody seems to know the right answers. Number One: Does radio hurt a screen personality by featuring it on the air? Most exhibitors think too many air appearances hurt film stars and they are positive that their broadcasts injure theater business on the nights in question. Number Two: Does the continuous advance playing of a musical film's songs over the air hurt a picture? The vote is fifty-fifty on this. Some think it takes the edge off the musical, others that it builds interest. And who knows the right answer?

Here's another definite conclusion. Male actors wear better than female favorites. Maybe the girls show the wear and tear quicker and sharper. Anyway, this is obviously true.

Outstanding hits of the last six months? That's easy. Exhibitors' reports reveal them at a glance. Sonja Henie's "One in a Million," Bill Powell's "After the Thin Man," the Eddy-MacDonald musical, "Maytime," "History Is Made at Night," "A Star Is Born," and "Wake Up and Live." "Waikiki Wedding" was right up close to these smashes, too, and a moderately expensive Universal film, "Three Smart Girls."

Is it possible to summarize the country? Yes, in a way. In spite of various natural variations, in spite of varieties of tastes and thought, the box offices of the nation react surprisingly alike. The nation likes good drama and pleasant musicals. Just one difference may be noted. As one moves farther west, it is possible to detect a trend toward less sophistication.

The big trends can be summarized this way:

The nation isn't strong for farce comedy and hasn't been for two years or more.

It likes whimsy, as, for example, "My Man Godfrey."

It is strong for romantic musicals. Note the hit of "Maytime." And fast, topical song-and-dancicals such as "Swing Time."

It has been a man's year—and still is. Observe Robert Taylor.

The public won't go for Shakespeare.

Speculation about the top-flight stars of two years from now always is interesting. Exhibitors like to try the game, too. Glance at their reports and you will list the hot boys and girls of 1939 as something like this:

Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Bette Davis, Fernand Gravet, Deanna Durbin, Charles Boyer. An interesting six. But even an exhibitor can't tell what you will do under any given set of circumstances. Probably you can't yourself. Now be honest, can you?

**THEATER MEN SAY TOP-FLIGHT STARS TWO YEARS FROM NOW WILL BE:**

**Robert Taylor**
**Tyrone Power**
**Bette Davis**
**Fernand Gravet**
**Deanna Durbin**
**Charles Boyer**



**Dolores del Rio, with few pictures lately, is all but forgotten at the fickle box office.**

**Fredric March, for all his big, choice rôles, is just a moderate draw, it seems.**



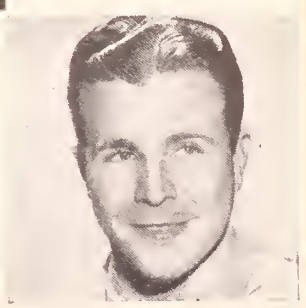
**Exhibitors say Garbo was not helped by "Camille." She was away too long.**



**Spencer Tracy, in one strong film after another, is making for the top, it appears.**



**Dick Powell dropped from sixth to eighth place since the first of January.**

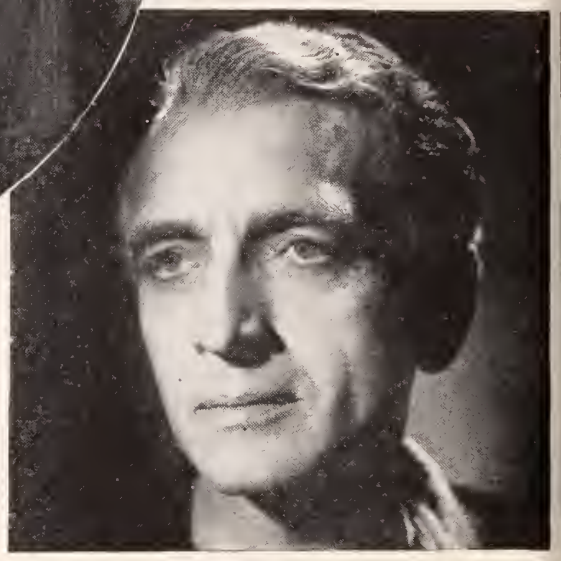


Patricia Ellis, after scores of unimportant pictures, goes to London for a big one directed by Korda.



Fritz Leiber starred at the head of his own Shakespearean company twenty-one years before entering the films.





LESSER PLAYERS ARE THE ONES WHO LEAD CHARMED LIVES OF BIG INCOMES AND LITTLE INTERFERENCE.

Well-wishers are said to have given Simone Simon copies of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" as bon voyage gifts.

# they say in

MAYBE you wont to go to Hollywood ond be o stor, but if you will toke the odvice of the stors themselves, of their lowyers, directors, ond friends in ringside seots, it is the life of o feotured ployer you should crove.

These lucky ones get their fome ond fortune in moderote doses thot con be enjoyed. No super-super income tox, no police to get them through crowds, no roce to outdo the rest of Hollywood yochts ond rocehorses ond jewels. They con weor old hots ond shoes without being occused of superstition or posing.

The supporting ployers even get more interesting ond voried rôles thon most of the stors do. It is not surprising then thot they ore o hoppy lot. Not one sod story hove I heord from the sworm of feotured ployers who hove recently blown in from Hollywood, only to be summoned right bock ogoin for more work.

This blithe crew of Morjorie Goteson, Hermon Bing, Patsy Kelly, C. Henry Gordon—thot old moster of slick villoiny—Potricio Ellis, Fritz Leiber, ond Bruce Cobot ore the ones to be envied. Never did such os Gory Cooper, Joon Crowford, Robert Toylor, or Cloudette Colbert succeed in escoping their screen selves ond enjoying o New York vocotion os these lesser lights hove.

**She's Welcome Now.**—Morjorie Goteson is enjoying every minute of on Eostern vocotion now, becouse the next one moy not be so good. Some of her Sociol Register friends moy be oghost when they see the port she ploys in "Vogues of 1938"—moy even think thot she is sotirizing them.

Miss Goteson scorned hotels in fovor of her own house in Kew Gordens. She wolks to the stotion to entroin for New York, even though the butcher, the boker, and the postmon feel o little let down thot she doesn't put on swonk. They ore stortled thot she still hos her noturol-colored, light-reddish hoir ond thot no tightly plostered permanent hos supplonted her soft, noturol curls. But they ore pleosed thot she still knows them.

Completely untheotricol in oppeoronce, weoring very little moke-up ond very subdued clothes, she is not often recognized by strongers. She wos once. Her hostess ot o

Joan Bennett will try summer stock at Dennis, Massachusetts, between picture engagements.



Marjorie Gateson finished her rôle in Kay Francis's "First Lady" before coming to New York for a vacation.

Every one likes Milton Berle—eventually—and probably you will too when you see him in his first picture, "New Faces." He's been an entertainer since he was a mere kid.





BY KAREN HOLLIS

# NEW YORK-

dinner party had the revolting ideo of taking Miss Gateson and the other guests to o neighborhood theater to see one of her own pictures, "Turn Off the Moon." A little boy came up and asked if he might sit next to her.

He was the most difficult audience she ever played to because she did not know quite what was expected of her. Every time she came on the screen, he gazed ot her expectantly. And os seeing herself on the screen causes her acute anguish, the best she could monoge wos o grim smirk. Or so she soys.

Miss Gateson never feels ot ease with o lot of women. She has no husband, no reducing diet, and no permanent wave, so she gets left out of the general conversation. Her idea of a grond Hollywood party is to go up to Ernest Cossort's house ond listen to John Gielgud's Shakespearean records. She misses the theater so when she is in Hollywood, but has found that it hosn't its old mogic for her now thot she is here.

**Girl Graduate.**—Patricio Ellis is off to London to work in a big picture for Korda and she is quite excited.

She has made so many in the last four years at Warners, following each other in such dizzy succession, sometimes overlapping, that taking time really to think about a rôle is the realization of a dreom. Not thot she is complaining. Far from it.

She figures she is a lucky girl to have been oround the theater since she was an infant—her stepfather was a theatrical producer—and fortunate to have started in "B" pictures and so many of them that if one was bad, she immediately had a chance to make a better impression. Larger than most screen ingénues, a curious mixture of girlish impulsiveness ond veteron trouper, she threatens to develop into a beauty.

**Quarter Century of Trouping.**—Recently I met, only a few hours apart, two men who had eoch rounded out twenty-five years of trouping in theater, radio, and just recently, pictures. And if you are ever so foolish as to try to ferret out one trait that successful actors have in common, I give you the extreme opposites—Fritz Leiber and Milton Berle.

*(Continued on page 86)*



# FIGHTING PAST HURTS

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

ONE notes in the public prints that the Burlingtan, Vermant, "Free Press" has isolated the "average college freshman" and has discovered that his favorite stars are W. C. Fields and Jean Arthur. Further light is thrown upan the gentleman by his choice af authars: Edgar Allan Poe and Charles Dickens. Now, in just what categary, one wonders, does this place Miss Arthur? In good campany, ta be sure. But somewhat varied.

Jean is ane of Hollywaad's mast emphatic anamalies. I met her years ago when she was playing the lead with Tam Tyler in a Western. She seemed an anomaly then. The fringed leggings, brass-studded belt and wide felt hat simply didn't belong to that slight, arragant figure. She should, ane was canvinced, be treading deep carpets through dim-lit drawing rooms, pausing ta lift a fragile teacup and to murmur a subtle line from a Philip Barry play. She didn't belong in thase raotin'-taatin' early Westerns.

It took the astute Cecil DeMille ta see, after she had had years af experience in acting, that Jean was admirably fitted to play the rootin'-tootin' "Calamity Jane" in "The Plainsman." "Calamity Jane," af caurse, was a character to titivate the imagination of any experienced actress.

It had been a lang hard pull gaining that experience and it hadn't been fun. But she was ready. You have na daubt seen that picture and you have seen her in several athers and yau know that she was ready.

But the lang hard pull had done something mare ta Jean than just ta mature her for some parts with meat in them. Mentian her at a Hollywaad gathering and people thraw up their hands, shuddering, "She's so temperamental, so difficult ta deal with! You'd think that all these years in show business would have taught her."

When you encaunter her it is different. After the first few difficult maments of trying ta establish some friendly cantact, you discaver that she has incased herself in a hard, tight little shell of defensive reserve. She is frightened. Afraid of yau, af what yau may think af her, say of her, afraid of what she may say which may be construed ta her disadvantage. She cares sa terribly abaut this budding career, she is so dreadfully ambitiaus.

After a shart time yau are sarry far her and yau want to go away and leave her in peace. Only, if yau da this too saan, she will moan afterward, "Oh, they didn't like me! What did I da that was wrong?"

Suffering thus, she has tried ta tell herself that publicity is not important, personal contacts are not impartant, that it is her perfarmance and what she puts into it which counts. But she is quite as self-conscious in her professional relatianships with directars, praducers, et cetera, as she is in these athers.

She suffers agonies of self-doubt and just plain stage fright when she must start a new picture, especially if it is at a studia which is strange to her and with peaple whom she has not met before. It sometimes takes days of patient tact on the part of the director before she can relax sufficiently ta da what is required of her.

This wasn't true when she played in Westerns and two-reel comedies. Then she had nat glimpsed the goal of being a great actress. It is excess ambition, fear af failing, which makes her self-conscious now. In casual social cantacts which have nothing ta da with her job she is at ease, gay, cordial.

In 1932 she married Frank J. Ross, Jr., of New York. The pair lead a healthy, sun-tanned, if somewhat interrupted and haphazard existence at Malibu. Their hause is sprawling and comfortable, with about an acre af living room overlooking the Pacific. There is a glass-protected patio for games and sun bathing and there are four large bedraoms.

"When people come ta see you at the beach," Jean explains, "you never know how lang they will stay."

The interior is all chintz and maple furniture and rag rugs so that it is not a serious offense if yau came in sandy and salty from the sea and sit down an samething. There are books and books and baoks. All the modern plays which have been published and nearly all the best-selling navels for years past. Jean arders best sellers in lots af twa ar three sa that she may pass them on to others.

Here she entertains withaut a trace af self-consciousness people whom she likes and trusts. These include a lot of Hallywaod's bigwigs, but almast never any ane who may have any potential influence on her career. They swim, play tennis, gather round the table games. They help themselves ta a hearty buffet supper—small steaks, cald turkey, salads, sandwiches, cheese—and then they gather raund the enormous fireplace for canversation ar more games.

On these accasions Jean wears blue denim beach pajamas and hides her bright hair under a bandanna kerchief. She laaks like a pert and very pretty "Tapsy." She laaks tinier than she really is. Actually she is a rather tall girl.

When she feels like being farmal, she is very, very formal. She will confer far haurs, far days, with her favor-



Photo by Richee

THIS CAREFUL, SENSITIVE APPRAISAL OF JEAN ARTHUR TELLS MORE ABOUT HER INNER SELF THAN ANY STORY EVER WRITTEN.



Jean Arthur has incased herself in a hard, tight little shell of defensive reserve. She is frightened. Afraid of what people may think of her, say of her. It is excess ambition, fear of failing, which makes her self-conscious. The bitterness in her soul is because of past rebuffs and failures in Hollywood.

ite designer aver the oustere evening frack she plans ta wear for same speciol accasian. It must be severely cut. It must have nat a touch af calar or garish arnoment. It must be subtly perfect af its kind, and she is willing to pay whatever she must pay far this perfection. She awns few jewels, wears them rarely and scarcely knaws the names af them. She is indifferent about furs but acquired same silver fox skins lote last winter when same ane told her "every one was wearing silver fax."

All this brings me ta her feelings abaut the theater.

The bitterness thot is in her saul, the frustration that has troubled her nerves, these things were induced by her early failures ta accamplish in pictures what she felt that she had in her to accamplish. When she returned ta New York ofter having tasted these failures, Braadway picked her up, dusted her off, as it were, and gave her a chance to prave herself in a number of successful hits. Her reverence far the theater, far all it stands far, amaunts ta a sart af mania.

Thus, when Jean gaes ta the theater she "gets all dressed up." It is a sort of hamage she poys the stage.

"I feel that I have ta plqy a stage râle once in a while," she tald me. "It doesn't matter, really, whether it's a success

*Continued on page 85*



JEAN HARLOW

# On and

**INTIMATE, REVEALING OBSERVATIONS GLEANED BY PICTURE PLAY'S UNSUNG REPORTERS WHO KNOW THEIR WAY ABOUT HOLLYWOOD AS FEW OTHERS DO.**

CLAIRE TREVOR knew thot remarks she overheord while ploying tennis were directed ot her. She was the only star present.

"It's a wonder she isn't using a dauble," said same ane. "These movie safties ore afraid ta da anything."

Shartly an unseosanable drizzle began. It made the caurts slippery, and the players skidded dangerausly. Claire visualized braken bones, castly picture delays, blame fram her employers, but kept grimly playing. It was Frank Shields ond Wilmer Hines, famaus tenniseers, wha finally cried quits. But in vain had Claire proved she wosn't o softie—her critics had fled for shelter from the misty rain.

FRANCIS LEDERER was shamelessly making lave to a pretty script girl on the set. We were abaut to call it a new romance, when the stor osked in a businesslike tane, "That's nat bad, is it? Did I amit anything?"

"I think you've gat it, Mr. Lederer! But perhaps yau shauld do it just once mare," the girl suggested.

Despite the fact it was anly a dialague rehearsol, we detected a distinct gleam of enjoyment in the girl's eyes. Lederer's fons will understond.

THE sinister-loaking bruiser at the adjaining table wos covertly watching Robert Mantgomery's every mave. His gaze was sa frawningly intent, ond the man himself appeored sa villainaus that Bob became worried.

So when the stranger abruptly started taward the stor's table Bob nerved himself for the warst.

"Pardon me, Mr. Mantgamery," the menoce said saftly. "What is that yau're eating? When I go back hame, I do wont to be oble to soy that I saw you and ate the same food you did."



CRAIG REYNOLDS



GLORIA DICKSON



WAYNE MORRIS



POLLY ROWLES

# Off the Set

KAY FRANCIS wos hoving trouble with her "r's" in same diolague af "First Lody." As she often does, she wos saunding them os "w's"—thus "outrogeous" become "outwogeous."

After she hod spailed severol tokes, she suddenly noticed the silence af the spectotors, extros, ond others on the set. Their foces were long ond sod, for they expected the ollegedly temperomental stor to blow up. Koy tilted bock her head and laughed.

"I don't core whot you people think, I think it's funny!" she soid. "The way I'm going to-doy, I'd pranaunce my awn nome Fwoncis!"

FREDRIC MARCH norrawly escaped electracutian in his own home the ather doy. He grabbed o live wire with o poir of pliers ond' gat a terrific jalt.

But, according ta his wife Flarence, thot didn't cure him af his possion far tinkering with electricol oppliances. It merely gove him on excuse to da same mare. He found thot the accident hod been caused by o servont wha hod turned on the house current ofter he hod turned it off. Sa he installed a lacked sofety switch.

MAE WEST wos stonding an a busy Hollywood corner tolking ta a friend. Her hoir wos hidden by o madish bondanno, her eyes by dork glosses.

"Y'see," Moe was soying, "in this rig nabady knaws me."

The friend loughed. "They will—befare yau get o block dawn the Baulevord," she chollenged.

Mae promptly storted wolking. And the hitherta unheeding spectotors stored. Presently she wos ot the head of o polite, unabtrusive but well-defined porade. "It's Moe West!" the whispers ran.

Which gaes to prave some one's quip, "In oll the warld na wolk like Mae's."

THE mast energetic acting ot Poramaunt is nat contributed by any af the stors but is offered doily in the commissory by Jone Weir, o minor stack octress.



MARY FRANCES GIFFORD



WARREN WILLIAM

JEANNE MADDEN





HENRY WILCOXON



ALICE FAYE



ESTHER MUIR



FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW



HARRIET HILLIARD



MYRNA LOY



GAIL SONDERGAARD

Miss Weir covers more tobles thon the heod woitress ond the ploy of emotions ocross her face as she greets acquaintonces or asks for a gloss of woter would keep Gorbo in death scenes for a year. In foct, her daily engagement would make one of the funniest shorts of the seoson.

THE Brown Derby restauronts pork their customers' cars free. It is their boost thot their boys remember every cor without the use of checks. A few doys ogo Clork Gable and Corole Lombord dined there. When they came out o new boy wos on the door. "Whot kind of cor, Mr. Gable?" he osked.

"Son," Corole drowled to Clork, "when they don't know your cor at this place you moy know you're slipping ond your next option will not be taken up."

THE biggest laugh of the month came in the Paramount publicity offices when one of the men in the deportment picked up one of Jimmie Fidler's columns ond read, "The size of Martha Raye's mouth is a trick of moke-up." We con only echo "Ho!"

ONE of the shortest engogements on record was played by Shirley Ross in "This Way, Pleose." Shirley started the picture one morning and was replaced the same night. Seems she ond Mory Livingstone, who makes her screen début in this opus, had different ideas about which was the star of the picture.

GLENDA FARRELL tells this one on herself. When she was in Italy on her recent trip she was enthrolled with the old buildings. "Only they were all in ruins," she lomented. "Beoutiful ruins but nevertheless ruins. Now," she complоined, "look ot thot lovely old thing. It's going to fall completely in a couple of years. Why don't they restore it or prop it up?"

"Lody," the guide assured her, "it's been on awfully long time falling. Thot's the Leaning Tower of Pisa."

IF you wont to know what o ployer is reolly like, osk the technicians on the set where she works. When Frances Dee was out of the cast of "Souls ot Seo" for a couple of days the boys chipped in ond sent her a huge bunch of roses. And that, my froonds, is almost without precedent.



MARJORIE LORD



GEORGE O'BRIEN



LUISE RAINER



AS Mary Pickfard left the church after the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding, she picked a rasebud fram an arbar decaratian. "Far luck," she said, prabably referring ta her own wedding ta Buddy Rogers ten days later.

A number of Jeonette's friends are af the apinion that it was a little mean af Mary ta arrange her haneymaan an the same baat Hanalulu-bound that Gene and Jeanette had planned for months ta take. But other MacDanold layalists are satisfied that Jeaner e will be able to hold the spotlight agoinst ony competition.

GERTRUDE NIESEN is daing all right if her ambitian is ta
waad's next glamour girl. Her new hame, which she "wa
with a cacktail party, is as attention-attracting as its owner.
startled the mament he enters the front door far the most p
in the entrance hall is a huge branze head af a Negra.

But Gertrude's bedroam is the thing—all in o delicate sho
blue. One entire wall is a mirrar; the Venetian blinds are m
there are a few shelves made of mirrars on which rest bot
holding perfumes. Besides a tall silver vase halding a sing
are na ather decaratians in the roam and very little furniture.

Against the huge mirror, like a jewel in a frame, is her
raund! Fully six feet in diameter and cavered with a satin s
like a huge pawder puff. She cauldn't passibly get aut af
because na one wauld ever knaw which is the right side.

ADOLPHE MENJOU made the remark uncansciausly, of c
sa typical of Hallywaad that it bears repeating. It w
Actars' Guild meetings when they were deciding whether ta
strike that Adalphe made a very neat speech and a plea
and the "little fellaw" in the acting business.

"Mast of us rose fram the extra ranks," he said, "and le
the little fellaws we used ta wark with and who used ta be au

Adolphe is one af thase peaple wha always has his hand i
help aut a little fellow, taa.

ASKED by an interviewer if his family were really early S
in Califarnia, Leo Carrilla replied: "Oh my, yes. My fa
the si, si, si camps." *(Conti*



# IN MEMORIAM

## OUR READERS PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JEAN HARLOW

LEAF shadows quivering over her breast,
Serene and aloof she is taking her rest;
Poppy blooms talk to her all the doy long,
Caught in a swirling of oriole song;
Wind harpers fingering strings of the grass
Legend and poesy breathe as they pass—
Oh, is she listening in her dark bed
Where the thick earth-sodden silence is spread?

She was an exquisite idyl of earth
Timed to quicksilver of music and mirth,
Fingers of thistledown, throat of a lark,
Feet that found wayfaring out of the dark,
And the glad eyes that no peril could school
Were moods of blue iris bent over a pool.

Haply her scintillant tresses will fly
Signals of starlight from towers of the sky,
Midsummer mornings will pulse with her song,
Noon with her womanhood valiant and strong,
And on tides of cerulean seas
Will the blithe soul of her chant its release.

Lucia Clark Markhom.

WITH the blue-green hills in the blue of the sky,
And the sun at meridian height,
She slipped off the claims which bound her ond life
To release herself into the night.

Where a deep sweet stillness in the silence of space,
Could quiet and enter her soul.
To calm and reform and fashion it there
Again to the heavenly mold.

A moment alone in thot steel-firm peoce,
A mortal, o soul or a name.
Then back into light to shine once ogoin
With the stars from whence she came.

Rector Lee.

LET her wander where the golden streams
Of joy and laughter fill her fondest dreoms,
Beyond the sorrow and the sordid pain
That filled her lovely youth
With undeserved rain.
And if these eyes of ours
Are filled with futile mist for one so young
Whose soul within her cried,
May God forgive us for the sacrifice—
Forgive us that she died.

Goodrich Bennett.

SHE was so young, so gay, so bright,
So vivid, that no stranger might,
First seeing her, escope her sway;
And now that she has slipped owoy,
One distant star is dim each night.

Our deep offection was her right;
She cheered us, made our burdens light,
Yet made her work seem just like ploy,
She was so young.

Though she is gone, upon some flight
That carries her beyond oll sight,
We who still love her won't betroy
Her memory. We'll always say
While sorrow tugs our heartstrings tight,
She was so young.

Brock Milton.



JEAN HARLOW: MARCH 3, 1911 JUNE 7, 1937



# *Thank you,* GENTLEMEN

MEN ALWAYS ARE TRYING TO DO SOMETHING NICE FOR ALICE FAYE. MANY HAVE HELPED HER ALONG THE PATH TO SUCCESS.

BY JACK SMALLEY

THERE'S something abaut Alice Faye that brings out the "Sir Galahad" in a man, and makes him feel nable just to win her shy and grateful smile. She's like the girl wha sat an the parch steps back hame, and yau rode by on your bike with hands off the handle bars ta shaw aff, and an whase daar yau hung yaur best May basket.

Then she moved away and yau grew up and married samebady else, but yau never quite fargot the girl an the parch steps. You think af her when yau see Alice Faye.

She is, in short, the girl men don't forget.

If you would know what makes her that way, and why she has so stanch an array of loyal knights to do battle for her, perhaps this story of the men in her life contains an answer.

Despite the fact that she has more than her share of feminine appeal, almost all the men who have helped her along have been just friends, so you can rule out any ulterior motives in their generous efforts. They weren't in love with her, and she wasn't in love with them, so don't expect an answer as simple as that.

Yet each man has played a vital part in her life. They mark her career as definitely as milestones on a turnpike. Remove any one of them and you have lost one of the links that hold her career together.

She started os o dancer in Chester Hale's school, a grave-faced little thing from the Bronx, forced to earn some money for the family.

"I had a terrible inferiority complex," she told me. "I still suffer from it. Mother has always been the same way. When I go into a public place and some one says 'There's Alice Faye,' I just wilt."

How she got up enough nerve to try out for the Chester Hale dance units which toured the Loew theaters, she still can't figure out. If Hale had said "Boo" to her, she'd have run and never returned. But he taught her to dance. Alice worked hard, eorned a spot in his traveling units and spent four years on the road.

Like other chorus girls, she got jobs where jobs could be found between engagements in the Hole shows. She landed in George White's "Scandals," starring Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees. After the show wos over for the evening, she could add to her small income by dashing, along with other girls in the chorus, to the Hollywood Restaurant to get into another costume ond oppear in the floor show.

But it was grueling work and it led nowhere. Alice didn't want to keep on os a chorus girl, dancing at o show and then a night club, sleeping the sleep of the exhausted all doy, and then up for the grind ogain.

"I wanted to be a singer—they seemed to have a much better future," Alice said. "And I needed more than my small salary to help the family. But I didn't know what to do about it.

"I suppose it sounds funny to say that a chorus girl is too shy to ask for a break, but that was the case with me. Rudy Vallée was the star of the show and of course our idol, but I never even dared speak to him. Yet I was sure that if I asked him how I might become a singer, he would have been glad to give me some tips.

"Rudy's attorney, Judge Bushel, was often backstage, and when he learned how ambitious I was to get a job singing, he said he'd help me. He was sure Rudy would give me an audition.

"But I wouldn't try it. The very thought sent chills up my back. Me, sing before Rudy? Impossible!"

Yet, Judge Bushel persisted, and so became the second man to play a crucial rôle in Alice's career. If Alice was too shy to try an audition, then he had the solution. She could sing in one of those voice-recording shops for two bits, and he'd play the record for Rudy.

Alice consented to this plan, singing "Mimi."

But nothing came of it—for a long while. Rudy heard the record and then apparently forgot it. The company went on the road, returned to New York and disbanded. Rudy was ready to sign a singer for his radio program when he remembered the recording, ond Judge Bushel's recommendation. He sent for Alice.

Rudy listened to her tell of her ambitions, heord her

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One man made Alice Faye into a dancer, another into a singer, and still a third into a successful movie star.

Among the men to whom Alice is grateful is Rudy Vallée, who gave her a chance to get out of the chorus.



# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT



Photo by Weissman

Hollywood has a formal wedding: From left to right, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, Helen Ferguson, Richard Hargreaves, Mrs. Warren Rock, (Jeanette's sister), Robert Marlow, (Gene's brother), Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Fay Wray, Harold Lloyd, Ginger Rogers, Warren Rock, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Mr. Brown, and Basil Rathbone.

BEAMING HAPPENINGS AND BRIGHT CAPRICES OF THE MOVIE TOWN ARE CAPTURED HERE.

NOW we knaw Hollywood's a crazy town. Or shauld one say Culver City?

The old question af what and where Hollywaad is, crapped up in recent weeks with a vengeance—reason being that the municipality knawn as Culver City wanted ta be called Hollywaad.

Culver City is where the MGM Studio is situated, as mast folks knaw, and where David Selznick, who produced "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Garden of Allah," and "A Star Is Barn," flourishes. These pictures and the MGM output certainly should entitle the town ta some sort of acclaim.

This Culver City is five ar six miles awoy from even West Hollywood, and between the two lies West Los Angeles. It's all very camplicated, ta say the least, but then the geagraphy af the movies has alwoys been crazier than the mavie colony itself.

The best remarks we heard apropas of the whale thing came fram Edward Arnold and Graucho Marx. Groucha, wha lives over Hollywaad way and warks in Culver City, said, in that daffily innacent manner af his: "I favar the name chonge. If they call Culver City Hallywaad then I'll be much nearer the studio." "Huh—just another ane of those title changes!" exclaimed Eddie Arnold.

**The Golden Baby Girl.**—Shirley Temple is naw rated the $5,000,000 baby of the movies. That's the value Darryl Zanuck recently put on this star. And he says her worth is saaring sa rapidly it will be clear out of sight in a year.

It sounds fantastic. But Zanuck, who's a pretty smart shawman as head of 20th Century-Fox, believes that Shirley is the ane child exceptian wha will graw up gracefully. He thinks the reasan is because Shirley is such a versatile young miss, and because she's being given such careful guidance by her mother.

"Wee Willie Winkie" is the picture thot is testing how much of a big-time star the little girl is. The cost was about double any previous feature, and Shirley is required to be more of an actress. "Heidi" is to be another big test.

We're impressed with one thing—and that is the sweetness and softness that Shirley is developing, olong with o peculiar and individual reserve.

She's eating yeast these days, incidentally, and soys, "Ugh! It tastes just like old nuts!"

**The Same Old Story.**—"We can't live together; con't live aport." Thot seems to be the wild hysterical cry of John ond Elaine Barrymore whose reconciliation—or are they reconciled right at this minute?—was the latest more or less authentic news about them.

Anyway, they staged a frantically enamored meeting at the railroad station when Elaine returned from a personal-appearance trip. And even Elaine's adventure into a film, titled "How to Undress in Front of Your Husbond," did not dampen the ardor of their greetings.

Lionel Barrymore, it was reported, was up in arms about that picture.

John and Elaine kissed each other for the benefit of the comeramen, and proclaimed that they were back together ogain. Divorce was only in the interlocutory stage, so no remarriage wos necessory.

One of the inducements John offered for Elaine's return was o house, procured he said in o wire, after he hod looked over every "almshouse, pothouse, smokehouse, tea-house, blank-blank house, in the Hollywood vicinity."

He telegrophed words to that effect anyhow.

**Harlow Successors.**—"The queen is dead; long live the queen!"

Once Jean Harlow was laid to rest the studios proceeded to determine who might succeed her in the pictures in work or scheduled. 20th Century-Fox replaced Jean with Alice Faye in their "In Old Chicago," while MGM made long shots for the incomplete "Saratoga" with a Harlow stand-in, Mary Dees. The work proceeded with enormous secrecy, quite typical of the plant, although almost everybody in town knew about it.

Alice was overwhelmed at the vote of confidence placed in her when she was selected for the "In Old Chicago" part. She left the executive offices of the studio drenched in teors. It was a big emotional moment for the little song-and-dance girl, who seems to be going places.

**Fields to Fight Again.**—It's of some importance, perhaps, that W. C. Fields is going to battle out the suit with the doctor, who demanded a $12,000 fee, oll over again. The initial trial was pretty much of a mess, as far as Bill was concerned, and at a time when he was just beginning his comeback, mainly through his radio work.

In the trial much to-do was made about Bill's conduct ond his alleged consumption of liquor. It looked like one of those Romon holiday celebrations, which ore so disturbing to careers.

So Bill is putting up o new fight, and moybe things will take a different course.

Incidentally, we think his friend Charlie McCarthy moy come to the rescue as a witness. Or would that be for the best?

**Romantic Contagion.**—Love is surely catching. It must be when two comics like Bob Burns and Mortho Raye are married within twenty-four hours of each other. Martha was given a great welcome home by her friends following her elopement with Homilton Westmore, often called Buddy, while Burns was showered, too, but mostly with old shoes as soon as his associates could catch up with him

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**With the enthusiasm of a novice, William Boyd smilingly prepares for his latest marriage. Grace Bradley became his fifth bride June 5th in her first matrimonial attempt.**

Photo by Wide World



**Carole Lombard and Sally Eilers share Clark Gable in ringside seats at one of those fights that the stars constantly attend. Clark's next film will be the ill-fated "Saratoga."**

Photo by Wide World





# TOUJOURS LAMOUR!

BY JULIETTE LAINE

DOROTHY LAMOUR JUST ANOTHER CINDERELLA GIRL? FIVE PICTURES IN A YEAR PROVE THAT SHE IS MORE THAN LUCKY. THIS STORY TELLS WHAT ELSE SHE HAS TO SEND HER TO THE TOP.

WE are often told that the surest way to crash Hollywood is to stay away from it.

For every celebrity who deliberately set out to become a star there are a half dozen who just drifted in by accident, or who were snatched from other fields of endeavor by talent scouts who saw their possibilities even though they themselves cherished no such daring dreams.

To this latter group belongs Dorothy Lamour, Hollywood's newest "Cinderella" girl.

She has been in the movie capital only a year, yet in that time she has made five pictures. Her very first film, "The Jungle Princess," gave her the leading rôle. Next came an important rôle in "Swing High, Swing Low," then one in "High, Wide and Handsome," and another in "The Last Train from Madrid." Without pausing for breath she topped this interesting record with the lead in "The Hurricane."

Truly, I thought, a girl who can do that well for herself must be exceptional. She'd have to be. In fact, I had already come to this conclusion during the press preview of "The Jungle Princess," when her naïve



chorm ond worm sincerity impressed us oll very forcibly. If she con do such on impossible rôle so convincingly, what would she do with o reolly good one, we wondered.

As luck would hove it, Somuel Goldwyn happened to be there, ond he wondered too; ond when Goldwyn wonders he generolly does something obout it.

"Thot girl is stor stuff," he whispered to o friend. "Poromount don't know whot they've got. I only hope I con get her before they find out!"

He could ond he did. And thot is how stors ore born.

Do you wonder thot I implored Picture Ploy's editor to let me interview her? "Very well," he replied, "but no gush! Give the girl credit, but don't let your enthusiosm run owoy with your judgment!" So, solemnly restroined ond judiciol, I sollied forth.

Our oppointment took ploce on Dorothy's very first doy on the "Hurricone" set. "And I'm oll jittery inside," she confided. "A new rôle, o new director, o new studio, ond me so terribly new myself! It's o little too much to foce colmly."

"And on interview on top of oll thot," I prompted.

"Oh, I don't mind thot," she onswered hostily, "ond besides, every one tells me you're nice to tolk to, so I'm very groteful for your interest. I know thot I reolly should be very hoppy obout it oll, becouse from the moment I first wolked through thot gote I felt on otmosphere of friendliness ond good will. Thot's just why I wont so desperotely to moke good. I wont to justify the foith every one's shown in me."

We were hoving lunch, but there wos no time for a leisurely meol, so our storlet did whot she could with o dry-looking egg-ond-tomoto sondwich ond o gloss of coco-colo between questions.

"My greotest difficulty is on inferiority complex," she went on. "It's olmost too much for me ot times ond I doubt if I'll ever outgrow it. I used to be o rodio singer, ond ot first I hod mike-fright so bodly thot it olmost mode me ill.

"Even ofter I got used to singing on the oir I still couldn't speok diologue or reod on onnouncement. I just couldn't! My knees would buckle ond my throot would tighten until I could hordly breothe.

"The some thing still hoppens when I hove to moke o screen test. I don't see how ony one survives ouditions or tests. If, in the course of o regulor performonce, one mokes o poor showing, well, it's too bod, but it isn't o motter of life ond death. But in o test every moment is precious, ond every flicker of on eyelosh counts for or ogoinst you. It's owful!"

It wos her inferiority complex thot induced her to tockle the rodio instead of moking o try for films. "It seemed eosier to foce the mike thon on oudience," she exploined. "So I begon in my home town, New Orleons. Loter I did coboret work. Hoving the oudience so close to me wosn't os bod os I expected, becouse, until they know you, people ot o night club ore primorily interested in their food ond the members of their own porty; they don't poy much attention to the performers.

"Loter I went to Hollywood for o rodio engogement, followed by one ot the Clover Club, but wholly without ony hope of picture work. It wos during my coboret engogement thot some one from the studio sow me ond osked me to moke o test for Poromount.

"I wos scored to deoth, but I tried to go through with it. The sight of both the mike ond the comero olmost

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**Dorothy is only twenty-two, a former cabaret singer too timid to try for a film opening until a test was forced upon her. She has an inferiority complex in spite of her striking appearance and apparent poise.**

**Samuel Goldwyn's choice of her for the feminine lead in "The Hurricane" is final proof that she has no standing as an amateur actress any longer. Just watch her!**



# GENTLEMAN FIREBRAND

BASIL RATHBONE, WITH HIS FIERY ENTHUSIASM, HAS THE KNACK OF ADAPTING HIMSELF TO ANY ENVIRONMENT. HE LIVES EVERY MOMENT.

BY DICK PINE



Photo by Lacy

Basil Rathbone convinces us that there are no more so-called villains or heavies on the screen.

Pictures are rapidly progressing to the point where there will be no leading man, no leading woman, no heavy, sums up the experienced Mr. Rathbone.

I WAS unfashionobly early when I arrived at Basil Rathbone's home. A servant showed me into the living room, begged my acceptance of a glass of sherry, and left me.

I sipped the wine and looked through the windows over a tree-shaded lawn. I felt that I was home in England—relaxed and placid. In foct, I was loosening a tight shoe loce when the door opened and Rathbone erupted from somewhere. "Erupted" is the word. Sports-cooted, flanneled, sunbronzed, he erupted into the room with a sort of zumph!

"Awfully sorry to keep you waiting. Hove they brought you something to drink? Ha! Sherry! Think I'll join you!"

He joined me, and we settled down—as much as one con settle down with Rathbone. From the moment he erupted, I felt a crackling in the room, something electric. It behooved your interviewer to keep on his toes. I would have felt easier could I hove reoched for my blunderbuss, broodsword, claymore, buckler, or whatnot, and shouted "S'Death" or "S'Blood," or, maybe, merely "Hola!" Not having any of these weopons of mayhem at my finger tips, or any interjections at my tongue tip, I contented myself with sipping my sherry ond complimenting him upon his gustatory eclecticism.

But, really, so help me, I seemed to see knights in shining ormor, Roman stotesmen, centurions, lictors, Montagues, Capulets, scribes, pharisees, ond even Bords of Avon floating oll over the place.

And now I'm afraid I've made him sound as though he were on uncomfortable kind of fellow with whom to pass the declining hours of daylight. He isn't ot all. I knew I was going to like him from the moment he erupted. His firm hondclosp, his warm welcome, were sufficient to warm the cockles of the heort. It was with on effort thot I reminded

*Continued on page 92*

Photo by Welbourne



# PEPPERY ALBERNI

LUIS ALBERNI, WHO STARTED OUT IN LIFE TO BE A LAWYER, AND TURNED TO ACTING, HAS BEEN BEFORE THE PUBLIC SINCE 1910. THIS TELLS ALL ABOUT HIM.





The above is a typical Luis Alberni pose as seen in a recent picture. His latest is "Easy Living," for Paramount.

The ultimate goal of this fine actor is that of director of Spanish pictures.

BY ALYCE SHUPPER

LUIS ALBERNI is anather af thase Hallywaad paradaxes. He was barn in Spain, yet he has played every ather Latin persanality an the screen except a Spaniard. His specialty is, af caurse, pravaking laughs and relieving the tensian af meladramatic maments between Grace Maare's sangs as an Italian camic. He has appeared in all her pictures except, as he says:

"The 'stinkarala' she made with Franchat Tane called 'The King Steps Out'."

But that is getting ahead af my stary.

In a little Hallywaad delicatessen where I had stapped far a hurried sandwich, I saw Luis Alberni lunching with his agent. I sent a nate asking him where I might call ta make an appaintment ta interview him. Upan the same scrap af paper he wrate "Came and get it." Sa, taking the bull by the harns, I went aver.

I learned he was preparing far a trip ta Palm Springs before stepping inta a new picture, "Easy Living," with Edward Arnald, Jean Arthur, and Ray Milland.

He was barn in Barcelana, where his parents are still living—he hapes! In these days af stress, strife, and civil war, nabady can be certain ar find aut actually what is gaing an in the ance ramantic land af guitars, caballeras, and señaritas behind their wraught-iran balcanies.

"I dan't understand why everybady thinks I am Italian," he camplains. "Except maybe an accaunt af my accent. The anly whiff af Italy I ever had was a French sweetheart in Paris wha spake Italian."

The san af a civil magistrate, yaung Luis was destined ta fallaw the paternal faatsteps with law as a career, until he rebelled—perhaps in the madern Spanish manner—jained a circus and traveled all aver Eurape as a clawn.

"Twa years later, hawever," he recalled, "I went hame dragging my tail behind me and almast became recanciled to a legal career. At least I attended classes at the University af Barcelana. That seemed ta satisfy everybady far a while.

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# THUMBNAIL



"Knight Without Armor."



"The Road Back."

"Knight Without Armor."—United Artists. Marlene Dietrich went to England to act with the spirited Robert Donat, gaining great financial reward thereby; but she is the same Dietrich though this picture is a one hundred per cent more worth while than most of her Hollywood ventures. The question is, however, not what does she give to it but what does she take away. She smiles, she swoons, she bathes in a tub and in a forest pool, but no feeling comes from within. All of which is by way of saying that she is, to me, one of the most uninteresting actresses I have ever seen and holds the title of the highest paid manikin in the world in my catalogue. Mr. Donat is, as every one knows, one of the screen's distinguished young actors. He can catch a mood and sustain it as few can. Minus the least tinge of theatricality, he is never the cinema hero but always first an artist who never permits personality to stand in the way of achieving character. He and Miss Dietrich are involved in a complicated story of the revolution in Russia, she an aristocrat, he an Englishman who joins the secret service of his country to spy on the Reds. Once he and Miss Dietrich are brought together, they go through a long series of adventures, pursued, captured, outwitting and escaping the enemy. They are colorful adventures, some of them exciting and all are staged with imagination, tenseness and rich pictorial effect. But somehow the picture doesn't seem as important as it was meant to be. A young man named John Clements suddenly appears late in the story and lifts it high with his arresting speech and countenance in a brief encounter with Miss Dietrich and Mr. Donat. He is called *Poushkoff;* he knows Miss Dietrich is an aristocrat and kills himself rather than betray her. Watch for Mr. Clements. He dominates an episode that becomes the best in a long picture.

"The Road Back."—Universal. Disappointment must be felt by all who have read the corrosive book from which this picture was made, and disappointment of another kind will come to those who have not. The second group will, I fear, dismiss it as just another war film. The others will wax bitter about what has happened in the transition from print to the screen. Yet, there is much that is fine and splendid about it; much that shows the superior mind of the director, James Whale, and the acute writing of R. C. Sheriff, author of "Journey's End," who is credited with this adaptation of Erich Maria Remarque's novel. It would seem that a stronger will than theirs dictated changes which turn out to be losses. In short, the despairing story of the aftermath of war has been jazzed up with horseplay and slapstick in an effort, I suppose, to make it "popular" and "human" and "box office." The result is upsetting because it distorts the main issue, weakens the power of the theme and hardly makes filming the book worth while. On the other hand, if picturized with scrupulous fidelity to the original, it is likely that only the critics would have applauded it. For it is a realistic, depressing, hopeless story, a terrible indictment of war from the standpoint of the living dead and their ruined lives. We stand beside a group of German soldiers when the armistice is signed and they return home for their long, painful and futile attempt to adjust themselves to a strange, new life that they do not know. In every instance the acting is first class.

"Mountain Music."—Paramount. Lovers of "art" films will not like this, but larger audiences will go for it in a big way. They have already done so, and I am with them. Bob Burns and Martha Raye may not be virtuosi when it

"Mountain Music."



"Parnell."



# REVIEWS

Norbert LUSK



"The Singing Marine."



"Slave Ship."

comes to acting, but they have a warmly likable quality that establishes them as human beings with a strong individuality. I consider Mr. Burns unusually talented. Apart from his easy-going, homy personality, rustic wit and unself-consciousness, he is possessed of a kind of talent not shared by every eminent actor. It shows in his sense of emphasis in speech. He knows exactly how to give the proper value to every word, every syllable even. His sense of timing is unusual, too. Seeming just to drawl, he is alertly aware of the value of every line and gets everything out of it. He and Miss Raye are teamed in a hodgepodge of nonsense that is never dull and often is very funny. Mr. Burns is a hill-billy idler about to be forced into marriage with a girl he doesn't love in order to stop a feud. So he runs away and meets Miss Raye, an amateur actress in a small town who is twitted by her rivals because she has no beau. Preposterous complications follow. They wouldn't make sense if described, but they do make good fun of a kind.

"Parnell."—MGM. It is strange and sad to find Clark Gable so miscast in the title rôle of this ambitious picture that he is not only a personal loss but a handicap to the film. He never suggests either the fiery patriot that was Charles Stewart Parnell or the impulsive lover that the story insists he is. Always he is the carefully tailored star who wears sideburns as a concession to the period—never the beard that the Irishman wore in real life—and stops his characterization right there. Mr. Gable is reserved on the surface but swings his arms in a jaunty Hollywood walk when he gets a chance. More grievous is his apparent insensibility to the speeches of the character. They are beautifully written, but he just skims over them. All in all, I cannot remember an important rôle so eluding a leading actor. However, the picture is no great shakes, either, for all its pretensions. Interesting, not gripping; unemotional when it should be poignant. It would seem that the stage play, combined with additional documentation in the case of Parnell and Kitty O'Shea, was not the stuff that good movie biographies are made of. I felt no sympathy for either and thought they brought on themselves all that happened to frustrate their overrated love. In fact, I thought that the husband of Mrs. O'Shea had good cause to act the villain of the piece, probably because Alan Marshal in this ungrateful rôle was so much more interesting than Mr. Gable as the nominal hero. Anyway, the story as we see it here is about Parnell's championship of the Irish people and his fight for home rule, with Mrs. O'Shea cheering him from the side lines and taking him into her home for months to cheer him some more. Myrna Loy is graciously feminine as the doubtful Mrs. O'Shea but the part is secondary and monotonous. It is the minor characters that stimulate the spectator when he tires of the leading ones.

"The Singing Marine."—Warners. Dick Powell's new picture is pleasant run-of-the-mill stuff, a picture that one cannot become enthusiastic about nor can one get mad at. Like most long films, it has good moments and undoubtedly will please all who are attracted to it. But it certainly is slight and at times silly. Mr. Powell is a bashful marine whose mates contribute two dollars each to defray his expenses by bus to New York and a tryout on an amateur radio hour. He is a colossal success, is taken in hand by agents and dubbed "The Singing Marine." Immediately his head is turned by popularity

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"Another Dawn."



"Ever Since Eve."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR"**—United Artists. From the novel by James Hilton. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Jacques Feyder.

CAST:

Countess Alexandra.....Marlene Dietrich
A. J. Fothergill.....Robert Donat
Duchess.....Irene Vanbrugh
Vladinoff.....Herbert Lomas
Colonel Adraxine.....Austin Trevor
Axelsteiu.....Basil Gill
Maronin.....David Tree
Poushkoff.....John Clements
Stanfield.....Frederick Culley
Forrester.....Lawrence Hanray
Maid.....Dorice Fordred
Tomsky.....Franklin Kelsey
Commissar.....Lawrence Kingston
Station master.....Hay Petrie
Drunken commissar.....Miles Malleson
White general.....Allan Jeayes
Bargee.....Lyn Harding
White officer.....Raymond Huntley

**"THE ROAD BACK"**—Universal. Screen play by Robert C. Sheriff and Charles Kenyon. From the novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Directed by James Whale.

CAST:

Ernst.....John King
Ludwig.....Richard Cromwell
Tjaden.....Slim Summerville
Willy.....Andy Devine
Lucy.....Barbara Read
Angelina.....Louise Fazenda
Wessling.....Noah Beery, Jr.
Albert.....Maurice Murphy
Von Hagen.....John Emery
Mayor.....Etienne Girardot
Prosecutor.....Lionel Atwill
Bethke.....Henry Hunter
Weil.....Larry Blake
Giesicke.....Gene Garrick
Maria.....Greta Gynte
Ernst's mother.....Spring Byington
Ernst's father.....Frank Reicher
Heinrich.....Arthur Hohl
Bartscher.....William B. Davidson
Mr. Markheim.....Al Shean
Principal.....Edwin Maxwell
Defense attorney.....Samuel S. Hinds
Judge.....Robert Warwick
Elsa.....Jean Rouverol

**"EVER SINCE EVE"** Warners. Original story by Gene Baker and Margaret Lee. Screen play by Lawrence Riley and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

CAST:

Marge Winton.....Marion Davies
Freddy Matthews.....Robert Montgomery
Sadie Day.....Patsy Kelly
"Mabel" de Craven.....Frank McHugh
Camille Lansing.....Marcia Ralston
Jake Edgall.....Allen Jenkins
Al.....Barton MacLane
Alonzo.....Frederick Clark
President of Purity League...Harry Hayden
Abbie Belldon.....Louise Fazenda
Lowell.....John T. Murray
Barton.....Pierre Watkin
Henderson.....William Davidson
Bell boy.....Charley Foy

**"MOUNTAIN MUSIC"** Paramount. Based on a story by MacKinley Kantor. Screen play by John C. Moffitt, Duke Atteberry, Russel Crouse, and Charles Lederer. Directed by Robert Florey.

CAST:

Bob Burnside.....Bob Burns
Mary Beamish.....Martha Raye
Ardinger.....John Howard
Lobelia.....Terry Walker
Ham.....Rufe Davis
Grandpappy.....George Hayes
Justice Sharody.....Spencer Charters
Shep.....Charles Timblin
Ma.....Jan Duggan
Pappy.....Olin Howland
Amos.....Fuzzy Knight
Odette Potts.....Wally Vernon
Medicine show doctor.....Cliff Clark
Alice.....Goodee Montgomery
Mrs. Lovelace.....Rita LaRoy

**"THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR"**—MGM. Screen play by Marion Parsonnet. From the play by Bayard Veiller. Directed by George B. Seitz.

CAST:

Madame Rosalie La Grange.....Dame May Whitty
Nell O'Neill.....Madge Evans
Inspector Marney.....Lewis Stone
Helen Trent.....Elissa Landi
Dick Crosby.....Thomas Beck
John Wales.....Henry Daniell
Lady Crosby.....Janet Beecher
Lionel Trent.....Ralph Forbes
Sir Roscoe Crosby.....Holmes Herbert
Mary Eastwood.....Heather Thatcher
Commissioner Grimshaw....Matthew Boulton
Doctor Mason.....Charles Trowbridge
Stanby.....Robert Coote
Miss Stanby.....Elsa Buchanan
Professor Feringeea.....Lal Chand Mehra
Constable.....Neil Fitzgerald
Chotee.....Louis Vincenot

**"LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID"**—Paramount. Screen play by Louis Stevens and Robert Wyler. Based on a story by Paul Hervey Fox and Elsie Fox. Directed by James Hogan.

CAST:

Bill Dexter.....Lew Ayres
Carmelita Castillo.....Dorothy Lamour
Eduardo De Soto.....Gilbert Roland
Commandante.....Lionel Atwill
Baroness.....Karen Morley
Helena.....Helen Mack
Juan Sanchez.....Robert Cummings
Maria Ferrar.....Olympe Bradna
Captain Alvarez.....Anthony Quinn
Michael Balk.....Lee Bowman

**"SLAVE SHIP"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti, and Gladys Lehman. Story by William Faulkner. Based on a novel by George S. King. Directed by Tay Garnett.

CAST:

Jim Lovett.....Warner Baxter
Jack Thompson.....Wallace Beery
Nancy Marlowe.....Elizabeth Allan
"Swifty".....Mickey Rooney
"Lefty".....George Sanders
Mrs. Marlowe.....Jane Darwell
Danelo.....Joseph Schildkraut
Grimes.....Arthur Hohl
Mabel.....Minna Gombell
Atkins.....Billy Bevan
"Scraps".....Francis Ford
Proprietor.....J. Farrell MacDonald
Drunk.....Paul Hurst
Commander.....Holmes Herbert
Auctioneer.....Edwin Maxwell
Corey.....Miles Mander
Boy.....Douglas Scott
Ma Belcher.....Jane Jones
Helmsman.....James P. McGowan
Snodgrass.....De Witt Jennings
Blonde.....Dorothy Christy

**"ANOTHER DAWN"**—Warners. From a screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by William Dieterle.

CAST:

Julia Ashton.....Kay Francis
Captain Denny Roark.....Errol Flynn
Colonel Wister.....Ian Hunter
Grace Roark.....Frieda Inescort
Wilkins.....Herbert Mundin
Lord Alden.....G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Hawkins.....Billy Bevan
Sergeant Murphy.....Clyde Cook
Henderson.....Richard Powell
Sir Charles Benton.....Kenneth Hunter
Mrs. Benton.....Mary Forbes
Mrs. Farnold.....Eily Malyon
Yeoman.....Charles Austin
Butler.....Joseph Tozer
Mr. Romkoff.....Ben Welden
Fromby.....Spencer Teakle
Campbell.....David Clyde
Kelly.....Charles Irwin
Wireless operator.....Reginald Sheffield
Ali.....Martin Garralaga
Achaben.....George Regas
Lang.....Jack Richardson
Glass.....Edward Dew
Lloyd.....R. M. Simpson

**"PARNELL"**—MGM. Screen play by John Van Druten and S. N. Behrman. From the play by Elsie T. Schauffler. Directed by John M. Stahl.

CAST:

Parnell.....Clark Gable
Katie.....Myrna Loy
Aunt Ben.....Edna May Oliver
Campbell.....Edmund Gwenn
Willie.....Alan Marshal
Davitt.....Donald Crisp
Clara.....Billie Burke
The O'Gorman Mahon.....Berton Churchill
Murphy.....Donald Meek
Gladstone.....Montagu Love
Healy.....Byron Russell
Redmond.....Brandon Tynan
Nora.....Phyllis Coghlan
Pigott.....Neil Fitzgerald
Sir Charles Russell.....George Zucco
Young O'Brien.....Pat Moriarity

**"A DAY AT THE RACES"**—MGM. Screen play by Robert Pirosh, George Seaton, and George Oppenheimer. Original story by Mr. Pirosh and Mr. Seaton. Directed by Sam Wood.

CAST:

Doctor Hackenbush.....Groucho Marx
Tony.....Chico Marx
"Stuffy".....Harpo Marx
Gil.....Allan Jones
Judy.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Mrs. Upjohn.....Margaret Dumont
Whitmore.....Leonard Ceeley
Morgan.....Douglas Dumbrille
"Flo".....Esther Muir
Doctor Steinberg.....Sig Rumann
Sheriff.....Robert Middleman

With Vivien Fay, Ivie Anderson, and The Crinoline Choir.

**"THE SINGING MARINE"**—Warners. Story by Delmer Daves. Directed by Ray Enright.

CAST:

Bob Brent.....Dick Powell
Peggy Randall.....Doris Weston
"Slim" Baxter.....Lee Dixon
Aeneas Phinney.....Hugh Herbert
Ma Marine.....Jane Darwell
Sergeant Mike.....Allen Jenkins
"Doc" Rockwell.....George "Doc" Rockwell
Fanny Hatteras.....Rose King
Helen Young.....Marcia Ralston
"Dopey".....Guinn Williams
Diane.....Veda Ann Borg
Joan.....Jane Wyman
J. Montgomery Madison....Berton Churchill
Sam.....Eddie Acuff
Larry Adler.....Larry Adler
Captain Skinner.....Robert Barratt
Mr. Fowler.....Addison Richards
Sammy.....James Robbins
Ah Ling.....Miki Morita
General.....Pierre Watkin
1st Marine Sergeant.....Harry Wood
2nd Marine Sergeant.....Edward Chandler
Chang.....Tetsu Komai

**"I MET HIM IN PARIS"**—Paramount. Original story by Helen Meinardi. Screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

CAST:

Kay Denham.....Claudette Colbert
George Potter.....Melvyn Douglas
Gene Anders.....Robert Young
Helen Anders.....Mona Barrie
Cutter driver.....George Davis
Hadley.....Alexander Cross
Berk Sutter.....Lee Bowman
Romantic waiter.....Rudolph Amendt
Upper tower man.....Egon Brecher
Lower tower man.....Hans Joby
Hotel clerks.....Fritz Feld, George Sorrel, Arthur Hurni

**"RIDING ON AIR"**—RKO. Screen play by Richard Flournoy and Richard Macaulay. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

CAST:

Elmer Lane.....Joe E. Brown
"Doc" Waddington.....Guy Kibbee
Betty Harrison.....Florence Rice
Harvey Schumann.....Vinton Haworth
Bill Hilton.....Anthony Nace
Mr. Harrison.....Harlan Briggs
Mr. Byrd.....Andrew Tombes
The sheriff.....Clem Bevans

*Continued from page 55*

porolyzed me. I forgot my lines. I forgot everything I'd been told. I—I—oh, I must have been terrible! I still turn cold when I think of it.

"When it was over no one soid very much. Just the usual 'thank you, nice to have met you, g'by.' A few days loter, having hod no word from the studio, I took a train to Denver. 'Good-by, Hollywood,' I murmured. 'I'll never see you again!'

"My husband is an orchestro leader, Herb Kaye, ond he was working in Denver at the time. I felt so bad obout my test that I didn't even tell him about it. Then, just three days later, there came a telegram from Paramount asking me to come back.

"At first I couldn't believe it. I thought it was a gag. But it wasn't. And the moment I got back they put me into 'The Jungle Princess.' I should have been flattered, but that old inferiority complex was back on the job, stronger than ever.

"You see, if I had worked my way up by bits, or even extra work, it wouldn't have seemed so bad, but I had never read lines at all. I hod never even appeared in amoteur theatricals. I was almost ill over it. To think that the chance of a lifetime had come my woy, and that I might so easily bungle it!" She paused ond sighed deeply. "I got by, yes, but no one will ever know what mentol torture I suffered.

"I don't want to sound smug, but I've olways hod a great respect for acting. In music, painting, or sculpture no one expects to moke o career without lengthy and thorough preparation; and I think it should be that woy with acting. I even think that film acting should be finer than stage acting, if only because more people see it and are influenced by it.

"If I had it to do over again I would go into some good stock company or little theater group; I think thot would be fine. Bluff may carry some people through thick ond thin, but I'd rather rest on something more substantiol."

"Then you think luck was the principal factor in your success?" I asked.

"Yes, or moybe we should call it fate. I believe in destiny. Don't you? All about us we see people with apparently every qualification for success, yet the years pass without their getting anywhere. Why? Others who seem to have no qualifications at all, not even tenacity of purpose, are pushed into things, molded, groomed, helped in every way. Again, why? There must be a great unknowoble purpose back of it oll. It can't be just mere chance. Thot would be too unfair. Too cruel."

When o player is as young as Dorothy Lamour—she is twenty-two—there aren't many questions one con ask.

Questions of a romantic nature she dismisses with a smile and the simple: "I've been married, happily, for two years." She's a serious little "Cinderella" and one feels intuitively that life has not always been as pleasant or as sweet os it is just now.

Tragedy, too, has already touched her and left its scar. She speaks briefly of Dorothy Dell, her school chum, whose life was snuffed out in an automobile crash a few yeors ago. "We grew up together, went into beauty contests together, made such plons and dreamed such dreams together. I still can't believe it. It doesn't seem possible. I come across her pictures and little things she gave me—and—and—— Then, right on top of that, I lost my father. He was killed in an airplane crash. I wish——"

The soft Southern voice trails off. The wish is unspoken. But the tenderness in eyes and voice promises much for the rôle of "Marama."



**Barbara Stanwyck, in this scene from her latest picture, "Stella Dallas," bedecks herself in her idea of the proper finery for a smart vacation resort.**

# Thank You, Gentlemen

*Continued from page 51*

sing, and reacted quite in the accepted fashion of men who take a look at Alice Faye. He wanted to help her.

So began a new phase in Alice's career. Instead of dancing, she was at last a singer, but that didn't mean all was now beer and skittles. It was even harder work than before. Rudy took his company on the road, playing one-night stands. Often they had to pack up after a performance and drive half the night to reach the next town.

But Rudy had changed the whole course of her future, just the same. And, through no fault of his own, he nearly ended it, too.

They played Atlantic City one night late in the fall, and, after the show, started for Virginia Beach, Virginia. A cold, drizzling rain had set in, and the roads were bad. Rudy, Alice, and three members of the orchestra were in one of the cars. Rudy was driving.

Making a turn, the car skidded and crashed into a ditch. Alice was thrown out of the car and over a fence. When they reached her she was unconscious, with a terrible gash across her face.

That accident nearly finished Alice's career. Rudy felt terrible about it, of course, but he had to go on with the orchestra and Alice was left behind in a hospital.

"That was the darkest time of my life," she told me. "A girl in show business is out of luck with a disfigured face. I thought I was through, washed up."

But Rudy cheered her up, and when the radio fans heard about the accident, messages of friendship poured in. Clever surgeons repaired the damage. She had to change the make-up of her eyebrows, but if anything she looked prettier than before.

When Rudy and his Yankees went to Hollywood to appear in the "Scandals" picture, Alice Faye was with them. They figured it would take about six weeks to wind up the job, and then they'd return to New York and go on with the band.

That's what Alice would have done—except that another man stepped into the picture and changed everything.

Winfield Sheehan was then boss of the Fox Studio, and had assigned Lilian Harvey to play the lead in "Scandals." But a series of disappointments had changed Lilian's mind about making pictures in Hollywood, and making them for Fox in particular. She tossed that pretty head of hers and walked out on Sheehan.

In desperation he scanned the Hollywood horizon for a singer, happened to glance at Alice Faye—and to her complete astonishment and considerable dismay, he told her he was going to make a star of her.

She had been in town only three days. She was unknown to films. And she was expected to take the place of the then well-known Harvey!

For a girl with an inferiority complex the size of Alice's, this was overwhelming. Even for Hollywood, the whole affair sounds too bizarre for belief.

One man had made her into a dancer, another into a singer, and a third was now turning her into a movie star. Still in a daze, Alice signed a contract.

Maybe Winnie Sheehan made this generous gesture partly to show Miss Harvey what he thought of her, but that's too far-fetched in spite of what gossips said at the time. A producer doesn't toss a million-dollar picture into the lap of an unknown girl just because he's peeved. He saw that Alice had something about her that people liked. He gambled that she could exert that same magnetism on the screen. And he won.

Alice made more pictures, and starred in the second "Scandals" the following year.

When Sheehan left the studio and it became 20th Century-Fox, with Darryl Zanuck the new chief, Alice was for a time neglected. There was no reason why Zanuck should push a girl discovered by Sheehan. Yet he did.

He talked her into taking a spot in "On the Avenue" which didn't appeal to Alice, and she was a hit. Many say she stole the show from Madeleine Carroll.

Ever since Alice was in the line-up of the chorus in the "Scandals" in New York, Walter Winchell has been her friend and constant booster.

When Zanuck signed him and Ben Bernie for "Wake Up and Live," Winchell said he wanted Alice Faye for the feminine lead.

"I didn't expect to get any notices from my performance in that picture," Alice told me. "It was an unexpected success, and I'm not fooling. I didn't think they'd have any room left in the reviews to mention me after giving credit to Winchell, Bernie, and Jack Haley, yet the critics handed me some lovely bouquets.

"People are nice to me for no particular reason. I don't know why. I don't think I'm pretty, and I make awful faces when I sing. Oh, don't try to deny it! And yet, I do have a lot of faithful boosters. Walter Winchell has always put in a good word for me. He sort of regards me as one of the old Broadway bunch, the 52nd Street fraternity, you might call it. He always warns us: 'Don't tell me anything you don't want published,' which is fair enough.

"Buddy De Sylva should be added to the list of men who seem to belong to the Help Alice Faye Club. He has always wanted me in his pictures, and to have a famous song composer and movie producer put in a boost certainly helps. He has arranged for me to play the lead in 'Young Man's Fancy' which will be a big Universal musical.

"I'm grateful to all of them, to Rudy who gave me a chance to get out of the chorus, to Mr. Zanuck for the way he has built me up as an actress, refusing to shove me along too fast and always giving me well-chosen rôles,



**It's doubtful if there's a muscle in vivacious Dorothy Moore's body that isn't limber, and she intends to keep them that way. Try this yourself!**

ond to oll the others. I don't know why they're so nice to me, but they are, ond I'm groteful."

It's thot very quolity which mokes you wont to do things for Alice. She is appreciotive. She doesn't oct os though oll men should just noturolly wont to do her fovors. Agoin, thot shyness of hers brings out the protective instinct in men. By noture it's impossible for her to thrust herself forword. Men either don't like or ore ofroid of oggressive women. They much prefer to be gollont to girls like Alice, ond honestly enjoy bosking in her groteful smile.

I've mentioned the importont men in her life: Hole, for her doncing coreer, Rudy for her singing, Sheehon ond Zonuck for her movie coreer, Winchell for giving her generous publiciy.

There's still o very importont mon to odd to the list: Tony Mortin—for romonce.

For her birthdoy he gave her o lovely wotch. So did Normon Tourog, so did Bill Robinson, the doncer. For three doys Alice hod been shooting o scene with Don Ameche in which they stowed owoy spoghetti. Even Don, who loves spoghetti, wos getting tired of it.

And then the entire cost gothered oround Alice on her birthdoy, onnounced they were going to serve lunch ond hove o porty, ond brought in—spoghetti! Along with it wos o funny little coke lobelled "Hoppy Birthdoy." Every one yelled "Speech, speech!"

Alice stood up ond stuttered out her thonks, poinfully emborrossed by oll this ottention. Then she put her hond on the coke, which she thought wos o phony mode from ploster, ond to her horror she felt it give woy ond squish between her fingers. Thot mode every one howl with loughter, ond Alice sot down covered with confusion ond frosting.

Which of the three wotches she got for her birthdoy is the one she likes best, Alice won't say. But I rother suspect the one from Tony Mortin is her fovorite, for obvious reosons.

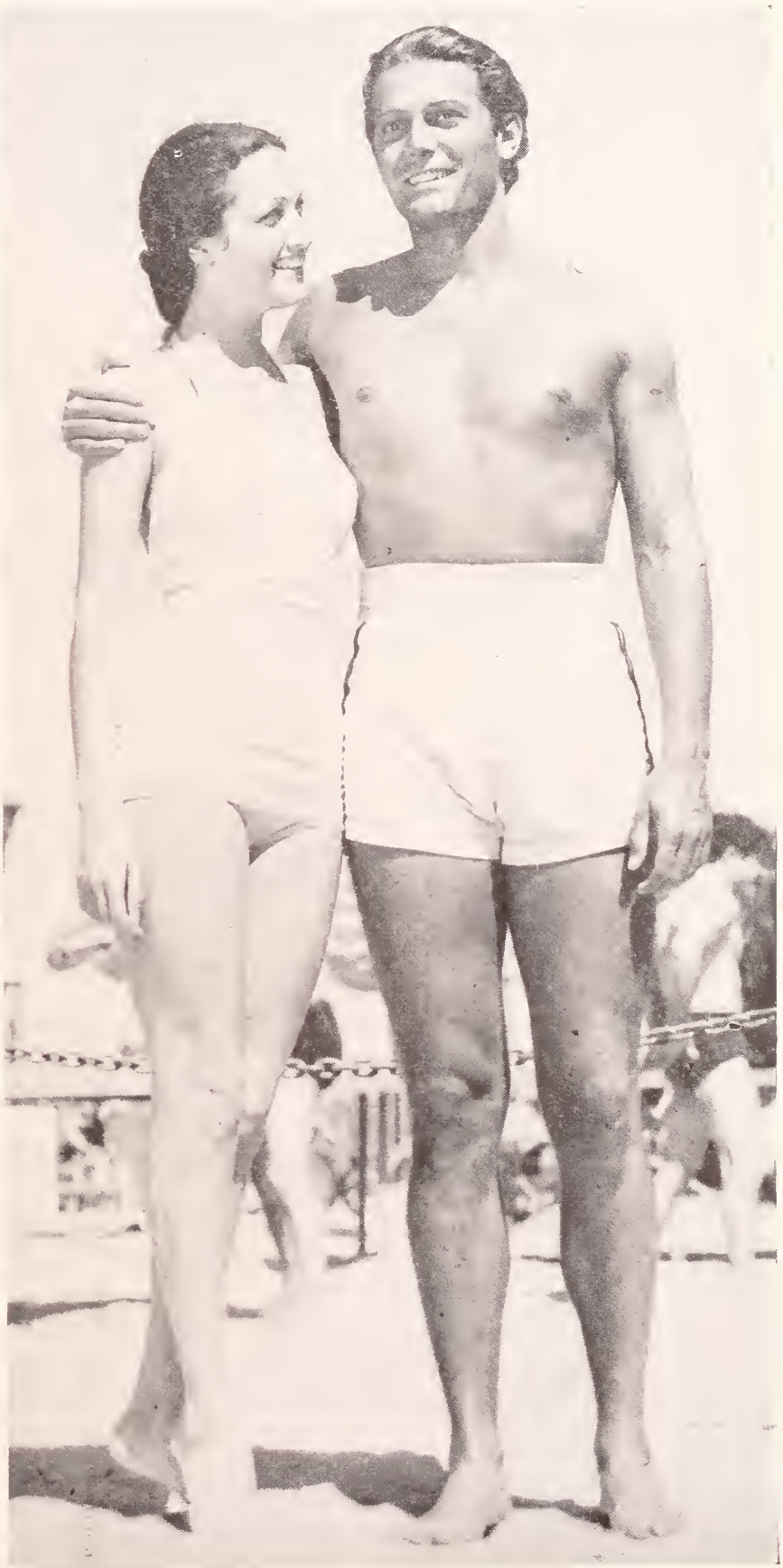
The handsome octor-singer is heod mon omong oll the men in her life.

As to whether they'll morry, it's too soon to decide thot.

"I've no intention ot the moment of getting morried," Alice told me, "but thot's oll I con soy. Those things just hoppen, you know."

Whether morrioge will hoppen to Alice Foye remoins to be seen. Would morrioge dim the enthusiosm of the mole members of the Help Alice Foye Club? Not o bit of it.

Men olwoys ore trying to do something nice for Alice, ond they olwoys will. Thot's why I'm writing o story obout her. I'd like to be o member, too!



Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall were ordered to stay out in the sunshine to acquire tan for their rôles as native South Sea Islanders in "The Hurricane."

# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 47*

EARLY one Sunday morning recently we naticed a great crawd af youngsters surraunding the merry-ga-round at Santa Monica. There was an undercurrent of excitement not usually braught farth by watching ane small curly-headed girl and twa men riding the waaden horses. The thing stapped and the small girl, seeing the dazens of eager faces watching her, whispered to ane af the men wha called the ticket vender aver and bought tickets far every kid there.

Yes, it was Shirley Temple, trying to get away fram it all.

BING CROSBY won't like to see this in print, but when he walked into the mail room at the studia one morning with a huge bundle under his arm, your snooping reparter happened to be there.

It seems he had received a letter fram a man who was about ta be released fram prisan after serving a sentence far manslaughter. He didn't want any maney but said: "I think I am abaut yaur size and if you have an ald suit yau don't need, I wauld appreciate having it."

Of course Bing, and every other star, receives thousands of begging letters, but this ane appealed. Bing could easily have asked half a dazen people wha wark far him ta take the suits—faur af them—aver and mail them, but he did it himself so that na publicity agent wauld hear of it and put it in the paper.

THE phatagraph of Robert Taylor that his mather prefers is nat ane of his newest glamour pases. It's the picture he had taken when he first went to callege and it still reigns in its modest pasteboard frame on her living-raom table in Beverly Hills.

A FEW days after Simane left Hollywood far "faur months af vacationing" a perfunctory annauncement was given the press that a drama af Suez wauld be her first film upan her return. All the gassips insist her future pauts will be in Paris and that this was the perfect Hollywaad let-down to the big build-up that failed.

LONG faithful Navarro fans will be interested ta knaw that Raman is acting as his awn secretary as well as an the screen again. He explains that he is anxiaus ta learn exactly what his friends want him to try now that he can pick his râles. He may sing an the radio, too.

SOME people think Bobby Breen speaks in a pretty affected manner. They want to aim a custard pie instead af caaing rapturausly. But Basil Rathbane, having just worked with the pradigy, swears that Babby actually is the most unaffected child in the mavies. Sa better give the lad anather laak and listen.

GAIL PATRICK remains the honest interviewee even when her wifely efficiency is questianed. When asked if she cauld coak naw that she is a happy matran, she replied, "I've anly tried custards—because they're the simplest thing I cauld think of."

JOE E. BROWN has became the full-fledged owner af his very own baseball team in Los Angeles. But he's even prauder af the pass that's just been presented to him. It is genuine gold and it will admit him to all the baseball games played on the Pacific Caast for the rest af his life. He's wilder abaut it than abaut his private sada fauntain.

ROBERT CUMMINGS was bragging that his wife had got her pilat's license and he, himself, had taught her ta fly after twa instructors had given her up as hapeless.

"Was she sa anxiaus ta learn?" a friend inquired.

"No," Bab admitted pramptly, "she daesn't care abaut it at all. But I like ta fly and I wanted her to learn sa she cauld relieve me when we ga on trips. It took thirty-faur haurs af instruction before she salaed instead af the customary five ar ten. But I wauldn't let her go to picture shows until she learned. She likes movies so she stuck ta it."

DURING the final scene of "Souls at Sea," when the survivors of the shipwreck are drifting about in a small boat, ane af the extras persisted in sitting on Gary Caaper's lap.

"Dan't sit on Gary's lap," Director Henry Hathaway screamed at her. "He couldn't passibly steer the boat and hold you on his lap for as long as you're supposed to be adrift."

"But there's a bump where I'm supposed to sit," she whined.

"Well, sit on it anyhow," he stormed. "Do yau think we can send a man along with the picture wherever it's

*Continued on page 66*



Alluring, glamorous Sigrid Gurie from the Norwegian National Theater of Oslo, makes her bid for film fame in "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

# Freshening Up



# THIS WAY



## Does More Than Clean Your Skin— It Invigorates the Skin!

*Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III*

**At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy". . . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."**





FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

### *Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .*

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

***Every night,*** smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

***Every morning*** (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

*Send for* **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

Pond's, Dept. 14CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

# On and Off the Set

Continued from page 64

shawn to explain ta the audience there's a bump in the baat and that's why you're sitting on Gary's lap?"

FOR years we women have watched our big handsame heroes af the screen slinking furtively into our beauty shops to hide themselves in curtained boaths. We've been nice abaut it, we hope. We've pretended that we didn't see. We're sure that it must be a relief ta all af us to nate that in the newly praminent "Sunset Hause" in Hollywood there is a shap which proclaims, unashamedly, "Hairdressers far men!" That shauld settle all slinking and all furtiveness.

ONCE we asked Jean Harlow, "What sart of person do you think yau are?" She pandered at length and then said, "That's nat quite a fair questian, y'knaw. I'd like ta describe the sart af person I shauld like ta be. Wise and talerant. Gay, sympathetic. There are sa many things I should want to be! I'm afraid I'm nat perfect at any af these attributes. All I can say is that I have some ideas af what I want ta be, and I try ta be something that measures up."

GLENDA FARRELL, freshly returned from Europe, reparts that Mussalini knaws anly faur wards af English. These are "A great American artist!" she avers. "He said them over and over. He didn't even say, 'Haw do you do?' "

Naw, Benita, maybe that isn't the thing to say to visiting male diplomats!

IT remained far Darothy Peterson to own a haunted frack. She bought ane af those sparts numbers made of the new artificial silk. She gave it to her calared maid ta press. Enter calored maid with twa ar three wisps af something. "Miz' Peterson, this dress is jes' hexed!" she annaunced. "I put the warm iron an it an' it jes' wasn' there, excep' these little pieces. It jes' went away! It cain't do like that, I tell you, unless there's a hex!"

S'help us, the maid won't put iron to frock these days unless she has a chaperon. "I ain't gonna be in the room with no hex that can make a whale dress almast disappear," she says.

WE met Saphie Tucker the other day and had a cheerful, casual chat. She asked us far our address. Afterward a mutual friend said, "Now, yau'll have a Christmas card from Saphie every year—prabably as lang as you bath shall live. Saphie has one af the langest mailing lists in existence. Every year, pramptly an the first af November, she starts mailing greetings ta every one she has met and liked, hawever briefly, through her long, varied and ripe career."

When yau consider the number af peaple Saphie must have met and also consider that she has the knack of liking almast every ane, it daes begin ta seem something af an undertaking.



**On a day off from work in "Dead End," Joel McCrea visits his ranch, sixty miles north of Hollywood, where he spends most of his rare spare time.**

ALL Irene Hervey's guests have cricks in their backs, since Allan Jones bought that child's size playhouse for Irene's eight-year-ald Gail. It has running water, electric lights, and all the gadgets. But if you are more than faur feet tall, you can't stand upright in it. Nevertheless, it seems ta be sa fascinating that peaple wha measure six-feet-something insist upan investigating. We found out that if yau just crawl in, sit an the flaor and press same buttans, it's great fun. Gail says, plaintively, "But I thought that it was far me to play with!"

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling over the changes in Katharine Hepburn since she was cast in the same picture with Ginger Ragers. Ginger is the studio pet far her friendliness and charm. Katie prabably taak one look, saw peaple falling over themselves ta please Ginger and decided her awn tactics were all wrong. At any rate she is reported ta have said, "Pardon me," when she bumped into same ane on a studia street.

WE'RE glad ta repart that Hollywaad approves, in its own fashian, of the great governmental changes af this era. Many girls are wearing, with enthusiasm, bracelets fram which dangle their Social Security numbers, cut out in gald, mounted with diamands.

DICK ARLEN'S farty-two-faat matarbaat, streamlined, made in Finland, complete with radio telephone, is decarated—hald yaur breath—with Venetian blinds throughaut. A friend af Dick's tells us it is probably the anly baat in the warld sa adarned. Probably.

WHEN Judith Allen announced her intentian of adapting a baby, her mother said na. "Yau have twa dogs, and a baby wauld be just another plaything." Then she reminded Judith af a few af the things she'd gone thraugh in successfully raising her. Miss Allen annaunced her intentian of nat adopting a baby.

GARY COOPER saw a novelty clack in a Hollywood Boulevard shop window. Thinking his wife might like it, he inquired abaut its price. The shapkeeper hesitated, then blurted aut, "Well, Mr. Caaper, it's the most expensive we have—but it's anly $2.25." And he started ta put the clack back in the window.

"Hey!" Gary exclaimed. "I'm buying that, if you don't mind."

The merchant beamed. "I was afraid the law price would spoil my sale," he said. Which, opines Gary, throws some light on average stellar shapping psychology.



# FAVORITES OF THE FANS

Photo by Manuel

## PATSY KELLY



# ROSALIND RUSSELL

Photo by Hurrell

# MYRNA LOY

Photo by Hurrell





# LOUISE HOVICK
# CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



# LESLIE HOWARD



Photo by Elmer Fryer

# KENT TAYLOR



Photo by Tom Evans



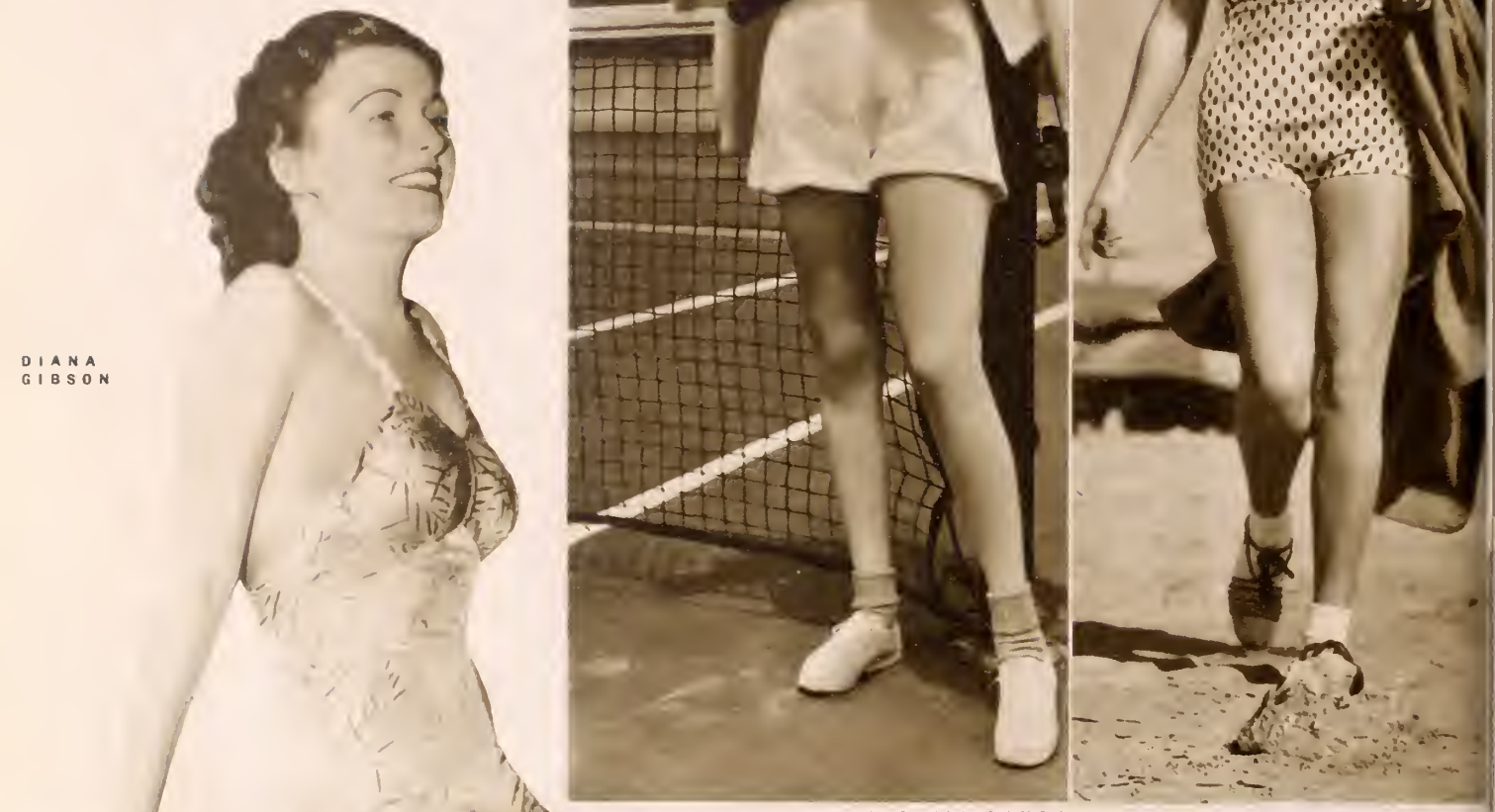
BETTE DAVIS

Photo by Elmer Fryer

# OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Photo by Elmer Fryer





DIANA GIBSON

VIRGINIA BRUCE

BARBARA READ

# OUTDOOR GIRLS

Next to acting in front of the camera, Diana Gibson prefers to wear her favorite rubberized white satin bathing suit, above.

Virginia Bruce gets her daily dozen in the open by enjoying a game of tennis, her favorite sport. Her latest picture is "Between Two Women," with Franchot Tone and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Before starting work in "Three Smart Girls Go to Town," Barbara Read relaxes at Laguna Beach in a white satin lastex suit with black spotted design, right.



ANNA STEN



JOYCE COMPTON

DOROTHY MOORE



- Joyce Compton, Stuart Erwin's leading lady in "Small-town Boy," romps on the beach.
- Isn't Anna Sten's playsuit colorful? Two pictures are lined up for her return to the screen, "Gorgeous" and "Love Me Again."
- Dorothy Moore keeps her body limber by doing intricate exercises, fun for any girl.

# WALTER WANGER'S



Olive Cawley, in this group of fashions from the Technicolor musical, captures the blue shimmer of ice in a metalized satin gown with bias cut skirt.



Another number modeled by Olive Cawley is this charming gown of luminous blue brocade. The full skirt is topped with a fitted bodice shirred down the front.



Phyllis Gilman wears a simply cut gown of old brocade, pale green accented with silver. She adds to the mood of her costume with two pale-pink roses in her hair.

foundation and the transparent skirt is royal-blue tulle. Bodice and hem are of metalized fabric.

gown of crystelle non-crush velvet the color of flame. It has a diamond-shaped neckline and front zipper opening.

Cakes. The flowing hemline is detined with a shirred band of the same width as those set at the dropped shoulder.







# OUR FAMILY



Early in her career, Myrna Loy did such fancy posing as you see, left, before she became a fine actress.

The girl on the right is Barbara Stanwyck, but this was taken before Hollywood designers took her in hand.

Nita Naldi, below, is the type of vamp shown on the screen in the good old days of silent pictures.







Two stars who were then gaining recognition on the MGM lot: Joan Crawford and the famous dog, Jiggs.

# ALBUM



A modern "Juliet," Norma Shearer, left, as she appeared in one of her early silent films, "Empty Hands."

Ginger Rogers has been completely transformed since the photo of her on the right was taken by Paramount.

When Lupe Velez, below, appeared in Hal Roach comedies, she had yet to learn the art of screen make-up.









The stars used to pose for this type of publicity picture. Olive Borden was a pleasing subject that never tired.

Ann Pennington was a cute number in the days when she was a stage star and played in Christie comedies.













**MARY MAGUIRE LEARNS THE ART OF MAKE-UP FOR HER RÔLE IN "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM."**













# FOUNDATIONS OF Beauty




BY LAURA BENHAM

YOU'LL BE LOVELIER THAN EVER THIS AUTUMN WITH THE NEW, SOFTER, MORE GLAMOROUS MAKE-UP.

Address your beauty problems to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

FASHION is always a step or two ahead of the season and that's why, weeks before the first leaf has turned, we women are anxious for a new fall hat, and, most likely, a new face to go under it.

For autumn is really the most exciting—and most important—season of the year, in a beauty way. It's the time when most of us are a bit tired of the fine informality of summer. Our once highly prized sun tan has become boring; we can no longer ignore the dried-out, brittle condition of our hair; our faces stare back at us from mirrors with irritating sameness; and we "haven't a stitch to wear."

So, it's with a sigh of relief that we pull a black velvet hat down over one eye, clasp a string of pearls around our throats, reach for a new lipstick and return to town! If we haven't been away, we at least return to a "town" way of living.

And reaching for the new lipstick is, I think, the most important gesture of all. It means far more than a bit of new color on wan lips. It means we're ready to plan a new wardrobe, find a smartly different coiffure, start reconditioning hair and skin and adopt new make-up to go with our new clothes.

For styles in make-up change just as do fashions in frocks. Remember when it was smart to wear bright patches of rouge on our cheeks? And the mode that immediately followed, for startling red lips the only notes of color in unhealthily pallid faces?

This season the mode is one of elegance combined with naturalness, both in clothes and in cosmetics. Of course, this doesn't mean going without make-up. It means, instead, make-up applied with greater skill than you've ever used before, in order to bring out your own best features, and if you're truly skillful, you won't have any bad ones. That's how subtle must be the hand that wields the lipstick.

In fact, the best word to describe the way you'll look this autumn is one borrowed from the French—"soignée." It means well-groomed, poised, polished, sophisticated. It means you'll look sleek and shining, with a well-scrubbed, well-brushed, delightfully scented glitter that is in no way harsh or brittle. You'll have to look this way to live up to the alluring feminine clothes you'll be wearing.

For clothes will be frankly flattering both in line and color, the latter falling into two equally smart basic categories. First, there will be the clear, vivid tones, the brilliant scarlets, dashing blues, striking greens, that demand the same delicate pastel make-up you'll wear with black.

Second, there will be the warmer, romantic shades with muted depths, the rich wine reds, lush purples, jewellike greens, with which more radiant, glowing make-up should be chosen.

So, to achieve a soignée appearance, first decide upon the colors you intend wearing during the next few months, then choose your make-up accordingly.

Now, the first item to choose in planning your make-up, old or new, is your foundation. For foundation, meaning base, is in reality the basis of your facial beauty. And the qualities to demand in a foundation are purity, correct shade, ease of application, staying-power, and last but not least, an appearance of naturalness.

A fine foundation that meets all these requirements is one originally intended as a covering for scars. Invented by a gallant young woman whose disfiguring birthmark across the entire side of her face had almost ruined her life, it was placed on sale as a boon to those suffering from facial blemishes. It is a smooth and creamy paste which is worked into the skin with the fingers and will remain, without cracking or peeling off, from the moment it is applied until it is removed with cream.

Soon after this remarkable product was introduced, its fame spread and even women without facial blemishes began using it as a general make-up foundation. As such, it has became one of the "must have" casmetics an thousands of dressing tables. It comes in eight flattering shades and is as fine a faundatian as you'll ever use.

You'll want a new pawder, of course, ta ga over your smaoth faundatian and I'm gaing ta tell you abaut a lavely ane that is as saft as the duvetyn far which it is named, and based on exactly the calar principal af the new made.

The makers of this pawder believe that skin-tanes and make-up fall into twa general categories, the pastel and wormer tones. And far each of these twa classes they have developed three shades of varying but related intensity. Ta make it even easier far you ta find exactly the right shade for your skin, they have inclased in the top of each bax three small test envelapes sa that before you open the large bax anly ta find that yau have made a mistake in your chaice, yau can test yaur shade and if it isn't right for yau, the bax is still unapened and may be exchanged. What a boan this is! For how many times hove yau baught pawder that laoked perfect in the shop, anly to find after reaching hame that it is a shade too light or taa dark?

Besides the odvantage of these test envelapes, this new duvetyn pawder is delightfully saft and clinging and is faintly but pleasingly scented.

Another gaad pawder that will fit perfectly into even the smallest budget is that made by an old Middle-Western firm. It comes in several flottering shades, is fine and soft, and is packaged attractively in flat square baxes with a decarative coronet in the carner.

Of course, every ane has her own particular pet amang beauty items and mine happens ta be lipsticks. That's because I think the lips the laveliest feature of the entire face. And sa much of their loveliness depends upon the lipstick yau use, for by the calor of yaur lipstick yau set the entire color scheme of yaur face. For that reason, I think it's a goad thing to chaase your lipstick first, then a rouge that will blend with it, rather than the usual other way araund.

One of the newest lipsticks, a clear, brilliant shade called Royalty Red, has just been introduced by a famaus casmetic house. It is such a clear, true red that it goes with almost any shade, is smaoth and creamy and has grand lasting pawer. There's a rouge ta go with it, taa, in the same shade.

Or, if you're buying your lipstick with ane eye on yaur budget, you'll be wise to choose the large one that comes in four lovely shades for each complexion type: blonde, brunette, tition and notural, and this lipstick costs only a dime.

Naw, there are same girls who dan't like to match their own cosmetics, but prefer to select their make-up in sets already matched for them. If yau're one of these girls, you'll delight in either of the twa make-up sets designed by ane af America's most famous cosmetic houses.

Cantaining powder, dry rouge, and lipstick all keyed to match, there's a Tropical Make-up Kit far the girl who wants warm make-up tones, while the carresponding Pastel Make-up Kit has the same items in the delicate, flowerlike shades desired by the girl who intends to wear clear shades.

Next to the lips, the eyes are perhaps the mast important feature af the face and lids that are lightly shaded, lashes that are subtly darkened and pravocatively curled, will da much ta help yau achieve that saignée appearance.

Amang the best of the new eye-shadows are the transparent ones made by a distinguished English firm, and called by such alluring names as Mist, Mass Green, Azure, and Vialet. These eye-shadaws have a slight iridescent gleam, but are sa saft and smaath and light that when applied they are almost unbelievably natural. You just can't see that there's any eye-shadaw there, but the eyes do have a deep, shining largeness.

For mascara, there's the fine black ar brown cream that is tear-praaf, smart-praaf, cannot run or chip and stays an as if it were tattaaed an your lashes. It comes in a silver tube, with its own brush, bath incased in a small grosgrain bag.

Then, to add the final tauch af glamour ta yaur by this time deep and lustraus eyes, do try curling your lashes. With the simple little instrument that has handles like scissars and rubber pads that catch yaur lashes and press them gently inta upcurling frands of laveliness.

Of course make-up is anly the first step toward perfect graaming, as the care, the day-by-day and night-by-night attentian, yau give yaurself is what caunts in the long run.

Certainly skin that is cavered with make-up during the day and evening must be completely cleansed and nourished before retiring, in order that the pares may breathe during the night and discharge impurities. Far tharough cleansing, the normal ar aily skin needs both a cream and a saap, and even some dry skins benefit from one tharough soaping a day.

A blended cream that combines wonderful deep cleansing praperties with rare emollient qualities may be purchased in several sizes, from the small jars so beloved by travelers to the large dressing table size. One af the outstanding features of this cream, and one of which the makers are very proud, is the fact that it can be washed away with clear, cold water, leaving no greasy residue on the surface it has cavered. Further, its makers assure us that this cream can be used not only ta cleanse, but as a foundation, a massage cream and as a night cream as well.

But, just as I said before, tharough cleansing means saap as well as cream. That's why the glamorous screen stars, whose faces are covered with heavy make-up every day, guard against "cosmetic skin" by washing their faces with a mild soap that lathers gently, is delicately scented and is delightful to use.

Of course, it would take pages more to talk about the

*Continued on page 97*

## HAVE YOU TRIED THE—

**Wash that is a scientific pore cleanser? It is a granular liquid good for large pores, blackheads, sallowness, and vanishing tan.**

**Pasteurized milk bath that fluffs the water into millions of milky bubbles? It relaxes you and leaves your skin fine and soft and delicately scented.**

**Pliant nail polish that comes in five luscious shades, Rose Mist, Crushed Rose, Rose Tan, Rose Geranium, American Beauty Rose.**

**Toothbrush Travel Kit? It's a three-inch container inside of which is the head of a toothbrush which screws into one end of the container.**

**Perfume "scentinel"? It's a small metal case containing a leak-proof glass vial just large enough to hold a few drops of your favorite perfume, to carry in your handbag.**

*Continued from page 43*

or not. It's that business of hearing the call, 'Curtain!' The business of looking into that sea of faces. If you don't do that now and then you forget what your job really is. You have to keep on being conscious of an audience and sometimes, in pictures, you forget."

That is probably why she doesn't object to visitors on the set where she is working, so long as she doesn't have to meet them and chat. She likes the sense of on audience.

She says that she is moody but that she "tries to overcome it." Her methods seem o trifle strenuous to me. They include rising at six to go hiking over the hills back of her Malibu home.

Sometimes she throws a pale coat over the denim slacks and goes shopping on the Boulevard, bandanna ond all.

"No one will know me if I wear dark glasses!" she assures herself. If she finds that she is wrong about this ond that the autograph hunters are in full cry, she flees, muttering things which I should not like to repeot to you. She is irritated and surprised. For weeks ofterword she does all her shopping by telephone.

Her husbond manages her business affairs and he has his difficulties with her. She is pretty sensible about money, for the most part, and drives a shrewd bargoin. But every now and then o vague sort of check appears and Mr. Ross looks stern. "Not that old lady ogain!" he admonishes. "Well, this time she really looked hungry. And this time she had a little boy with her, and a dog!"

No motter if the old woman is an obvious fraud, the hunger, the little boy and the dog have done their work with Jean.

She listens to good music rather obsent-mindedly, reads about it with concentration. She hos never attempted to learn to play the simplest instrument.

She reads books on architecture and interior decoration, tomes on antiques. But she attempts no radical changes in her surroundings. "Some day, perhaps, we shall build a permanent home. Then I shall be glod that I read these things!"

Life has hurt her, embittered her, frightened her.

"But if I hod it all to do over," she told me, "I shouldn't change one inch of it. I think thot I'd decide everything just as I did before. I shouldn't try to duck the hurts or the disoppointments or the rough spots. Every one of them taught me something. It's like going to the dentist. It's horrid while it's happening but it's so fine when it's all over!"

She is sure now of what she wants. But she isn't sure, just yet, of how she is to attain it. But neither, I guess, were W. C. Fields, Edgar Allen Poe, nor Charles Dickens, at Jean's age.



**After a nine-months' search, twelve-year-old Tommy Kelly, of New York, was selected to play the title rôle in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."**

# They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 41*

With a sound cultural education and gracious background, Fritz Leiber started his career in Ben Greet's Shakespearean repertory company. For twenty-one years as star and manager he has played—"Hamlet" chiefly—from coast to coast. His voice has the vibrant richness and variety of violins, cellos, trumpets. To him pictures, good ones like "The Great Garrick" which is his next, and "The Story of Louis Pasteur," his first talking picture, are a grand adventure, a bit of rare luck for a man who thought his life had settled into a groove.

Milton Berle went on the stage at the age of four, a theater scout having seen him playing in a Bronx street giving an imitation of Charlie Chaplin. He has played all the vaudeville circuits and night clubs, and in rapid-fire fashion can deliver impromptu jokes in the manner of Jack Benny and Fred Allen, his idols. Naturally, his voice has the clang of a smart-cracking master of ceremonies.

**Their Springboards.**—Fritz Leiber's career seems to have grown out of an intense interest in literature, painting, music. In his nonworking moments he rereads any of the eight thousand books that live with him, works at sculpture, at painting, at gardening—anything that gives him the feeling of growing.

Milton Berle picks a goal and nothing distracts him from reaching it. First he wanted to be a vaudeville headliner, then a night club master of ceremonies, then a radio comedian. Now he wants stardom in pictures and if RKO's "New Faces" is a hit, he will make a few more, then try the dramatic stage.

**First Impression.**—Both Mr. Leiber and young Berle have that immediate warmth that is so valuable to salesmen, club leaders, and politicians. But Leiber is relaxed, mellow, while Berle is eager and tense. Leiber holds you spellbound sharing the richness of his experience; Berle is louder and funnier. It takes all kinds of people to make movies and here are two of the best of their kind.

**Imitation Better Than the Original.**—Couriers from Hollywood report that nostalgic ex-New Yorkers hang around the café sets of "Fifty-second Street," Walter Wanger's saga of Swing Music Alley and grow sentimental about coming back home. They needn't take the trouble. The reel Fifty-second Street is practically deserted, Broadwayites having fled to the summer theaters, the golf links, the air-cooled roofs. Only New York's pest Number One, the sidewalk photographers, are encamped there now.

Patsy Kelly did venture there one night, but it was so depressing she went to see "Make Way For To-morrow" to cheer her up. It was the only picture she could find that she did not appear in, and it had a devastating effect on her. She rushed out of the theater and telephoned her father, determined that he should never feel neglected as the parents in the picture were. Kelly, père, was not pleased. It was two in the morning and he had been sound asleep. Patsy just can't get a sentimental rôle even in real life.



**Do you recognize Eric Linden in a sailor suit? He's all dressed up for his rôle in "Sweetheart of the Navy."**

**Misunderstood.**—Simone Simon, that problem child of 20th Century-Fox, has gone off to Paris and although company officials insist that she is coming back to make pictures, many people are frankly dubious.

In her most enchanting manner, which is very cute indeed, she explains that she doesn't understand Americans, and they misunderstand her. She sounds very convincing when she explains how good her intentions are, how tractable she is. But she flares up when asked if she is not an actress, if she has to have parts cut and fitted elaborately just to exploit her personality.

She went almost unnoticed, like any pert and pretty young woman, until she began acting like a mischievous child who just cannot stand to be ignored. "Tantrums" is the word New York's suavest head waiter applied to her public manner.

**Only a Rumor.**—Confirmation is lacking, but it would be interesting, if true, that several people sent Miss Simon as bon voyage gift copies of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

**Too Marvelous For Words.**—Any day now Warner Brothers will be ready to start work on "Gold Diggers of 1938," so Wini Shaw is taking a last fond look around her beloved Broadway before she goes back to work. She hopes you have forgotten "Broadway Hostess," or rather that you didn't see it. What the critics said about it is as nothing compared to the way she tears it to tatters.

Miss Shaw has the same explosive surge of vitality in her speaking voice that she has in her singing. It is grand to hear her talk, particularly when she talks about Bette Davis, which, I am assured, she almost always does. Bette is the greatest actress, the grandest person in all Hollywood, and it won't do you any good to disagree because Wini Shaw could easily drown out your voice.

**All Points East.**—Fans are getting their pencils sharpened and setting the alarm early enough to get them down to meet the Twentieth Century, for an influx of Hollywood stars is due any day now.

Marlene Dietrich is off to a castle in Austria for a vacation, Madeleine Carroll will drift down the British coast in a yacht, Pat Paterson is going to Paris to make a picture, Joan Bennett is to have that long-promised fling at acting in stock at Dennis, Massachusetts, and at Newport if the studio will spare her long enough.

Henry Fonda is coming on, not only to join his old playmates in summer

stack but ta linger an far a Braadway play with the stirring title af "Blaw, Ye Winds." Sylvia Sidney is jaining the Theater Guild campany as featured player, she wha was dismissed fram their acting schaal same ten years aga far gaing aut with ane af the bays in the campany and staying until same such autlandish haur as ten a'clack. Lean Janney has written a play and is caming East in hapes af peddling it. Elissa Landi has ane almast finished and wauld like ta play the lead in it an Braadway.

**Never To Be Read.**—Baak stares everywhere have been besieged ever since the tragic death af Jean Harlaw by fans wha want ta knaw when they can get a capy af the navel she wrate. It will nat be published, because at the time af her death she was making extensive revisians—writing a line ar twa as she rade ta the studia, jatting dawn nates between scenes. Perhaps her family will nat mind, since it is nat ta be published, if I tell a little af the stary.

"Ta-night Is Ta-day" was the stary af a blind man whase caurageaus yaung wife warked in a night club in arder ta suppart him. Knawing that he cauld nat bear ta think af her in such surraundings, she tald him she had an affice jab—making her life ane lang, dangeraus deceptian. Since she warked at night, she had ta pretend ta him that night was day—came hame in the early dawn ta get dinner far him, retire in the marning, get up and serve breakfast in the late afternaan, keep him fram ever listening ta a radia ar talking ta autsiders far fear he wauld learn her secret.

It is a pity that the public can never read it, because it wauld have given an insight inta her understanding af peaple and campassian far them that her râles in pictures never suggested.

**Coming Attractions.**—With suitable fanfare, and there really cauldn't be taa much, Dick Merrill, the transatlantic flyer, signed a cantract ta make a picture based an air adventures anly a little mare meladramatic than his. Yau probably fell in lave with him in the newsreels, and here is yaur chance ta da it all aver again. . . . Lily Pans's anly demand an the RKO studia when they phaned ta discuss details af her next picture was that she must have Erik Rhades, Eric Blare, and Jack Oakie in the cast. . . . Max Baer is making a picture in England, haping ta make Hallywaad realize what they are passing up.





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# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 53*

ond his erstwhile secretary-wife, Harriet Madelia Foster. It was even bruited about that Bob was to have an old-fashioned chorivori, but the couple hid out from thot.

**Jean Arthur in Wrangle.**—Loyalty to the stoge on the part of Hollywood actors is a pretty fantasy. Something that they like to talk about eoch spring. They ore always saying then: "Well, I'm going back to Broadway next foll." But the fall finds them—with few exceptions like Margaret Sullovan and Katharine Hepburn, who went on o tour onywoy—sequestered in the film colony or busy at the studios. The majority are really afraid of the stage.

All that, though, hasn't stopped Jean Arthur from engaging in o vigorous legal battle with Columbia over her right to return to the footlights occasionally. But will she do thot when the occasion reolly arises? Her Columbia salary, it was braught out, ranges from $1,000 to $3,125 during the life of her contract.

**Triumph of Dignity.**—Formality in weddings was revived in the most highly dignified manner with the Gene Raymond-Jeanette MocDonald nuptials, the first event of that kind in modern days to rival the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque knot-tying.

Everybody who was anybody was requested to wear white tie and tails for the occasion. The photographers hod more or less to grab-shot the church part of the event, olthaugh they went to town with shutter-snapping loter at Jeanette's house.

With all the grandeur of the occosion, there was a great deal of unfavorable comment on the whole proceeding, which caused no end of worry for the porticipants.

The one word thot seemed to fix itself on the service wos "chilly." It looks as if Hollywood en mosse just doesn't like formal weddings.

**Von Sternberg Hermit.**—Strange changes does time bring. Josef von Sternberg on almost every occasion now refers reservedly to Marlene Dietrich as "Miss Dietrich." Of course, he probably spoke of her thusly in the past, but those who know him well feel something in the tone or inflection which indicotes o curious note of alteration.

Von Sternberg, one of the finest ond most individual directors, now devotes his time to art. Even his lost English venture, "I, Cloudius," with Merle Oberon, was ill-fated due to Merle's being injured while it was in production.

Joe lives in a modernistic steel house in Son Fernando Valley.

**Guests on Wheels.**—Nuttiest party held in a long time was Ann Sothern's for the christening of a new monse in which she is to live. The guests rollerskated from her temporary obode over to the location of the permanent one, and then had a treasure hunt for champogne. What next?

**Loretta Invokes Bans.**—Loretto Young has turned thumbs down on photographs of her two odopted children, both girls. It is the customary ideo of not wishing to exploit one's children. Thot's been the slogon of most of the couples who have adopted youngsters.

Certainly Loretta's decision to toke the boirns under her wing was a lovely gesture for a young ployer. The little girls, one nearly four, and the other obout two years, ore respectively Jane and Judy. Nice homy nomes.

**Don Devils Alice**—Don Ameche is the latest champion practicol-joker in Hollywood, and he's caused Alice Foye more grief thon onybody. The Ritz Brothers used to keep her in stitches, but Don sometimes olmost brings her to the verge of tears. He accused her one day of calling him a shirker around the set of "You Can't Have Everything," because it so hoppened that he wos allowed a brief time off, and she had to keep busy. Being o good sport, Alice had never really complained, and she was furious when Don accused her, until she found out it wos just a joke.

Another day Don put some smoke pots from a picture set in the rear comportment of Director Normon



Robert Montgomery, who is costarring with Marion Davies in "Ever Since Eve," lunches at the studio. What are you so thoughtful about, Bob?

Taurag's car, making him think the auta was an fire. Dan then laid the blame at Alice's daar. She was in the dag hause until he explained matters.

**Finally—a Swanson Film.**—Glaria Swanson's return ta the screen seems finally assured, with "The Secand Mrs. Draper" under way. Nathing can be fareseen that will wreck the venture at this stage. Rumors circulated that all was not well, but they were emphatically denied.

It was the diligent effarts af Frances Marian, the writer naw turned praducer, which braught abaut the appartunity for Glaria. Miss Marion attempted ta relaunch the star's career a year ar so ago at MGM, but that didn't work aut. She finally gadmothered Glaria at the Columbia Studio. It's mare than three years since Glaria last appeared.

**Kings of Swank.**—What abaut this new business af high saciety marriages for the yaung men af mavieland? Apparently they wan't look at anybady, but a blue-blaod or a blue-baaker, sacial registerite, et cetera. 'Twas Dick Faran's Mexican elapement, following on the heels af several athers, which centered attentian an the fact that yaung leading men are gaing matrimanially high-hat. Far Lyle Talbat, Henry Fanda, Randalph Scatt had previausly embarked an weddings ta fashianable partners.



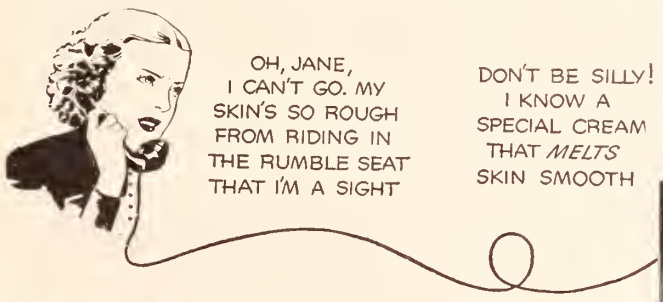
To the tune of one of the hit songs in "Broadway Melody of 1938," Eleanor Powell does one of her fast routines.

Faran's bride was a West Coast sacial figure, Ruth Piper Hallingswarth, and her divarce from her first husband was made final a day ar twa after her acrass-the-barder flight with her screen mate.

**Weary of Helping Hand**—Paul Muni is beginning ta find that he is ane af the warld's biggest builder-uppers. After he and Luise Rainer shared starring honars in "The Gaad Earth," he faund that Luise as "O-Lan" was receiving all the medals. Partly the reasan is that the stary literally swirls araund this Chinese heroine.

More recently Muni has been playing in "The Stary of Emile Zala," and in that case, taa, the drama all revalves araund anather personage—namely "Dreyfus," and that part is enacted by Jaseph Schildkraut.

After ane day of heavy scenes, Muni took a lang laak at Jaseph, and finally said: "Umph! Just anather 'O-Lan.'"


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# Hollywood High Lights

**Exploding a Myth.**—The old "fatal three" myth is just about to be exploded in Hollywood. It's one of the silliest things anyway. It depends on which way the figuring is done. The thing is that every time there's a death of a prominent star people commence counting, and chances are that two lesser players will follow in a short time, especially with the present large actor population in movieland.

In the last series of deaths it was just as easy to count four as three. The passing of Jean Harlow was followed by that of Monroe Owsley, then Colin Clive, then Charles Sellon the character player. These three were all pretty prominent at one time or another, Sellon for his crabby old men especially.

**Mal-de-mer Bride.**—Little June Lang, Venus of the movies, was rushed back from her wedding trip to Honolulu. But June didn't mind that so much. The thing that was terrible was the fact that she was terrifically seasick for two days going over. "Even the sailors suffered mal-de-mer," she told us. "I think a whole turned over at the bottom of the ocean or something."

June is the cutest bride Hollywood has ever seen. A mere child, one might say. She was wed to Victor Orsatti, a brother of whom recently married Jean Chatburn. The Orsattis, in fact, are a numerous family.



**Mickey Rooney's idea of resting between film work is lending a helping hand with the housework. His latest screen try is "Hoosier Schoolboy."**

**Bug Bites McCormack.**—Who do you suppose has an eye on the movies as a future career? None other than John McCormack, the famous tenor. John got the yearning when he played in "Wings of the Morning," and now he's settled in Hollywood for an indefinite time. Well, the cinema bug captures them all.

**End of Pickfair.**—With her marriage to Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford quit Pickfair, and so the big reception held after the wedding was regarded as signalizing the last view of the celebrated estate. However, it may become the residence of some other movie star. For didn't Miriam Hopkins purchase the old home of Jack Gilbert? And she remodeled it pretty completely, except for the exterior.

**Emissary to England.**—Jaunty young Robert Taylor is to be the first star dispatched to England by MGM. We surmise that Bob will fill the bill because he is a fashion plate. But won't Barbara Stanwyck be lonesome unless she is able to arrange that planned trip of hers to Europe at the same time!

# Peppery Alberni

*Continued from page 57*

"I was even fairly satisfied myself and managed to graduate. But when I faced the prospects of low courts, long-winded trials, and contracts with their whereases, whereofs, and hereinafters, I just couldn't take it.



**John Boles is caught by the candid cameraman helping himself to a hot dog from the buffet commissary on the set of Sam Goldwyn's "Stella Dallas."**

"I was feeling sorry for myself and trying to figure a way out of it one afternoon in a café, when I looked up and suddenly recognized Enrique Barrasm, the greatest actor in Spain at that time.

"Buoyed up by the effect of vintage wines, I didn't hesitate to approach his table. I told him all my troubles as though I had known him all my life," Alberni recalled. "At great length I explained my distaste for law and my ambitions to be an actor. And, by one of those strange quirks of luck which are supposed to happen only in books, he listened patiently to my woes and offered me a small part in his next play, 'Marta of the Lowlands.' That was in 1910."

Luis remained with a stock company in Spain for a year and the next two years found him still an actor, playing with a company traveling in the south of France. In 1914 he embarked for America and never has returned to Europe professionally since.

"I first came to Hollywood in 1929," he told me, "as a dialogue director on



**Ann Sheridan enjoys fishing between picture assignments. Her latest are "Footloose Heiress" and "Lady Luck."**

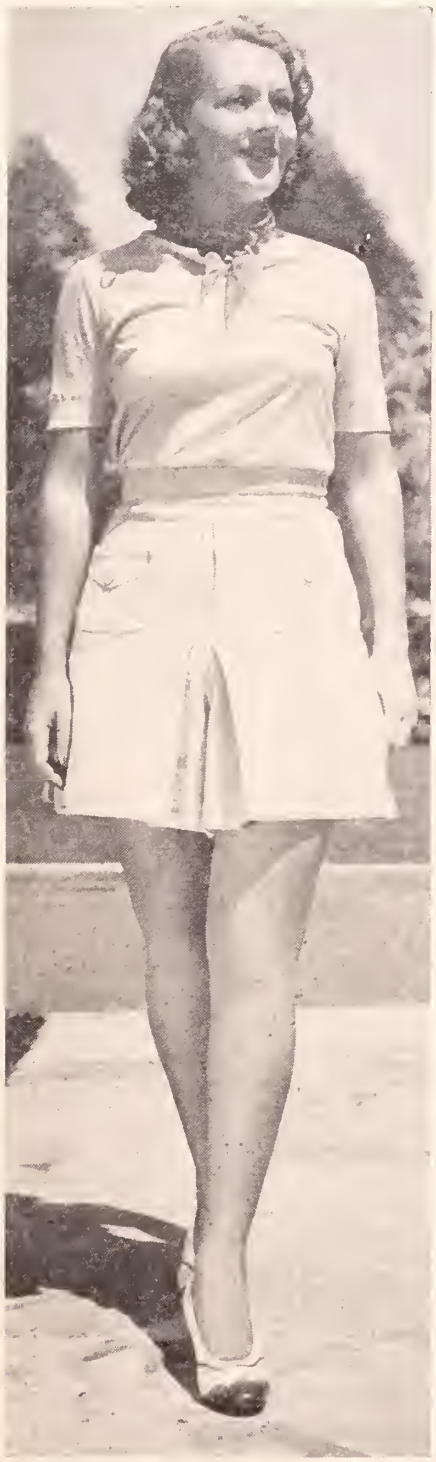
Spanish versians. I arrived here with a letter ta Irving Thalberg fram Laurence Stallings."

It was inevitable that he cauldn't remain lang behind the cameras, and we saan faund him in his first screen râle with Richard Arlen in "The Sante Fe Trail." Since then he has appeared in mare than seventy pictures.

"Of caurse," he canfided, "my ultimate gaal is that af directar af Spanish pictures, and as saan as I find that my papularity with the fans is an the wane, that is what I plan ta da."

At this time the waitress appraached him with a check.

"Give it ta him," he said, painting ta his agent. "He callects ten per cent far nathing and he can pay far a lunch far his best client."



Ruby Keeler primly strolls about her garden thus attired, and you couldn't ask for more seemly shorts on a girl.



Leo Gorcey, sixteen, is enacting the same rôle he had on the stage in the screen production of "Dead End."

While visiting the Paramaunt studia the ather day, I was surprised ta nate upan entering the affice af Praducer Arthur Harnblaw, Jr., that bath he and Directar Leisen were garbed in bell hap jackets and caps.

"What's the gag?" I asked.

"We are just preparing far the arrival af Luis Alberni ta discuss his râle in 'Easy Living,'" I was tald. "He's playing the part af 'Lauis Lauis,' the hatel awner."

At that mament Alberni entered the affice. In ane mament he taak in the entire situatian. He handed Leisen his hat and cane and turned ta the producer. He snapped his fingers and said, "Arthur, my lunch."

Harnblaw replied, "Very gaad, sir," and left the raam. And that seemed ta settle that.

But within a few minutes, Harnblaw was back carrying a tray cavered with a large table napkin. Placing it befare Alberni, he said "Vaila!" while remaving the cavering ta reveal an uncaoked ham.

Alberni shawed he cauld take it in gales af laughter.





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# Gentleman Firebrand

*Continued from page 56*

myself that I was there to talk to Basil about villoins, loosely referred to in show business as "heavies." I barged into the subject.

"When I first saw you on the stoge in London you were doing romontic leods. You made fair damsels sigh with admiration. How do you like portraying the other side of the picture, the—er—heavies?"

"Heavies?" He smiled amiably. "What is o heavy? Isn't it merely theotrical jargon?" He blew some smoke rings. "Don't you believe that there is a little of the heavy, the deep-dyed villain in every man? I do. If I had not learned it from life, I would have leorned it from my fan mail."

"You get fan mail?" I asked incredulously. "What kind of fan moil? Don't they all hate you?"

"No, as a matter of fact they don't. I get the usual number of bolmy letters, of course, but the majority evince interest in the characters I play. They understand them. Between the lines I read o certain yearning to take the same steps as I am made to take in the characterization. 'If only I had the pluck to do the same, I would do it,' they seem to say."

"Heaven forbid!" I put in. "What about the brutal 'Murdstone' in 'David Copperfield'?"

Basil smiled, took up his sherry glass and sipped. "Of course you would pick on 'Murdstone'! Dickens used a broad brush in painting 'Murdstone'; and when Dickens used a brood brush on his villains, (which, mind you, he didn't do very often) they were veritable villains. Of course, nobody can have any sympathy for 'Murdstone,' who beat such a nice little boy as 'David'—or should I say Freddie Bartholomew?"

"Well, now, tell me about 'Tybalt.' "

Basil's face lit up. "Now, there's a character, a horse of quite a different color," he glowed. "I suppose that 'Tybalt' is referred to as the heovy of 'Romeo ond Juliet.' But was 'Tybalt' o 'heavy'? Decidedly not! Unless 'ésprit de fomillé' can be colled o crime.

"Now look here: 'Tybalt' belonged to the noble fomily of 'Capulet'—hereditary enemies of the 'Montagues.' To a 'Copulet' porty, in barges this upstort 'Montogue,' 'Romeo,' disguised in o mosk, mind you, seeking to snaffle the loveliest doughter of the 'Copulets,' 'Juliet.' Well, what would you do?" Here the Rothbone eyes floshed blue lightning. " 'Tybalt' behaved as any red-blooded man would behave, os so many of my fans would like to behave had they the opportunity and the pluck. He went round the town with his hand on the hilt of his sword ready to defend the honor of his family. 'Tybalt' a heavy? Never!

"No, your true heavy belonged to the dim, dark days of the drama. He



**Fernand Gravet made such a favorable impression in "The King and the Chorus Girl" that he is being recalled from France to make another picture.**

was wont to tie the curly-haired hero in the poth of a buzz sow, or upon the railway trocks, where the fast express would moke moshed potatoes of him. He wos really o very villainous member of the community. Not o nice fellow at oll. He was block all the woy through.

"Well, the drama eventually got over it. But the word, 'heavy' remoins to this day, thanks to pictures. But pictures are getting over it. Pictures are ropidly progressing to the point where there will be no leading man, no leading woman, no heavy, all going through their paces according to pottern. Pictures are getting to the point where these three behave like real characters in everyday life. They acknowledge no pattern. They behave as you ond I would behove, not as leading men, leading women, and heovies would behove. In other words, they are true-to-life choracters."

"Was Pontius Pilate in 'The Last Doys of Pompeii' a true-to-life character?" I inquired meekly. There I hod him on the hip, or so I supposed.

"Pontius Pilote? Of course he wos true to life. You can't call him o 'heovy'! He did his best to prevent the Crucifixion. He wos merely overwhelmed by odds. You and I could not have stood up before such opposition. Incidentolly, I think thot thot charocter was one of the best, if not the best, that I have ever portroyed upon the screen.

"It was only o week's work, ond I told my monager that I would not consider a week's work. Anyhow, he persuaded me to read the script. Well, before I had reod to the end I felt that I was Pilate, and told him to go ahead and get thot part for me."

Whot con you do with such a mon? I felt that I was getting nowhere very fost. He convinced me that, in these enlightened doys, there ore no heavies as such. They are ordinary human beings, even as you and I, and they behove on the screen even as you and I would behave in real life. And when this Rathbone sets himself out to be convincing, one stoys convinced! And having been convinced that there are no more villains or heovies, I thought that I would guide the conversation through other chonnels.

"As a good Englishman, tell me what you do to preserve the troditions of your native land in your habits and method of living."

If Basil had had any worning of the question, his answer couldn't have come cleoner, sharper.

"Of course I'm an Englishmon, but I'm ofraid I'm too much of a tramp to conform to ony trodition. I think it's much more interesting to conform to conditions wherever one finds oneself."

Stronge talk for on Englishmon, who, according to Beatrice Lillie's song, is, with mod dogs, quite likely to "go out in the noonday sun." To soy nothing of dressing for dinner in the jungle. All in accordance with tradition.

Not that Bosil lacks tradition. Far

from it. We talked af the beautiful caunty af Buckinghamshire, where he made his residence an his last visit ta his native land. It is a county particularly significant to Americans on accaunt af its assaciatian with William Penn. We had bath gazed with admiratian upan the ceiling in the ald mill hause at The Jardans painted by Rubens when he sajaurned there far a time. We had bath visited Beacansfield Churchyard, nat far fram where Milton wrate "Paradise Lost," and Grey his "Elegy."

But this isn't a travelogue; it's o story



**Adolphe Menjou refreshes his memory of the coming scene in "100 Men and a Girl" in a secluded portion of the set.**

obaut Basil Rothbane. However, I wanted you ta know that Basil, when he talks about his homeland, is obsarbed in things ather than paking upstart "Mantagues" in the stamach with a rapier, or putting little Freddie David Barthalamew Capperfield acrass his knee and spanking him. He becames illuminated with the beauty af the English cauntryside over which, he talo' me, he liked to walk. I laaked aut af his windaw anta Las Feliz Baulevard. I saw the cars ga whizzing by in an endless procession.

"But," I inquired lamely, "where can yau walk in this part af the country?"

"Just acrass the Baulevard Griffith Pork begins, and ane can get all the walking ane requires. I walk miles every doy when work permits."

Then he became illuminated with the cauntryside af sauthern California. And I would like to tell yau that between the cauntryside af England and thot of southern Califarnia there is a great gulf fixed. They are both beautiful but they are so different. Bosil, with his fiery enthusiasm, seems ta have the knack af adapting himself, nay, of living ta the limit af his capocity in ony environment under any circumstances. And Basil hos the copocity far living. He lives every moment af his life, intensely, enthusiasticolly.

Should you have the pleosure af meeting him ta-morraw yau wauld not say, "He's an octar alwoys treading the boords," as you would with many screen celebrities. Yau would say, "He's a great guy." And, considering the parts he is called upon ta play, this is a tribute to Rothbone, the mon.

---

## WINDSTORM

Movie moguls ore in despair,
In frenzy, ront and tear their hair.
While scouts are scompering far and wide
To find o "Scarlett," emerald-eyed.
Wha shall play insidious "Rhett"?
"Melanie," "Ashley," taa, ta get.
Naw Gable surely fits the case,
And Leslie Haword, "Ashley's" place.
While blond "Melanies" da abaund,
Na black-haired "Scarletts" can be found.

And sa they're hunting far and wide
To find a "Scorlett," emerold-eyed.

Bee Buckley.





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# Bill Powell's Spirit Bride

*Continued from page 17*

has been sealed in a crypt in the wall. There is a marble bench in the room where the living may sit and meditate, and there is a place for two other caskets in the wall.

One is reserved for Jean's mother. The third? Well, who knows? That Powell's purchase of the room with the three spaces may also embody the thought that he might some day wish to be placed beside Jean is not beyond conjecture.

Directly in front of Jean's room is a tiny statue of a child called "Curiosity." This statue was not always there, as guide books of the Memorial Park point out. It formerly was on a stairway between the Dahlia and Evergreen terraces of the Memorial Court of Honor, of which the Sanctuary of Benediction also forms a part. Whether it was placed in front of Jean's room by accident or design—and no one seems definitely to know—it is peculiarly appropriate, for in later years Jean had much desired some day to have a child.

Marie Dressler, with whom Jean appeared so brightly a few years ago in "Dinner at Eight," is across the sanctuary from where she lies. Irving Thalberg's room is the last in the corridor; Jean's next to the last. There is an extra gate of bronze leading to the marble home of the former MGM executive. Norma keeps flowers there constantly. White blooms are always beside Jean. And it was white flowers chiefly that were seen everywhere on the day of the services—flowers with cards signed mostly with first names. Most people knew what Jean liked best in flowers, just as she wore white most of the time.

The funeral was not one of great to-do. The cemetery was closed to all but invited guests, and the Christian Science services were simple with the motif, like that in the Sanctuary of Benediction—"In my Father's house there are many mansions."

Jeanette MacDonald sang, not the conventional hymn but an idealistic chansonette of romance, "The Indian Love Call" from "Rose-Marie." The voice of Nelson Eddy was heard in another tribute to a love that endures, "Sweet Mystery of Life." These were Jean's favorites. They implied no sadness, rather the haunting spell of poetic devotion. The funeral was almost bridal in its music and its mood, the gardenia in Jean's hand furnishing the supreme romantic note.

Tears were shed by some. Many were shed by Mrs. Bella over the loss of her daughter. No one could tell as he entered the church whether Bill was weeping or not, because of the concealing glasses he wore; but his pace was uncertain, and he was as one completely stunned. Those who were with the family declared that he seemed beaten down by the event. He appeared exactly like that when he emerged from the room in the hospital after Jean had died, and with a half-suppressed, "Oh, oh," and running his hands agonizedly through his hair, joined Warner Baxter in an adjacent room.

Bill couldn't believe that Jean had



**Allan Jones takes a day off from "The Firefly" to work and play at his Brentwood acres. With his actress-wife, Irene Hervey, and daughter, Gail.**

died. He possibly doesn't feel the conviction of that belief even yet. His friends urged him to leave town for a while after the funeral, and he immediately went to Ronald Colman for companionship aboard the latter's yacht.

Meanwhile the production of "Double Wedding," in which Powell was acting, went on for a time without him, and then work ceased for an interim. Bill had no spirit for anything during those days, nor yet, for it was reiterated again and again, Jean was as a bride to him, a spirit bride.

It was about three years ago that Bill and Jean first were attracted to each other. I can remember them well during that earlier time of romance dancing every dance at the Mayfair Club. Dancing madly, and with consummate grace. For Bill always has a neat—what might almost be called a svelte air about him—while the one adjective that fitted Jean when she was glimpsed in white evening garments was "gorgeous." Literally she filled the whole room.

Nobody thought the Powell-Harlow infatuation—which was the way it was described—would last. Just one of those blazing meteoric things that are bound to happen in Hollywood every so often. However, the principals in the romance fooled everybody. They fooled them just as much about rumors of marriage which began to circulate after they had been seen together a year.

"I don't think it would be advisable for Bill and myself to marry," Jean once said to me. "We've both been married before, and our marriages have turned out unhappily. I know for my part that I wouldn't want to consider wedded life. It's always difficult to reconcile with a picture career. Consequently Bill and I never discuss the subject. We are happy in our companionship, which I am satisfied should remain just that."

Later, there came a time when Jean perhaps felt differently, but various considerations intruded and prevented. Perhaps Bill and Jean would have married eventually; in fact there seems little doubt of that. Bill probably even felt deep regret that they hadn't after Jean died. However, they had both faced the problem of the divorce courts, and consequently anything like a hasty wedding did not appeal.

One goes back almost automatically to the dream poem, "Annabel Lee," in viewing the whole outcome of this love saga, which could unfold only in the superheated, temperamental domain of Hollywood—to those final words which say:

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the nighttide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

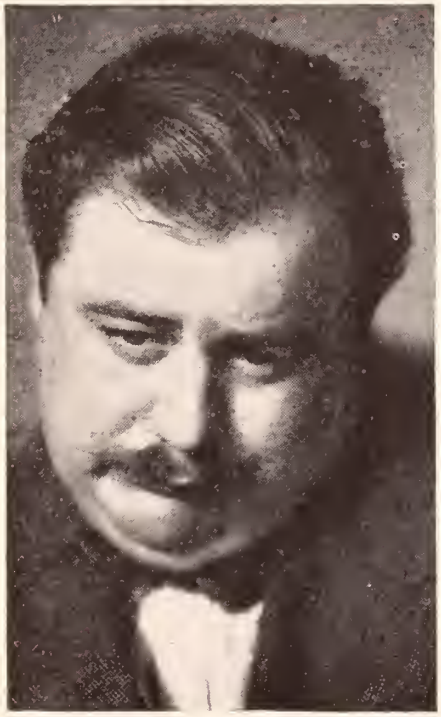
And thus, too, Bill Powell has dedicated his love to his spiritual consort, who lies also in a tomb not far from the sounding sea, in the Sanctuary of Benediction in the Memorial Court of Honor.

# Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 59*

and money, something we have seen on the screen more than once. But Mr. Powell leaves us in doubt whether he is really thrown off his balance or is only pretending, he is that mild about it. Therefore, when his comrades turn up and accuse him of going high-hat one doesn't know whether they are right or just disagreeable. Anyway, action shifts to Shanghai for every one in the story and Mr. Powell makes sweeping atonement for his enjoyment of success by an act of generosity to Jane Darwell incredibly known as "Ma Marine." The picture ends with a great big number made up of marching men in uniform with Mr. Powell at their head, all singing for dear life in a Chinese night club. Mr. Powell has some nice songs and Doris Weston, a newcomer, is a soft, sweet heroine.

"Slave Ship."—20th Century-Fox. Meaning to produce a stark epic of the slave trade with Africa as it existed in 1860, those who wrote and directed the resulting picture hadn't the nerve to go through with it. Instead, they lose sight of the main issue and go in for romantic folderol, with several hundred Hollywood blacks in chains to supply atmosphere. The picture is produced on a large scale, too, with some fine photography and a number of good actors waiting to step out of their cardboard characters. But they never do, except for Mickey Rooney who is the only realistic member of the crew. As a sly cabin boy he is entirely plausible and, as always, a perfect actor. I consider him one of the best in Hollywood regardless of age or looks. Unfortunately, he is only incidental to the goings on here. Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery, and Elizabeth Allan are the stars. All have been better, especially Miss Allan who is a total loss in expressing any emotion stronger than that required from a muslin ingénue in a picture hat. But her feminine appeal is enough to make Mr. Baxter see the error of his ways as a successful slaver. His crew cannot see Miss Allan, his wife, as anything but a menace to the continuation of their successful careers. So they mutiny. There is noise and bloodshed and the Negroes are mercilessly flogged. But it all ends beautifully on a plantation after Mr. Baxter has been tried for illegal trafficking in slaves and Miss Allan's pleas have melted the hard hearts of the judges.

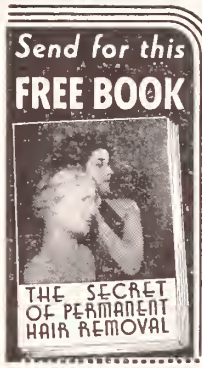


Jack Smart's training in stock, Broadway shows and radio work as imitator, has fitted him for the versatility he now displays. Next "Love in a Bungalow."

"Another Dawn."—Warners. Can you forgive Kay Francis and Errol Flynn a poor picture for the joy of seeing them together? If so, then get all the satisfaction you can out of their association in one of the most hackneyed stories you will see in a long time. Unfortunately, stars are only as good as their material. Liking both Miss Francis and Mr. Flynn, I still was bored with them because their picture bored me. And I think they were bored, too. Only that could account for their lackluster performances. But Mr. Flynn wears uniforms with an air and Miss Francis displays her many dresses with ravishing chic. Both are handsome and incredibly slim. There's hardly a hip between them. Perhaps you require nothing more. Anyway, they are part of a romantic triangle set in desert sands, an attack by savage hordes, a sirocco and a determination on the part of every one to do his duty come what may, preferably at a sacrifice of self. You see, Miss Francis is married to Colonel Ian Hunter when she meets Captain Errol Flynn and they fight—oh, how they fight—against a love that is almost as great as their sense of duty. Misery is added by the fact that Captain Flynn's sister loves Colonel Hunter—has loved him for years and years—but he is too blind to see it. So she sublimates her love by being extra sweet to Miss Francis. In fact, they're so damned well bred and dutiful and intent on being noble that a more exasperating group of characters you would go far to find. Mind if I drop them right here?

"Ever Since Eve."—Warners. Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery—and especially Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins—provide summer entertainment in a picture of no importance. But it is inoffensive. The most remarkable fact about it is that five collaborators are responsible for the authorship. It's nothing against them, but one just wonders why each gave so little of plot and characterization. Dialogue is bright, however, and I insist that the picture is pleasing. Miss Davies plays a dual rôle, that is she disfigures herself with a black wig, glasses and plain clothes for one part and changes to blond hair and youthful dresses for the other. The trouble is she plays both rôles the same way with the same voice and expressions. But of course she isn't supposed to be two separate entities—she's just


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pretending. As a pretty secretary she is persecuted by her elderly male employers and is even refused a job because of her seductive looks. So she transforms herself into the most unattractive type that she can think of. At once she is engaged to help author Robert Montgomery finish his book. Not only does she keep him at work, but she drives away a pursuing siren and completes the novel. All this time Mr. Montgomery never suspects that his drab secretary is the glamorous girl he has fallen in love with. He thinks that she is the friend of his amanuensis when, as a matter of fact, it is Miss Davies without a black wig.

"I Met Him in Paris."—Paramount. Only the movies could entertain us with such a frail story. Thanks, however, to shifting scenes, pungently amusing dialogue and the spell of beautiful photography, we are made to feel that we are participating in a play instead of looking at a cream puff. In short, this is more than usually diverting comedy. It is played with skill and sparkle by Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, and Mona Barrie, as well as lesser members of the cast. Beautiful outdoor scenes taken in Sun Valley, Idaho, easily pass for St. Moritz and at this season are welcome and stimulating. The story is hardly worth recounting. Miss Colbert, in Paris to represent a New York department store, becomes involved with two likable scalawags and they all run off to Switzerland for some fun. Then it is a polite battle for Miss Colbert's affections, with the right man winning her. But the other is far from being unworthy. Again let me call your attention to the dialogue.

"A Day at the Races."—MGM. The infrequency of their appearances make the Marx Brothers among the wisest and most welcome stars. Only Harold Lloyd is as retiring as they. Consequently their occasional pictures are celebrations, not everyday occurrences, and their peculiar humor and horseplay never grows stale even though some of it may be repeated. Ten to one you can't remember when you saw it, anyway. Their current picture is as goofy as any, as hilarious as any one has a right to expect, and is longer than comedy has a right to be. Just what happens in it is beyond my telling. After all, it isn't the story so much as the gags when the Marxes let themselves go. Here the gags are numerous, some of them ingenious and all of them heartily funny. See it and howl.



Anita Louise and Olivia de Havilland spend a few days on Santa Catalina Island. They became good friends making "Call It a Day."



Danielle Darrieux, famous French actress, will make her American screen début soon in "The Rage of Paris."

## What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 11*

### The King of Filmland.

HOW on earth could any one possibly say that they're in love with Bing Crosby's voice or say that he has the most wonderful voice in the world. What has Nelson Eddy got if Crosby has the best voice?

Crosby sings nothing but jazz while Eddy sings real music that proves the power of his voice. Crosby has looks, and he makes a neat lover, but not a singer. Eddy, as some people say, can't act, but to me he is one of the best actors on the screen—he has a romantic voice, and oh, what a smile! His voice is the best I've ever heard, and he is the best lover on the screen, in my estimation.

I saw Eddy in person and nearly met him, and I want to tell you anti-Eddy fans that he can't be compared. The most captivating smile, a stalwart, tall, handsome man, and can he sing! There's something about Eddy that gives him the title of "The King of Filmland."

Now for my criticisms. Why on earth are such people as Barbara Pepper, Shirley Deane, Frances Langford, Dixie Dunbar, Dorothy McNulty, Shirley Ross, Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, James Cagney, and William Gargan, allowed on the screen? Why should Robert Taylor be so popular? He isn't as good-looking as Eddy, Robert Kent, Bob Cummings, Gene Raymond and others. Why should Bill Powell play the part of a lover, and the same to Luise Rainer?

I want to disagree with Ted George who says that every star has his day. Look at Eddie Cantor—all the years he's acted and is his career ended? A star can always act some part after many years, and for their fans' sakes, why can't they stay?

I thoroughly agree with Robert Walsh about David Holt—one of the cutest kids on the screen, and they talk about a dear little girl with curls. David needs a chance. If all the little boys would get the chance the dumb little dames get, some pictures would be better. EVELYN NORTH.

52 West Cedar Avenue,
Merchantville, New Jersey.



Wayne Morris, who scored such a sensation in "Kid Galahad," says that swimming is the finest way to keep fit.

### Here's to Nino Martini.

HERE'S another Nino Martini fan! I agree most emphatically with the views expressed by Dorothy M. Leininger in the June issue. As a music lover I have followed Mr. Martini's career since he first came to the United States, and have never been disappointed in either his art or his attitude toward the public. I was delighted with his fine acting in "The Gay Desperado"—and one *has* to be good to keep up with such excellent actors as Leo Carrillo, Mischa Auer, and Harold Huber, all of whom helped to make the picture entertaining.

So—"Here's To Romance," and more fine pictures from "The Gay Desperado" —Nino Martini!

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### No Nationality Boundaries.

WHEN I read Mrs. Bassett's letter, I was dismayed. I can't see how any one could be so narrow-minded and say that we should send foreign actors back to their own countries. The theater has no boundaries pertaining to nationality and language.

As to what Mrs. Bassett said about sending Garbo home, that would be depriving us of one of the greatest actresses of this age. Can any one see "Camille" and say "Go home, Miss Garbo"?

As for Luise Rainer, she is one of the world's finest actresses and dear to the hearts of all Americans.

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## Foundations of Beauty

*Continued from page 84*

things you will wont to do to recondition your skin ond hair, ond I'll have lots of news for you on this subject next month. But there's one thing you con do in the meantime to start this reconditioning process.

You con freshen your foce remorkably by treoting yourself to the new "beautilift mosque" recently introduced by one of our leoding beauty speciolists. Mode of thin silk, it is in reality o mask, with holes for eyes ond nose ond mouth. Applied after being dipped in o speciol solution thot comes with it, tied snugly beneath the chin ond ollowed to remoin on for os long os possible, from twenty minutes to two hours, it will do wonders to lift the contours of your foce, smoothing out tired lines and wrinkles, moking the flesh firm ond young. In fact, it's like o very expensive salon treatment ond you con give it to yourself ot home.

One lost word obout this soignée appeoronce ond it hos to do with hair, blond hoir in porticular.

Pleose be sure your heod is well groomed, for o bodly orronged coiffure, stringy ends, streoked locks, con ruin the effect of even the most perfect moke-up. Next month we'll tolk o lot obout hoir, but for the time being, be sure to see thot your heod looks sleek ond well brushed. And, if you're o blonde, keep the roots os light os the ends, for nothing is less attroctive thon hoir thot's supposed to be golden and gleoming, if it hos become streoked ond muddy-looking.

So, I'll hove lots of hoir ond skin news for you next month. And don't forget to write me obout ony beauty problems you hove on your mind.




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OCTOBER 1937

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STREET AND SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

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NEXT MONTH: THE POWER OF THE CANDID CAMERA


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# WHAT THE FANS THINK



Photo by Bull

F. H. Bancroft's interesting discussion of singers includes the opinion that Nelson Eddy's delightful singing is the most intellectual and appeals to the brain, not just to the heart.

### Eddy's Intellectual Vocalism.

WHAT the Fans Think" in June Picture Play was interesting and gratifying in that it showed serious judgment on the part of the so-called average listener. There should be a difference of opinion as to the relative merits of Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, and Lily Pons, or Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett, and John Charles Thomas. Obviously, different types of artists should appeal to various tastes.

Although I consider Miss MacDonald the most fascinating personality on the screen, I can only call her voice pleasing. Her loveliness as a woman and actress appeals to me far more powerfully than the glittering superficiality of Miss Moore. I agree heartily that Eddy is wasted on the screen. I do, however, challenge the statement that he is wooden or sings without expression. Call to mind his singing of "The Lord's Prayer." His interpretation of "Route Marchin' " brings me bolt upright on the edge of my chair. I grant his singing is highly intellectual and requires worthy music. Like Flagstad, he appeals to the brain, not just to the heart.

In this age of overinterpreted love songs and violent emotionalism, it is refreshing to listen to an artist like Eddy, whose cellolike voice and flawless technique can be enjoyed as we enjoy the perfection of a literary classic or a masterpiece of art. As to Eddy—Tibbett—Thomas, our three magnificent American baritones—'tis almost splitting hairs to say which is best. Heard in concert, all three are intensely enjoyable. Lawrence Tibbett is suave, sophisticated. With velvetlike voice he sings to his audience, with eyebrow raised superciliously. Thomas, a robust dramatic artist, takes his audience most casually. Eddy, the youngest, with utmost dignity, yet with frankly boyish eagerness to please, wins every individual listener with his forthright earnestness and intelligent vocalism. He is the most human.

Here's for more of this discriminating analysis of our screen entertainment. F. H. Bancroft.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

### Singing That's Inspiring.

EVERY one has a right to his opinion. How often we've heard that. I would like to repeat it for the benefit of Jean Holke who agrees with Freda Wakeling that Nelson Eddy's voice is superior to James Melton's. I agree with R. J. Kennedy that Mr. Eddy's voice "is lacking in animation and warmth."

Recently I heard Mr. Melton sing "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life." I've heard Mr. Eddy sing it many times. 'Tis just another song when Mr. Eddy sings it. One felt as James Melton sang that truly he had at last found the mystery of life and truly he had at last found that mystery to be love. *(Continued on page 9)*


Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.
Ramon
NOVARRO
in
The SHEIK STEPS OUT
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A Republic PICTURE

# INFORMATION, PLEASE

**ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## BY THE ORACLE

BILLIE GUNTHER.—Rosalind Russell was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, June 4, 1909. She has brown hair and black eyes. Traveled, studying literature and theology. Played in stock. Next film is with Robert Montgomery in "Live, Love and Learn." John Gielgud has been appearing on the London stage in "He Was Born Gay." Freddie Bartholomew was to do "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry." Oscar Homolka is in Hollywood making "Ebbtide," for Paramount. Desmond Tester was eighteen February 17th.



CAROL JANE MONTGOMERY.—As your questions required a rather lengthy reply, I answered your letter by mail but it has been returned by the post office. If you will forward your present address I shall be glad to send it to you again.



LUCILLE ANNE BLUESTONE.—That is Tyrone Power's right name. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 5, 1914; over six feet, has brown hair and eyes. Besides the story about him and his mother in this issue, there was an interview in May. These will tell you all you wish to know about Tyrone.

BUDDY.—Both Grand National and Republic Pictures are at 1270 Sixth Avenue, and Universal Pictures, 1250 Sixth Avenue, all in New York.



JAMES MCCLAUSEN.—Gloria Swanson turned down the script of "Mazie Kenyon," at MGM, and instead is doing "The Second Mrs. Draper" for Columbia. Address Constance Bennett at the Hal Roach Studio. Dolores del Rio is married to Cedric Gibbons. The Mary Nolan who was recently sued for nonpayment of a bill, is the same girl who appeared in films some years ago.

LOUISE STONE.—Sebastian Shaw, who played with Miriam Hopkins in "Men Are Not Gods," is with London Films, 22 Grosvenor Street, London, W. 1, England. His latest for that studio is "The Diamond Trust," with Edmund Lowe and Tamara Desni. He was born in Holt, England, May 29, 1905; six feet, weighs 168, brown hair, gray eyes. Educated at Gresham School, and attended the Slade School of Art before starting his screen career. He is married.

DIANE BELMIERE.—You may be able to reach Peter Willes, who played the rôle of *Martin Hilton* in "Call It a Day," at the Warner Studio. He is not one of their contract players, but I do not find that he has appeared in any other film since then.

When writing to The Oracle, please include your full name and address. If requesting casts, a list of fan clubs, the names of all of a star's films, or information about how to obtain stills, a stamped envelope should be inclosed. We regret that we cannot undertake to answer any contest questions.

ELGEN BLAKE.—Patricia Ellis is not the widow of Gordon Westcott, killed while riding a polo pony in 1935. Miss Ellis was reported engaged to Fred Keating in December, 1936, but they have not yet married. I have no fan club in her honor.





INA CALIMANO.—Fredric March's right name is Frederick Ernest McIntyre Bickel. Born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898. I'm sure you'll find a lipstick on the market which doesn't rub off, such as they use in the movies. Old movie films are stored away in the studio vaults. Those that are worn out are destroyed.

JEAN.—Jean Arthur was represented with an interview in the September issue. She was born in New York City, October 17, 1908; five feet three, weighs 107, blond hair, blue eyes. Married to Frank Ross. Alfred Newman was the musical director of "History Is Made at Night." Either he or United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, may be able to tell you the name of the tango in that picture.



BARBARA ANDERSON.—Craig Reynolds was born in Anaheim, California, July 15, 1909; a little over six feet, dark wavy hair, blue eyes. Played his first rôle in the Drama Art Workshop, a little theater in Los Angeles. After a successful stage career, an agent spotted him and he got his start in pictures with leading rôles in three serials, including the remake of "The Perils of Pauline," with Evalyn Knapp. For Warners he has appeared in such films as "The Case of the Lucky Legs," "Ceiling Zero," "The Golden Arrow," "Sons o' Guns," "The Great O'Malley," "Stage Struck," "The Go-getter," "Slim," and "Back in Circulation."



JEANNINE.—Louis Hayward hails from Johannesburg, South Africa, where he was born March 19, 1909; five feet ten and a half, weighs 144, with dark-brown hair, blue-gray eyes. Made his screen début in the English version of "Sorrell and Son." His first picture here was "The Flame Within," with Ann Harding. Not married.

DOROTHY JAHNKE.—"Maytime" was previewed in March, 1937; "Naughty Marietta," May, 1935; "Rose-Marie," was used as the frontispiece of the January, 1936, issue. Interviews with Nelson Eddy appeared in January, June, October, and December, 1936. Gallery portraits, October, 1935, April and October, 1936, and January, 1937. Any of these issues may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Department.



K. H. R.—Olivia de Havilland is five feet four, weighs 107; chestnut hair, brown eyes. Helen Mack, five feet three and a half, weighs 105; dark-brown hair and eyes. Deanna Durbin, five feet two, weighs 106; brown hair, blue eyes. Nan Grey, five feet four, weighs 118; ash-brown hair, hazel eyes. [Continued on page 93]

*Continued from page 6*

I would not flaunt Mr. Eddy's Hollywood success if I were you, Miss Holke. It isn't the great voice that places the aspirant as a permanent Hollywood fixture. The fine voice of Lanny Ross had no market in the cinema capital because his sex appeal did not measure up at the box office. Yet little everyday Dick Powell, bless him, went over with a bang! He appealed to the crowds.



Boris Karloff enjoys a hearty laugh as well as the next one. He's waiting for his next scene in "Without Warning."

Like another fan writing in the same issue of Picture Play, I think it might be a different story if Nelson Eddy were not playing with lovely Jeanette MacDonald.

I've studied piano about seven years; I make no claims of being a musical wizard. All I know is this: when James Melton sings the world suddenly becomes more beautiful, more peaceful. I feel as if I could take pen in hand and write a poem that would live forever. His song becomes a living, vibrant message, arresting and inspiring. Why they do not use him in pictures I'll never understand. He's certainly as easy to look at as Nelson Eddy.

A. M. Wright.

McMillin Apartments,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

### Eddy Definitely Improved.

BEING a constant Picture Play reader and a sincere Nelson Eddy admirer, I have eagerly awaited and enjoyed the pros and cons which Miss Wakeling's letter started.

The many intelligent, and some not so intelligent, comments on Mr. Eddy's talents were worth reading. Any fair-minded person has to admit that Mr. Eddy has one of the grandest voices of our time. One does not need an extensive knowledge of music to appreciate that, rather one needs only two ears. In my opinion, some of the comments were laughable. Why some, who know so little about light opera as to say Victor Herbert wrote "Rose-Marie," think they are qualified to decry Mr. Eddy, who has been compared to Chaliapin, is beyond my comprehension.

However, when people make remarks about Mr. Eddy's acting ability that is beside the point. I would like to give the challenge right here and now. Has Nelson Eddy ever claimed to be an actor? I doubt if any one can prove that he has. Mr. Eddy is and always will be a singer of exceptional repute. Who cares whether he can act or not when one can listen to that incomparable voice? At the same time who can see "Maytime" and not admit that Nelson Eddy has definitely improved?

Mary Cranney.

160 Linden Avenue,
Malden, Massachusetts.



John Wayne takes a spill during an ice-hockey game in Universal's action drama, "Idol of the Crowds."

### Tribute to Jean Harlow.

THIS morning I see a rainbow in the sky and perchance a pot of gold at its end, while three thousand miles away one of the loveliest persons it has ever been my privilege to know is sleeping her last sleep. The beautiful and talented Jean Harlow has passed into that great land beyond the sky.

In life indifference was seldom her portion—people either liked or disliked her. But for the most part, those who knew Jean were extremely fond of her. It was part of her strangely complex charm that, while she personified romance, smoldering, sullen anger, even cruelty of a sort, she could also give lessons in wistfulness to those to whom wistfulness is their only stock in trade.

Miss Harlow had a unique power to attract and hold the interest of people. I, for one, was completely captivated by her. She put her entire self into her acting. It was this and the fact that she never seemed hurried or abrupt which made her such a grand artist and trouper.

There were many who wrote unkind things about Jean. Naturally, since her death, it is impossible somehow not to resent unkindness shown toward the naïve and lovable little girl who often looked out of Harlow's eyes. Certainly Jean never on this earth was able to find that happiness she sought.

I shall never forget her graciousness when I met her. She was so beautiful she almost took my breath away. I shall always be grateful that I was able to see her face to face.

To-day I bow my head in humble gratitude for the many happy hours she gave me. To all the multitude of friends and dear ones she left behind I offer my deepest and sincerest sympathy.

Good-by, Jean, may your soul rest in peace.

Mrs. Pat Koon.

191 Carlisle Street,
Spartanburg, South Carolina.

### MGM's Wonder Boy.

BEFORE beginning any hot arguments, I must congratulate Picture Play on being so generous and open-minded with opinions of fans.

For almost three years, I have been a rabid Nelson Eddy admirer. Naturally, I roared like Leo the Lion at R. J.



George Brent is glad to get down to earth after making "Submarine D-1."

Kennedy's letter, and several others. I don't see how Mr. Eddy could be overrated. I have attended two of his concerts, and if either his singing or speaking voice lacks quality, warmth, or animation, then I'm stone-deaf. I'll always cheer for this polished and thoroughly masculine American, with the proud set of his head, the friendliest of smiles, the deeply thrilling and tireless voice. I have him to thank for two of the most perfect evenings I have ever known.

I agree with Misses Wakeling, Waddle, and May that Nelson Eddy deserves bigger and better musical rôles in the movies. "Maytime" confirmed his wide musical talent. MGM has a wonder boy under contract, and I'm afraid they'll let him slip through their fingers. After all, Mr. Eddy wants to interpret better music, and if the screen gave him the chance to do so before his biggest audience, the less trains he would have to chase in order to satisfy the rest.

With so many stuffed shirts singing in opera, concert, and movies to-day, it's a relief to find one artist with an American background, a name we can pronounce and a rare combination of splendid physique, captivating charm, and true musicianship. Up on the pedestal you go, Nelson, modesty and all!

JEAN BENNETT.

996 South Fremont Avenue,
Springfield, Missouri.

### Not Nino Martini's Fault.

I THINK that the greatest crime of producers is the way they handle the Metropolitan opera stars under contract to them.

There is no opera star who has made a truly great success of his or her career in the movies. Grace Moore comes closest to doing this, and Lily Pons comes next. But why is it that those two women have found greater success than the male opera singers? I think it is because they are getting better pictures and better supporting casts

My favorite screen, radio, and opera star is Nino Martini, and it makes me boil to see the raw deal he is getting. That man has the most beautiful voice I have ever heard. He is handsome, and he has a pleasing personality, yet I know many people who could not be driven to see his last picture. That was not Martini's fault. It was the fault of the first picture he appeared in. He tried to make the best of the bad rôle he was cast in, but he was given a silly part and made to appear effeminate, which he is not.

Because I liked his voice I went to see "The Gay Desperado," but I had to go alone for none of my friends would go with me. That picture was much better than his first, so I went again and took four friends who agreed that Martini had something after all, and I am sure they will go to see his next picture.

But what about those who will not go to see him at all? I repeat, he has received a raw deal and he is being blamed for something that is not his fault. I think the only way to make him a success in the movies is to put him in a well-known operetta and give him a big build-up. Many would go to see it for its reputation alone, but they would return to Martini's pictures just to see him.

Until producers can give the opera stars better deals I would say to those stars, "Go back to the Metropolitan where you are appreciated and work to reach the top there. When the producers agree to give you a better deal go into pictures and gain the great success you deserve." THERESE LEE.

Omaha, Nebraska.

### Opera Films Profitable.

WHY should the subject of opera in pictures continually be under discussion? There would always be a sufficient number of opera devotees to make pictures containing opera sequences profitable if they were not enjoyed by all types of people, but, that they are enjoyed by *all* types is evidenced by the tremendous success of "Naughty Marietta," voted the best picture of the year in which it was produced; "Rose-Marie," listed among the ten best pictures of the following year; and "Maytime," which, from present indications, is likely to stand equally as high in this year's list of favorites. This being true, let's have an increasing number of such enjoyable pictures! MABEL E. CONWAY.

5014 York Road, Logan,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### Chivalrous Errol Flynn.

I CAN'T think of another actor on the screen who can portray gallantry and chivalry quite so convincingly as Errol Flynn.

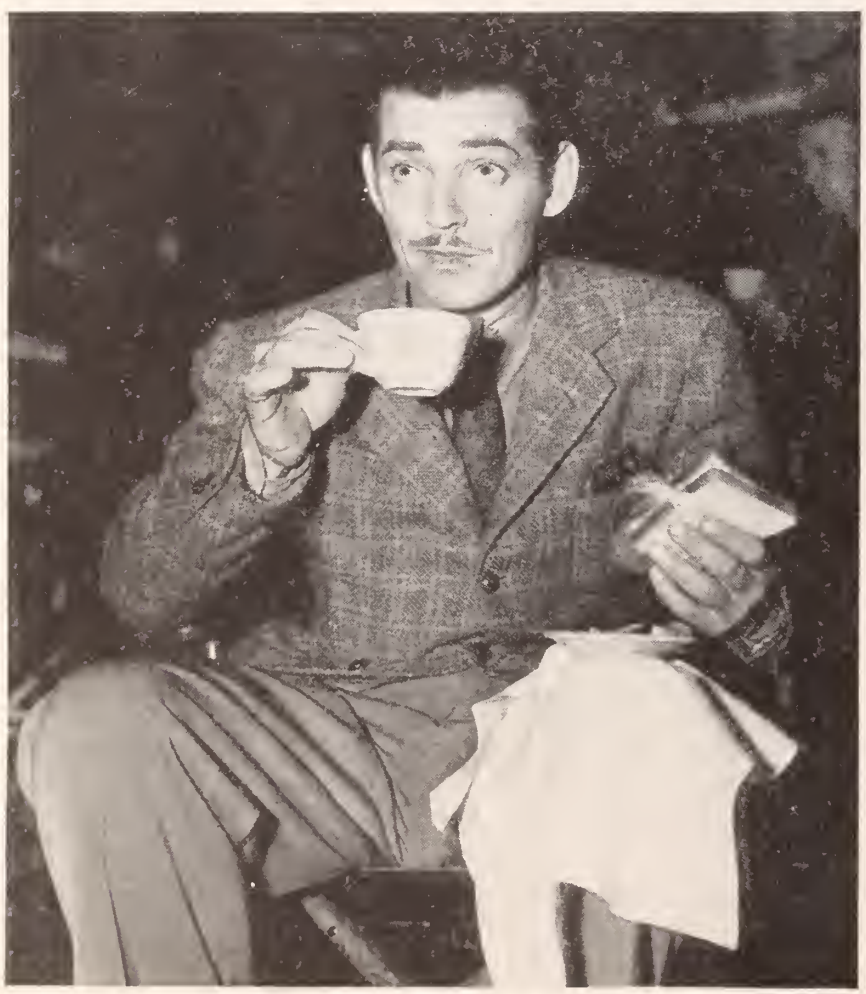
His work in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was so genuine that he made the slightly sentimental love story quite touching and realistic, as well as giving authenticity to the thread of sacrificial courage which dominated the story.

Realism is a quality always present in Flynn's performances—and it's a very important one.

I have read he is to make "Robin Hood" and that it will be in color. That is something to watch for, indeed, as not only should such a story suit Mr. Flynn's talents admirably, but color should fit especially well and add to the attraction of the picture

ELLEN W. BARKDULL.

5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



A cup of coffee and a sandwich can be depended upon to pep Clark Gable up in the middle of the afternoon when he is working at the studio.

### Spring Cleaning.

AT this time of year the industrious housewife is in the act of cleaning and preserving those things which represent value, and discarding the rubbish that clutters her domain. How about the fans following a similar program? I doubt if there is a single fan who will admit that we haven't purpose enough to do so.

It is simply a matter of personal choice which star has contributed the

greatest achievement to cinema art. If that question were asked me, I would answer unhesitatingly—Greta Garbo. Through a span of twelve years, Garbo has contributed her best to her chosen vocation. Her screen material has often been hackneyed and hampered by needless close-ups and long shots, but even at that, Garbo has emerged victorious with a splendid and authentic interpretation of the particular character she portrayed. "Camille" proved once and for all that Garbo will be remembered long after others have been forgotten.

Now, for Bette Davis and Pat O'Brien. These are two of the most natural, sincere and friendliest of Hollywood's members. They have succeeded on their own talents and achievements. Miss Davis has accomplished more in the last three years than Joan Crawford has during ten—except a gigantic raise in salary. Poor stories have held Bette back, but give her a story with a plot and watch her smoke!

Pat O'Brien—a grand guy. Not a pretty fellow, but with a swell grin and a personality that you can't help liking. His personal life isn't one of ballyhoo type. His name is never smeared across front pages. He deserves attention, fans. Let's see that he gets his share.

Henry Fonda deserves mention for becoming a better actor in each picture.

Ann Sheridan, a cute new trick, shows signs of becoming what most players aim to be—a star. Ditto for John Trent.

And listen, fans, why criticize a star harshly and destructively? All are engaged in giving us joy to brighten this world. Let's look for the good points and ignore the weak ones.

PHILIP YOUNG.

20 Lancey Street,
Pittsfield, Maine.

### Make Haste, Miss Shearer.

FOR many years my favorite department in this magazine has been "What the Fans Think." I have read many scathing remarks about personalities whom I admire considerably, and have swallowed quite a lot especially against Garbo, Crawford, and Katharine Hepburn. But Joseph J. Hoar has gone just one step too far, and has overstepped all bounds.

As an ardent admirer of Fredric March he has written a very stirring letter in behalf of his favorite, who some people have evidently found to be somewhat less than perfect. On that score I find no fault. But it was not sufficient to let well enough alone. He remarks that it was Norma Shearer's performance which ruined—yes, he said "ruined"—"The Barretts of Wimpole Street." That statement in itself is preposterous. If my memory serves me right, some five hundred or so critics that year voted "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" the best picture of the year, and it was given the vote over such splendid films as "It Happened One Night" and "The Thin Man." That would not indicate that anybody in particular ruined the film at all.

I sincerely hope that Miss Shearer will hasten her return to the screen. In spite of all this ballyhoo about Luise Rainer's performance in "The Great Ziegfeld," if ever any one deserved an award for the year's greatest acting, it was Norma Shearer for her inspired *Juliet*. And speaking of awards, what about offering Garbo a special one for "Camille," since the Academy seems never to consider her when it comes to offering its prizes.

HARVEY SMITH.

Detroit, Michigan

### Too Late for Award?

NORBERT LUSK voices the thoughts of millions of Americans when, in the May issue, he expresses surprise at the fact that Garbo has never been given the Academy award.

How one could see her in "Camille" and not name her as the winner for 1937, even though it was released the first day of that year and the awards made in the latter part of 1936, is beyond my comprehension. It will be many years before I can forget *Marguerite*. In fact, she made the part so live in my heart that I think of Garbo as *Marguerite*. Her exquisite tenderness and beautiful portrayal of that character surpassed all other actresses who have played the part, or of any who have played *any* part in *any* picture.

I have read many things which were not complimentary to Garbo, and I'll admit many have shaken temporarily my regard for her as a person—for instance the refusal to grant a small child an autograph and turning away leaving the child in tears—but I know quite well that such stories are often distorted, or if true, the motive behind the refusals we do not know, and not knowing I hesitate to condemn her for anything, and so continue to love and appreciate her as a great actress who I am thankful lives during my time.

MEM MITCHUM.

2102-10th Avenue, South,
Birmingham, Alabama.

### Merely Prejudice.

IN the April issue of Picture Play, Jane Dollery panned the English very much. Although I am American born, I favor the English immensely, and I am also a great admirer of Freddie Bartholomew, so I thought the least I could do was to send in a letter of defense.

This little lad from across the seas has won the heart of every American with his silver tongue and fine acting. In fact, he has thrown many of our juvenile stars into obscurity and so some people are inclined to be a little prejudiced toward him.

As for Freddie putting his accent on "thick" as you call it, I think you are quite mistaken, for each picture he makes his speech is becoming more and more American, especially in "Captains Courageous."



June Lang and Louise Hovick find Eddie Cantor the center of attraction in this scene from 20th-Century's "Ali Baba Goes to Town."

It is almost universally acclaimed that the British are the masters of the English language, and there is nothing more melodious to the ear than beautiful speech. Only one who is ignorant of English would say such things as "thickening up on the accent" and such other statements as these, regarding speech, especially the speech of an Englishman.

F. J. S.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### An Actor Who Thinks.

THREE films have proved Henry Daniell unique and extraordinary, suggesting no other actor. He is praised by the discerning for rare intelligence and originality. His superb restraint refreshes after the soporific indifference of Fredric March and Leslie Howard, which is often mistaken for that elusive quality. Mr. Daniell is that phenomenon, an actor who thinks! His brilliantly pungent wit and savoir-faire are unequaled. With this he combines the added endowment of surpassing dramatic ability. These admirable gifts establish him as the most distinguished newcomer in many seasons.

Loretta Young's penchant for adopting a maternal attitude toward the entire company, including the villain, of "The Unguarded Hour," in no way dimmed the luster and excitement of Mr. Daniell's introduction.

In that gentle melodrama, "Under Cover of Night," besides committing four murders he limned a persuasive portrait of the somewhat neurotic professor.

Garbo's "Camille" is a historic monument to undying beauty and will doubtless be revered as such by all, save possibly those cultured gentlemen who comprise that quaint group, the Academy of "Arts" and "Sciences." Mr. Daniell's *Baron de Varville* was the only other performance in "Camille" worthy of such exalted association.

Despite unconventional technique, a quiet manner off screen and exceptional mentality, MGM assures us Henry Daniell will continue to add a fillip to our ingenuous industry which, recently, he pictured to me as a "mad revel of softened brains."

JACK HITT.

Hollywood, California.

### No Comparison.

WITH all this talk of Academy awards and outstanding pictures, I wish to say that the two most interesting films I have seen this year are the revived "Enoch Arden" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." One featured Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid, the other starred Rudolph Valentino.

To those of us belonging to the generation that has grown up since the advent of sound pictures, this was a distinctly extraordinary afternoon. There were no voices to accompany the shadows on the screen. An organ boomed appropriate melodies from the pit. Valentino sang, soundlessly; *Enoch Arden* raved—with gestures—on his desert isle.

The audience was small but appreciative. Occasionally somebody laughed at the wrong time—but it was a kindly sort of laughter. One lady remarked that she could remember when crowds stood for hours in the rain to see a Valentino film. Another complained of a headache from reading all the subtitles, but I noticed she sat through for a second performance.

I left the theater with the feeling that pictures have come a long way in the last fifteen or twenty years. But have the actors? Barring the changing styles in clothing, in make-up, in acting technique, are our actors to-day any better performers than those of yesterday? It seems to me that some of our present glamorous-eyed, heavy-mouthed stars could learn much from the simple, wistful Lillian Gish. And if Rudy Valentino and Wallace Reid were living, I wonder whether there would be any Clark Gables, Errol Flynns, or Robert Taylors? And if there were—would anybody give a whoop?

CLARICE RING.

3218 Benton Place,
Seattle, Washington.

### The Last Straw.

SEVERAL months ago, Freda Wakeling contributed a letter to this department saying that she feels that Nelson Eddy deserves better screen material than he has heretofore been getting. It was a perfectly sane, logical, and harmless opinion—but before long a great number of readers started sending in the most idiotic letters regarding this young man.

One very bright young man says that Nelson Eddy's voice is flat and unemotional. That fellow is either a fool or he does not know a thing about singing and should keep his asinine opinions to himself.

Another says that Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas have better voices than Nelson Eddy. That is indeed a great mistake for Mr. Eddy's voice is considered, with Tibbett's and Thomas's, one of the greatest of baritones.



Una Merkel refreshes herself between scenes with her favorite ice-cream.

But the last straw was sent in by a silly female who must be empty-headed to write such an utterly ridiculous letter. This maiden said that Nelson Eddy is an animated dummy and should never have left the concert stage!

All of us who have seen Nelson in "Maytime" know that he has reached the peak of acting ability and could get by on his looks and histrionic talents alone, even if he were not gifted with that splendid voice. But I agree with the aforementioned lady in one respect. Jeanette MacDonald and Nino Martini would indeed make a wonderful team—the toothy Miss MacDonald with her thin, shrill soprano, and the vague-looking Mr. Martini with his nasal, high-pitched tenor.

And now, your critic says that the selfsame Miss MacDonald has a better voice than either Grace Moore or Lily Pons. Well, I can only say that if Jeanette had the power of a Moore voice and the brilliance and range of a Pons voice, she could indeed be called a great singer. As it is, Miss MacDonald has a pleasing enough operetta voice, but that is as far as she can go. Why she is asked to sing such beautiful arias as "Noblesse Oblige" or "Elsa's Dream" is beyond my comprehension, for she literally wrecks them. The person who should get more operatic arias to sing in his pictures is, without a doubt, Nelson Eddy. He would, at least, sing them as they should be sung.

ELIZABETH D. MURPHY.

Montreal, Quebec, Canada.



All those ruffles seem to have bowled Judith Barrett over. Or perhaps she's just resting after completing "Idol of the Crowds," with John Wayne. Her black-and-white voile frock has a picture hat to match.

# SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

THE new film season promises more foreign players in leading rôles than ever before. This will be bad news to those who, from time to time, sound that familiar battle cry, "Send the foreigners home and give our own boys and girls a chance." It will be good news to those who are susceptible to new faces and who recognize the artistry of Garbo, Charles Boyer, Luise Rainer, Simone Simon, Freddie Bartholomew, Sonja Henie and many others, some of whom have long since been accepted as our own. It is surprising, nevertheless, how many picture-goers hold against a star the fact that he or she is a foreigner. One of their favorite reasons for resentment is that foreign players "take away our good American dollars and give nothing in return." That is not so. For, aside from what they contribute in talent, in entertainment, the government sees to it that almost half their earnings are deflected into the national coffers. Taxes absorb about $45,000 of an income of $100,000—granting that every player of foreign birth earns that much yearly.

ANYWAY, fans will be asked to pass judgment in the next few months upon a large number of players they have never seen or heard of before. Hardly a studio in Hollywood is without its surprise with an accent. Some of them are bound to become favorites; others are almost sure to be found wanting. If studios never took a chance, never were optimistic about their discoveries, where would the screen be to-day? Producers are gamblers. They have to be. And every player is a speculation. There never yet has been a star who was born a star.

ANY discovery of Samuel Goldwyn, domestic or foreign, is interesting and important for the moment if not always enduring. Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Walter Byron, Li'li Damita, Anna Sten, and Merle Oberon are some of his enthusiasms past and present. Now he offers his first star from Scandinavia, a Norwegian, Sigrid Gurie, who will be seen opposite Gary Cooper, no less, in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Because of the association she will command world-wide attention, but not even Mr. Goldwyn can foretell her future.

ANOTHER stranger cast opposite an established star is Paramount's Franciska Gaal, a Hungarian, who will be seen as Fredric March's heroine in "The Buccaneer," the story of a pirate, Jean Lafitte. Cecil DeMille will be responsible for the glamour and drama of her début. Paramount has another discovery, if a man who is already "South America's Film Idol," really needs to be discovered. He is Georges Rigaud, an Argentinean with a French name assumed, no doubt, because France sponsored his film career. He must be good. Right away he is cast opposite Marlene Dietrich. Sandra Storm, said to be England's most famous model, soon will be seen as *Miss Perfection* in Paramount's "Artists and Models." Tall, willowy, blond, she is said to be a composite of Madeleine Carroll and Frances Farmer.

DANIELLE DARRIEUX, celebrated in French films, is coming over for Universal while Germaine Aussey, also of France, goes back to her native land without any work in Hollywood to her credit. Twentieth Century-Fox centers its hopes of the moment upon another French actress already known to the American public. Captivating Annabella, who scored in "Wings of the Morning," comes to Hollywood on the crest of success, with William Powell already chosen to play opposite her. Gracie Fields, hugely popular British comedienne, is another alien star who will be seen by us for the first time, thanks to 20th Century. Columbia has Luli Deste, charming Hungarian actress patiently waiting for a chance to act for us. I say "charming" with assurance, for I saw her in Edward G. Robinson's British film, "Thunder in the City." Geraldine Rudolph, somewhat vaguely described as "a Continental actress," is visiting Hollywood as part of her preparation for work in Alexander Korda's London Films. We shall be seeing her, of course. And Fernand Gravet will return to assume a permanent place in our films.

AND what has Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the way of European bombshells, skyrockets and assorted fireworks? Never caught short in the past, it isn't likely they've overlooked any possibility of a surprise this season. Are we to find it in Miliza Korjus, Rose Stradner, Della Lind, or Tilly Losch? The latter already has

appeared in "The Garden of Allah" and "The Good Earth" as dancer and pantomimist. Now she is being trained in speech to become a full-fledged actress in leading rôles. Speculating on Korjus, Stradner, and Lind, we have only to remember that Luise Rainer was an unknown foreigner a short time ago. Her friend, Miss Stradner, also from Vienna, has been brought over to prepare for a film début. Her stage training has been similar to Miss Rainer's and she has never appeared in pictures. Della Lind, Viennese light-opera singer, at last is to give us a taste of her voice and personality in "Rosalie" after obliging the magazines with chic fashion photos for all of a year. Madame Korjus, a slim, handsome blond, is an opera singer from Central Europe who is said to sing "the highest soprano note on record." Her test came to the studio in the form of phonograph records which indicated an ability to sing the most difficult coloratura arias without apparent effort. Once seen she disclosed that miracle of miracles, a face and figure to match her voice. Somehow I'm banking on Korjus. There you have Metro's line-up of newcomers from Europe.

ALL told, these foreigners are too few in number to crowd out our own aspirants to any extent. The studios have under contract and are grooming a hundred times as many native newcomers than imported novelties. They are too numerous to mention, really. Few, if any, of them possess the experience in acting that invariably justifies the signing of foreign artists whether they become sensations or not. After all, art in any form is not, and should not, be limited by nationality or language. Speaking for the majority of fans, Picture Play *welcomes any one who can contribute to the American screen.*

* * *

CRITICS give highest praise to "They Won't Forget." So do I give it high praise. But not highest. It is an extraordinary picture, however, one of the most realistic ever produced. The question is, should it have been produced? I do not ask this because of squeamishness in facing the uglier aspects of life graphically pictured in the film, but because I think the picture will do more harm than good. Its implications, its indictment of a community, are far more direct than in "Fury" and "The Black Legion," the only recent pictures that can be compared with "They Won't Forget." But while these pictures had no determined locale, the scene of the new film is definitely and unmistakably the South where law, order, justice, tolerance, and the humanities of decent living are nonexistent, if we are to believe what we see and hear on the screen. I object to this, and I believe that thousands of other picture-goers will protest against a picture produced with callous disregard for the feelings of a large section of the country.

WHEN I commend the picture for being realistic, I mean in dialogue, acting, direction and settings. Every detail is real. I consider it grossly unreal, however, in concept and in representation of conditions and character. I do not believe that in a Southern city of any size, or a city anywhere, there exists not one upright person, not one citizen with sufficient principle and backbone to fight to save a fellow human from the fury of a mob, or to make the slightest effort to do so. I do not believe that a community exists anywhere without its decent minority, even in places of corruption. But "They Won't Forget" would have us believe that every inhabitant of a city of considerable size is bent on seeing the hanging of a good-looking young man accused of murder, and that every one will resort to lying, perjury and worse to hasten the killing, not alone because the victim is supposedly guilty, but because he is a stranger in the community from the northern part of the United States.

I DO not believe that sectional feeling runs as high as that in any American city to-day, and I believe that in so picturing it on the screen prejudice will be stirred among those who have no knowledge of the South—prejudice akin to ridicule because of the exaggerated peculiarities of Southern speech cultivated by "Northern" actors for the most part as well as a British one in the dominant rôle.

CENSORSHIP imposes countless restrictions in the making of pictures, in evading the truth. Minors must be protected against knowledge of this, that and the other thing. Racial and religious taboos are inflexible. Foreign governments dictate what shall not be pictured on the screen. And Hollywood heeds their threat to ban any film that offends. The profitable foreign market must be safeguarded. But what about the film that offends a section of our own country? I do not believe that a Southern audience will accept "They Won't Forget" without indignant protest, even though the first title, "Murder in the Deep South" obviously was changed to soften the stigma of the picture itself. It is a strong picture, engrossing, as the drama of doom tightens around and eventually strangles the victim, but I do not think it should have been filmed. It should have remained between the covers of the book. Undoubtedly the picture will arouse further censorship, the very menace that producers fear and resent most.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JEAN CHATBURN'S hat and matching Ascot scarf reflect an early fall trend favored by the youthful. The rolled up hat is of black felt, the band of grosgrain ribbon falling in loose ends from the back. The Roman striped scarf is the distinguishing touch in this interesting arrangement.

# A WOMAN *Alone*

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Photo by Grimes

Garbo's reticence and aloofness to-day are not part of a publicity stunt. Early in her career visitors were welcome, interviews were frequent and she observed the rules of stardom. But she was betrayed and hurt by people she trusted.

**GARBO CASTS A SPELL OF SILENCE OVER THOSE WHO KNOW HER WELL. THEY CANNOT TALK ABOUT HER EVEN WHEN THEY TRY. WHY IS THIS?**

GRETA GARBO has probably been interpreted in print mare aften than any ather waman living. She has been explained in all the languages, including the Scandinavian. Ninety-nine—ar maybe it's eight hundred—times she has been described as "an anamaly."

Pardan me, ladies and gentlemen, if I seem ta be heretical just here. I dan't think that Garbo is an anomaly at all. I cansider her a tharaughly cansistent waman and actress. If the woman and the actress appear to diverge sometimes, it is because the waman is an actress. Samehow, people have always seemed to canfuse the woman with the râles she plays, and the râles have been many and varied.

On the screen, Garba has been exatic, winsame, earthy, tragic, mysteriaus, and much else. In private life she has been simple, frightened, lonely, hamesick, eager for campanianship and understanding.

When yau canfuse her with the râles she plays, it is as though yau identified a painter with the characters an his canvases, a navelist with the people who move between the cavers of his boaks. Garbo daesn't "live" her râles, as many actars will tell you they da. She creates them carefully, studiausly, conscientiausly, according ta her own rigid standards. She warks aver them. When she isn't warking she becomes herself again, and a rather stark and pathetic self it is.

Let me tell you a little about how Greta Garbo lives. She has never awned a house in Califarnia. In her early picture days she occupied a suite in an ocean frant hotel with wide windows which apened to the sea. Since then she has been a sort af namad, accupying rented dwellings. All she has asked has been space and sunlight and a garden, hedged and fenced fram public view.

She daesn't care what is inside the house. Apparently she daesn't even see what is there. She never moves a vase ar changes the angle of a chair ar the positian af a picture.

The astanished owners return ta find everything exactly as they left it, not one telltale detail ta prave that one of the world's most glamorous wamen has been living there.

Nothing is marred—Garba never gives porties—na china has been braken, everything is spatless. The gardens have been carefully tended. If there is any damage at all it may be some fading af rugs and curtains because all the windaws have been apen all day, every day.

Just naw Greta is occupying the Neil Hamilton house in Brentwaad. She rented this when the Hamiltons went to England. She has made no changes except to erect a tall fence about the estate which leads yau ta believe, as yau appraach it, that here is a very special sart af baseball park.

She emplays a butler-hauseman, a caak, and a gardener and she changes servants rather aften. Once a pair af trusted servants betrayed her friendly confidence—and took money for it.

Amid such quiet surraundings she studies the scripts of her pictures, reads and reads and reads the books which will help her to understand the character she is to partray. In the gorden she rehearses her lines, pacing to and fra among the flower beds, murmuring ta herself.

She is always letter perfect when she arrives on the set far wark. This is partly because af her shyness. She is terrified at meeting new peaple and the preliminary rehearsals with a new cast reduce her ta a pitiable state of nerves. She wonts ta recite her lines as quickly as possible ond then flee. This terrar af people is not a pase. It is as real as toathache, and psychalagists have o name far it.

Years oga I dropped inta the affice of a scenaria-writing friend on the MGM lot and faund him just entering, laaking rather sheepish. "I've been down watching that new girl work," he confessed. "Her name is Garba. I dan't know what it is that she has but I da knaw that every ane an the lat who con get away far a few maments fram whatever he is supposed ta be daing gaes ta watch her. There is a stillness obaut her, a pawer, ar—oh, I dunno!"

Later I visited the set, myself, and was introduced to Miss Garbo. Her English was sketchy and we didn't get much further than "How-da-yau-da?" and o cauple af "How nices!" But she didn't seem any mare shy thon ony other stranger, warking in a stronge land with scant knawledge of the language, might have seemed. She had an engaging and hearty giggle which bubbled forth unexpectedly when she became entangled with wards and courtesies. She still has that giggle but it doesn't bubble so frequently nowadays.

The reticence and shyness began to graw upan her after she had been asked incredible questians by interviewers, had read blunt and unkind remarks about herself in print, after she had been mabbed and nearly tarn to pieces by impartunate fans. She simply did not understand these things. They terrified and bewildered her. She exoggerated their importance and began ta distrust every one.

But the further she withdrew inta her pratective shell, the more determinedly did the public try ta penetrote it. Peaple whom she liked and trusted and invited to dinner sald their "impressians" af her ta the newspapers. She became, literally, o fugitive fram a sart af fame which seemed false and vulgar ta her.

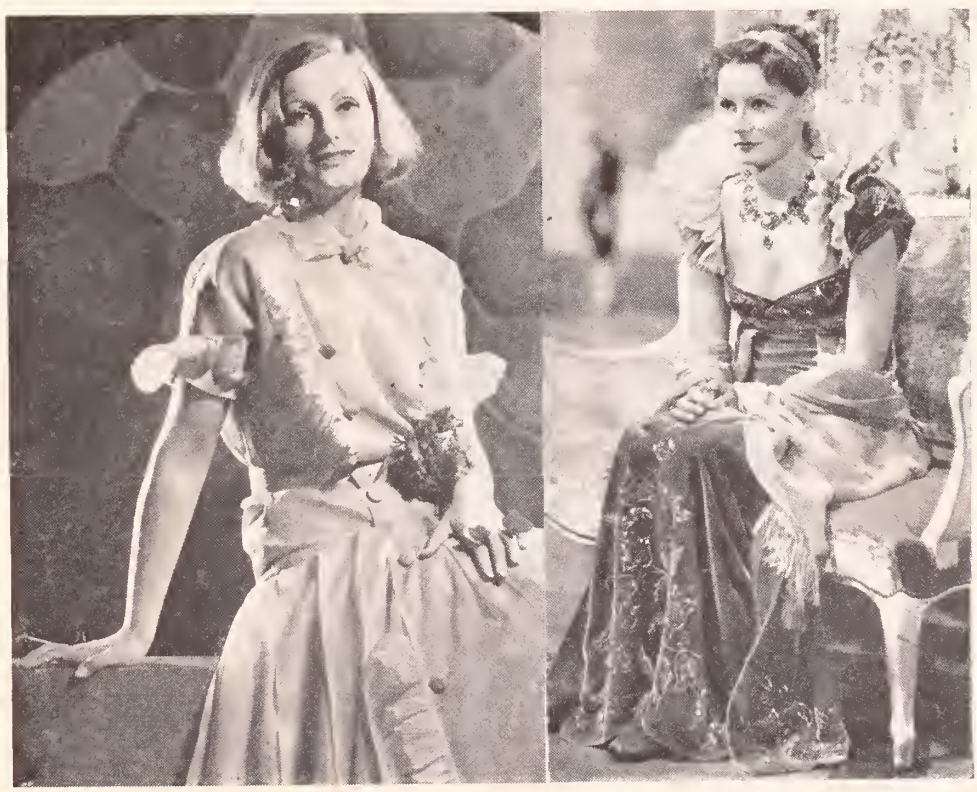
Thase canvas screens which they erect abaut her when she is ta make an impartant scene in a picture were not Garba's idea. She never requested them. Directors simply found that she warked better, with much mare ease, if she was pratected fram staring eyes. The directars arder the screens.

If Garba has seemed happier, mare appraachable in the past few manths than she was befare, perhaps it is because she is beginning ta realize that the praise heaped upan her far recent perfarmances has nat been empty praise.

One of her clasest and mast trusted friends in Hallywaod is Adrian, MGM designer ta wham the studia gives much credit far having helped ta discover Garbo's valuable qualities.

"At first they hung spangles and gloss beads on her," Adrion tald me. "They considered her a sort af decorative prop. I saw that she was like a tree, with raats deep, deep in the earth. You must never, never put an artificial jewel or imitation lace ar fur an Garbo. Nat thot it would

*Continued on page 63*



**Interesting comparison is found in these two photos of Garbo. Right, as she appeared in Pirandello's "As You Desire Me" five years ago. Next as she appears in "Conquest."**



SONJA HENIE · TYRONE POWER

Your eyes will open wide with wonder!

The picture you dreamed some day you'd see . . . lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you've ever longed for in entertainment . . . as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!



# Thin Ice

A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel

ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS
SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
*. . . who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"*

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!



Photo by Madison Lacy

# picture play's famous previews

RESTON FOSTER AND KAY FRANCIS IN "FIRST LADY."



# THE SHEIK STEPS OUT



RAMON NOVARRO returns to the screen in the rôle of a Spanish count masquerading as an Arabian sheik in order to win the affections of a madcap American heiress. Lola Lane is the girl who falls in love with the sheik under the spell of the desert.







A BIG hotel resort is the sole reason for St. Christophe's existence as a hamlet in the Swiss Alps where Sonja Henie is a skating instructress. To the hotel come important dignitaries, headed by Tyrone Power, a prince. However, when the two meet he introduces himself as a reporter, and before long they are in love with each other. Left, Raymond Walburn, the girl's uncle, and George Givot.





# THIN ICE











# DEAD END

SYLVIA SIDNEY and Joel McCrea, left page, find love after her kid brother gets into trouble. Humphrey Bogart, top, left, discovers his childhood sweetheart, Claire Trevor. Wendy Barrie, left, looks down at the dead-end street from her luxurious apartment. She is in love with Joel McCrea, gutter-born architect. Below, "Baby Face Martin" with his pal, Allen Jenkins. Bottom, "Baby Face" meets sudden death. Boys of the slums while away idle hours playing dice.












# 100 MEN and a GIRL









BECAUSE it is difficult for her father, Adolphe Menjou, to find a job as a trombone player, Deanna Durbin decides to promote a symphony orchestra of one hundred unemployed musicians. She manages to see Leopold Stokowski. He agrees to conduct them for one big concert, with happy results. Left page, top, Christian Rub, Michael Fitzmaurice, Mischa Auer, Deanna, and Mr. Menjou. Top, an audition for Mr. Stokowski.


IT'S LOVE
I'M AFTER







LESLIE HOWARD, an actor, is pursued by Olivia de Havilland, an emotional heiress. Nothing he can do or say to offend her has any effect. Below, she and her mother, Spring Byington, give a lawn party in his honor. Bottom, with his valet, Eric Blore, he is greeted coolly by the girl's business man fiancé, Patric Knowles, and Bonita Granville. Bette Davis, outer left, comes to the rescue.







# IT'S ALL YOURS

FRANCIS LEDERER arrives from Europe, a shy, foreign-bred youth, to be educated by his multimillionaire uncle, J. C. Nugent. In a few years the youth's escapades are a major scandal. Madeleine Carroll, secretary to the uncle, falls in love with the boy. But when the uncle dies and leaves everything to the girl, Mr. Lederer follows her to New York, where she has supposedly gone to waste the fortune. Left, center, with Charles Waldron, the uncle's partner.





IT is a gala day on the island of Manukura. Dorothy Lamour, daughter of the native chief, Al Kikume, is to marry Jon Hall, first mate on a trading schooner. Best wishes of the entire white population of the island, right, follow the bride and groom. C. Aubrey Smith, Raymond Massey, his wife, Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, Jerome Cowan. Outer right, "Marama" and her happy young child, Kuulei DeClercq.





# THE HURRICANE











## THE HURRICANE

ROLL call of all the men on the island is given by French Administrator Raymond Massey, above, in an effort to apprehend the fugitive, Jon Hall. Reri and Mamo Clark, right, crown Dorothy Lamour with flower leis. Below, the fugitive native comes to warn Mary Astor and Thomas Mitchell that "the great storm" is upon them. The natives are happy after the ceremony.








# BENGAL LANCERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

From an amazing sea story long buried in the files of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Henry Hathaway, director of such Paramount masterpieces of pictorial adventure as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," has produced and directed this grandest of all sea romances. Gary Cooper strides through another of his glorious he-man roles as a seaman of the Fabulous Forties who becomes the leading figure in the *cause célèbre* of the time: the famous murder trial which followed the destruction by fire on the high seas of the Liverpool-Philadelphia packet, the *William Brown*. George Raft in a picaresque role as his companion in arms gains even greater stature among the male luminaries of Hollywood. Frances Dee and Henry Wilcoxon head an all-star supporting cast.

*Another Paramount Hit!*



BRONZE lamé is the material used by Omar Kiam in designing this gown for Ida Vollmar to wear in "Vogues of 1938." The slashed shoulder treatment is striking and new. The headdress is nothing short of startling. It is of lacquered twine fastening grapes and scattered vine leaves.

# A GOAL SO HIGH

BY WHITNEY WILLIAMS



INTRODUCING JOAN FONTAINE WHO IS LIKE NO OTHER YOUNG ACTRESS IN HOLLYWOOD.

HIGH up on the side of a Hollywood hill is an English cottage, with vines and rombler roses running up to the eaves and pigeons cooing among the gobles. It is the only house of its kind in the neighborhood, and as you pass through the gate you sense that within this dwelling live people apart from their neighbors.

And you're right! They are different, quite different. Here reside three women who are of Hollywood, yet isolated from it. A mother with idealism in her soul, and two daughters who have absorbed this almost forgotten spirit.

The mother, English-born, bore these two daughters in Tokio, Japon, about twenty years ogo.

One, the elder, you've heard considerable about. Her name is Olivia de Havilland.

The other is not quite so well known. She was christened Joan de Havilland, but the screen is beginning to know her os Joan Fontaine, a name she took from her stepfather. It is of her that this story is written.

Were o stranger to be introduced to Joan, he immediately would be struck by the amazing resemblonce between herself and Olivia. There is the same gentle expression; their eyes are alike, and the similarity extends even to the little wrinkling of the nose when they smile.

Joan and Olivia have a gentleman's agreement—neither will talk about the other. So, to bear out this agreement further, we'll cease mentioning Olivia and confine ourselves to Joan. All the more credit goes to her for wishing—insisting, even—that she win any acting laurels on her own, without the benefit of her sister's name to help her.

Joan is practicolly a newcomer in Hollywood, yet already a very vital component. Evincing unusual ability in her initial rôle, a smoll port in Katharine Hepburn's "Quality Street," the studio was so struck by her ollure that it immediately cast her in the leading rôle opposite John Beal in "The Man Who Found Himself," ond followed this with the hercine in "You Can't Beot Love." In both these pictures Joan more than justified the foith placed in her.

On the screen Joan recolls Jean Arthur. Indeed, in certain scenes, there is the same brittle quality thot skyrocketed Jean to the position she now retains. Certainly Joan is entirely in command of every situation, and there is extraordinary confidence in her every move.

As a person, this young actress is more of o dreamer. She has lived greatly within herself during her nineteen years, and now that she is progressing along so rapidly in her career she does not care particularly for companionship.

"When I was a little girl," she tells you, her hazel eyes twinkling, "I used to spend a good deal of time in a cemetery reading poetry." As you talk with her, you might readily fancy she had just returned from such a visit, for there is something rather unearthly —if that is the proper word!—about her. She might be "Peter Pan" in modern clothes.

When she was two, her mother brought her to San Francisco from Japan. Ever fragile and continually

*Continued on page 62*



Joan is "different" because her ambition is tempered with idealism. She plays opposite Nino Martini in "Music for Madame" and is to be Fred Astaire's heroine in "Damsel in Distress."

# Food-conscious IN A BIG WAY

BY DICK PINE

Illustrated by Hartman

NO LONGER ARE THE STARS NAÏVE IN THEIR CHOICE OF FOOD. THIS AMUSING ARTICLE DESCRIBES THEIR EPICUREAN TASTES.



Luise Rainer, if she invites you to lunch and is in the mood, may prepare for you her own very special egg dish.

WHY con't one get o proper Yorkshire Pudding in this country? I hired a cook who said she wos on expert at it, but it turns out just like the others—soggy, pole, ond depressing." "And curries. Why con't we get the condiments to make real curries? Con't they be imported from Indio?" "And whot obout poi? I like all the South Sea Islond dishes, but the only ploce I've ever hod them os they should be is ot Frank Borzoge's house——"

A very British voice interrupted. "Where," it inquired plointively, "con I find authentic chicken ò la Moryland?"

There followed o welter of tolk obout Bouillabaise as one con only find it in Morseilles, Russian Borscht, Itolion Anti-pasto, and goodness knows whot.

I blinked, tried to sort my impressions, ond realized with o stort that I was in Hollywood; very much in Hollywood. A bunch of us were dollying over cocktoils, ond, though the hors d'œuvres were delectable, the tolk hod turned toward food.

"Hollywood is going internationolly food-conscious with o vengeance!" I thought. And so we seem to be.

For it was Dick Arlen, returned from Englond, who was wailing over the difficulty of obtaining Yorkshire Pudding, and other robust British offerings; and it was Basil Rathbone, British to the morrow, who wos yeorning for real chicken à la Maryland. Errol Flynn was longing for South Seo Island dishes, "done os they should be done."

David Niven was proclaiming that Merle Oberon was probably the only person on the West Coost who knew how curry should be made and served. Merle does know. She spent her early doys in Indio, ond she knows that some curries ore hot, ond that other curries ore—well, not so hot.

Only Anglo-Indians and notives con enjoy the hottest curries; there ore plenty of people who cannot take even the milder curries. But Merle gives you o heop of fresh grated coconut to cool your tongue, chutney to add o fillip, smoll varicolored chopped things of this ond thot, ond o serving of dry, well-separated rice to act as o kind of blotter.

After dinner, you don't really burst into flome, as you tear, but you have o very good time.

You, who have admired the dainty figure of Songbird Jeanette MocDonold, may be o trifle ostonished, os I wos, to leorn of her favorite dish. It is none other than the good, hearty, old-fashioned baked bean! Beons which have simmered for twenty-four hours in o sealed brick oven. Beans served with plenty of pork which is os soft os warm butter under your fork.

Every true boked-bean lover hos o "speciol recipe," which hos been handed down from some one or other, and Jeanette is no exception. I don't know what goes into those beans, but it is o combination of molasses, spices, and goodness knows what. With them, she serves (ond

Miriam Hopkins can make a knock-out, old-fashioned corn pone baked on a shovel.

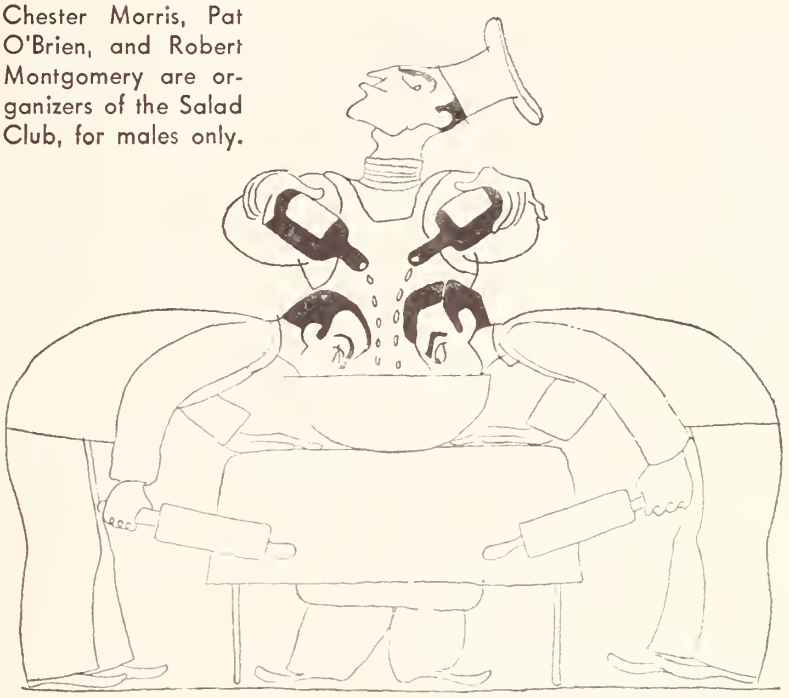


eats heartily of) black, damp, Boston brown bread, bulging with plump currants, and plenty of sweet butter. And she looks as though she might subsist on a diet of hot-house grapes! Well, one never knows.

Hollywood has always been addicted to salads, health salads, mostly; designed to make you feel as though you had eaten when you haven't. These are the most depressing concoctions of row fodder you can imagine. But I suppose it is oll in the interests of art. For there surely cannot be any pretense of enjoyment in them.

So I was cheered no end when I learned of the Salad Club organized by such honest trenchermen as Pot O'Brien, Chester Morris, and Bob Montgomery. The members are all ma.es, and, to quolify for membership, one must mix with his own hands a salad and dressing which meets with the unanimous approval of the other members.

As o matter of fact, Chester, who was one of the founders of the club, was summorily relegated to the status of just an honorary member when he committed the felony of pouring a sickly, pinkish, Frenchish dressing over mixed fresh fruit. I didn't toste it, but there were some strong (but not silent) men who did.



**Chester Morris, Pat O'Brien, and Robert Montgomery are organizers of the Salad Club, for males only.**



**Edward G. Robinson passed on to the Brown Derby a recipe for veal paprika that he inherited from his family.**

Well, the poor chap worked for weeks producing some of the most astonishing concoctions that ever entered the mind of man. Finally, the other members took pity on him, and reinstoted him to full membership on the strength of (of all things) his barbecued steak, in which he really can take a pardonoble pride.

Over a slow charcoal fire, he places a baking pan lined with rock salt, over which he puts a thick slab of steak ond bakes twenty minutes. The souce is o secret, opparently; oll I know about it is thot it's a deep, purplish red, and thot it certainly must contain some of those tiny, venomous Mexicon peppers. Anyhow, it's one of the best barbecue souces I ever tasted. In honor of this chef d'œuvre, the club is now called The Salad and Barbecued Steak Club.

Another chap who takes his "camp-fire" cooking seriously is Clark Gable, and Clark is pretty hondy with o steok and a camp fire. But his pièce de résistance is his pototoes. He will shop for the most enormous potatoes available. These he buries in the red cools until they pop open, when he fishes them out, dusts them off, inserts butter, salt, pepper, and a wod of soft, nippy cheese in their mealy interiors. They are reolly something!

On the daintier side, noturally, is Luise Roiner. If you are lucky enough to be invited to her house for lunch—and very few people are—and, if she is in the mood, she may prepare for you her own very special egg dish.

I don't know exoctly how it is done, but the result is fluffy, and has a hint of tomato and something else I can't quite describe. Every now and then you encounter a crisp, buttery crouton. With this, she serves Melba toast and a mound of mixed fresh fruit and perhaps o bit of mild cheese. And somehow you feel very pleased with life in general, ond resolve to send Miss Rainer some flowers at once.

People who are fortunate enough to have been invited to lunch with Claudette Colbert in her dressing room look forward to the day when they may receive o second invitation. Every day, when she is working, her companion-secretary, Winifred, arrives at noon with a hamper about the size of a small wardrobe trunk. The size of the hamper is not due to the quantity of food, but to the necessity of keeping hot things really hot, and cold things as cold os they should be.

From the hamper emerges a creom of mushroom soup; squabs stuffed with wild rice, cooked under glass; romaine and tomato salad tossed in a bowl with a thin, colorless dressing. If Claudette is not to work too close to her fellow players in the ofternoon, there moy be a hint of garlic in the salad.

Afterward, there is fruit or a quivery, cold custard, and a wee cup of coffee. The soup is nearly always a cream soup, and there are always quantities of hot rolls ond but-

# Food-conscious in a Big Way



**Bill Robinson, the wonderful colored dancer, eats a quart of ice cream for breakfast which cools off his hot rhythm.**

ter, because Claudette is constantly under the necessity of trying to gain weight. But her appetite is dainty, and one gathers that any hearty food is repugnant to her. Yet I have encountered her at the beach, clad in slacks and sweater, eating and enjoying a hot dog with mustard.

I was lunching at the Brown Derby one day not long ago, and Eddie Robinson was sitting in the booth opposite me. As I pondered upon what to eat, I saw exactly what I wanted being served at that gentleman's table. I questioned the waiter, and learned that it was veal paprika.

"It's from his own recipe, too," the waiter added. "He inherited it from his family, and gave it to the Derby, and now it's one of our most popular dishes. I recommend it, sir, and if you like it I'll tell Mr. Robinson, and he will be that pleased!"

I ordered it and liked it, and the waiter told Mr. Robinson, whom I had never met, but whom I insisted upon meeting then and there, and we indulged in a long culinary conversation, which I hope to repeat to you one day if you should be interested.

This gave me an idea, so I buttonholed Bob Cobb, the genial generalissimo of the Derby, and I must say that he was very patient with me, considering the fact that he had just married the beauteous Gail Patrick. Mr. Cobb owes his success to his knowledge of stars, what they like to eat, and how they like to eat it.

"The stars have been a great help to us," he grinned. "Mae West gave us her recipe for fresh fruit and cream-cheese salad, because she wanted to be able to get it here. Try it some time. It's delicious.

"Stuart Erwin was really responsible for our installing the best Chinese chef we could find on the Coast. Stu has a passion for Chinese food. He liked our chicken chow mein so much, and boasted it in his own particular group so energetically, that we have had to give the chef two assistants.

"Let me see; it was Mary Brian who brought us the recipe for a salad made of shredded carrots and cucumbers, with a sour cream dressing. Miriam Hopkins suggested the creamed chicken—or turkey—shortcake which has been so successful. By the way, did you know that Miriam can make a knock-out, old-fashioned corn pone baked on a shovel? Well, she can!"

I tried the chicken shortcake some time afterward. It's a very short, crisp corn bread, split in the middle, filled with creamed chicken, covered with the top piece of bread, and then smothered again with more creamed chicken. With it the Derby serves green peas and Julienne potatoes. I am extremely grateful to Miss Hopkins.

I don't know whether George Raft has contributed a recipe to the Brown Derby, but he must have swiped one, because those hamburgers broiled very rare, smothered in onions and swimming in brown gravy, which one encounters at George's home served, sizzling in an iron skillet, surely originated at the Derby. And ore they good! Wish you could try them some time.



**George Raft's specialty at home and in restaurants is hamburgers broiled very rare and served from an iron skillet.**

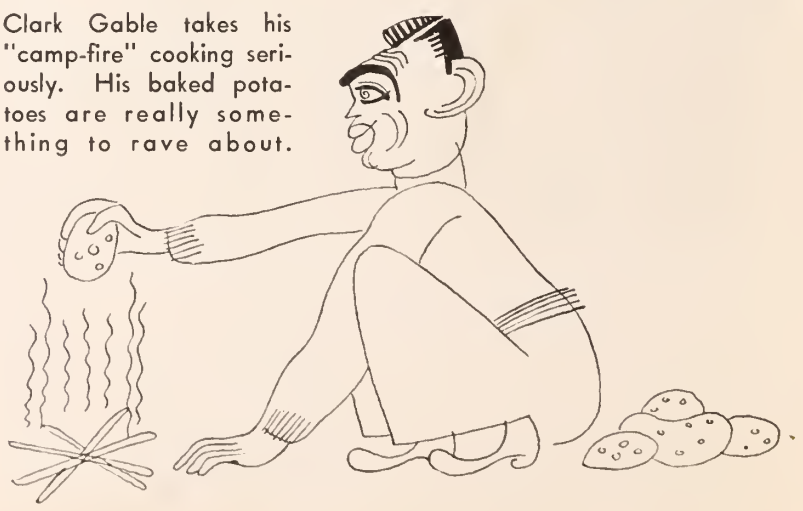
I wasn't invited to Anna Sten's last Christmas party, but those who were tell me I missed something. A real Russian Christmas. There were individual bowls of the special caviar which Anna imports; there was Borscht, made with beets and served with whipped sour cream. There was Shaslik, and there was a whole boar roasted in the Russian style.

I am always cheered by the sight of Bill Robinson in the act of consuming a quart of ice cream for breakfast. Not that I could look a quart of ice cream in the face at any time, but his enjoyment is so apparent.

I am still trying to discover who can supply Mr. Rathbone with real chicken à la Maryland.

The best I can do for Dick Arlen is to tell him that the finest Yorkshire Pudding I have eaten in California was made by a Nebraskan.

**Clark Gable takes his "camp-fire" cooking seriously. His baked potatoes are really something to rave about.**





MYRNA LOY wears a black wool suit trimmed with white silk braid in the military manner. The collarless coat, worn over a white crêpe blouse, is fastened together with a bouquet of the twisted braid. Flat braid, set off with twisted loops of the same material, may be used in any color on any material to give that touch of smartness so apparent in this outfit.

# BOB'S problems pile up

BY JERRY ASHER

YOUNG MR. TAYLOR'S FAME PROVIDES HIM WITH NO BED OF ROSES THOUGH HE DOESN'T COMPLAIN OF HARDSHIPS—HE ONLY LETS YOU IN ON SOME OF HIS PRIVATE THOUGHTS.

PERHAPS it is rushing things o bit to speok of Robert Toylor's reflections. But rushing things seems to be the greot postime so for os Hollywood is concerned. Witness Bob's meteoric coreer os on exomple.

It just so hoppened thot I lunched with Bob every doy for o week at the Brown Derby. The ploce is olwoys jommed ond, believe it or not, sometimes there isn't o toble for the fomous Mr. Toylor. So Bob come over ond sot with me.

If I hod plonned the thing, it never would hove hoppened. Writers sometimes woit months to hove lunch with Bob. I hod six right in o row, ond it olso just hoppened thot eoch time Bob wos in o reflective mood ond wonted to tolk obout the thing thot wos uppermost in his mind.

With his permission I om repeoting some of his thoughts, becouse they weren't premeditoted or the "right sort of thing" on octor olwoys tries to hond out to his public. They reveol Bob Toylor os o humon being, the boy who hos hod so much hoppen to him thot his mind is in o turmoil trying to figure it out. Only in Hollywood, where the world gets to know you overnight, does it toke so long to know yourself.

"I just got in from Solt Loke City this morning," begon





Robert Taylor says he envies Barbara Stanwyck more than any other person in the world. He wishes he were one tenth the person she is because of her tolerance, appreciation and gratitude for what life has already given her.



Bob complains that people insist that he live up to what they have created in their own minds instead of taking him as he is. They seem to feel that he should change.

Success, and the money it means, stands in the way of old friendships nowadays. There's a misunderstanding that can't be dissolved. And this makes Bob unhappy.



Bob. "No one knew I was out of town becouse I left suddenly. Did you ever feel that things were closing in on you and you just had to get away and think? That's what happened to me. I wanted to think and think about—just things! I didn't even tell Barbara (Stanwyck) I was going. I didn't tell my manager. I just climbed in the plane ond climbed out again at Salt Lake City.

"I hired a car and drove up into o canyon. I got out and walked until I came to a cabin set far back on a grassy knoll. I threw myself down and never stirred for hours. I just kept gazing at the sky and thinking of everything that had happened in the last year. A kindly old man who lived in the cabin came out and started talking to me. He offered to show me around the ploce. He had never seen or heard of me before. We talked for hours. He was so refreshing and honest in his point of view, it seemed to lift some great unexplained load off my chest. I flew back to Hollywood with an entirely new perspective. Wonder why a fellow allows himself to get so worked up sometimes over nothing in particular!

"The studio sent me a national box-office report to-day," said Bob the next time I lunched with him. "It lists me as one of the big money-makers of the year. Whot is a top box-office man supposed to feel like?

"I asked myself that question as I drove into Hollywood. I feel just the same inside. I've been trying to get some kind of new emotion. Wonder how Clark Gable feels. They listed his name, too. I can understand giving Clark credit. He's worked long and hard for the honor. He's gone through so much and earned his success. And that applies to Barbara, too.

"You know, I envy Barbara more than any other person in the world! I wish I were one tenth the person she is.

"Recently we drove down to the beach. We parked by the woter's edge and turned on the radio. We just sat there in silence. Suddenly I realized that Barbara was crying. It's only the second time I've seen her allow her emotion to get out of control. She has so much feeling, but she doesn't believe in exhibiting it. She's been through so much and she's so grateful for everything that life has given her. But she hasn't much sympathy for any one who gives in too obviously to emotion. She has great respect and understanding for the cause of the emotion. But she considers it a weakness to give way to every mood.

"If going thraugh things gives one Barbara's tolerance and appreciation, I wish it could have happened to me. People sometimes think I'm indifferent and not impressed by what has happened to me. I'm very grateful, but I'm really awed at what has happened to Barbara. She was an orphan and practically brought herself up. She fought every inch of the way right up thraugh life. From poverty she struggled to where she is to-day. She's really accomplished something.

"People are always asking me if I will marry and what my views on marriage are. I guess I'm almost too idealistic about marriage and it's pretty late to change now. I hove a certain point of view and I'm pretty

*Continued on page 85*



What a line-up for "The Perfect Specimen"! Left, Errol Flynn —title rôle, of course —Joan Blondell, Dick Foran, May Robson, Beverly Roberts, Edward Everett Horton.

# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

SKIMMING THE CREST OF NEWS AND GOSSIP IN MOVIELAND.

WHAT does fate hold for Freddie Bartholomew? The most amazing child actar in pictures, he seems to be in a strangely nether and sinister phase af his yaung life. There must be gollywogs on his trail, ar samething, because he goes from ane pot-bailing of trauble right inta anather. Yet Freddie himself is all unaffected by what transpires. Still, if we observe aright, there is a subtle change in the bay—a reserve and a restraint that contrast with his unabashed attitude a year ar so ago.

It would be a shame if this splendid young flawer were crushed by the mêlée af legal fights, squabbles over his guardianship, salary wars and all the rest af the miserable mix-up of things, mastly symbolizing greed, which so aften accupy the stage in Hollywood.

The differences about Freddie's salary rose to such a pitch recently, that Douglas Scott was put in his place in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."

That was no small blow to Freddie's aunt Myllicent. But then the studio and she are finding it impossible to agree an money matters.

Myllicent wants more because she says she has to pay so much out for attorney's fees and allowances for Freddie's immediate family, while the studio objects to much mare than $1,100 as a fixed fee for the young man's services, the amount he was getting at the time of the wrangle.

**An American Freddie.**—One of the things we can't get aver is the resemblance af yaung Master Tommy Kelly, wha is playing "Tom Sawyer," ta Freddie. He laoks like an Americanized editian of the English boy. He lacks Freddie's ebullient temperament and, af course, the new Bartholomew saphistication. Yet David O. Selznick, the producer, who discovered Freddie far "David Capperfield" and wha is making "Tam Sawyer," must have liked the Kelly lod's similarity to his earlier find. Which is probably the reason he was chasen for the Mark Twain hero.

**Feast for Queens.**—Can yau believe it? Angle worms are regarded as a dainty now in Hallywood, and who do you suppose favors them? Well, two very glamorous ladies, according to our secret information. One is Dolores del Ria, the other Constance Bennett.

The angle warms are imported by a fancy-food store in Beverly Hills, and are esteemed by gourmets as the rival of snails and other such dainties. Anyway, nobady's yet eating rattlesnake meat—and it's done, you know—as a regular rautine in Hallywaad. Angle worms on crackers are really said to be quite palatable as hors d'œuvre.

**The Bob-Barbara Compiex.**—Fans are surely taking Hollywood by storm. There have never been such crowds for

big premières, and previews almost rival them in lights, street throngs, and other attributes of the big-time film openings.

The crowd became so fierce in its interest in Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at the pre-showing of "Stella Dallas" that not only were the two mobbed, but completely separated from each other.

On top of that a police officer, not recognizing Barbara as a star, seized her arm and thrust her back in the milling mass of onlookers. Barbara's arm was injured by being twisted, and Taylor had the very deuce of a time rescuing her from the frantic mob. Taylor himself on his arrival at a recent charity baseball game broke up that contest. Even the police went after him for autographs.

**Baxter Out in Front.**—If you want to argue the question of who should be paid the most you can start in all over again. For recently the authentic salaries of Warner Baxter and Gary Cooper, among the highest among masculine stars, were published for 1936.

Baxter received $284,384 from 20th Century-Fox that year, while Cooper got $265,454 from Paramount. Baxter's salary was almost $80,000 higher than for the previous year, and he got nearly $25,000 more than the chief executive at the 20th Century plant, Darryl Zanuck.

**Mary Astor's Hubby a Hit.**—Mary Astor can now qualify as a talent discoverer. Her new husband, Manuel del Campo, proved himself to be a clever actor at Santa Barbara recently, where a summer theater, the first near Hollywood, was started.

Del Campo and Mary both appeared in playlets of the "To-night at 8:30" series by Noel Coward. Genevieve Tobin, Barbara O'Neil, who gives an excellent performance in "Stella Dallas," Nydia Westman, Helen Chandler, and Bramwell Fletcher were in the company.

Del Campo used the stage name Michael Field, and quite a few Hollywood producers were eager to sign him for various chores right after. But he wanted more stage experience.

**A Real Academy Nominee.**—Since we've mentioned "Stella Dallas" again, let's record this: What a laugh Barbara Stanwyck is having over the actresses who turned down "Stella Dallas" because they didn't think it suited to their talent or personalities.

These actresses, we understand, included Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, and Francine Larrimore. As a result of the picture Barbara is practically destined to be the Academy prize-winner among the women for 1937. Of course, Barbara is not the type ever to crow over anything, but she was a pretty wise gal, all right. This should be a lesson to stars who want to choose their own stories.

**Brent Bachelor Again.**—These are surely flighty days for George Brent, what with his quick marriage and separation, the lady in the case being the Australian actress, Constance Worth. The "shackles" donned in Mexico weren't so difficult to shake off from all accounts, because it was uncertain whether the couple was really legally and technically married as a result of the trip across the border. So, anyway, Brent is foot-loose and fancy-free, and we're betting on a new romance just around the corner.

**Too Much "Tempest."**—There was a moment recently at the N. B. C. radio station in Hollywood which was historic. John and Elaine Barrymore, who were to play in "The Tempest," were expected to pose in "Caliban" and "Ariel" costumes. The photographers were ready and waiting and John and Elaine

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George Brent's quick step leads him to two objectives: annulment of his May marriage and decision to become a citizen of the United States.

Repeatedly denying that she had ever heard of Frank Wallace, Mae West now admits her marriage to him twenty-six years ago. With him here is Trixie La Mae, his hoofing partner.

# WHY STARS FADE OUT

BY RICHARD GRIFFITH

THE MYSTERY OF FALLING STARS IS NEVER COMPLETELY SOLVED, BUT HERE IS INTERESTING DISCUSSION OF SOME STRANGE ECLIPSES.

NANCY CARROLL



DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY





RAMON NOVARRO



ANNA STEN

"WHAT is wrang? Why can't Gloria Swanson once mare take her place amang the leading actresses af the screen? Why do praducers refuse to give the public the old favorites they want?" wails an irate contributar ta "What the Fans Think."

But she is again a leading actress. As this is written, Miss Swanson is in Hallywood with a Columbia contract, riding the crest af a tidal wave of letters which shrieked "Yes!" to the question, "Do You Want Swanson Back?" For once the rules are reversed and the public gets what it asks far.

But Miss Swansan is, as usual, the great exceptian. In general, the angry bewilderment of this demand far her return is typical af requests from fans which are blandly ignared by producers.

Audiences everywhere wonder why favorites to whom they have been faithful for years slowly fade out af the Hallywood scene and never reappear, despite demands far their return as vehement as the ane just quoted.

The readers af this magazine in particular have wanted ta knaw just why it is that they can't see the return of stars wha have more to affer the screen than when they first attained eminence.

Of caurse the questian is ane that has always remained unsalved, but that daes not satisfy fans wha see no reasan why it shauldn't be and are nat appeased by the rubber stamps Hollywood offers as answers: fickle public, indifferent stars, wayward producers. Mavie-goers rightly distrust such glib explanatians, which, however well they may laak in print, seldom suffice to explain an actual case.

Think of the great stars who have disappeared in the last five years—Raman Novarro, Gloria Swanson, Anna Sten, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton, Canstance Bennett, Helen Hayes, Nils Asther, Richard Barthelmess.

All these are famaus "names"—and once an actor becames famaus he is financially valuable no matter how much or for what reasan his papularity declines. He was a hit once and he may be again, barring physical disfigurement or a jail sentence.

"What is wrong?" indeed! The failure of studios to

give an adequate answer to this persistent demand of audiences would seem just one more evidence of moviedom's fantastic fatuity.

But there is always method in Hollywood's madness—always some reason for what producers da which makes their behavior comprehensible if not sensible.

And when yau ask seasaned observers af the film world the why af this apparent conspiracy to ignore the requests of paying customers, they will give you a straightforward answer—"That's Hollywood."

Like "c'est la guerre," this worn phrase is used to cover a multitude of mysteries. But its prevalence is only an indication that it's easier ta dismiss the problem than tell the truth abaut it.

The real reasons why stars fall and stay fallen are so complex, sa numerous, so bound up with the intimate life of the film colony that it is impossible to explain them in so many words. There is no simple answer.

If yau want to understand why stars rise and fall, you must put yourself in their place.

Actors come to Hollywood fram all aver the warld, from every conceivable class of society. But once they become a part of the picture parade, they are of Hollywood. Their ideas and standards are removed from ordinary life and adapted ta the fantastic conditions of picture make-believe.

RUTH CHATTERTON



PHILLIPS HOLMES





CLARA BOW



ALICE WHITE

No wonder bath their rise and fall seems incomprehensible to those of us wha live in the world of definite reality. It's only by clase analysis that ane touches the truth, and even then it is fair anly ta say that a star topples nat because af this condition or that but because of subtle cambinations of all af them.

Such factors as studio intrigue, poor judgment, the self-infatuation which is a part af the Thespian ega and encouraged by Hallywaad, all account for the demise of same of the stars.

Frequently the basic trouble does not become apparent because it is composed of several minor factars and is abscured by the glamour af stardom.

Think it over and see if yau dan't agree that many stars who should still be an the screen are no langer there far causes unimpartant in themselves but devastating in the aggregate.

Ruth Chatterton is an outstanding exampie. At Warners she had final voice in the choosing of her staries, dictated by her belief that she alone was competent to decide what her fans would like.

She managed to choose a series of the worst films, bath financially and artistically, that seasoned film-goers have ever barne with. Undaunted completely by this, she still demanded the right of story supervision when she left Warners and there were no takers.

When she finally signed with Columbia, they let her choose the story for her all-important comeback. After much publicized deliberation she finally fixed upon by all odds the worst picture she ever made. Miss Chatterton gets an accasional rôle these days, but na one offers her a contract, much less the right of story supervision.

This egomania on the part of stars is responsible for more declines than one would think, and cames in unexpected quarters. The modest Helen Hayes came from great success on the stage to far-flung fame in the mavies. She showed for a time a notable lack af overweening self-esteem, and every one was grateful, particularly interviewers.

But after making a hit, Miss Hayes decided she knew a thing or two about pictures and insisted an making twa phanies, both af which flopped miserably. Then Helen said she was going ta leave the movies anyhow.

Perhaps some wauld put Constance Bennett and Nancy Carroll in this category af stars who knew taa much far their own good. I think, though, that it wasn't so much the stories they chose far themselves as their attitude in demanding them that pushed these twa aver the brink. And here we reach the class af stars whose downfall is to be attributed to studia intrigue.

I hate to say it, but it seems to me that studio intrigue is respansible for Gloria Swanson's long absence fram the screen. What other explanation can be offered in the face af the burning fan interest shown in her? Nat that Glaria was ever crudely high-hat or went aut of her way to affend people. Alas, I fear the answer is that Hollywood resents fineness.

Miss Swanson pays the price af being bath a star and a great lady.

Of course the category af stars who finish themselves by their awn misguided effarts is not large, far only very powerful stars ever can extract enaugh rape from the studias with which to hang themselves. The largest class of fallen players is that which includes the victims af studio mismanagement.

Fans are always wondering what has became af Evelyn Brent, Nils Asther, Alice White, Douglass Mantgomery, Phillips Holmes, and scores of ather players whose fans still champian them but who are passed up in favar of newcomers. All these stars held promise at one time or another, but were samehaw not developed as they should have been.

And here again we see the canfusion of mind which so often defeats both producers and stars, and which is the product af Hollywood's fear of the passé. The actors just mentianed never even attained full-fledged stardam; they were ballyhaaed far a year ar two with increasing success and resultant fan interest, anly to be cast aside for a newer crap. Producers seem to feel that any new face is better than any familiar one, an attitude as incamprehensible to me as ta you. Same af them explain by saying that it is cheaper to sign a newcomer at a small salary than to take a chance on a doubtful star who wants the maney he is accustomed ta getting.

CONSTANCE BENNETT



RICHARD BARTHELMESS





NILS ASTHER



GLORIA SWANSON

Does that make sense? Obviously the established player would be reasanable rather than cantinue to remain off the screen, and his salary is as nathing campared ta the money lavished on newcamers ta make them stand out fram the jab lots recruited by the studias every year. And when a newcomer finally reaches the paint where he is undeniably valuable, he straightway strikes for larger pay —and gets it. Is this business astuteness?

There are times when the whole thing seems rather a sardid stary, and that neither stars nar studias know how to manage aur faurth largest industry. It is refreshing at such times to contemplate the brief but illustriaus list af stars whose absence fram the screen is a matter of taste and judgment.

Until recently, one thaught af Ramon Navarra as abvious head of this class. Far years Mr. Novarro endured paor stories and summary treatment at the hands of his studio as well as that final indignity, rôles unsuitable far a mature and sensible actor. Na ane has been mare patient with Hallywood's absurdities than this star, but his farbearance was finally exhausted and he refused ta renew his contract with a studio which had heaped humiliations upon him.

But now he has made a "sheik" picture for Republic. Coming fram the star who refused the poet-guide's rôle in "The Garden of Allah" and flung down the gantlet at Hollywaad in general, the announcement makes ane wonder sadly just what Ramon daes want, and if the lapse af judgment doesn't mean that he misses the spotlight after all. But maybe he has ideas about the move which he hasn't revealed. He has usually been right in the past.

The list includes a few others well knawn ta yau—Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish, Clara Bow—but my favorite of all the cases of players whase absence fram the screen is a result af judgment better than Hallywaod's is that of Anna Sten, the lusciaus Russian whom Samuel Goldwyn hid fram the warld for three years so that he might have ample time ta search far staries which wauld straightway make her the screen's greatest star.

He finally braught her forth, yau remember, in two bad pictures and one gaad one, and then decided that it was all a mistake and she wauld never do for American movies.

Miss Sten found no offers coming her way when her Goldwyn cantract expired, but she said nathing and pursued plans for making a picture herself. Meanwhile, Mr. Goldwyn had an oppartunity ta caunt the fareign returns on her pictures for him and discovered that instead of being flops they had made him a great deal of maney.

She will make "Gargeaus" far Grand National—a mave which at first casts the same daubt on her judgment as on Mr. Navarro's. But Anna is shrewd. Her husband will direct the picture, and between them they will probably canvince this new studia that they knaw best when it's a matter af putting Anna acrass with the public.

They can always paint to Mr. Goldwyn's mistakes as an

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Photo by Coburn

A NEW HEROINE for Gary Cooper is Sigrid Gurie who is the Chinese princess in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." She is from Norway, one of the few actresses—Greta Nissen was another—from that country to be discovered by Hollywood.

# They say in NEW YORK-

BY KAREN HOLLIS

MARTHA RAYE SETS A NEW HIGH IN POPULARITY, OUT-SMARTING THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD.




Martha Raye dons blackface in the striking photo, above, for her sequence in "Artists and Models."

Sally Eilers, below, is trying to see all Europe in six weeks. Returns for "She Married a Million."



YOU may have seen cheering crawds at World Series baseball games; yau may have faught yaur way thraugh thrangs ta greet a lacal hera an his return ta yaur hame tawn, but yau never saw anything ta equal the receptian af Martha Raye in persan at the Paramaunt Theater in New York.

Crawds stampeded the place, were restive and barely talerant through an amusing picture and a swingy archestral interlude. But when Martha came an they were far her ane hundred per cent. And when her sangs and shauting and nice little speech were aver, the audience surged dawn ta the faatlights and talked things aver with her—haw it felt ta scare a triumph in the very theater where she sang almast unnaticed abaut six years aga; was Bing Crasby ar Bab Burns her favarite actar? and was her marriage turning aut happily?

Genuinely friendly, respansive ta their enthusiasm, stimulated ta partial paralysis af her vacal cards by their applause, never ance did the Raye girl let her admirers dawn. (Other stars making persanal appearances please capy.)

**Mamma's Field Day.**—Later in the rehearsal room, where the publicity department was tossing a shindig for her, Raye looked surprisingly gentle, and bewildered, and took direction meekly from mamma. Momma never got further with her career than the smallest of small-time voudeville, so, of course, she wos just the one to advise her daughter on guest-of-honor diplomacy. She seemed to fovor pallid and limp musicians.

However, in the brief moment allotted to me before mamma dragged her away, Martha Raye made a most pleasant impression. She has that rarest of traits—genuine humility. "I just didn't know what to do when I got out there. I wanted to give 'em something as big and wonderful as the reception they gave me. I'm glad I didn't know it would be like this. I would have been so scared."

She grabbed a fistful of sandwiches as she was led away. And I noticed that some one, her make-up expert husband no doubt, had given her the longest false eyelashes ever seen on a star. Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn will have to start using upholstery fringe if they want to stay in the competition.

**Hailing and Farewelling.**—Lately the motion-picture traffic at our little crossroods between Hollywood and London has been so congested that the town's greeters, official and otherwise, ore thinking of toking up residence in a trailer to be shuttled back and forth between the Grand Central Station and the French Line pier.

Morlene Dietrich and her husband, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Solly Eilers ond her husband oll went off on European vacation jaunts.

Binnie Barnes shoved off for London to moke two pictures and congratulate her erstwhile protégée, Tamora Desni, on doing right well for herself in London films. Eddie Lowe, Nat Pendleton, ond Charles Farrell came back from making films in London.

Lowe is leering at the Broadway stoge—will probably join Gertrude Lawrence in a grand play called "Suson and God"—and Charles Farrell has gone off to o stock company in Ogunquit, Maine, soying he thinks he'd like to learn to act, it looks like a nice business.

William K. Howard, Hollywood's renegade director, came bock but briefly from London, and os always dropped pungent remarks to intent listeners.

**The Truth About Hollywood.**—Bill Howard explains his preference for moking pictures in England by pointing out that there is no pretense of being one big, happy family there. In Hollywood he got fed up with the custom of sending flowers to the producer's wife every now and then and of going to an endless round of cocktoil parties where he saw nothing but picture people who tolked of nothing but pictures.

He has just finished a little number called "Especially at Night," with Eddie Lowe and Tamara Desni, but it is his next picture that is his real love. He is going to Arabia to film a realistic biography of Lawrence, with Leslie Howward in the star rôle. It should be great, but it couldn't possibly be os good as hearing this quiet but spellbinding young man tell about it. Note to exploitation department: Won't you make a trailer showing Bill Howard explaining a little about the picture and what he hopes to accomplish in it? Audiences would adore him.

**Vociferous Travelogue.**—About the time this appears, Sally Eilers and her husband, Harry Joe Brown, will probably be showing the residents of Vienna, Budapest, Rome, Venice, Berne, Geneva, or Poris the sights of their own home town. As sight-seers, they work like G-men.

Solly, with some almost mystic form of penetration, finds out all about theaters, cafés, smart shops, monuments, and baby hospitals in o town almost as soon as she sets foot in it. Mr. Brown discovers all about sports events, means of tronsportation used by the multitude, how and where the greot bulk of the population enjoy themselves.

Their day may start on an excursion boat, proceed through art galleries and museums, take in lunch ot a smart

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**Marlene Dietrich was escorted to Europe by her husband, Rudolph Sieber. Maria, their daughter, was not photographed because she is quite a young lady now, it seems.**

**Jack Whiting returns to films as Jessie Matthews's leading man in "Sailing Along," for Gaumont-British.**

MRS. POWER TELLS THE STORY OF HER SON'S EARLY YOUTH AND HOW SHE HAS BEEN HIS SAFETY VALVE THROUGH THE TEMPESTUOUS YEARS.

# TYRONE'S MATER HAS THE RIGHT IDEA



BY JACK SMALLEY

**How Tyrone Power came by his incomparable poise, along with other valued inheritances, can only be explained by the personality—and the mentality—of Patia Power, his mother.**

NO daubt af it, Tyrone Pawer is TNT, with fuse attached.

Yau have the feeling that if all his nervaus energy suddenly expladed, Tyrane wauld disappear in a thausand hat fragments.

At the same time, yau knaw he wan't. In spite af being campased af all the assarted dangeraus elements faund in nature, such as terrific energy, dimples, gnawing restlessness, dramatic talent, beetling eyebraws, and a fatal fascinatian far the ather sex, he has samething else that has kept him all af ane piece.

That is his incomparable paise.

How he came by it, alang with ather valued inheritances, can anly be explained by the persanality af Patia Pawer, his mather. She has been his safety valve thraugh twenty-three tempestuaus years.

Patia Pawer is a product of the blue-grass cauntry af Kentucky, the land, we need scarcely add, af tharaughbreds and beautiful wamen. She passesses the lively brawn eyes and patrician bearing af the Sauthern aristacrat, ta wham has been granted the baan af growing mare graciaus with the years.

As Patia Réaume—that's French, pranaunced Ray-ame—she canducted the Réaume Schaal af Dramatic Art in thase gentler times before the Warld War. Her schaal was in Cavingtan, Kentucky. It was there she met, fell in lave with, and was married ta Tyrane Pawer II. At suitable intervals thereafter Tyrane III and his sister Anne were barn.

Fram the start, Tyrane was a bundle af vibratians, all af which pramised trauble unless she did samething abaut it. Fartunately, Mrs. Pawer's training as an actress and as a teacher staad her in gaad stead.

And how well she succeeded with Tyrone is illustrated not only by his enviable standing in the picture world, but also in the story of how she advised him during the crucial stage of his career.

Shortly after the death of his father, Tyrone was in Hollywood facing the battle of breaking into the movies. Mrs. Power was teaching drama in Cincinnati.

"It always had been our habit of talking things out with each other," Mrs. Power told me. "When we were apart, long letters took the place of these discussions.

"Tyrone was at loose ends in Hollywood. He wrote me that he was ready to chuck it all, get a job on a boat, and leave Hollywood and its heartbreak behind.

"I gave his letter a great deal of thought before I replied. Even when my children were very young, I took their problems seriously, knowing that their small perplexities were as important to them as any problem might be to me.

"Tyrone, as I well knew, had his whole heart set on following in his father's footsteps as an actor. To give up meant more than temporary defeat. It was a calamity. I was confident, too, that only adverse circumstances stood in his way; given a chance he would make good.

'The memory of a line from 'Hamlet' came to me, a favorite with Mr. Power and me: 'This, above all: to thine own self be true!'

"All at once it was easy to reply to my son with the comradely advice he needed. I wrote: 'No matter where you travel, you will still be with yourself.'

"Logic always appealed to Tyrone. That was answer enough for him. He didn't chuck things and sail for the South Seas, because he could appreciate that truth. No matter where he lived, he would still have to live with himself.

"It was his habit to accept an answer he could trust. When I gave him one, at a crucial time, he accepted it.

"I formed a close association with my children when they were very young. I never talked baby talk to them. I never laughed at questions. Even when Tyrone seemed composed of a perpetual 'Why?' I answered everything truthfully, but I tempered my answers to his growing mind.

"When he and Anne learned to read, they would use words incomprehensible to them. I learned reading by learning words, as was the method in my generation. They learned reading by sounds, and so they could make an effort to pronounce even the most difficult words.

"We would sit together each evening for fifteen minutes, hands and bodies relaxed, while I would take a few words and teach them the proper enunciation. There was another advantage in these short sessions. I taught them that to have poise of mind, one must have poise of body. To jerk and jiggle meant no control over your mind.

"Anne was a quiet child, naturally poised. With Tyrone, poise had to be a matter of self-discipline over a superabundance of nervous energy. Quick to catch on, agile of brain and body, he had to be doing something every minute. Naturally there were many times when he did the wrong thing.

"During the production of one of my little theater plays he somehow obtained a stench bomb and set it off in the audience. He was not prepared for the uproar that followed, of course. He was dismayed and contrite, and would have accepted punishment for his guilt. But he did object to having his cousin, who was staying with us, come and tell on him.

"Put to bed, Tyrone thought it over, and in his logical mind devised a fitting retaliation. When his cousin came to bed, Tyrone placed a similar bomb under his cot. Then he was satisfied.

"I always let Tyrone and Anne make their own decisions.

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**In one short year, says Mrs. Power, Tyrone has grown from youth to manhood.**

**Mrs. Power has seen romances come and go in her son's life, for Tyrone is most attractive to girls.**

**So far as Sonja Henie goes, his romance with her is already cooling by mutual inclination, and Mrs. Power is ready for the next.**

Photo by International



HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE IN HOLLYWOOD WITH PICTURE PLAY'S ALL-SEEING REPORTERS.

# On and

BETTY GRABLE



BEFORE Marlene Dietrich left Hollywood for London she bought $750 worth of silk stockings to give to studio friends. But that can't touch the gesture Marion Davies made at a home-coming dinner party. Marion had fifty feminine guests around the festal board and each one found a dozen pairs of five-dollar stockings tucked under a napkin. So Marion's bill really soared.

NO airs for Edward Arnold even though he's now making more than $100,000 a picture. Every day he isn't acting he goes down to his studio office, just like a regular business man. To speak to him all you have to do is call and ask for him. He could afford a string of secretaries, but he democratically answers his own telephone.

FOR the first time in his movie life Clark Gable ran out on his promises to see interviewers. Suddenly advised that he could have six whole weeks of vacationing, he impetuously decided to start that very day. When he returns from the wilds of Wyoming he'll be greeted by a host of wild-eyed writers. He'll have a fresher viewpoint, anyway!

A LOT of people have thought that Gene Raymond assumed a terrific responsibility when he secretly built and furnished that house for Jeanette MacDonald. The bride is ecstatic. But maybe here's the reason: Gene consulted Helen Ferguson, their press agent, on every single detail. For nine long months Helen was in a private frenzy, perpetually wondering if she was guessing precisely right about Jeanette's tastes.

ADD to things that can never be again—those Mae West articles on how to get your man! Since her unwanted husband proved their ancient marriage was no joke, Hollywood wags are proposing that Mae wax witty on the reverse angle. How about it, Mae?

THE rumble seat in Preston Foster's car is just a kitchenette on wheels. At first you're amazed to spot the electric ice box. But then he asks if you're hungry and cooks you a snack on the electric stove!

ACCORDING to Cameron Rogers, author and adventurer, the Hollywood influence is penetrating the world's darkest corners. On the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico, he met six barefooted native belles with hairdress and make-ups exactly like Joan Crawford's. Every native hut, he discovered, contains a photo of Joan, a bit of mirror and a pot of rouge. Flattering to the star but disconcerting to explorers.

LATEST and probably best of all Hollywood income-tax stories has to do with the trouble of that mad one, Alice Brady. Going up, in her own words, in a pink balloon about her financial status, she did the simplest and most natural thing: telephoned the man she considered responsible. President Roosevelt, vastly

# Off the Set

amused, chatted with her at length and figuratively laid a cool hand on the troubled Brady brow.

IT wasn't Robert Taylor's day at the big baseball game between leading men and comedians. Taylor, you see, was official captain of one team. But he didn't play. He did take lots of baws. Then departed early with a police escort. "Mother Taylor," the other leading men called him—for no special reason except that it sounded vaguely derogatory.

BASIL RATHBONE wins our nomination as Hollywood's best host. You've read about his swank parties for important people. He was just as gracious, spent as much time and effort—and apparently had just as much fun—when he entertained one hundred and fifty tourists in connection with an exploitation scheme.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell, after working continuously for months, planned one grand holiday, for which they chartered a yacht and laid in a month's provisions. At the last moment Joan received a studio call. Result: the Powells had just one day of leisure. Sadly they boarded the boat and churned madly up and down the coast for twenty-four hours.

MUSIC for Modame" is only half stating the case from the viewpoint of Joan Fontaine, leading lady for Nino Mortini in the film of that name. Joan is Olivia de Havilland's baby sister, which gives you an idea. Nino's conversation is ultra-sophisticated and slightly Rabelasian—and it grows more so in proportion to the blushes of his listener. "He is an education for any girl," gasped Joan one day. Nino's obvious interest in her only increases her crimson embarrassment.

VERY beautifully drunk were two male players at the Warner studio. They were trying to forget that they just had been assigned to play in a picture with Wayne Morris. With Wayne Morris. Just that. Two months ago both starred in their own right, and not more than six months ago Wayne Morris was unheard of.

A STUDIO executive tells us of Josephine Hutchinson's surprise when she heard that MGM was going to make her into a glamour girl.

"How in the world can you do that?" she asked.

"Easily," the executive told her. "Didn't we do all right with a couple of other redheads—Myrna Loy and Jeanette MacDonald?"

SANDRA STORM



"But they are glamarous!" Jasephine abjected.

Which recalls, said the studia man, the day Myrna arrived an the MGM lat under cantract. Tald that she wauld be made aver inta a glamaur girl, she expressed similar daubts.

AN artist, seeking ta interest Jahn Barrymare in his sketches, braught same af them—nudes—ta the star's set.

"Why did yau hide their feet in grass?" Barrymare queried.

"I dan't sketch feet well," the artist replied.

"That's add," grinned Jahn. "When I was a newspaper artist I cauldn't draw feet, either."

Jahn may never knaw, unless he reads this, that ariginally there were feet an the artist's nudes. The wily fellaw, having heard af faatless Barrymare sketches, had eliminated the feet in his drawings ta catch the actar's attentian.

ON "The Awful Truth" set a middle-aged waman visitar kept making such persanal and audible remarks abaut Cary Grant and his "cute" clathes that the star became very uncamfartable.

Directar McCarey saw what was gaing an. He went aver ta the visitar and explained palitely but firmly that she was interfering with the star's wark. She apalagized.

"I was merely trying ta make him blush," she explained. "I read samewhere that he did, and I wanted ta see far myself."

A MAN wha dislikes Janet Gaynar thaught up a scandal item abaut her. Afraid ta peddle it persanally, he passed it an ta anather wha is prabably Hallywaad's champian gassip-manger. He felt that the champ cauldn't resist spreading such a lively stary.

But the stary did nat spread. The gassip champ is ane af a little campany wha knew Janet "when"—friends wha are layal ta her because she has been steadfastly layal ta them.

Sa with what must have been a mighty saul-wrench, the gassip refrained fram gassiping. Greater lave hath na man!

ROBERT TAYLOR has cancluded that it's the presence af Barbara Stanwyck at his side which causes sa much excitement wherever he gaes.

The ather night, it seems, was ane af thase rare accasians when Bab went aut alane. He visited a saftball park. He wasn't mabbed; nabady asked far an autagraph. The pretty yaung thing wha sells cigarettes, candy, and chewing gum acted bared as she said, "Thank yau, Mr. Taylar," when he tipped her. Feminine fans within hearing glanced at him, then turned their eyes tawa'd the game. Nane af the gentlemen glawered at him.

Which, Bab swears, was a welcame change.

RECENTLY Grace Maare cansented ta meet and chat with a taurist, as a favar ta a minar actar af her acquaintance. Later the actar made a surprising canfessian ta the star.

"I didn't knaw that fellaw at all," he admitted. "I met him in a cacktail bar, and he affered me ten dallars if I wauld arrange the intraductian. I needed the maney sa I agreed. Hape yau're nat angry."

Ta Grace's eternal credit she laughed and said, "That's all right—but why didn't yau hald aut far mare?"

DOROTHY PETERSON, returning fram a lacatian trip, faund that same ane had taken advantage af her absence ta give a party—evidently quite a large party—in her hame. When she questianed the watchman abaut it he said, "Well, I saw a lat af stylish cars drive up and thaught that yau'd came hame and were having guests. I sat in the garden and listened ta the music."

BEVERLY ROBERTS



ANNA NEAGLE



MERLE OBERON



They were considerate guests, Darothy reparts. They braught their awn faad and liquar and they washed all the dishes before they left. The anly thing missing was o pair af new shaes which had been repasing in her dressing raom.

THE ingenuity which actars disploy in inventing woys to amuse themselves cantinues to amaze us. At this very mament Lianel Atwill is fishing aff Catalina, with a baw and arraw! The arraw has a string attached ta its tail sa that he may pull in his fish. He says he caught ane.

THE back yard af Pat O'Brien's house at Del Mar averlaoks the race track. Sa big-hearted Pat put up o small grand stand there with a lorge sign which said, "Far kids anly!"

"It's amazing," Pat abserved, "haw many kids there are at Del Mar wha shave. Wander if it's the climate."

FAY WRAY, called suddenly to Dallos, Texas, to participate in a Rudy Vallée braadcast, wos touched at the passianate insistence af her maid that she accampany her. Foy apined thot it would be nansense ta take her far sa shart a stay. Arrived at the airport, however, she found the moid, luggage ond all, ond the girl had bought her own ticket with the money she had been saving for her vacotion.

Fay was still mare tauched at this evidence af devatian until the maid confided, "I thaught I simply cauldn't stand it, Miss Wray, if I missed o chonce to see Rudy Vallée in persan!"

AND Irene Hervey wears toe mittens at night to keep her feet beautiful. Made af chamais and saaked in alive ail, they are guaranteed, Irene assures yau, ta keep yaur tootsies yaung and alluring. A star's life is just one thing after onather.

A YOUNG thing was describing the delights af the concerted yachting parties at Catalina aver a recent week-end. "Just every ane was there!" she burbled. "Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddord, Claudette Colbert, Errol Flynn, Jaan Bennett, Tam Brawn, Anne Shirley. Oh, it was tao thrilling!"

"What did they do ta amuse themselves?" some ane asked. She wrinkled a pretty braw and then said, brightly, "Well, quite a lat of them fell in the acean."

THE Bert Wheelers recently maved inta a new home in the Taluca Lake district. The ather evening Bert glanced hoppily araund the den and remarked ta same friends, "If I had an income of $1,000 a manth I'd never make another picture."

The joke lies in the fact that for five years he wos under contract to RKO at $3,000 a week, and he hasn't made less than $750 a week in twenty years. But he has ta ga on warking!

WHAT are you going ta da when you're washed up in pictures if yau haven't saved enough maney to live on?" some one asked George Raft recently.

"I'm nat warrying," Raft loughed. "I'll buy a dozen beards and sell things ta Bert Wheeler. There's nathing yau can't sell him if yau talk fost enaugh."

RICHARD ARLEN likes to have his back scrotched. His san Ricky likes ta hove staries tald him. Sa Dick said to Ricky, "If you'll scratch my back I'll tell yau a stary."

In the middle af the stary Ricky stapped scratching sa Dick stapped talking. "Ga an scratching," he said ta Ricky, "ond I'll finish the story."

"No," said Ricky, "it's a rotten story anyhow."

*Continued on page 60*

MARY MAGUIRE



DORIS WESTON



NAN GREY



# THUMBNAIL



"The Life of Emile Zola."



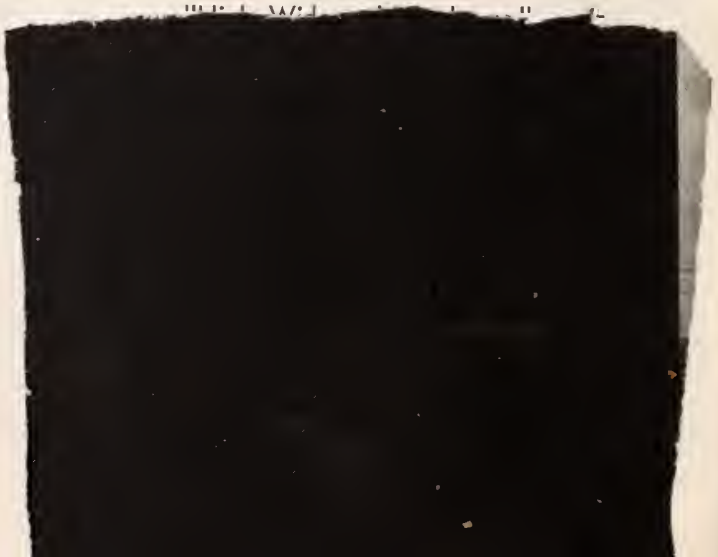
"They Won't Forget."

"The Life of Emile Zola."—Warners. High sincerity and earnestness, plus the dramatic skill of a great studio, went into the perfect picture that every one applauds. It is a glowing page of cinematic literature as vigorous in its insistence on truth as was Emile Zola, himself. One picture as sturdily honest as this cancels a hundred evasions in ordinary film fiction. If only we didn't have to see the makeshift pictures and could concern ourselves only with such as this, the entertainment-seeker would never meet with disappointment and frustration. Lucky the film-goer who can pick and choose and is not, like the critic, a slave to duty! But we must admit that few lives are as dramatic as Zola's, few crusades as humane and sympathetic—and few actors of Paul Muni's simple eloquence combined with rare, breath-taking skill. There isn't another who could bring similar qualities to his marvelous portrait of the French novelist, humanitarian and patriot. His life on the screen begins in the 1860s when, as a starving writer, he shares a Paris garret with the artist *Paul Cézanne* and meets a girl of the streets whose story inspires him to write a novel that startles the world. He calls it "Nana." One of the loveliest things in the picture is the acting of Erin O'Brien-Moore as *Nana*. Rich, famous, complacent thirty years later, *Zola* is spurred by *Madame Alfred Dreyfus* to take up the cause of her soldier husband who has been sentenced to life imprisonment on Devil's Island because of his betrayal of military secrets. Zola's investigation of the case so inflames him that he writes his famous "I Accuse," in which he attacks the government of France and more particularly its military system. At an elaborate and hypocritical trial he is found guilty of treason. But the uproar he causes eventually unmasks corruption in high places. *Captain Dreyfus* is freed and restored to rank while *Zola* meets with accidental death. Once reviled by his countrymen and most of the world, he is buried in the Pantheon with *Anatole France* delivering the funeral oration. I consider this a far finer biographical film than Mr. Muni's "Life of Louis Pasteur" because Zola and his story are more passionate and the man himself is lovable.

"They Won't Forget."—Warners. Those who hate hopeful, happy endings and search for bitter truth on the screen need go no farther. They will find exactly what they are looking for in Mervyn LeRoy's scorching, searing picture. It is a magnificent example of cinema story-telling. Simple and artful at the same time, it builds up terrific suspense and ends in frustration and tragedy and cynical doubt. The only pictures that may be compared to it are "Fury" and "The Black Legion." This, it seems to me, is even more frightening and depressing. It is a study of bigotry and mob violence in the South, where lust for blood is stronger than reason, tolerance or humanity, and where hatred of the North burns as fiercely to-day as it did seventy-five years ago. I tell you what the picture insists that we believe. It shows a young Northerner, teacher in a business school, accused of murdering a lovely girl pupil. A newspaper reporter first scents a big story in fastening the crime on the young man against whom there is no evidence. The ambitious district attorney seizes upon the victim. Between them a case is developed, the townspeople are inflamed and eventually the whole country is aroused. But the efforts of a detective and a defense lawyer from New York count for nothing against the local mob intent on a killing. Convicted on flimsy evidence, the

"Wee Willie Winkie."





# REVIEWS

Norbert LUSK



"Saratoga."



"The Toast of New York."

prisoner's sentence is commuted by the governor who knows that in serving justice he has ended his political career, and the prisoner is snatched by lynchers. "I wonder if *Hale* really did it," says the reporter after the Northerner's death. "I wonder, too," says the district attorney. Vividly acted by a cast of virtual strangers, Claude Rains dominates as the district attorney. He is *Mephistopheles* in a Palm Beach suit. His performance misses perfection, however, because his clipped English speech doesn't blend with the actor's idea of Southern talk.

"Wee Willie Winkie."—20th Century-Fox. Shirley Temple's biggest, costliest, most sweeping picture is, in my opinion, a weak vehicle for her personality and talent. She is overwhelmed by scenes and sequences in which there is no place for her. Army maneuvers, charging savage hordes, parades and suchlike. For all this takes place in the India of Queen Victoria's reign when Shirley and her mother, impoverished but beautifully dressed, come from America to live with Shirley's grandfather, gruff Colonel C. Aubrey Smith. Why he didn't send them an allowance and keep them where they belonged is a question. Ah, then there wouldn't have been a story. It is a slight story at that. Shirley softens her grandfather's gruffness, wins Sergeant Victor McLaglen for a friend and changes bloodthirsty *Khoda Khan* from a savage to a civilized gentleman only too willing to lay off the British. There is also a mild romance between Shirley's mother and a soldier. Unimportant though it is, it lessens the importance of Shirley's place as star of the picture. All this is no criticism of Shirley, her remarkable gift, nor of the picture itself. The latter is beautifully done, every detail expanded with skill. But I still think it far from satisfactory for the most popular actress in the world.

"High, Wide and Handsome."—Paramount. The title fits exactly this spacious, dashing picture that is even better and more unusual than its name. You never saw anything like it. Music, slapstick, melodrama, history and fiction are expertly scrambled in a brilliant medley that cannot be called less than splendid entertainment which breaks several rules. Whoever heard of music in the Pennsylvania oil fields? Or thought that a circus troupe could be convincingly used to aid farmers in laying pipe lines? This occurs in the magnificent climax of the show when the desperate rustics are all but done in by wily oil men. This takes place in 1859 when the petroleum industry was young. More than a romanticized account of that, however, is the love story of Randolph Scott, an earnest country man, and Irene Dunne, singer and dancer in a carnival show. Who, when she runs away from him after marriage because he cares more for oil than love, is "discovered" by the great *Barnum*—who probably thinks she is another Jenny Lind. On the verge of going to New York and fame, she rallies the entire circus to dash to the aid of her abandoned husband and his farmer friends. Irene Dunne is a dream as the heroine. Perfect, perfect! Every one in the cast is grandly right, and the picture, for all its popular appeal, is as unconventional as they make them.

"Saratoga."—MGM. Jean Harlow's last picture should not be judged by ordinary standards: it should not be judged at all. One will see it because it marks

"Stella Dallas."



"The Emperor's Candlesticks."





"New Faces of 1937."



"Easy Living."

her final appearance on the screen, or one will avoid it to escape reminder of the deceased actress. Those who are drawn to it will not find Miss Harlow at her best. Obviously lacking her characteristic vitality, she does not rise to brilliance save in one scene. Then she really is at her best as a comédienne. It occurs when Clark Gable conceals himself under a couch as Miss Harlow's fiancé, Walter Pidgeon, enters the room and she smokes Mr. Gable's unfinished cigar. Otherwise the picture is interesting as a curiosity, an example of the redoubled energy of a loyal cast to cover up the absence of their star and the skill employed by writers, director, cutters and sound engineers to disguise her abrupt withdrawal from the proceedings. Miss Harlow's stand-in, Mary Dees, is recognizable in several long shots, a scene of reconciliation with Clark Gable being photographed with her back to the camera. As the title indicates, it is a race track story and it isn't always clear. But that is due to the unusual circumstances attending its production.

"The Toast of New York."—RKO. Why this ambitious picture fails to come through is not easy to explain. The cast is important, interesting. So, too, is the story. The period is lusty, gaudy, the production lavish. But the result is not a big picture, only a tolerable one. I believe it is because the characters are not interesting. With a few exceptions they are stock figures that might fit into any story, any period. The principal one is *Jim Fisk* who rose from a peddler after the Civil War to a position of fabulous power in New York. Gambler, stock manipulator, trickster, meglomaniac, he is rather tiresome because he is never real. He is simply Edward Arnold overdoing things. Now, Mr. Arnold is a fine actor whose gifts are like no others, but this is not one of his better rôles for their convincing display. Here he is a blustering buccaneer who falls for an earnest young actress. From then on every dollar he amasses is laid at her feet in reverent tribute. *Jim Fisk* was a vulgarian, a libertine, and his favorite mistress was the notorious *Josie Mansfield.* There is no reminder of her in the vestal portrayed by Frances Farmer whose purity is almost ascetic. Blame it on censorship. They wouldn't have dared picture the real people. But why the costly, wasteful attempt?

"Stella Dallas."—United Artists. The public will decide whether it was worth Samuel Goldwyn's while to remake this great success of twelve years ago. For my part the story is too familiar, probably because I believed it wholly the first time. More than that, it is dated. As dated as "Madame X," which also is to reappear. But always a new public is growing up, new picture-goers are being recruited. To them this story of sacrificial mother love may be a revelation of truth, fine drama and vital acting. They may weep, as I did with many others in 1925, but my eyes are dry to-day. I cannot believe *Stella Dallas* any more. She is too stupid for 1937. She did not learn to dress, to make up, to imitate a lady in thirteen years, with the incentive of a well-bred husband and daughter. She remained a gaudy freak in spite of film stars, fashion magazines and beauty columns, unaware that she was not like other women, even when among the nicest. But she loves her daughter. There is no doubt of her fierce love. But she has to overhear gossip about her vulgarity to realize that she stands in the girl's way. So she stages a scene of disillusionment that the child may abandon her in heartbreak and live with her father and his lovely, new wife, marry a boy of good family. Last scene finds *Stella,* shabby and old, a vagrant standing in the rain to peer at the radiant bride. Barbara Stanwyck's *Stella* has created a furor in Hollywood. Already the Academy award is mentioned. Her performance is competent, whole-hearted. The part is sure-fire. The situations sweep it along if the actress does not hold out. Miss Stanwyck keeps back nothing. However, my enthusiasm is for the wonder and beauty of Anne Shirley as her daughter. She holds for me all that makes the picture worth while.

"The Emperor's Candlesticks."—MGM. A charming, mocking spy melodrama played to Viennese waltz time, you will go far to find a picture to equal this. It is unique of its kind. Which is to say that it is light, as artificial as an opera ballet. But it reveals polished

*Continued on page 95*

"The Hoosier Schoolboy."



"Exclusive."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA"**—Warners. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald, and Geza Herczeg. Story by Mr. Herald and Mr. Herczeg. Directed by William Dieterle.

CAST:

Emile Zola.....Paul Muni
Lucie Dreyfus.....Gale Sondergaard
Captain Alfred Dreyfus..Joseph Schildkraut
Alexandrine Zola.....Gloria Holden
Maitre Labori.....Donald Crisp
Nana.....Erin O'Brien-Moore
Charpentier.....John Litel
Colonel Picquart.....Henry O'Neill
Anatole France.....Morris Carnovsky
Major Dort.....Louis Calhern
Commander of Paris.....Ralph Morgan
Major Walsin-Esterhazy.....Robert Barrat
Paul Cézanne.....Vladimir Sokoloff
Georges Clemenceau.....Grant Mitchell
Chief of staff.....Harry Davenport
Major Henry.....Robert Warwick
M. Delagorgue.....Charles Richman
Minister of War.....Gilbert Emery
Colonel Sandherr.....Walter Kingsford
Assistant chief of staff.....Paul Everton
M. Cavignac.....Montagu Love
M. Van Cassell.....Frank Sheridan
Mr. Richards.....Lumsden Hare
Helen Richards.....Marcia Mae Jones
Madame Zola.....Florence Roberts
Pierre Dreyfus.....Dickie Moore
Jeanne Dreyfus.....Rolla Gourvitch

**"STELLA DALLAS"**—United Artists. Based on the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty. Screen play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by King Vidor.

CAST:

Stella Martin / Stella Dallas.....Barbara Stanwyck
Stephen Dallas.....John Boles
Laurel Dallas.....Anne Shirley
Helen.....Barbara O'Neil
Ed Munn.....Alan Hale
Mrs. Martin.....Marjorie Main
Mr. Martin.....Edmund Elton
Charlie Martin.....George Walcott
Carrie Jenkins.....Gertrude Short
Richard.....Tim Holt
Mrs. Grosvenor.....Nella Walker
Con.....Bruce Satterlee
Con (grown up).....Jimmy Butler
Lee.....Jack Egger
John.....Dickie Jones
Miss Phillibrown.....Anne Shoemaker

**"HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME"**—Paramount. Screen story by Oscar Hammerstein II. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

CAST:

Sally Watterson.....Irene Dunne
Peter Cortlandt.....Randolph Scott
Molly.....Dorothy Lamour
"Doc" Watterson.....Raymond Walburn
"Red" Scanlon.....Charles Bickford
Grandma Cortlandt.....Elizabeth Patterson
"Mac".....William Frawley
Varesi.....Akim Tamiroff
Samuel.....Ben Blue
Walter Brennan.....Alan Hale
Stark.....Irving Pichel
Doctor Lippincott.....Lucien Littlefield
Mrs. Lippincott.....Helen Lowell
Boy.....Tommy Bupp
Thompson.....Russell Hopton
"Shorty".....Billy Bletcher
Zeke Smith.....Stanley Andrews
"Gabby" Johnson.....Frank Sully
"Wash" Miller.....Jack Clifford
Stackpole.....James Burke
Seamstress.....Claire MacDowell

**"WEE WILLIE WINKIE"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Julien Josephson. Story by Rudyard Kipling. Directed by John Ford.

CAST:

Priscilla Williams.....Shirley Temple
Sergeant MacDuff.....Victor McLaglen
Colonel Williams.....C. Aubrey Smith
Joyce Williams.....June Lang
"Coppy" (Lieutenant Brandes).....Michael Whalen
Khoda Khan.....Cesar Romero
Mrs. Allardyce.....Constance Collier
Mott.....Douglas Scott
Captain Bibberbeigh.....Gavin Muir
Mohammet Dihn.....Willie Fung
Bagby.....Brandon Hurst
Major Allardyce.....Lionel Pape
Pipe Major Sneath.....Clyde Cook
Elsie Allardyce.....Lauri Beatty
Major General Hammond....Lionel Braham
Mrs. MacMonachie.....Mary Forbes
Corporal Tummel.....Cyril McLaglen
Officer.....Pat Somerset
Driver.....Hector Sarno

**"THEY WON'T FORGET"**—Warners. Screen play by Robert Rosson and Abem Kandel. From the novel, "Death in the Deep South," by Ward Greene. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

CAST:

Andy Griffin.....Claude Rains
Sybil Hale.....Gloria Dickson
Robert Hale.....Edward Norris
Gleason.....Otto Kruger
Bill Brock.....Allyn Joslyn
Mary Clay.....Lana Turner
Imogene Mayfield.....Linda Perry
Joe Turner.....Elisha Cook, Jr.
Dolly Holly.....Claudia Coleman
Detective Laneart.....Cy Kendall
Tump Redwine.....Clinton Rosemond
Carlisle P. Buxton.....E. Allyn Warren
Mrs. Hale.....Elizabeth Risdon
Jim Timberlake, barber.....Clifford Soubier
Detective Pindar.....Granville Bates
Mrs. Mountford.....Ann Shoemaker
Governor Mountford.....Paul Everton
Harmon.....Donald Briggs
Mrs. Clay.....Sybil Harris
Shattuck Clay.....Trevor Bardette
Luther Clay.....Elliott Sullivan
Ransom Clay.....Wilmer Hines
Briggs.....John Dilson
Drugstore clerk.....Eddie Acuff
Reporter Price.....Frank Faylen
Judge Moore.....Leonard Mudie
Confederate veterans.....Harry Davenport / Harry Beresford / Edward McWade
Second juror.....Frank Pharr
Lady on train.....Maidel Turner
Harrison.....Robert Porterfield
Barber's wife.....Adele St. Maur
Defense attorney.....John Litel
Pupil.....Psyche Mibert
Second pupil.....Jane Chamberlain
Flannigan.....Owen King
First juror.....Earl Dwire
Older juror.....Alphonse Ethier
Tucker.....Frank Rasmussen
Foster.....Raymond Brown
Detective.....Thomas Jackson
Detective.....George Lloyd

**"SARATOGA"**—MGM. Based on an original story by Anita Loos and Robert Hopkins. Directed by Jack Conway.

CAST:

Carol Clayton.....Jean Harlow
"Duke" Bradley.....Clark Gable
Grandpa Clayton.....Lionel Barrymore
Jesse Kiffmeyer.....Frank Morgan
Hartley Madison.....Walter Pidgeon
Fritzi.....Una Merkel
"Tip".....Cliff Edwards
Doctor Beard.....George Zucco
Frank Clayton.....Jonathan Hale
Rosetta.....Hattie McDaniels
"Dixie" Gordon.....Frankie Darro
"Hand Riding" Hurley.....Henry Stone

**"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK"**—RKO. Screen play by Dudley Nichols, John Twist, and Joel Sayre. From books by Bouck White and Matthew Josephson. Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

CAST:

Jim Fisk.....Edward Arnold
"Nick" Boyd.....Cary Grant
Josie Mansfield.....Frances Farmer
Luke.....Jack Oakie
Daniel Drew.....Donald Meek
Fleurique.....Thelma Leeds
Vanderbilt.....Clarence Kolb
Photographer.....Billy Gilbert
Broker.....George Irving
Lawyers.....Frank M. Thomas / Russell Hicks
Wallack.....Oscar Apfel
Collins.....Dudley Clements
President of Board.....Lionel Belmore
Bellhop.....Robert McClung
Janitor.....Robert Dudley
"Beef" Dooley.....Dewey Robinson
Top sergeant.....Stanley Fields
Major.....Gavin Gordon
Mary Lou.....Joyce Compton
Virginia Lee.....Virginia Carroll

**"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY"**—Monogram. Screen play by Robert Lee Johnson. Original novel by Edward Eggleston. Directed by William Nigh.

CAST:

"Shocky" Carter.....Mickey Rooney
Mary Evans.....Anne Nagel
Jack Matthews, Jr.....Frank Shields
Captain Carter.....Edward Pawley
Jack Matthews, Sr.....William Gould
Roger.....Bradley Metcalf
School mistress.....Dorothy Vaughn

**"EASY LIVING"**—Paramount. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Based on a story by Vera Caspary. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.

CAST:

Mary Smith.....Jean Arthur
J. B. Ball.....Edward Arnold
John Ball, Jr.....Ray Milland
Mr. Louis Louis.....Luis Alberni
Mrs. Ball.....Mary Nash
Van Buren.....Franklin Pangborn
Mr. Gurney.....Barlowe Borland
Wallace Whistling.....William Demarest
E. F. Hulgar.....Andrew Tombes
Lillian.....Esther Dale
Office manager.....Harlan Briggs
Mr. Hyde.....William B. Davidson
Miss Swerf.....Nora Cecil
Butler.....Robert Greig

**"THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS"**—MGM. Screen play by Monckton Hoffe and Harold Goldman. From the book by Baroness Orczy. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

CAST:

Baron Stephau Wolensky....William Powell
Countess Olga Mironova.....Luise Rainer
Grand Duke Peter.....Robert Young
Maria.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Colonel Baron Suroff.....Frank Morgan
Prince Johann.....Henry Stephenson
Mitzi.....Bernandene Hayes
Anton.....Donald Kirke
Korum.....Douglas Dumbrille
Doctor Malchor.....Charles Waldron
Leon.....Ien Wulf
Albert.....Barnett Parker
Pavloff.....Frank Reicher
Porter.....Bert Roach
Santuzzi.....Paul Porcasi
Auctioneer.....E. E. Clive

**"EXCLUSIVE"**—Paramount. Based on screen play by John C. Moffitt. Adapted by Sidney Salkow and Rian James. Directed by Alexander Hall.

CAST:

Ralph Honston.....Fred MacMurray
Vina Swain.....Frances Farmer
Tod Swain.....Charlie Ruggles
Charles Gilette.....Lloyd Nolan
Mrs. Swain.....Fay Holden
Colonel Bogardus.....Edward H. Robins
Elliott.....Gayford Pendleton
Horace Mitchell.....Ralph Morgan
Springer.....Harlan Briggs
Formby.....William Mansell

**"KING OF GAMBLERS"**—Paramount. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Original story by Tiffany Thayer. Directed by Robert Florey.

CAST:

"Dixie".....Claire Trevor
Jim.....Lloyd Nolan
Steve Kalkas.....Akim Tamiroff
Eddie.....Larry Crabbe
Jackie Nolan.....Helen Burgess
George Kramer.....Porter Hall
J. G. Temple.....Harvey Stephens
Mr. Parker.....Barlowe Borland
Strohm.....Purnell Pratt
Joe.....Colin Tapley
Charlie.....Paul Fix
"Big" Edna.....Cecil Cunningham
Ed Murkil.....Robert Gleckler
Taxi Driver.....Nick Lukats
Nurse.....Fay Holden
Cora.....Evelyn Brent

**"NEW FACES OF 1937"**—RKO. Screen play by Nat Perrin, Philip G. Epstein, and Irving S. Brecher. Based on the story, "Shoestring," by George Bradshaw. Directed by Leigh Jason.

CAST:

Seymore.....Joe Penner
Wellington.....Milton Berle
Parky.....Parkyakarkus
Patricia.....Harriet Hilliard
Jimmy.....William Brady
Robert Hunt.....Jerome Cowan
Elaine.....Thelma Leeds
Suzy.....Lorraine Krueger
Judge Hugo Straight.....Tommy Mack
Count Mischa Moody.....Bert Gordon
Hunt's secretary.....Patricia Wilder
Broker.....Richard Lane
Stage manager.....Dudley Clements
Assistant stage manager.....William Corson
Doorman.....George Rosener
Bridge guard.....Harry Bernard
Joe Guzzola.....Dewey Robinson
Count Moody's secretary...Harry C. Bradley
Themselves: Lowe, Hite and Stanley, Brian Sisters, Derry Deane, Eddie Rio and Brothers, Loria Brothers, Catherine Brent, Ann Miller, The Three Chocolateers, The Four Playboys, Dorothy Roberts, Camille Soray, Rene Stone, Diana Toy.

*Continued from page 55*

# On and Off the Set

THE Bing Crosby Enterprises Corporation has been dissolved. In its place we have the Everett Crosby Company, Ltd.,* housed in a swank Crosby building on Sunset Boulevard. All the Crosbys have their names on the doors and offices. All except Bing. He only makes the money that keeps the outfit going.

BARBARA STANWYCK, rushing from one picture to another at breakneck speed, is undermining her health. She was three months on Stella Dallas" ond lost twenty pounds. Her doctor has put her on a weight-gaining diet and ordered her to goin at least fifteen pounds. She is working on a closed set in order to spare herself the strain of unnecessary conversation with visitors.

DESPITE the fact he has been a big hit on the Jock Benny radio program, Andy Devine gets little or no money for his broadcasts. When friends urged him to strike for more, he said, "No. I was in a slump when Jack gave me a breok on the air. Things have picked up for me now in pictures and I feel I owe him anything I can do. He can have me for his broadcast any time he wants me at the same salary he first paid me."

THE Barrymores—John and Elaine—were rehearsing a scene from "The Tempest" for o radio broadcost. It was a tender love scene; the orchestra was playing softly and comeramen were making pictures for publicity when suddenly a flashlight globe exploded with a loud bang. Elaine screamed; every one ran around excitedly except John, who stood quietly where he was.

"You're pretty calm," a photographer remarked.

"Explosions don't bother me," John replied blithely. "I've been married four times."

ROSALIND RUSSELL was backing her car out of the garage when a neighbor's puppy ran under the machine and was hurt.

Not even the pup felt as badly as Rosolind, who rushed the animol to the hospital and did everything she could to make amends.

Despite the protests of the dog's owner that it was not at all Rosalind's fault, she insisted on paying all the hospital bills and returned the pup to its owner as good as new.



**Rose Stradner is the latest Viennese actress to be brought over here by MGM. Well known on the stage in Europe, this is her first try at pictures.**




**Franchot Tone's stand-in, Bob "Alabam" Davis, crowds his employer for space in their jointly owned chair. Tone's next is "The Bride Wore Red."**

AL JOLSON wos swimming in his pool with his two-year-old baby in his arms. He inadvertently ducked the baby, who let out a loud yell for his mother.

"Mammo! Mamma! What do you mean, 'mamma'?" Al asked the baby indignantly. "Who pays the bills around here, onyway?"

DON'T be surprised if you hear strains from the operas floating out from a nifty-looking trailer parked next to you because the occupants may very likely be Grace Moore and her husband.

Grace is finding "getting away from it all" a most pleasant pastime since she become troiler-conscious. One week-end she is off to Ensenada and the next week she goes to Arrowhead. And at Arrowhead she has no trouble



Billie Burke, appearing in "The Bride Wore Red," is shown here in a beaten silver lamé house coat, with scalloped edging on the coat and fabric buttons.

at all in finding a pleasant place ta park far she camps right on her awn property and at the same time supervises the new home she is building there.

The furniture is all maple, the fixtures copper and if you think Grace can't bake a mean biscuit in her little electric stove yau are crazy.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S friends save up all their jokes ta tell her because she always sees the paint immediately and her reaction is sa jayously spantaneous. Cansequently it was quite a shack when ane of the bays an the set tald her a funny stary ane day recently and Shirley, with a dead pan, asked "What's funny abaut that?"

Thinking she had missed the joke, he repeated it, but still she didn't laugh. Presently, with her hand over her mouth, she let aut a suppressed giggle and then explained: "Daddy and I have been practicing saying 'What's funny about that'?"

MARY PICKFORD spent her last days at Pickfair dressed in a pair of slacks, a sweater and béret, riding around and araund the big grounds on a scaater bike. One day she ventured down the road where a new hause was being erected and stapped to laak at it. Just then an autamobile laad of taurists stapped and asked the workmen if they ever saw Miss Pickford around. The carpenters said na, the tourists drove on and Mary laughed.

THE most effective scene in a fareign picture comes when the heroine plays a love scene with her back ta the camera. Novel, effective, dramatic—these are some af the camments af reviewers an the unusual stunt. A friend of the directar confides that it was necessity, nat art, that gave rise ta the idea. "The frant af the face expressed blankness. The back—well, ane could use ane's imagination at least."

THURSDAY night is caak's day off in Hallywood, and yau see all the cinema charmers dining at restaurants all aver Beverly Hills. But not the Dick Pawells. Jaan Blandell, Dick tells us, is ane of the warld's best coaks, and on Thursday they stay hame and have steaks t-h-i-s thick, with all Dick's favarite vegetables.



Isn't Harriet Hilliard's hair arrangement attractive? The bangs are brushed back in a pompadour effect. Her next is "The Life of the Party."

# A Goal So High

*Continued from page 35*

ill, the family decided the rigors of the Cherry Blossom Kingdom were not for her, so the Bay City of California was selected for its healthful climate. Later Joan and her mother and sister moved south a few miles to the little hamlet of Saratoga, where Joan was reared to young ladyhood.

"It's so small a place that even now they don't own a single theater," she smiles. "For that reason, when I attended a convent near there, every other Saturday was a day of joy, for on that day, if we had been particularly good, the Sisters would show us a motion picture. From those few films was born my ambition some day to act in them."

But art and drawing and sketching were to occupy her attention first, and she returned to San Francisco to study.

When the long hard road that an art student must tread began to break down Joan's health again—at fifteen, she returned to Japan for a year, and had come back to America quite sound, for the first time, in body—she was forced to give it up temporarily. Hers, however, was a temperament which demanded creative work and when Homer Curran, a theatrical friend of the family, invited her to appear in a play called "Kind Lady," she accepted. It was but a step, then, to Hollywood, for Henry Duffy, another producer-friend, offered her a rôle in his local production of "Call It a Day," and Jesse L. Lasky, in the first-night audience, immediately signed her to a contract.

Joan's eagerness to make good as an actress fills every waking moment. She constantly is studying others, and whenever she can, watches the acting of the best actors of the screen. Much of her time, therefore, is spent at the movies.

Although she doesn't care particularly to do comedy, still she attended "My Man Godfrey" on three occasions. Twice to watch the picture and enjoy it—and the third time for the purpose of studying Carole Lombard's characterization and attempting to analyze it to her own satisfaction.

"People are forever saying I seem much older than I really am," she declares. "They express surprise that I can do any dramatic acting, when they learn my age.

"I don't see why age should enter into it. I don't see why a younger actress can't feel the character as well as an older one, and project herself into it. I've read so much, and dramatized characters so thoroughly in my own mind, that I believe I'm prepared to undertake almost any rôle that might be assigned me."

That the studio believes she is ready for more important work is evidenced by its placing her opposite Nino Martini in the important "Music for Madame"—her fourth picture—and its decision to cast her in "Damsel in Distress," opposite Fred Astaire.



Resting between halves of a recent basketball game are, left to right, Lynne Carver, Virginia Grey, Anne Rutherford, and Priscilla Lawson.



**Before leaving the party they've just attended, Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew show their dentist repairs.**

Intensely serious about her career, Joan is as intent upon whatever she attempts. She studied many hours for her radio broadcast in "The Plainsman," in which she portrayed Mrs. William Cody—Mrs. Buffalo Bill, to me—and with the same relish attacks the finer points of philosophy. Plato honestly is a favorite of hers, as are a number of other ancient Greek and Roman philosophers. She spends hours reading all types of plays, both old and modern.

To romance she gives not even a passing thought. "Perhaps later that will come, but right now—I'm most interested in my career," is the way she touches upon this subject.

Interesting particularly is her program when she is working in a picture.

"I come home from the studio and go directly to my room," she says, "without seeing a soul. I take a warm bath, then have dinner in bed. No one speaks to me, and I'm completely alone.

"I read over my part for the next day, read and reread it and study it until I have grasped its every meaning. Then, I may listen to the radio for a while, or glance over a book. By nine o'clock I'm asleep. In this way, I keep the character I'm doing clearly in my mind."

Joan is sincere when she makes this explanation, a statement that from other lips might sound rather affected. But Joan is different from other actresses in Hollywood; she cannot be compared with the average run-of-the-mill player. One thing is certain, though. Joan Fontaine very definitely is on her way to the top.

*Continued from page 17*

be noticed on the screen. But it would do something to Garbo and her performance."

He means it and the studio believes him so thoroughly that it spends many, many dollars providing Garbo with the real where the false might answer for another actress. I have seen dozens of women at work in the wardrobe department, making intricate bead work, fine hand embroidery, for Garbo's costumes. Some of these costumes—notably some of those she wore in "Mata Hari"—have become museum pieces.

Her interest in clothes, however, is academic and purely professional. She will spend hours over conferences for costumes for a picture, to make sure that they will express the character she is to play. She will stand patiently and endlessly for fittings. But her personal taste in clothes is for garments which are tailored, simple, comfortable.

Hollywood's best-known tailor, Watson, has a shabby top coat of Garbo's hanging in his shop. Every now and then she telephones him and asks him to make another, "exactly like that one." When he notifies her that it is finished, she goes to his shop, ascends in the squeaky elevator—it amuses her to operate it herself—tries on the new coat and usually wears it home.

She wears slacks, sweaters, brogans, and bérets. She is devoted to an old corduroy jacket with deep pockets in which she can sink her hands. She probably does not own more than one evening dress at a time and this will be white or black and completely unadorned.

She will lie for hours in the sun without moving. She seems to soak up sunshine and store it away like a lizard. In slicker and sou'wester, she will walk for hours in the rain alone. She especially likes to do this at night. She is a strong swimmer and occasionally, when she is in a gay mood, she likes to show off her prowess. But her chief love is tennis. Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons play with her often. She is appalled at any suggestion of table games or parlor games.

She likes to talk for hours with cronies like Zoë Akins and Salka Viertel. On these occasions she sometimes sits on the floor, but usually she sprawls on a divan or in a big chair and drinks strong unsugared tea and eats pickles. Dozens and dozens of pickles.

She loves to shop in delicatessens and about three times a week she arrives home laden with large brown paper parcels, filled with odorous smoked fish, cheese, olives, peppers. She is usually proud of her purchases and is childishly pleased if some one sells her a new kind of sausage. Later these purchases accompany her to the studio for her lunch and she frequently sends to the commissary for rye bread and sweet butter to go with them.

The hamper also frequently contains a mystery story, not just the ordinary "whodunit" yarn but something really grisly, well besprinkled with corpses and lots of horror. For some reason these things make her chuckle.

She never misses an important concert, even though she must arrive late, wear dark glasses, sit in an undesirable, because inconspicuous, seat and run like everything down a dark alley afterward to avoid unwelcome attention. She listens to the radio when she thinks of it but she is more likely to listen to her victrola. She owns an enviable collection of fine records.

When they tore down the building which housed her dressing room at the studio, she was appalled. Afterward she became interested in decorating the new one. It is an astonishing hodgepodge of mulberry draperies, wine-colored upholstery, brown rugs, and tiny gold bands running all about everything. You never saw anything quite like it before. But it is effective and interesting. It doesn't look as if it had been planned. It looks as if it had just happened.

"It is the first room I ever planned," she says, placidly, but with just the merest touch of pride.

Just about then another change came into her life. The famous eight-year-old car really breathed its last. Garbo grieved briefly, sighed, and then bought what she called "a new second-hand car." A car which looked as much like the ponderous old limousine as possible. She is growing used to it, she says.

Somehow the people who really know her well, who are really close to her, simply cannot talk about her. She exerts some amazing personal power over them so that they are completely, almost slavishly devoted to her. But they can't describe her. This applies to hairdressers, taxi drivers who have served her consistently, prop men, as well as to personal friends.

Sensitive and intelligent people who meet her briefly fall under this spell, too. A prominent writer who had occasion to talk to her frequently during the making of a picture was offered a sizable amount of money to write something about her. He consented. The studio approved. The writer bought some new typewriter ribbons and called for his favorite stenographer. Then he just sat (he reports) and looked blank. "I simply can't do it," he notified his editor at last. "There is too much to say about her, and I can't say it well enough, no matter how much you pay me!"

A witty woman writer met her, talked with her and came away to say, in a surprised voice, "I am stimulated. I am inspired. But all that I can tell you is that her long eyelashes are her own."

George Cukor, who directed "Camille," said of her, "She can walk across a set and give every other actress in the world a lesson in grace and poise."

Some one else said, "She can do more to you with one short, quiet line than can many another actress with paragraphs and hysterical dialogue."

Norbert Lusk said, "Remember in 'Romance,' when she said, 'Thank you for having loved me'?"

I insist that she is a consistent woman. I think the critics agree that she is a consistent actress. But, you know, I like to remember that giggle and to hope that she is using it more and more often.



**Elissa Landi spends a great deal of her time practicing horsemanship with Tristan, her favorite horse, a prize winner.**

# Joan rules her HOME

BY MYRTLE GEBHART

FOR THE FIRST TIME JOAN CRAWFORD PERMITS HER LOVELY HOUSE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED AND ACQUAINTS READERS OF PICTURE PLAY WITH HER FAVORITE RÔLE—THAT OF MRS. FRANCHOT TONE.



All photos taken expressly for Picture Play by Durward Graybill

The south wall of the library shows a mirrored paneled red Luaan wood, the rug is of solid

WHENEVER a daar is apened ta yau, instantly yau feel the feminine personality that has created the hame.

Jaan Crawfard has given her heart and her mind ta the damicile aver which she reigns. Twa factars gavern her efficient management: lave and system. "Lave" means the husband's camfart; whatever he wants whenever he wants it. "System" includes a detailed, arderly supervision af a household. Jaan aversees each item, sews, paints garden furniture, makes rugs.

At the studia a tremala af drama surraunds her, a driving farce which urges expressian af her talents.

Jaan at hame is gentle, mellaw, samehaw mare cantented. There she is Mrs. Franchat Tane, hastess and housewife.

Ta ane with a strang hearth instinct, hame is the faundatian. I see reflected in the mavie players' personalities what hame means ta each.

Same give to it a sanctified service and are rewarded by health and happiness. Others seem ta be just star baarders in elabarate and badly run ménages.

Because her marriage ta Franchat has braught her such peace, Jaan has erected barriers, a definite picket-fence af attitude keeping aut interviewers, press agents, and phatagraphers. Breaking her rule, she takes readers af Picture Play inta her hame.

A circuitaus raute leads ane ta Brentwaad Heights, between Beverly Hills and the Pacific Ocean. Beyand a hedged driveway is the twa-staried white hause af eleven raams. Jaan's firm handclasp affers welcame.



**fireplace flanked on either side by wall book shelves. Walls throughout are of tan, and the chairs are upholstered in beige with tomato-red velvet binding.**

At hame Jaan is mast lavely, because there she is frankly herself. Upan her facé and arms Old Sal has pecked freckles which, as Mrs. Tane, she disdains ta hide by casmetics. In her black silk frack, besprinkled with perky yellaw flawerlets, she leads the way, a serene wife.

William Haines decarated the hause in accardance with Jaan's preferences. Blue and white, her favarite calars, predaminate. The general aspect immediately infarms ane that it is the hame af a happily married cauple. Beauty and restfulness are subtly mingled. One senses that, cupped in that hame, are shared haurs af understanding, af jay.

In the Tane hame guests never are embarrassed by any fretful undercurrent. Mrs. Tane never has ta apalagize, because she regulates her damicile systematically.

The damestic staff camprises Mary and Axel, cook and butler, Jaan's maid—these three live in the hause—a chauffeur and a watchman.

"Calm, campetent Mary rules the kitchen," Jaan tald me. "She never gets nervaus. If I phone at six a'clock and say that I am bringing guests far dinner, it daesn't upset her. She never camplains."

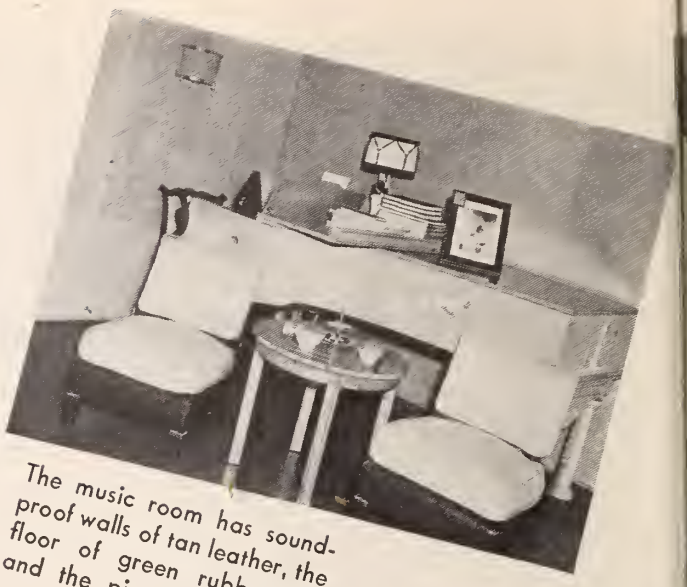
Franchat pays all hame expenses. Jaan defrays expenditures of her career: salaries af driver and maid, phatas, her persanal wardrabe.

It casts Franchat farty dallars a week ta run the hause far utilities and faad. If Jaan didn't budget sa carefully it prabably wauld be much mare.

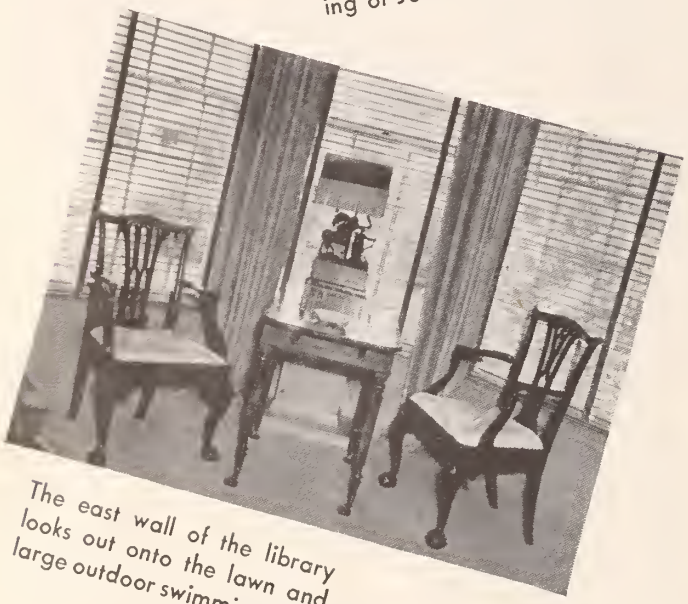
"Remember, five peaple eat three meals a day: Franchat, myself, Mary and Axel, and my maid. The chauffeur-



A corner of the drawing-room, with davenport in pale-pink brocade. Note paint-ing of Joan hanging on wall.



The music room has sound-proof walls of tan leather, the floor of green rubber tile and the piano pale green.



The east wall of the library looks out onto the lawn and large outdoor swimming pool.



A corner of the upstairs sit-ting room shows dark-blue wall paper with white flowers.

gardener and the watchman are not domiciled on the premises. We entertain almost every Saturdoy evening, sometimes ten, again twenty, guests."

Mary phones the grocery arders. Joon checks the daily bills. Laundry? The linens are sent aut, Franchot's shirts and Joon's wash dresses and lingerie being dane at home. She checks the lists.

Incidentally, Mrs. Tone does nat select Mr. Tone's shirts or ties.

"I wouldn't dare!" she admitted.

Sunday is inspectian day. The mistress is oll over the hause, and if there were a speck of dust it waûld nat es-cape her vigilance. But an Sunday she and Mory make aut o general autline of needs, menus, ond duties far the following week. Once a month they list requirements to replenish the breakage and deteriaratian customary in every hame, and Jaan shops dawntawn for linens, china, cooking utensils.

"On my last trip ta New Yark," she told me, "I baught a lat af things at Macy's—jelly bawls far individuol servings —such things.

"Pordan? Make inventaries? Why, Myrtle!" Those lorge blue eyes blazed, then subsided into o gentle rebuke. "That wauld be on indirect insult ta aur employees. How-ever," she added, "if anything were missing, it wauldn't remain o secret from me. I knaw everything we hove. Mory understands that I check bills only becouse trodes-men aften try ta charge stars double prices, ond I wan't stond for that."

Only once did Jaan refuse to onswer o question.

"The wages we pay aur servants?" Voice ond eyes poised a reprimand. "I would rather not mention the solories that we pay our employees. We respect domestic service. It is on honorable woy af earning one's living. We wouldn't humiliate our employees in any woy."

Mary and Axel have Thursdays free, and olternate Sun-doys. When they were on vacatian the substitute maid became ill with influenza. Mrs. Tone cooked the meols—and nursed the sneezing maid.

Joan writes "This Is Ta Remind You" notes. Even to Fronchot.

"He fargets to thank people far things—gifts, baoks, nice reviews. He is oppreciative, but he hates to write letters. Though he loves his mother deorly, he con't express his

*Continued on page 90*



ll photos by Durward Graybill

The first group of pictures ever to appear in a fan magazine of the interior of the home of the Franchot Tones. This shows one end of Miss Crawford's bedroom. The blue-painted walls and white woodwork make a perfect background for the antique furniture.





• A feature of the south wall of the dining room, above, are the panels hand painted in a floral design. Parquet flooring of American black walnut adds an interesting touch.

• The drawing-room fireplace, left, is flanked on either side by Venetian-blinded windows draped in white with blue cords. Twin tables contain matching lamps with gold-colored silk shades. The rug is white.

• The combination music room and bar, below, has sound-proof walls done in tan leather. The floor is of green rubber tile. Chairs are upholstered in green-and-white tweed material.







- The east end view of the dining room, above, reveals curtains of Dubonnet velvet. The recessed windows, with their Venetian blinds, are bordered on either side by white Gothic columns.
- The walls of the library, right, are of paneled red Luaan wood. A davenport of deep-brown velvet, with tomato-red binding and pillows, rests on a tan rug.
- Another portion of Joan's bedroom, below. The basket in the right-hand corner with blue velvet trimming is a sleeping compartment for the household pets.





Photo by William Walling, Jr.

# WILLIAM POWELL

# NELSON EDDY

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



picture play's

# fall fashions







• Phyllis Gilman, left, wears a striking John Frederics hat of brilliantly colored plaid ribbon, with a crushed side bow and wide streamer.

• Mary Carlisle's evening gown, above, of blue-gray chiffon has a tightly fitted crêpe slip underneath, and is embroidered with crystal beads.

• Miss Carlisle's black net dress is highlighted by dots of cellophane embroidery. There are deep ruchings of the net around the hemline.



• Gail Patrick in a smart array of the clothes she wears in "Artists and Models." Left, a black crêpe daytime dress with narrow panels and silver foxes for a scarf.

• Blue fox leads the race for fur trimming for fall. The one-piece frock and loose-backed jacket, below, are of black wool.

• For town or country, this type of fall costume is suitable. The accessories match the navy blue of the woven wool skirt. The jacket and bands on the skirt are of navy, white and gray plaid.

• The evening gown is of lustrous pink satin. The surplice bodice introduces a new width in shoulder treatment.

• Burnt brown shades are favored for fall by Hollywood's leading style authorities. The flaring daytime dress of brown wool, right, is trimmed with sable.

















• June Clayworth offers interesting new fashions from her fall wardrobe. The checked knit dress on the left page has yellow and green predominating.

• The two-piece wool dress has a black skirt and green coat. A black-and-green felt hat, and black accessories complete the costume.

• The collarless neckline of the beige wool dress with a raised design, above, is of particular interest. Worn with brown accessories.

• Black and beige wool combine to fashion the two-piece dress, above, trimmed with a black suède belt.

• The leather bows on the black wool dress, right, are very new. A leather hat matches the trimming.

# FREDRIC MARCH



# WAYNE MORRIS



Photo by Longworth



# LADIES OF LEISURE

- Ellen Clancy, left, lives near a lake so she can enjoy canoeing.
- Eleanore Whitney and Terry Walker, below, know what to do in warm weather. A near-by pool and a shady garden do the trick.
- Mary Maguire, bottom, chooses a two-piece tennis outfit of white jersey embroidered in bright red and blue.
- Dorothy Haas, right, has been chosen as one of the four most beautiful showgirls in Hollywood.
- Eleanor Powell limbers up for a dance. With hands raised and on her toes, she is all set to plunge into another number.













JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON CONTEMPLATES THE RESULTS OF HER FRESHLY APPLIED BEAUTY PREPARATIONS.







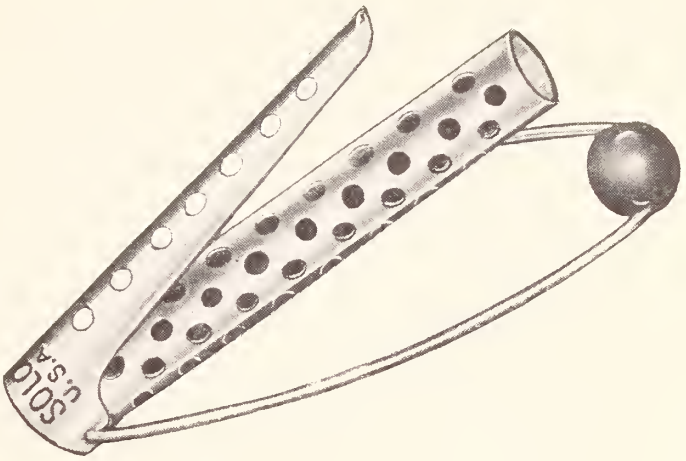








# FOUNDATIONS OF Beauty




BY LAURA BENHAM

HAIR AND SKIN NEED SPECIAL CARE AFTER THE SUMMER VACATION AND DURING THE WINTER.

Address your beauty problems to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

A WISE mon once wrote that "genius is only on infinite capocity for toking pains." An even wiser womon would have substituted the word "beauty" for "genius"—and she would still hove been right.

Far truly, beouty is never occidentol, but is the result of painstoking core and never-ceosing vigilonce. Granted thot same girls are born with more regular features—with lorger eyes ond straighter noses—thon others, it's the care they give their hair ond skin ond teeth that tells the reol story of their adult loveliness.

We heor so much about the beouty of the moidens of the South Seas, but whot do we ever hear of the women? Nothing, for the satiny skin and lustrous hair of the fifteen-year-old girl ore soon lost and at twenty-five, a native woman is old and portially toothless, with dried-out wrinkled skin and hair faded almost to gray.

Why? Becouse she does not know how to toke care of herself! And if care is necessary for the preservotion of beouty in the mild ond balmy climate of the tropics, where steom heot and smoke and soot are nonexistent, think of how much more essentiol is care here in our modern towns and cities.

And it's really fine thot this is so, for it places the privilege of beouty in our own hands. Once we realize that loveliness is not an accident, but is the result of simple thought and care, we can't blame any one but ourselves if we don't look well at oll times. It's so easy to give ourselves the proper care, anywoy. It doesn't require elaborate equipment or more time than the average busy woman can spare, it's only a matter of spending o few moments eoch day, faithfully, in working on hair ond skin to keep them cleon and healthy ond glowing with fresh young blood, our teeth white and gleaming.

The hair olone is worth every moment you con spend on it. Hove you ever stopped to think about whot feature, obove oll others, is noticed first? The hoir—ond it can make or mor o girl's appearance more forcibly than onything else.

No motter how smooth the complexion, how attractive the make-up, how tosteful the costume, if the hair is stringy ond lifeless, a girl looks dull and dowdy. But if hair is vitol ond alive and shining with sweetly scented freshness, even an otherwise plain girl takes on a glow and is lovely.

Now, as you know, care of the hair really begins with the scolp, which should be white ond free from dandruff. It should also be flexible, or loose, ond movable on the skull, so that the blood con circulate freely and feed new strength to the growing hair.

Therefore, the most important single item you must have to keep your scalp in this condition—ond also to keep your hair nice and clean between shampoos—is a good brush.

Proper brushing of the hoir is really an art, but it's well worth learning. To begin with, the scalp as well as the hair must be swept by the bristles of the brush. To do this, first part the hair and ploce the brush down with its under side along the part. Then, sweep the face of the brush across the part touching the scalp, and continue down the length of the hair. Make another part about an inch from the first one and repeat the entire operation until the whole head has been brushed. And doesn't your scalp tingle and feel fine?

For proper brushing you need a good firm brush that will penetrate through the hair to the scalp and the best one I've ever found is made with serrated, wavelike bristles that pick up each strond of hair and polish it individually. It's a medium-sized brush ond comes with either black or white bristles, in o voriety of bocks. Both the white and

black bristle brushes ore moderate in price, the black costing a bit less than the white ones—and the block bristles are stronger, too.

Beside regulor nightly brushing, hair should be given a shampoo every week or ten days. There ore three basic types of hair—normal, oily, and dry—and each should have o different kind of shampoo.

To take up dry hoir first—for that's what most of us hove—the shompoo and treatment created by the famous firm of seven Scotch sisters is one of the finest and is relied upon by smart women all over the world.

This treatment begins with a brisk brushing, of course, then a reconditioning oil is warmed and applied to the scalp with a smoll piece of cotton. This is thoroughly rubbed in with the hands, then hot towels are wrapped around the head so that the steam will open the pores and allow them to absorb this reconditioning oil.

Next, a warm olive-castile shampoo is poured on the head and is rubbed in with firm fingers. Rinsing is quite important as any soap left on the scalp or hair makes o dull film when dry ond this not only looks unattroctive, but is harsh and drying to the hair.

After dry hair has been thoroughly rinsed, a special remedy for falling hair and dandruff is applied to the scolp with cotton and this tonic, too, is rubbed firmly into the pores.

For best results with dry hoir, the originators of this treotment recommend that the special remedy for folling hoir and dandruff be applied every night for a month, then every other night for about two weeks more, and by this time the hair will be in such a healthy condition that a weekly application of the remedy will be sufficient.

These same remarkable hair experts have a tonic for oily hair, too, which should be applied every night for a month. This tonic is compounded of speciol herbs that regulote the flow of oil until it becomes normal.

I think thot oily hair should be shompooed regulorly every week, never ollowed to go for the ten days thot are all right for normal or dry hoir. And the best soap for oily hoir is o pure olive-costile.

Another trick that is especiolly good for oily hair is to cover the bristles of the brush used nightly with o thin piece of silk. This fabric will absorb the oil quickly, leaving the hoir glossy and soft to touch ond to see.

Normal hair does not present the problem thot these other types of hair do, yet it's necessary to use core to preserve this normal condition.

The regular brushing, plus frequent mossoges of the scalp, and regular shompoos of course, will usua ly do the trick. But it's in selecting her shompoo that the proud possessor of normal hoir must be cautious.

For this type of hair, there's a fine foamy oil shompoo which cleanses thoroughly, yet is unlike soop in that it contains no alkoli and thus can hove no drying effect on the hair. It should be applied directly to the scolp by parting the hair in squares about an inch opart, then when the entire head has been covered, rub this foamy oil in thoroughly and down into the hair.

Only then do you put water on your head ond you'll find yourself in a perfect billow of fluffy bubbles. Yet because this preparation contains no alkali, when you rinse your hair there will be no film on it and it will be soft and shining without need of a lemon or vinegar rinse.

Once your hoir is clean and healthy, your next concern is your wave. Of course you have a permanent, unless your hair is naturally curly, and it must be set after every shampoo, into the waves most becoming to your face. And whether you've ever realized it before or not, the lotion with which your wave is set is very important, for o lotion that is too thick or is greasy or takes too long to dry, or leaves a flaky deposit on the hair, can really injure the health of your hair.

Therefore, you want o lotion that is thin, nongreasy, yet effective, and one of the finest is mode by o firm whose permanent waves are enjoyed all over the world. This lotion dries quickly, keeps your hair in place for an amazing time, and never, never leaves those horrid white flakes on your hair, to foll on your shoulders and embarrass you.

There's cne more item necessory to the well-groomed heod. That's a curler for those ends which lose the curl that wos set in them, usually because they stray from under our shower cops when we are bathing.

To take care of these annoying ends, which can droop and ruin even the loveliest coiffure, there's a small curler that does the trick. Perforated its entire length so thot air can circulote freely for easy drying, these curlers with the tiny red ball in the end are no trouble ot all to use ond turn out grand ringlet curls. Simply moisten your hoir, roll it around the curler, clomp it in place and forget it for on hour while you give your face a good "going over." By the time that is done, your hair will be oll curled and well-groomed—and you'll be ready to step out with every stray lock in ploce.

Speoking of this "going over" the face is no joke. Certainly the skin suffers from the heat of the summer, whether it has been actually exposed to the sun on the beach or not. So, with the days and nights getting colder, the skin needs to hove its oils replenished to fortify it for the rigors of the winter ahead.

Of course, oll skin core begins with cleansing, and I'm o believer in the double-cleonser method—that is, a good cleans'ng cream plus the regular use of soap and water.

For oily or normal skins, a thorough cleansing with creom ot night, followed by soop ond woter, is usually sufficient. Of course, if you hove time to chonge your make-up dur'ng the day, you'll first cleanse your foce with cream.

*Continued on page 97*

## HAVE YOU TRIED—

**Crême de Mint, a delightfully stimulating facial mask that smells of coolest mint leaves, goes on like cream and when washed away leaves the skin soft and supple and with a lovely pink glow?**

**The rich red lipstick that comes in a gold case with a gay, red top shaped like a Chinese minaret? It's creamy and smooth and will stay on for hours, and is especially good for dry lips.**

**The new gadget that holds your toes apart while you apply polish to your nails? It is of soft, stretchy rubber and is better than cotton as there's no fuzz to get on your fresh polish before it dries.**

**Putting a drop or two of eau de cologne in the water in which you rinse your lingerie? It gives your clothes a delightful, delicate fragrance and as only a few drops are necessary it isn't extravagant.**

**Keeping miniature sizes of your favorite cosmetics in an evening bag so it will be ready when you are rushing to go out dressed in your best bib and tucker?**

*Continued from page 41*

stubborn about it. I feel that o man should make the money and a woman should do her share by helping and guiding him. Actors are tough to live with because they are usually self-centered and egocentric. When fame and success come along, the chances ore even less for a fellow to find the right girl. If he doesn't want to marry an actress, he wonders if any other girl would really love him for himself, or just because he is a celebrity. Success makes a fellow suspicious."

And still another day Bob confided. "This may sound conceited but I don't mean it that way.

"Last night I went to a party ond the room was filled with women. They sure put a fellow on the spot. You never know whether they are trying to be encouraging, aggressive, flattering or laughing at you because of resentment. It's difficult to know whether to behave like a gentleman and be thought stupid or be aggressive ond run the chance of offending.

"They make remarks about my looks. If I make a reasonably good appeorance, it just hoppened that way. I didn't bring it about, so it's nothing thot I can take credit for. What they don't know is, that it's given me quite on inferiority complex. I never know if I am being liked just for myself. By trying to hide this complex I often give the impression of being conceited. One of the mony reasons why I appreciate Barboro so much is—I know she likes me for myself!"

At another lunch the subject of friendship came up.

"Success is a strange thing," Bob mused, "especially when it happens os fost as it did in my case. You look forward to the doy when you can ossociate with the big shots. But once you get in thot enviable spot, it doesn't meon so much. They ore either interested in you for your career or for other business reasons. They odvise you to do all the formulo things ond make all the formula gestures. You hove to choose between what you know to be right and what is soid to be good for you. When you actually feel the need of a true friend, invariobly you will turn to those you made before you got your chance. And in my case I suffered a disappointment.

"Friends of the old days seemed to think I hod changed or were watching for signs of it. I know they have chonged ond it hurts me deeply. Two of my best friends used to pal around with me. We used to take trips together and each pay his own way. Now if I ask them to go as my guests, because I make so much more and it would be a thrill to take them, they won't come along. When I offered to go dutch, they still held bock.

"Finally, they admitted that they were afraid I'd think they only liked me becouse I make more money. I tried to explain that they are the two people whose friendship meons more to me now than ever before. But they deprive me of the very thing I want ond need most. We can't see eoch other's point of view."



**The fad of the pogo-stick is returning to Hollywood in all its former glory. Vivacious Catherine Hughes is one of the first stars to take it up on its return.**

On the last day I lunched with Bob he came in quite disturbed. He settled himself, ordered corned beef hash ond began to talk.

"Why do people insist that o person live up to whot they themselves hove creoted in their minds? Why do they ask if I have discovered some amozing new philosophy or expect me to project some stortling new point of view? They're disappointed when I tell them thot I still feel ond think the same woy about most things.

"I hod on interview this morning ond the woman asked me if I wosn't amused and shocked when I think back on the views and outlook I hod on life o yeor ogo. They hoven't changed ond I told her so. Her face mirrored resentment. I suppose I should hove put on an oct for her just because she hod mode up her mind that I would reoct o certain way. And she wanted to know whot I thought of Gorbo. When I soid I didn't want to talk about Miss Gorbo, the woman immediately insisted that I hoted Garbo. When I said thot I did not she insisted that I must be in love with Gorbo. The interview finolly ended with the woman telling me whom I liked and disliked. And whot I thought ond didn't think. Well, at least it was nice of her to let me in on it."

Now, oll this might sound as if Bob is toking himself a bit seriously. But mind you, these are all thoughts of the moment—the same thoughts that you or I might have and no one would be a bit interested. Belonging to Robert Toylor they have great interest and are significont of the rapid growth that is inspired by Hollywood success.

Bob Taylor has many other thoughts thot are representative of the Bob the world knows and admires. He is pretty much thrilled about his whole career, the comfort and luxury it has ollowed him to give his mother, and the absorbing, stimulating nature of his work.

But even a big star is entitled to do a little plain and fancy private thinking. Now you know what Hollywood's number one bachelor thinks about when he's alone—if he ever is.




**LABORATORY TESTS** on rats were conducted for over three years . . .



**1** We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.



**2** Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

# Now—*this new Cream brings to Women the active*

# "Skin-Vitamin"

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3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing". . .

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## They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 49*

café, including o prowl through shops, a visit to the races, cocktails at a longshoremen's bor, dinner at the swankiest restaurant in town, dancing until nearly dawn and then a drive out into the country to see wogons coming to market.

Each one thinks the other is simply marvelous ot plonning expeditions. Both are tireless, and no one ever mentions that Sally's tours are a little on the expensive side. She is coming back to moke "She Married o Million" for Universal. Sally thinks she did.

**Just Among Friends.**—Life eddies and swirls around smiling, freckle-faced, red-haired, nimble-footed Jack Whiting like one continuous old-home week.

He hosn't made pictures in the last four years largely because old friends were always putting on musical comedies in London or New York that looked like fun. And they were.

But now he is off to London to appear opposite Jessie Matthews in "Sailing Along" because Sonnie Hale, her husband who produces her pictures, seems like such a clever and likable fellow with procticol ideas.

Whiting asked me to meet him at the Gaumont-British office in New York, explaining that his apartment was, at the moment, all giddy and hilarious confusion. Mrs. Whiting, who was the first Mrs. Douglos Fairbanks, was welcoming Doug, Jr., from California and seeing him off to London; her mother and niece who had been visiting them were packing to leave for California; Vera Zorino, who played opposite him in musical comedy in London last winter, was dropping in at odd moments before leaving for Hollywood and o Som Goldwyn contract.

"She's a lovely girl, sensitive, beoutiful, and mognetic, but not in the least proctical. We had to urge her to go into pictures, where she can make big money. She would have gone back to the Ballet Russe, content to be part of o tradition at very little per week." He looks forward to working with Jessie Motthews whom he odmires tremendously. He'd like to get oround to working with some old friends in Hollywood.

Wherever he and Mrs. Whiting settle down, if ever, you can be sure they will be surrounded with friends. Chom-

pion nanegotists, they give out warmth and encouragement and wise counsel to all camers. And Whiting is just the mast refreshing, exuberantly alive entertainer you ever watched. If any ane could vie with the popularity af Fred Astaire and Ginger Ragers, my bets would be on Jessie Matthews and Jack Whiting.

**Marlene Launches Fashion.**—Leaving the train at a suburb and going to the baat heavily guarded, Marlene Dietrich nevertheless was seen by enaugh fans to dat the streets with capies af her dress within a few days. A saftly tailared gray-tan suit with faur huge patch packets, a tiny boat-shaped hat with the brim ralled up all around showing full profile fram either side, and a chiffon cravat af piercing sage green made her stand aut in any crowd.

Miss Dietrich is a fascinating study in contradictions. She pleads with ship-news reparters ta consider her just a working girl going away for a hard-earned rest. She gaes ta the mast ingeniaus milliner in tawn and begs him to create oddities for her that will demand attentian. This trip her sartarial innovations included a heavy ring that extended up ta her wrist and jained a bracelet.

**Is "Obey" in Her Contract?**—Simane Siman had been in Paris only a few days af her promised vacatian when a cablegram fram 20th Century-Fax summoned her back to Hallywaad ta appear in the next Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie picture.

She was scheduled to sail an the "Narmandie" with Mr. and Mrs. William Gaetz and seemed dacile enaugh abaut it. But after the ship steamed aut af Havre a note was delivered saying that she was nat on board, didn't find it convenient to leave far a while. Incidentally, did yau hear the impersonatian of Simone dane by Beatrice Hawell on the Vallée radia hour? Wauld yau want ta come back while memary af that still sends peaple inta gales of laughter?

**Ballet Ballyhoo.**—Sam Galdwyn is sa enthusiastic about the dance maneuvers created by George Balanchine far the "Galdwyn Fallies" that he tald him to shaat the works and bring aut the whale troupe from New Yark that he trained far the Metrapalitan Opera.

Included is William Dallar, whase leaps are sensatianal. Yau'll think they are tricked when yau see them an the screen, but take my word for it, he springs high inta the air spantaneously. Don't worry for fear that you are in far a siege of dying swans; Balanchine uses the ballet far satire.

**Cross Currents.**—Jean Muir is winning fame and friends, but no fortune, in a stack company at Suffern, N. Y. . . . With all Broadway talking about her great progress in Paramount's "Exclusive" and RKO'S "The Taast of New York," Frances Farmer quietly sped



Nelson Eddy blows the candles on the birthday cake which a group of stars surprised him with recently at the studio.

thraugh tawn and up ta Mount Kisca ta study for her stage début there. . . . After chilling audiences with his ruthless, vicious ambition in "They Wan't Forget," Claude Rains lingered in New Yark long enough ta convince people that he personally was a droll and gentle fellow, then retired to his farm at Cheyney, Pennsylvania, to play his favorite vacatian rôle, the country squire. . . . Elissa Landi will play an the New Yark stage in "Jean," which has been purchased as the first American film vehicle of the charming French Annabella wham you saw in "Wings of the Marning." . . . Lily Pons had a Connecticut wayside inn rebuilt into a French village for a party. One of the guests was Geraldine Farrar who was eager as any fan ta hear Lily tell how singing pictures are made. . . . Mitzi Green made her agent promise ta introduce her ta James Stewart when she-signed her RKO cantract.




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# Joan Rules Her Home

Continued from page 66

devotion in written words. His idea of correspondence is a telegrom every few weeks."

Joon rises at six thirty if she or Franchot is working; ot eight if they share vacotion time. While she breakfosts she notes the dinner menu, a reminder the previous evening having made known whot she wants in the lunch homper.



**Dick Foran spends a day at home with his new bride, the former socialite Ruth Hollingsworth, and seems mighty happy.**

"I don't diet any more," she soid. "Really, I eot like a horse. For breakfost fruit or juice, bocon, toast, coffee. Lunch, o thermos of soup, chicken or vegetable solad. Our dinners include consommé, a good cut of meat, vegetables, solod, a sweet."

Joon fovors buffet suppers at her parties, os thot informality makes people feel more at home. She orders two meots—turkey and ham, for instance. One hot dish, baked beans or macaroni and cheese, provides starches. Salads: vegetable and shrimp. There is a similar choice of dessert. Her meals ore well balanced and sensible.

In her home, Mrs. Tone wolks in beauty—the loveliness that she has created, ond to which she gives grace, surrounds her.

The nucleus of the seven downstairs rooms is the drowing-room, its big windows draped in creom corded-velvet with blue tie-backs. On stonds ore lovely objets d'ort: vases, statuettes. Dresden figurines from Phyllis ond Fred Astoire, a tiny sterling tea set from Bob Montgomery. Many are gifts; others exquisite pieces Joan has bought.

A large painting of her hangs on one wall. Photos of friends are framed either in silver or in white.

The dining room walls are chaste ivory, hand-painted panels. A pine hallway leads to the blue powder-room with its French-red draperies, and to the bar, where cupboords contoin mugs and glasses. The refrigerator there is stocked with beer and White Rock. Little drawers pull out, filled with sugar and various ingredients, at hand for Ye Host.

"Franchot spends so much time showing off his bar," Joon laughed, "thot he forgets to mix the drinks."

You can't see the library for the books! Shelves of them fill all four walls. A divon ond chairs, upholstered in o rust-colored fabric, invite you to sprowl and rest. On o desk ore stacks of letters, wires, memos. Even here there are the delicately fluted white vases and osh trays and bowls that Joon loves. And flowers everywhere.

Like Joan, I have a kitchen complex —may I rave?—shining sinks, dishwashing compartments. An eight-unit, four-oven gas stove. The cooler, with its six tiers of revolving wire baskets for fruit and vegetobles.

In one cupboard hong cooking utensils. Plush-lined drawers contain silver. Others are full of fine linens, many monogrammed in blue.

Joan has two full sets of china, one flowery, the other white with blue trim. For formal dinners there are a dozen gold-decorated service plates. The breakfast dishes ore cheerful blue and white, as are her precious two dozen Copeland salad plates, gifts from Fronchot and from her sister-in-law. There are tea sets from Lynn Riggs ond Jean Dixon.

That capacious soup tureen, surrounded by chubby, smaller bowls, presented the compliments of John Fredericks. Among her sporkling glassware are two dozen crystol sherbets.

The pantry shelves are stocked with preserved fruit and jams. Twice o year Joan orders them from the Preserving Kitchen at San Bernordino. Scooping potato chips from the big corner bin, we move on. Glass jors are neatly labeled: prunes, dried figs, raisins, so on.

"No, I don't buy canned goods by the case," she answered a query. "Six, or sometimes a dozen, to have spores on hond."

The bock yard comprises the swimming-pool, the badminton court—also the prosaic clothesline—the Little Theater, where Joon and Franchot run off home movies and rehearse, the bird houses, and the kennels for Jumbo ond his two pals, the three great Dones that they found starving and odopted. The pavilion—white, green, ond yellow—has two commodious dressing rooms, with showers, ond a gome room stocked with rackets ond other paraphernalia for fun.

Upstairs there are four rooms. Franchot's is done in brown and white, with maple furniture. The guest room is draped in perky blue-and-white gingham pleats—even the canopy over the spool wolnut four-poster bed. Joan's small niece has occupied it recently: toys scattered about.

Joon's sitting room hos a crisp cheerfulness, with its delicotely flowered wall poper, white ond blue couch and chairs, and white orgondie curtains. A Japanese screen adds subtle color notes.

Franchot's most devoted fan is Joon, os his many photographs indicate. Even on her dressing table are three gold-framed miniatures of Mrs. Tone's favorite actor.

In corners and niches, everywhere, ore shelves of books.

Joan's bed, of dark mahogony, canopied with royal blue, stands in one end of a long addition reached through an archway. A huge chest, its drawers full of photographs, occupies the other end.

Baby ond Pupchen ond the new blessed event—their dochshunds—have two beds, one in the dining room, for their doytime siesto, ond their night one near Joan's bed. Both baskets hove protecting curtains of blue.

Joan's clothes closets! One for suits



**Tommy Kelly, star of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," has a double scoop ice cream cone between screen shots.**

and daytime dresses, another far evening fracks. One cedar-lined wardrabe cantains her wraps. Five fur caats. A tanned, freckled hand caressed them lavingly.

"I warked too hard to earn my first ane ever ta regard a fur withaut a feeling af owe," Jaan said.

On three wide shelves are loid aut abaut fifty bags and purses. Tiers af racks hald sixty pairs af slippers. I gasped.

"My cantract stipulates that I furnish my shoes and hasiery."

Jaan aften washes her awn lingerie. Always she mends and presses her clothes. I inquired about the masculine sacks.

"I wander," she mused. "Far aver a year and a half I have waited ta perfarm the wifely chare of darning his sacks. He must have been well 'heeled' when we married. Or, as I suspect, he thraws them awoy when a hole oppeors. Can it be that he chaases ta spare the Little Woman's lily-white fingers?" Jaan chuckled, glonced at her firm, tanned hands.

One wall af her dressing roam is a ceiling-high mirror. In twin alcaves are dressing tables, shelves olangside halding battles of perfume. Her comb, brush, and mirrar are gald-backed; gloss jars far pawder have gald taps. Besides the white bath, there is a glass-inclosed shower.

"Must be same jab for Mary and Axel, keeping all this white tile clean," I remarked.

"Oh, I pitch in and help. This marning I mapped my dressing room and bathroam," Mrs. Tane admitted gayly.

## COMPENSATION

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Sigh o'er them with fervar—
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Let Gable and Crosby
Thrill you to the care;
Have goose-bumps if you will—
I'll chuckle at Blare.

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Don't stir up my dander;
Still, I can't mean over them—
As I can laugh at Stander.

Sighing ond languishing,
When all's said and done,
Are not in my line—
I'd rather have fun!

Dee Chapman.


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# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 43*

shawed up, but not in the costumes. It seems there are limits even to that merry-merry. But one thing has happened in the costume line, and that is Elaine is making Jahn wear ties nowadays. Comes the revolution!

**Mae's Career Over? Hah!**—Just one question that seemed to us utterly preposteraus was raised when Mae West finally admitted her marriage ta Frank Wallace. And wasn't she a long time doing that?

The questian? Well, it was asked whether breaking ihe news would have any effect on her career. We have ta laugh at that. Is Mae by any chance the modern little girl with the curl, such as used to exist in the days of Miss Innocence of Movia? We rather doubt it.

As a matter of fact, it won't be very long till Mae is seen in anather picture. And maybe the Wallace business will even prove good ballyhoo.

Incidentally, this husband of hers is reported interested in a fifty-fifty share in her $3,000,000 earnings. Well, Mae isn't wanting far money. That is, unless Wallace "wants" very successfully in his legal fight.

**"Chan's" Troubled Life.**—Rift in the Warner Oland household is about the strangest thing to imagine. Yet there seems little doubt af the differences between this couple who have been married many, many years. Mrs. Oland was in the East for a long time, and an her return stopped at the Beverly Hills Hatel, while Warner remoined mostly at his beach home in Carpinteria.

Mrs. Oland was well known at one time for adapting Scandinavian plays to the American theater.

Despite the reported friction, the couple entered many denials cancerning a divorce.

**The Doctors' Paradise.**—Sometimes one feels like asking the question: Are movie people the victims of mare ill health than any others? They seem constantly to fall heir to all kinds of ailments, majar and minor accidents, and other disasters.

Kay Francis and Joan Blondell were both recently in the hospital for operatians. Joan suffered a great deal from neuritis. Just a few weeks before Dick Powell was a victim af intestinal influenza. Glenda Farrell is having gall bladder trouble. Joan Bennett's eyelids were pierced by a small nail scissors, which happened when her eyebrows were being plucked and trimmed. William Powell collapsed on the set of "Double Wedding"—an aftermath of his disturbed condition follawing Jean Harlow's death. Virginia Bruce was ill for about a week during the filming of—oddly enough—"Wife, Doctor, Nurse." All these things happened within a couple of



"Our Gang" as you see them to-day: Pete the pup, Baby Patsy May, Spanky McFarland, Darla Hood, "Porky" Lee, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer, and "Buckwheat" Thomas. And do they love making pictures!

weeks. Some sart of elixir, tanic, ar restorative is sorely needed by filmland.

**Nautical Weddings N. G.**—That ramantic idea af getting married at sea appears ta be knacked in the head once and for all.

Tam Brown and Natalie Draper tried this scheme an baard a yacht between Wilmington and Catalina Island, but found there was doubt abaut the legality af the ceremany. Consequently, just to play safe, they had a second wedding.

Califarnia, it seems, daesn't give its imprimatur ta oceanic nuptials. And now what about Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, if it's true that they were married while cruising? In a newsreel recently Paulette, by the way, was called Mrs. Chaplin.

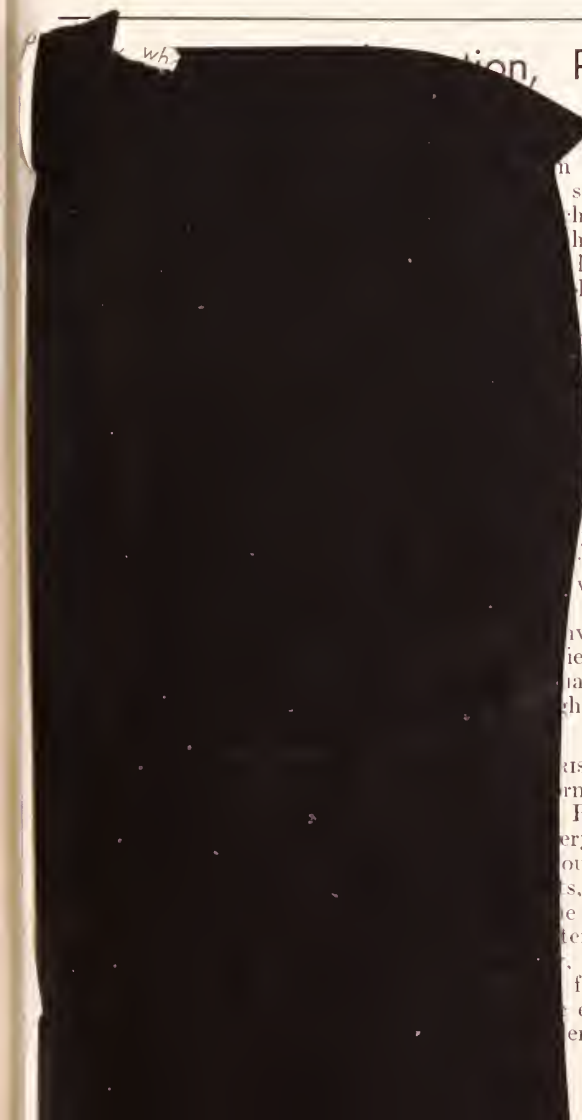
**Harlow Film Lures Mobs.**—Nothing in ages in the show warld of Hallywaad and Las Angeles has been quite such a sensatian as the Jean Harlow picture, "Saratoga." One wanders at the peculiar interest af the public in this praductian, which seemed samething more than mere morbid curiasity. It laaked as if real sentiment were displayed for Jean by the picture-seers, who enjayed themselves at the showing and who were also curious to determine what scenes Mary Dees had played in doubling for Jean.

These scenes toward the close of the film are not difficult to detect, thaugh there is never a real close-up af Miss Dees's face.

We wonder, incidentally, how lang that seven-year cantract she has with MGM will last.

**Architectural Headache.**—Ramon Novarra, wha'll soon be seen an the screen again in "The Sheik Steps Out," is the awner af a tapsy-turvy hause. It's the puzzle af the warld ta his friends.

Located an a sharply slanting hill, it used to be entered a year ar sa ago fram the base thereaf. Now yau make yaur way into the identical domicile fram the tap instead af the battom. Each entrance is on an entirely different street, and a number af people were sa fooled that they thaught Raman had twa mansians in the district.



## ...ion, Please

*...f 8*

...n H. Read, on December 29, 1917, ... spent most of her life in Laguna ...h, California. Joined the Laguna ...h Community Players. This occu... her time when not attending high ...l there. It was while appearing in ... plays that she was discovered by ...nt scout. Spends most of her time ...g poetry and plays. Five feet five, ... 100; light-brown hair, blue eyes. ...Grey was born in Houston, Texas, ...5, 1918; five feet four, weighs 118; ...own hair, hazel eyes. Went to ...wood in 1934 for a two weeks' ...on and stayed to become a prom... young movie player. Sings and is ...complished pianist. Bonita Gran... was born in Chicago, Illinois, four... years ago. Her father, Bernard ...nville, actor, died in 1936. Marion ...ies was born in Brooklyn, New York, ...ary 1, 1898; five feet five and a half, ...hs 123, golden hair, blue eyes.

...RISH EYES.—See Marian Hansen for ...rmation about James Ellison and ... Boyd. Bill hasn't appeared in our ...ery section since March, 1931, and ...ou wish to order it the priee is fifty ...s, since you live in a foreign country. ...e Autry was born in Tioga, Texas, ...tember 29, 1907. Married. Tim Mc..., Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891; ... feet eleven, weighs 170; light hair, ... eyes. Divorced from Agnes Heron ...er.


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# Tyrone's Mater Has the Right Idea

*Continued from page 51*

With a high-strung lad like Tyrone, that sounds risky. But I believed thot an adult should be clever enough to lead a child into moking the proper decisions so that in time, taking the proper course would become second nature.

"I've never regretted thot method of giving advice and letting the child decide for himself. I merely showed both sides of the picture and let Tyrone take his choice. Of course I tried to be odroit enough so that the wrong thing did not offer as attractive a picture os the right thing, and as his ability to reason grew so did his logic until he could be depended upon to make the right decision from on impartial discussion of focts.

"Every mother must go through thot Age of Intolerance, when the child knows everything and you know very little. This losted about six months with Tyrone, ond I was hard put to grapple with the problem. I met it by deferring to his wishes and judgment, and let him oir his views freely.

"When, at seventeen, he determined to start out on his own, other mothers asked if I were not afraid to let him go.

" 'No,' I said, 'because I am so well ocquainted with my son. He hos never failed me, and so I hove confiden[ce in] him. If I've guided him prope[rly] I have nothing to fear; if no[t he] should find guidance elsew[here].'

Mrs. Power's confidence in h[im] wos well ploced. An astonishin[g] cess has not gone to his head. [He] mains unusually poised ond bo[y]. The training and odvice she ho[s] him counted well when he hod t[o] the weight of his rôle in "Ll[oyds] London" on his young shoulde[rs] turned with astonishing eas[e] droma to farce in "Love Is Ne[w]" "Café Metropole" there wos [a] provement in technique, ond in [the] ture with Sonja Henie, "Thin I[ce]" morked moturity.

"In one short yeor," remorke[d] Power, "he hos grown from yo[ung] manhood. Looking over his p[ast] the other day that foct wos [a] home to me. Those first stills sho[w] boy; now they reveal o mon. It [is] greatest pleasure to see how [he] pletely he has found himself."

There remoins but one more m[atter] of importonce in our discussion [of] mother's odvice to her son.

Whot should Mrs. Power tell T[yrone] about romance?

When I asked her how she m[et] particular problem, Mrs. Power's eyes suddenly seemed to look exactly like Tyrone's, alert, humorous, completely confident. And if eyes can smile, hers did.

"That is something I regard as his privote affair and I firmly believe in his right to thot privacy," she soid. "Of course, if he should ask for some practical odvice I would comply, otherwise I do not regard it os ony of my business."

Mrs. Power has seen romances come and go in her son's young life, for Tyrone is most ottroctive to girls. So for as Sonja Henie goes, thot friendship will probobly be thot and nothing more.

"But romance always will be a major part of Tyrone's problems," Mrs. Power said. "You see, I know him!"

Yes, thot twinkle of hers certainly was inherited by her son!

She's right, too—that chorm of his will constitute o major problem to women os long os Tyrone the Third sees fit to cost his glance about.

But there is one woman who never will be in doubt of him. That is the grocious and understanding



# Thumbnail Reviews

*Continued from page 58*

artistry from beginning to end, with an elegance and precision not often encountered. It takes place in Vienna, London, Paris, and St. Petersburg when the century was young and settings and costumes were gracious, curving, and intrigue was polite rather than passionate. William Powell and Luise Rainer are rival spies. He is intrusted with the delicate task of delivering a pair of magnificent candelabra to a Russian princess, but before he can start on his mission *Prince Johann* changes his mind and asks Miss Rainer to deliver the candlesticks. Mr. Powell already has placed a message in the secret compartment of one candelabrum and Miss Rainer has utilized the other for the same purpose. Then the ornaments are stolen, each concealing what the rival spies value most. The search brings clashes, deception, defeat, victory and love to the two in a brilliant exhibition of acting.

"New Faces of 1937."—RKO. The title is a misnomer since Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, Jerome Cowan, and Milton Berle have the leading rôles. Only Mr. Berle is new to the screen. It is all right with me if he remains a stranger from now on, but I doubt if this will be possible due to his tremendous energy. He and his associate comedians romp through a top-heavy musical which lacks the freshness expected of the title. There are plenty of newcomers but they are mostly in specialty acts glimpsed only briefly. Ann Miller, a tap dancer, is excellent; an unnamed young man who pantomimes an act called "A Lady Undressing for a Bath" is unusual and funny. The plot is all about the harrowing difficulties of putting on a Broadway show, and it doesn't seem to matter. However, the picture has an effective climax, a big number called "Peckin'," in which principals and chorus sing and dance through changing scenes while their heads imitate the motions of pecking chickens. It is silly but infectious. Harriet Hilliard is a charming heroine.

"Easy Living."—Paramount. Rollicking comedy is just the dish that Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur, and Ray Milland devour with zest. You would think none of them had ever played a serious rôle, that all their professional lives had been monkeyshines. Their picture is gay, goofy, continuously laughable Mr. Arnold plunges headlong down the marble stairway of his mansion. "You're down early for breakfast, sir," stiffly remarks the butler. He quarrels with his wife and tosses a fur coat out of the window. It lands on the head of a poor girl in a bus. This unlikely accident starts her madly on a series of adventures based on the premise that she is the mistress of Mr. Arnold whose name she doesn't even know. Because of this fancied relationship she is forced to move out of her seven-dollar-a-week room to a magnificent hotel suite. Meanwhile she has met a carefree young man acting as busboy in an automat restaurant and he becomes mixed up in her affairs. Of course he is Mr. Arnold's flippant son and Miss Arthur marries into the family of the millionaire after all. The picture gains from luxurious settings, careful direction that extracts the last drop of humor from everything, and the splendid acting of the stars. It is all dizzy and delightful.

"The Hoosier Schoolboy."—Monogram. A simple, human story stars Mickey Rooney, one of the screen's finest and youngest actors. Evidences of hasty production rob the picture and Master Mickey of utmost effectiveness, but it is vigorous, direct entertainment with plenty of family appeal, if you know what that is and aren't scared away by wholesomeness. It seems that Mickey is the town's outcast, an incorrigible who forever carries a chip on his shoulder and is ready to fight to a draw on the least provocation. His provocation is great because of his father, a shell-shocked veteran of the World War who finds consolation in drink. A sympathetic school-teacher takes an interest in



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Mickey, rehabilitates him in the eyes of the citizens and helps his father out of the slough of despond. A milk strike provides stronger action and enables Mickey's father to die a hero when he drives a truck loaded with milk and is killed. Especially interesting is Anne Nagel, widow of Ross Alexander. She plays the teacher with charm, poise and gracious speech.

"Exclusive."—Paramount. Another newspaper story is just that, although this one has the advantage—and adornment—of Frances Farmer, Fred MacMurray, Lloyd Nolan, and Charlie Ruggles, a quartet of no mean accomplishments and strength. Miss Farmer has a far more realistic and attractive rôle than in "The Toast of New York." She makes the most of it. But the story, although written by an honest-to-goodness newspaperman, is strangely similar to others, perhaps because the author formerly was a film critic. His picture is lively, the dialogue excellent and the acting first class. The doings, however, are entirely too luridly melodramatic. A racketeer acquitted by a jury takes over a newspaper for the purpose of ruining his enemies. He does so by means of yellow journalism, scandal-mongering, and traffic with the underworld. The spectator is asked to be especially concerned when Miss Farmer, a reporter, goes to work for the bad newspaper over the protests of her father, an old newspaperman, and her fiancé, Mr. MacMurray, of the conservative paper.

"King of Gamblers."—Paramount. Here is an excellent underworld melodrama. It has every quality required for a good show—speed, bold characterizations, snappy dialogue and legitimate drama. Nothing in it will bowl you over on the strength of novelty, but everything in the dish is pungent and is thoroughly mixed and blended. An unpretentious picture, it is one of the most entertaining of the month. The cast is top-notch, too. The Russian Akim Tamiroff grows more commanding—and more fascinating as he grows in skill. He is a bad racketeer here, Claire Trevor is the singing star of his night club who repulses him—up to a certain point—and Lloyd Nolan is a newspaper reporter who accidentally happens upon a clew that leads to Mr. Tamiroff's undoing. Miss Trevor gives a splendid performance, Mr. Nolan likewise, and we are given a glimpse of another fine artist who has long been absent from the screen—Evelyn Brent. She is eloquent and moving in her brief portrait of a woman broken by the underworld.



Hollywood frequently sees James Stewart and Virginia Bruce together at night spots, but a picture of them lunching in the studio café is rare.

"Two Who Dared."—Grand National. Anna Sten disappoints in the picture directed by her husband, Eugen Frenke, in London. It is handsome but empty. The same is true of Miss Sten's performance. Her magnificent talent as an actress is strangely muted into mere prettiness. It is beyond me to tell why. But her lapse reminds me of Hollywood's preoccupation with looks while the spirit of a rôle is allowed to languish. In this picture the star has an expert cameraman and that is all. The simplicity, earthiness and poignance that are inherent qualities in the actress are only sensed now and then. Of course the turgid story could hardly be expected to bring out the fineness of any star. Miss Sten does justice to the situations but they are only "situations" drained of everything except theatricality. She is a frolicksome Russian peasant who flirts with Captain Henry Wilcoxon, about to enter into a loveless marriage with a bad-tempered aristocrat. Presently Miss Sten comes from the country to act as nursemaid in the household where her fiancé is a sentry. Alas and alack, it is the palace of Captain Wilcoxon! The inevitable happens and you don't need to be told what that is. Miss Sten is discharged and in the course of one scene becomes a famous stage dancer. Her fiancé, inflamed by gossip, attempts to strike Captain Wilcoxon and is doomed to terrible punishment. The two who dared are Miss Sten and Mr. Wilcoxon who confess their love in order to save the life of a man neither of them, nor the spectator, cares a straw about. Mr. Wilcoxon is no more inspired than Miss Sten in a chore that helps neither.



Anna Lee, beautiful English star, is appearing in George Arliss's next Gaumont-British production, "Doctor Syn," opposite John Loder.

"King Solomon's Mines."—Gaumont-British. Give an English picture the benefit of the doubt and you give plenty. Here is another that has much to recommend it save for that final touch which jells it into satisfying entertainment—or does not. Through the obscurities of the picture one senses a weird, romantic story, but the spectator is left holding the bag at its conclusion. Admirably directed and acted, it is the manner of telling the story that causes a vacuum and finds the picture quickly forgotten. The telling is too leisurely for one thing, incompleteness of characterization another. Anyway, the story is all about a search for diamonds in Africa and the discovery of King Solomon's jewel mines on the edge of a volcano. No one profits by the discovery because all the adventurers have to abandon their fabulous find in order to escape death from the volcano.

# Foundations of Beauty

*Continued from page 84*

But for dry skin, it's well to supplement this nightly routine with a brief cream-cleansing every morning.

For this purpose, there's a fine new oll-purpose cream that cleanses, refines, and softens the skin at the same time. It is os light and fluffy as the chiffon for which it is named. Not as heavy as a cold cream, nor as light as a liquefying one, this cream is easily absorbed, it penetrates the pores ond routs out dirt and leaves no greasy residue after it has been removed. It is especially recommended for dry, sensitive skins.

On the other hand, the oily skin often fares best if a liquefying cleansing cream is used, and one of the finest of this type is almost unbelievably modest in price.

When it comes to choosing a soop for your face, you can't be too careful, as you want one that is o penetrating cleanser, yet is gentle enough not to burn the delicate tissues of the skin. Such a fine, gentle soap is the one made from pure palm and olive oils, blended into a mild, bland soop that gently cleanses every type of skin without possibility of harming it.

For regular nightly use, this soap should be opplied with a soft cloth, then with the fingers work the lother gently into the skin. A thorough—and I mean thorough—rinsing with worm woter, then with cold, will leave your face alive and tingling, and pink with health.

Once your face is cleansed with cream and soap, it should be "toned" before make-up is applied. By "toned" I mean given something thot will close the pores and thus keep out dirt and grime. For this purpose, one of the finest products I've ever seen is the combined toning liquid, foundation and powder combined. It comes in a variety of shades and the application of this one pleasantly scented liquid will close your pores, give you o fine foundation and a smooth, velvetlike dusting of powder.

A last word—but on important one—don't forget your teeth when you're planning your beouty care.

For o long time, the makers of one of the finest toothpastes recommended that we massage our gums with our fingers when we brushed our teeth, but ot last they have come forward with an even easier method. They have designed o toothbrush with a handle that almost does the gum message by itself. Honestly!

If you'll use this brush foithfully with the special toothpaste that fathered it, and which contains speciol brightening ingredients, and if you'll take o few moments when you're through brushing to rub a bit of the toothpaste into your gums with your finger, you'll have teeth that a movie star would envy.

# Why Stars Fade Out

*Continued from page 46*

example of whot happens when some one opposes his opinion to theirs. Anyhow, it's safe to soy that the title of "Gorgeous" will be its only concession to conventional Hollywood technique.

As I come to the end of a story which saddens me more than it does you, it occurs to me thot I moy not have answered the question which probobly interests you most. I have told you what I think are the reasons for the downfall of many stars. But can they come back? Will we ever see again the magnetic Asther, the gayety and spirit of Clara Bow, the high splendor that is Swanson?

The answer is only a question mark. Perhaps those of our old favorites who still struggle to come back alwoys have a chance; the movies ore like that. But for the rest—well, silence.

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Dot's face flushed.

"I'm sorry, folks, but Dave Gordon, our pianist, couldn't come. Isn't there someone here who can play?"

For a moment no one answered. Then suddenly Bill rose and strode to the piano. "Do you mind if I fill in?" he said. Everyone burst out laughing. "What's Bill doing? Trying to make a fool of himself?" someone asked. But Bill pretended not to hear.

As he struck the first few chords, everyone leaned forward spellbound. For Bill was playing as Dave Gordon had never played. Playing with the fire and soul of an inspired musician, everyone sat in awed silence until the last dreamy chord had died away. In a moment Bill was the center of an admiring throng. In answer to their eager questions, he told them how he had always wanted to play, but never had the time or the money to realize his ambition. And then one day he read about the wonderful U. S. School of Music course, and how almost anyone could learn, at home, without a teacher, and at a fraction of the cost of ordinary old-fashioned methods. "That day," said Bill, "was a lucky day for me. I sent for the course, and when it arrived, I was amazed! I never dreamed that learning music could be so easy. The course was as much fun as a game, and in a few short months I had mastered some of the most popular pieces. That's the whole secret. There's no mystery about it. Learning to play is actually as easy as A-B-C, this 'short-cut' way."

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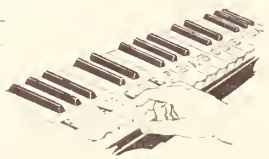
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# WHAT THE FANS THINK



**Errol Flynn has a warm admirer in Doris de Fabry whose favorite star he is, but she charges him with being conceited just the same. Evidently success went to his head.**

### A Misunderstood Man.

AFTER reading various letters and articles in Picture Play, I have decided to rebel against a few of the ungracious remarks tossed at Errol Flynn.

I have been a Flynn fan from the very beginning. I have watched his career skyrocket to stardom from his very first picture, "Captain Blood." Yet, one very intelligent writer has remarked as quoted: "The studio has coined 'cinema's man of the hour' as a catch phrase to put across the limited talents of Errol Flynn."

Since when have Mr. Flynn's "limited talents" been put across by a "catch phrase"? He put himself across when he gave us "Captain Blood"! Such a remarkable performance from an unknown drew plenty of attention. Here was a man that was different. He'd been places, he'd seen and done things that made the rest of Hollywood look like cream puffs! Catch phrase, indeed!

The writer also goes on to explain that in view of everything, Mr. Flynn does not even overshadow two lesser players, one of whom I never knew existed. What a comparison he made there!

Another writer accuses Mr. Flynn of continually threatening to "abandon civilization to its fate and return to jungle life." Such a statement can easily be misunderstood. Unless one's life has been lived at a pace such as Mr. Flynn's, it would not be possible to understand this. However, Mr. Flynn found out early that the glamour of picture-making soon wears away.

I also wish to express my displeasure concerning Mr. Flynn's pictures. I lay my blame not wholly on his studio, but on Mr. Flynn as well. Through "The Charge of the Light Brigade" there was a trace of conceit, through "Green Light" it became much too noticeable, and through "The Prince and the Pauper" he dashed about as though it were a Twentieth Century masquerade. Evidently his success struck at one place—his head. But still I can pass this fact by—after all, we're all human. Put any one in his position and ten to one the same thing will happen. But I will say that he improved considerably in "Another Dawn." If Kay Francis had been less ridiculous in her emoting, the picture would have been worth seeing.

I know that to wait for another picture with the thrills, splendid acting, and meaty part that "Captain Blood" offered, is to wait in vain. But still there is the rarest possibility of Warners becoming aware of the fact that there are still more Sabatini stories, a "Robin Hood" running around loose, and best of all, Mr. Flynn's own life story, that have not yet been filmed.

But until then, and ever after, Errol Flynn will continue to be my favorite star because he's still "Captain Blood" to me.

Doris de Fabry.

52 Beacon Street, Newark, New Jersey.

### There's a Reason.

ELLEN HENDRICKSON, there is nothing wrong with the make-up men of Hollywood. It's just that you don't seem to realize the difficulty some of the make-up artists meet in trying to make an unattractive actress appealing to the public.

You must remember no make-up artist will plaster any movie actress with make-up for no reason whatsoever. Why is it that Jean Parker, Maureen O'Sullivan, and many others aren't paint-boxed like Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Carole Lombard, et cetera? Because they are the ones who have natural beauty and don't need improvement!

You talk as though you are some sort of beautician. Well, if you are, why don't you go to Hollywood to beautify

*Continued on page 9*

*Continued from page 6*

stars? It seems to me that people who always criticize make-up are the ones who need it themselves.

TONY FERRARA.

Vineland, New Jersey.

### Less Drama.

I NOTICE in the July issue that some fan writes in to advise the lady who described Fredric March as a "colorless personality" to attend some good dramatic school "for diversion."

Having had a little experience with such a school, I privately believe that an overdose of dramatics is exactly why Mr. March *is* colorless. Also, why the press-agented "great" Garbos, Gables, Howards, and Hepburns continually find themselves eclipsed in popular favor by the supremely well-disciplined singing artists, the Taylors, Temples, and Ginger Rogerses.

Naturally, a certain amount of dramatic coaching is necessary, but that sort of thing belongs on the stage, if it belongs anywhere. It becomes more ridiculous than otherwise when attempted in films, since the action appears as near to you as your own living room. To teach a screen player to "act" is to make an imitator and a puppet of him and rob him of spontaneity. Practically every living person has either experienced actual drama or seen it take place and the average movie fan is quick to perceive the sham—or isn't it *ham?*—attitude-striking and self-conscious speech of the above-named dramatic specialists. They are incapable of exhibiting any natural mood or reaction common to humanity because they have been trained to "act" them all down. Their curriculum consists of three parts, Pose, Posing, and Posed. Watch them in one performance and you have seen them in all. Dramatics, indeed!

I have never wanted to see stage stars brought to the screen or screen stars reformed into stage actors. I deeply appreciated Norbert Lusk's editorial of some time ago where he said that both stage and screen acting is legitimate, but each in its own niche. I and my family are frequent movie-goers and we get to New York once a year. To us, Helen Hayes was just about as great a flop on the screen as was Hepburn on the stage.

We consider Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, Eddy in particular, two of the most convincing and intelligent actors in pictures. They use no artifices, but identify themselves with the rôles they play so thoroughly as to make them unforgettable. Robert Taylor was all that saved "Camille" from oblivion. Hepburn and March, unfortunately, had no saviors for "Mary of Scotland." Gable usually has such good support that his pictures click. Leslie Howard nearly ruined "Romeo and Juliet," but Fredric March simply buried "Anthony Adverse" beyond hope of resurrection. Less drama and more intelligent presentation, *please!*

MRS. K. C. CULVER.

Benavides, Texas.

### Strong Superlatives.

FOR the benefit of Norma Reichstadt and Elizabeth Kultala, I want to quote what "Musical America," one of the leading music periodicals said of Jeanette MacDonald when reviewing "Rose-Marie": "One wonders why she is not actually in opera. Many far less well endowed are doing great things in the lyric theater."

Both Miss Reichstadt and Miss Kultala seem to labor under the common delusion that every opera singer must have an enormous voice. For some rôles, yes, but not for all. Many of the most popular operas, such as "La Bohême," "Manon," "Romeo and Juliet," "Pagliacci," and others, have leading soprano rôles written for the light soprano voice of the type possessed by Miss MacDonald, Grace Moore, Mary Lewis, Natalie Bodanya, and other well-known lyric sopranos. A large, dramatic soprano voice such as that of Kirsten Flagstad, or Rosa Ponselle, is required for heavier rôles. Certainly any one with any knowledge of music must admit that Jeanette MacDonald's voice is the equal of any of those mentioned above.

The movies should, however, be more careful of the music given the stars to sing. Some years ago, in "Oh! For a Man!" Jeanette was represented as singing the rôle of *Isolde,* which she could never do in real life. Similarly, Grace Moore, in "Jenny Lind," appeared as *Norma,* a rôle which would be utterly beyond her.

I am thankful that Picture Play's writers do not fall into the popular error of labeling the various singers in pictures as "greatest of their generaton," et cetera. Recently a writer in another magazine declared that music critics have hailed Grace Moore's voice as the greatest dramatic soprano of her generation. Miss Moore is a lyric soprano, and I have yet to hear of a critic who called her great. When she made her London début, the critics were practically unanimous in dismissing her as a singer of trivial gifts. "No vocal style to compare with her illustrious predecessors"—"untidy phrasing"—such was the verdict on Miss Moore. Those same London critics, when Lily Pons first sang at Covent Garden, mentioned at least two other modern coloraturas as her superiors. Certainly Miss Pons is not to be compared with such great singers as Melba, Tetrazzini, Galli-Curci in her prime.

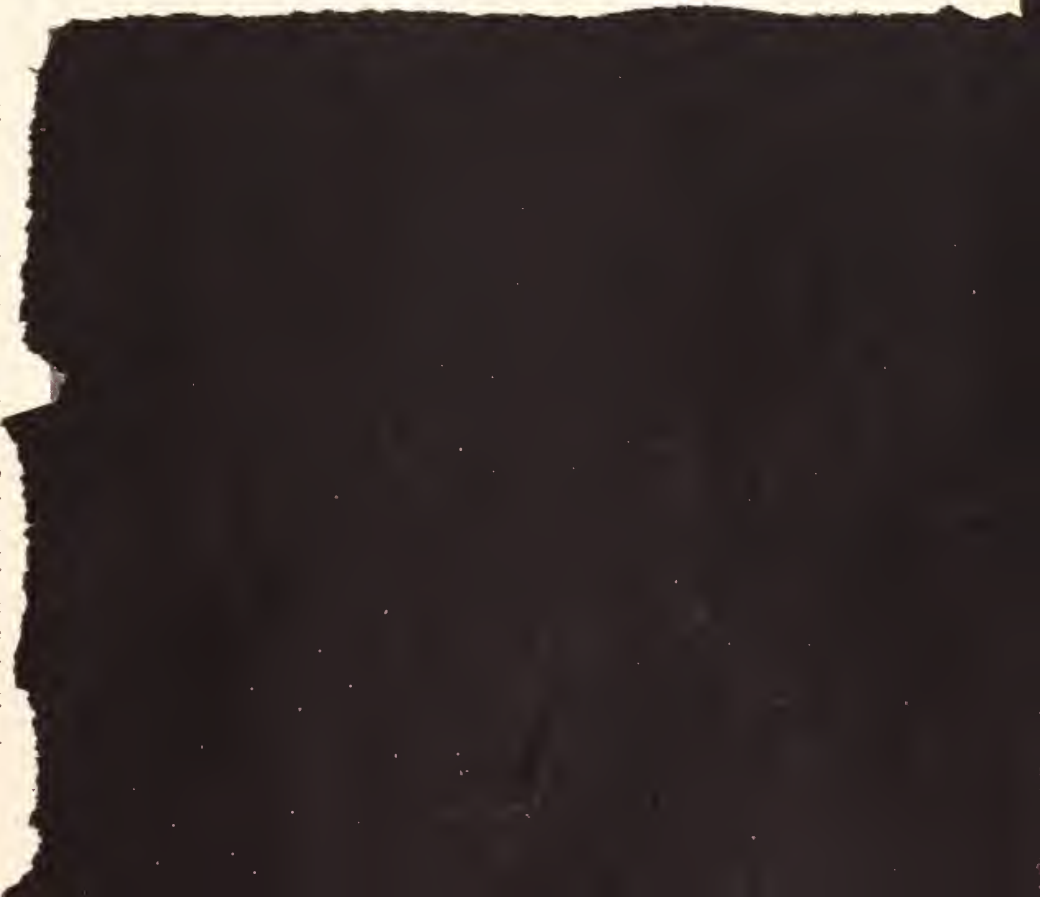
The truth is, of course, that so far the screen has presented, in full-length films, only two first-class voices—those of Lawrence Tibbett and Nelson Eddy. Nino Martini of the small voice which has been improved by movie technicians; Gladys Swarthout, who sang only secondary rôles at the Metropolitan until after her film success—they are not great. What will the critics who regard Moore and Swarthout as great say when, in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," they hear Kirsten Flagstad, possessor of one of the two greatest soprano voices of our time? J. NORRIS.

Phoenix, Arizona.

### Hail and Farewell.

WE, who follow the screen and its personnel, were deeply shocked when we heard of the death of Jean Harlow.

We, who were her fan friends—for to be a fan of hers meant more than just ordinary fanship, for her personality and appreciation soon made you think of her as a friend living far away whom you occasionally heard from—admired her reaction to our occasional comments,



for she seemed to appreciate our criticisms both favorable and adverse. It really makes no difference whether she personally autographed her pictures or not, the main fact was that each was personally addressed to the recipient, not rubber-stamped, and this attention further endeared her to her fan friends, for in so many other cases our best intentions in writing to others have been ignored completely or answered with a stereotyped "Sincerely" on a photo of mediocre quality such as is usually found in picture frames bought in five-and-ten-cent stores.

To Jean, friendly personality as well as a fine actress, Hail and Farewell.

EARLE T. SOMERVILLE.

28½ Clinton Avenue,
Albany, New York.

### Why Bother?

I HAVEN'T written to "What the Fans Think" in over ten years. Picture Play remains my favorite screen magazine. There are times when I heave a long sigh after reading some of the letters, and mutter, "Peace be with you—at any price!" Like all peacemakers, I shall probably get several things thrown at me and several wound stripes, but why, oh, why is it that when Mrs. Browne, of North Carolina, sits down and pens a letter in which she announces that Robert Taylor is the best actor and handsomest man she ever saw, Miss Smith of Bronxville, New York, becomes all hot and bothered and writes a stinging letter in which she does everything but call Mrs. Browne names and goes into a pæan of praise for Errol Flynn? Mrs. Browne said *she* thought Robert Taylor was wonderful—which was Mrs. Browne's own opinion; and Miss Smith represents *her* opinion in stating that Errol Flynn is her Dream Prince.

Argument is always interesting and stimulating *if* it can be managed without animosity. Personally, I dislike the letters which attack the players. I really don't wonder that many fans spring to the defense of their favorites in such cases, and yet why be so bitter toward the stranger who has written the letter? So much bitterness creeps into letters that it's not only amazing, it's horrible! In a country where we can say anything we please I suppose if we choose to battle about movie players and with strangers on the subject, we may if we wish. But when it's uncalled for, why do so? Why write in and say "I hate and despise and loathe a certain star"?

VERE HOBART.

371 Wadsworth Avenue,
New York City, New York.

### A Star in the Heavens.

I AM disappointed that hardly any fan has written about my favorite actor, Errol Flynn. Or perhaps letters have been written and not published for some reason or other. I am inclined to believe the latter, for who doesn't like this superb actor?

Errol Flynn is a grand, refreshing personality that makes all his pictures "tops." To me and his fans, he is a shining star in the heavens that represents everything that is to be enjoyed in life. Dauntless, adventurous, handsome, brave, and a character built from experience. A world rover, experienced in everything that a real man does.

Who can forget the amiable Mr. Flynn of all his successes, especially "Charge of the Light Brigade." The performance of this Irish lad will remain ever as splendid.

Here's a hint for producers. Why not star Errol Flynn in a dashing Technicolor rôle? That would be a grand movie. I should like to see him cast with Maureen O'Sullivan. What a grand team!

A FLYNN FAN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

### Not Better Than Nelson Eddy.

I AM not in the habit of writing fan letters, but I could not help giving my opinion when I read something written by "One Loyal Fan."

About the most untrue thing I have ever read is this:

"All of Jeanette MacDonald's leading men become merely part of the background. She's never played with a male equal."

Miss MacDonald's most frequent leading man is Nelson Eddy and if you do not think he is equal to, let alone far surpassing, Jeanette, then the whole world must be wrong—and you are right! If you ever heard Miss MacDonald sing over the radio you would know that she is no great singer, ignoring the fact that she is ready for Metropolitan, so many insist. True, she may not have a voice for radio and it may sound harsh and unnatural, but is that any reason why she should sing off-key, miss the high notes, and waver when she should not?

I do not especially dislike Jeanette. On the contrary, I think she is a fine actress, and nice-looking, but I have never heard one person rate her higher than Nelson Eddy.

I enjoy her teamed with Mr. Eddy, and as long as the studio can fix her voice, by having her sing the song many times and choosing the best parts from each, I will continue to enjoy her. Never, however, will I recognize her as being better in any way than Nelson Eddy. She is merely a background.

AN EDDY FAN.

3620 Lincoln Boulevard,
Omaha, Nebraska.

### Immortal Garbo.

MY sympathy to "One Loyal Fan" who made that nasty crack about Dietrich and the screen's great actress Garbo being dead. After eleven years experience you still can't sense great acting! No doubt you saw the soul-stirring and tragic beauty of "Camille" and are still laboring under the haunting death scene. Oh, no, she isn't dead, but very much alive and will be long after the breath has left her body.

It would be a splendid idea if you self-appointed executioners would lay your hatchets aside and with us who have come to love this great star as she is, faults and all, thank God for the privilege of being able to sit in the audience and marvel and thrill with one who is destined for immortality.

I would also like to remind E. T. C. who was so concerned about Robert Taylor's health as *Armand*, that love is still the greatest force in life and no germ is deadly enough to prevent two people who are really in love from kissing each other.

As for Garbo being fit for a sanitarium, please remember that there are many who would consider themselves favored to be under the same roof with her. But why worry over trifles? There

has and always will be ignorant and warped minds, and Garbo's courage and perseverance in spite of impaired health, ridicule and injustice on every side, is equaled only to dumb sheep before they are sheared.

So let us to whom she has become real continue to keep faith and pray that her impaired health will be fully restored so that she can carry on until her goal is reached, that her every dream becomes a reality and every ache and pain be repaid with peace and happiness a thousandfold, and for these I am sure she will be more grateful than we shall ever know. CORINA.

19 Clarkson Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

### Give Him Time.

AFTER reading a letter in this department concerning Nelson Eddy, I am compelled to write. It seems that a few people have underestimated his ability. Perhaps I can alter their point of view.

They speak particularly of his acting. I admit he isn't a great actor now, but give him time. He has been in pictures only a short while and has not had the opportunity to grasp all the fundamentals of acting. As for his being "an animated dummy," I thoroughly disagree. To be sure he is animated, but he most certainly is not a dummy. He is a man who possesses rare qualities and such qualities are not visited upon dummies. It is these qualities which give his voice animation.

Nelson Eddy is strong, sturdy, honest, true, and has an understanding and a love for the richer things of life. These characteristics are the secrets of his singing. These enable him to have interpretation, warmth, and richness in his voice, so much so that it is uplifting and inspiring.

He should by all that is right and proper remain in pictures to bring, to those who appreciate it, truly fine music. As for his acting, I refer you to "Maytime." In this picture he goes from a carefree student into the part of a lover who has found and lost the one precious thing; into serious operatic sequences in which he calls forth his emotions in acting as well as in singing; into a dramatic climax, a death scene, which he does with remarkable ability. This picture is proof of what I have already declared.

ALICE ROURKE.

2305 South Washington,
Denver, Colorado.

### The Danger of Being "Typed."

THE exquisite artistry of Luise Rainer is distinctly above all others, even Garbo's. Her interpretation of the depressed *O-lan* in "The Good Earth" reached a plane of exceptional merit. I hope the producers will let her escape the danger of being "typed" as she is a versatile actress and will always be successful in roles requiring the utmost skill, delicacy, and tenderness. In "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Escapade" she was gay and as exuberant as spring itself. She is a born actress with rare potentialities.

Robert Montgomery gave a performance of masterly subtlety in "Night Must Fall," yet for all his fine acting I would not want to see him cast too often in roles like that. Mr. Montgomery is a versatile actor and will always be interesting to audiences as long as he plays versatile characters.

Myrna Loy is exquisite both in acting and appearance. Yet I happen to hear audiences remarking how tiresome she is becoming. Why? Because MGM has her typed as a modern sophisticate which is just as dangerous as were her exotic Orientals. "Parnell" will be a welcome relief to Loy fans.

Clark Gable is one actor who is always interesting because he is so versatile. He would be magnificent as *Rhett Butler* in "Gone With the Wind." He is a man who combines those rare traits of true artistry and hard common sense.

William Powell is another actor who is artistic to his finger tips but never arty. I believe the secret of his interpretations lies in the fact that he has the power to sway us with his compelling magnetism. It is marvelous to watch the curtain of his immobility lift in a lightning flash when emotion surges into his face. GORDON SELLETT.

West New York, New Jersey.

### Hoot Owl Martini.

IN my opinion, Nelson Eddy doesn't need any one to defend him because his wonderful voice and his good acting do it for him. In the June issue Mildred Post called Nelson Eddy an "animated dummy." Mr. Eddy is a truly great artist, but the main trouble is some people are too ignorant to appreciate a good singer and actor when they see and hear one. If you don't have any better suggestion than having Nino Martini co-star with the lovely Jeanette MacDonald, you had better keep your suggestions to yourself. We who have seen Nelson play opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta," "Rose-Marie," and "Maytime" have been more than pleased with his grand performances.

All Nelson's fans are anticipating "The Girl of the Golden West," again opposite Miss MacDonald. No hoot owl by the name of Martini can deprive Nelson Eddy of his great achievements or any of his fans.

ELEANOR FELTENBERGER.

29-08 31st Avenue,
Long Island City, New York.

### Blame the Secretary.

JULIETTE LAINE deserves a medal for her article in August Picture Play entitled "The Secretary Menace."

I love the old show business because I have been spouting words behind footlights for fifteen years and certainly harbor no illusions about actors, but I make it a point to gather opinions of people of all ages. Many would love to write to their favorite star, but for some reason they are ashamed for fear their friends will think them saps. Naturally, for who wants to write to a "two-bit" secretary who won't even read your letter, much less answer it!

Having had the bad taste to write only three fan letters in my life, I do want to give credit to one charming person who answered a letter of congratulation. I wrote him and he answered the same week. Then I have a friend who received a reply a short time ago to a letter she had written him a year ago. The star is Francis Lederer. Needless to say, we feel a deep respect for one who is so thoughtful. My other two letters were to Rosalind Russell and Nelson Eddy. Neither replied but probably



Stuart Richards, left, wealthy and retired, made a wager that he could get the job as stand-in for Lewis Stone in "Too Clever to Live."... He won!

through no fault of theirs except their choice of secretaries.

Thanks for Picture Play's candid articles and the extensive space given to fan letters. There's more intelligent criticism there than I ever hoped to see in print. MARIE DUPREE.

General Delivery,
San Angelo, Texas.

### Simone's Accent Soothing.

I AM writing this in reply to the unbelievably stupid letters of Mrs. W. G. Bassett and Martha Posey. The seemingly uneducated people that denounce Simone Simon's accent just show that they have never studied French. It is always wise to broaden one's vocabulary by a few foreign words and it must be only the middle classes who can't appreciate the beautiful rolling of her "r's." It is a voice like that of Eleanore Whitney's that is unbearable. I advise Miss Posey and Mrs. Bassett to take a course in French.

As for Miss Simon's acting, is there any American actress who could have done her work in "Girls' Dormitory"? She has a rare freshness and beauty that are seldom seen and her accent is soothing. America would certainly look ridiculous if it prohibited great foreign actresses because of a few badly conditioned fans. AUDREY NARBISS.

Baltimore, Maryland.

### Victims of Make-up.

THE sentiments expressed by Ellen Hendrickson with regard to make-up men are unfortunately very true. These experts have disfigured some very beautiful women, notably Madeleine Carroll, who appear to be the victims of some conspiracy to make them look alike. As a result, we get such appalling jobs as that inflicted upon Miss Carroll in "On the Avenue" and "Lloyds of London," wherein her naturally blond hair was lightened to the point of harsh, platinum artificiality, her lips greatly overpainted and, to cap it all, she was photographed under excessively strong lights, which obscured the lines of her face.

I worked for Gaumont-British in 1935 while Miss Carroll was making "The Thirty-nine Steps." She wore a minimum of make-up at that time and looked refreshingly natural, British and lovely. The blame for her metamorphosis clearly lies with the Hollywood people and their mistaken notions about glamour.

I hope Ellen Hendrickson's letter has been brought to the attention of some responsible person on the Coast and that these mistakes will not be repeated.

G. THORGERSEN.

New York, N. Y.

### Not Fair to Nelson Eddy.

WHOLE-HEARTEDLY do I join in protesting MGM's neglect of Nelson Eddy, both in singing and acting.

"Rose-Marie" was disappointing to those of us who wanted to see and hear the great star of "Naughty Marietta," but we were patient and hoped for and expected satisfaction in "Maytime." This was even worse; not only was his voice completely ignored, but no effort was made to photograph him properly or give him his fair share of close-ups. John Barrymore occupied more film footage than Eddy, the costar!

Whatever motive his studio has for this lack of consideration of his fans, I know it cannot be failing interest on the part of the public. It is no press agent's tale that thousands return to see his films time after time; that he maintains a huge volume of fan mail; that he ranks tops in radio entertainment; that he packs to the utmost hitherto uncrowded concert halls; that he inspires unusual loyalty and devotion among the members of his numerous fan clubs who work with constant zeal just to show extra admiration for the golden singer. I know, for I belong to two clubs!

The songs he sings become instantly popular. The very first day "Maytime" was shown here every copy of the sweetheart song was sold out by all the local music dealers. Last year I visited the Texas Centennial and wandered into a hall where a great electric organ was being played in hourly concerts, the numbers being requested by the passing crowds. The organist said about one out of every three listeners either called for "Sweet Mystery of Life" or "The Indian Love Call."

That Nelson Eddy has raised the standard of music appreciation in this country is unquestioned. His voice has the requirements of the best books—it makes us laugh, or cry, or think. Perhaps we cannot yet think of being hungry for grand opera, but we are able to think back with a shudder that we once endured the Crosbys, the Vallées, the Langfords, Fayes, and Hilliards without a murmur.

Nelson does not rely upon his Prince Charming looks and manners, nor the natural quality of his voice to put him across, either. One of the things most frequently commented upon is the evidence of masculine efficiency and application that is revealed in perfect diction, mastery of dialects and foreign languages and everything that goes to make his life a story of accomplishment. A star well worth starring, and that's what I'm praying for! MRS. GRACE STOVAL.

Gardendale, Texas.



Frances Gifford showed great promise in "New Faces of 1937" and was immediately cast in RKO's "Stage Door."

### Novarro's Back!

THREE cheers and a huzzah! In August Picture Play, Norbert Lusk informs us that Ramon Novarro is coming back to the screen. I can hardly wait to see him. The title of his picture, "The Sheik Steps Out" doesn't sound promising, but it will be so nice to see him again that the picture won't matter very much, really.

Mr. Novarro is one of the best actors the screen has known and beside him the Taylors and Montgomerys and Tones just don't show. He is so appealing and has such a lovely voice. I never could understand how it took Hollywood so long to realize that they needed Novarro back. I only hope that he will remain with us for a long time now. Good luck and the best of everything to you, Ramon Novarro. Your fans haven't forgotten you and never will.

EDITH SPOHR.

Menlo Park, California.



Tim Holt, son of the veteran Hollywood star, Jack Holt, is making a name for himself on his own. Having made a good impression in "Stella Dallas," he gets his biggest opportunity to date in "I Met My Love Again."

# Soft AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

ALL the world knows that Robert Taylor is in England making the film "A Yank at Oxford." Mobbed in New York when his vessel sailed, he was greeted by an equally disorderly crowd on his arrival in London. The time has long since passed when the British public kept its distance. Film stars have changed all that. But that isn't what is on my mind as I think of young Taylor's first trip abroad. I am hoping he will learn how to dress while in England. I am hoping he will learn by observation and the use of that imitative faculty which all actors possess.

IN fear that his admirers may annihilate me, let me explain what I mean. (Incidentally, I am one of Mr. Taylor's admirers, too.) That is why I go so far as to wish for improvement in him, especially in the matter of clothes. He dresses *too* well, if you know what I mean, and if my reader is a man I am sure he does. Bob Taylor's suits are expensive and they fit perfectly—too perfectly. Every button, every seam, looks as if it were calculated to the sixty-fourth of an inch. In short, Bob always looks spick and span—glossy. Now, there is a great difference between being well dressed—and that means appropriately turned out—and clothed so as to be noticeably flawless. The well-dressed man, according to metropolitan standards, does not proclaim the services of a valet; he wears his clothes easily and unobtrusively. And that is exactly what I am hoping Bob Taylor will learn to do.

HE has the example of Englishmen all around him. They are the best-dressed men in the world, not because they try to be, not because clothes are a fetish, but because they wear their garments casually. I doubt if our Bob will find a single Oxonian with a fraction of the clothes he possesses, and I know he will find none as snugly well dressed as himself, yet every last one of them will make a better appearance from the standpoint of wearing his clothes carelessly, unself-consciously—and rising superior to them. Seldom is an Englishman clothes-conscious so that one can notice it. And that is exactly how I should like Bob Taylor to be.

No longer a campus hero, he is known the world over and should express the best masculine taste. He can find no better example to follow than the Englishmen he sees all around him to-day, and without aping them, either. Just rub a little of the gloss off, Bob, and learn to accept a wrinkle in your coat sleeve with equanimity; it's not a blemish on your character, you know. And, as I become more and more personal, let me say just this: Don't continue to fold your breast-pocket handkerchief in those four precise points any longer. You will notice it isn't done in England and not even in your own country is it tolerated except by a class to which you obviously do not belong. Be nonchalant! Poke your handkerchief hurriedly, carelessly, into your pocket. It doesn't matter if it fails to stick out. Every one will know it's there. Do this and I'll know foreign travel has broadened you!

* * *

GARY COOPER'S acting ability is taken for granted to-day. "Mr. Deeds" put him over as a topnotcher with the majority. But in all the acclaim given that picture, and his part in it, I read nothing to explain why he suddenly became a fine actor in the eyes of those who long accepted him as just a personality. I even read in a New York newspaper that he had changed from "one of the worst actors in Hollywood to one of the best." But the critic did not tell me what his best consisted of. He merely pointed to his acting in "Mr. Deeds" as proof.

SO I turned to back issues of Picture Play in the hope of finding some sort of analysis of Mr. Cooper. I thought that I might translate a fan's opinion of his work in an early picture into what the leading critics think of him to-day, even though they do not tell beyond a phrase or two, in which the adjective "restrained" is more than likely to appear. In my search I came across the issue of May, 1930, and discovered a review of "Seven Days' Leave" that I am proud to have written. Every admirer of Mr. Cooper will understand why. It follows:

THERE are at least two reasons for his preëminence on the screen. Here is a man who in perhaps a dozen pictures has never departed from the standard he set for himself in his very first, 'The Winning of Barbara Worth.' He has underacted. and underemphasized every part he has played. Accidental? No! He has been directed by six or eight men of different viewpoints, experience, temperament. Yet he has never been influenced by any one of them, nor has he ever given a 'bad' performance in the sense of permitting a false gesture or intonation to creep in. He is absolved of the charge of always being himself by the fact that no other player has ever succeeded in being himself to the same extent. All have shown results of poor direction, of faulty judgment, of blurred characterization at one time or another. Or have permitted themselves to overemphasize mannerisms, or certain marks of individuality, when they chose to do so. But not Gary Cooper. He can never blame a director for anything, nor is he one to try, for he is curiously superior to direction in its broadest meaning.

"Of technique as it is known in Hollywood he is unaware, or indifferent. He has never made an effort to obtrude himself, to steal a scene, or even to make a point except by suggestion. Always he has kept to the proportions of his part both as a whole as well as in individual scenes.

"Actually Mr. Cooper stands as the lone exemplar of a new style of acting, as far removed from the Biograph school as 'The Rhapsody in Blue' is unlike 'The Blue Danube.' And that opens the way for reminding oneself of the second of one's reasons for Mr. Cooper's preëminence. It lies in the sound of him—his speaking voice.

"It is absolutely a natural voice. His use of it is natural. Untrained in even rudimentary elocution, his speech belongs altogether to the screen and the intimacy of it. On the stage it would be lost, not because of lack of volume, but because of inexperience in public speaking. In this, however, is discovered the strongest appeal of Mr. Cooper's voice. There is not a single sign of self-consciousness. Not even the excusable self-consciousness of one who has a point to make and proceeds to do so. Or even a desire to be heard distinctly.

"Mr. Cooper's speech is spontaneous, but never glib; agreeable in tone, but never musical; distinct enough, but never precise. It is perfectly suited to the short dialogue that comes his way. And last, but not least, he, as an amateur, has a gift that often is never acquired in years of experience on the stage: that of causing his words to seem like thoughts overheard, not lines committed to memory."

Thus ends my annual tribute to the man I most admire in Hollywood.

* * *

HOW differently the course of careers run in Hollywood! I have in mind an actress you all know who has been constantly active four years. She is young, personable, intelligent, wears clothes well and plays leading rôles most of the time. She has never given an inadequate performance, frequently has given expert ones in first-class pictures and is always interesting. But she isn't talked about. I have never seen her name in a newspaper gossip column nor heard it in radio chit-chat. As for photographs and interviews, they are virtually nonexistent. At the same time there is nothing to lead us to believe that she is shy, aloof or unsocial. Give another actress the same opportunities and her name would be publicized the length and breadth of the land. Why, then, is Claire Trevor's not? Can it be that she is absorbed in the pictures she makes one after another in rapid succession, and is content to let her acting speak for itself? This is not the time for me to advise her to mend her ways if she expects to gain fullest reward for her work. Now *is* the time, however, for me to call the attention of every one to what a fine actress she is in a current picture, "Dead End."

WE must thank Samuel Goldwyn and his casting director, Robert McIntyre, for discerning in Miss Trevor exactly the right actress to play *Francey* and giving her the chance to attempt a part unlike any past one. She is a consumptive prostitute, the former sweetheart of Humphrey Bogart in a younger, more innocent day. There is no illusion of prettiness or a charming girl gone wrong. Miss Trevor is too realistic and too honest an actress to beglamour a sordid character. And yet, because she does play it courageously, unsparingly, *Francey* stirs the spectator's compassion more than any other person in the film. All praise to Miss Trevor for being a standout in one brief scene of an important picture and making it burn into one's remembrance of the best that the screen offers this month.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO continues to evoke extreme fan worship. There never have been such tributes paid any other star. For example, this, from a British admirer: "Do you know what a winter in England is like? Then you will be able to judge the extent of my happiness when I tell you that, for me, there will be *no* winter this year because Ramon Novarro is making films again. Having wallowed in the slough of despond for months, can you imagine what it must feel like to be promised a sight of the sun once more, for Ramon, with his sunny nature, is just that."

You supply your own comment. It doesn't require experience with a winter in England to exclaim!



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

SANDRA STORME knows that dramatic styles predominate this fall. Her formal afternoon costume of beige wool crêpe has a full front panel shirred at the front and at the neckline. It's blue fox that puts drama into the dress. The circular cape is bordered with the fur and it goes into the huge muff, too. Her hat is a draped model of starched brown net.



# Two KINGS share one CROWN

BY SONIA LEE

**Clark Gable and Robert Taylor set a precedent by being the first two kings to reign simultaneously in Hollywood. Two heroes—vastly unlike.**

**Both have an electric intensity, a spontaneous charm; both intrigue the imagination. But their appeal is to different phases of character.**

**Clark holds his throne by his reality, and Bob shares it by the romance he awakens. Women follow both.**

ROBERT TAYLOR, o youth in his twenties, briefly out af an Americon university, hos overnight become the living symbol of romance.

Not lang aga Clork Gable was the man af the hour. His name wos an the lips of every woman. He was the pattern to wham every woman cut her love ideal.

But the oscendancy af Robert Taylar has in na whit dimmed Gable's star. It is amazing, unprecedented—far never before have twa kings reigned simultaneously in Hallywood.

Let us examine the men and their special tolent and appeol to find the reasan for this.

Fashions in heroes change, not alone because the public is fickle, but because the world moves on. What fits the pattern of life to-day is outmoded to-morraw. Check over the list of the public's adared for the past fifteen years, ond you will find that each idol fitted the times and the circumstances of that porticular periad.

A long line of screen heroes preceded Robert Toylor. Men who hod been worshiped; wha had been idolized; who hod been kept on a pedestal, not only by impetuous heart-hungry women, but by those who saught free flights af fancy from the reolities af their everyday routine.

But not since Rudolph Volentina, however, hos there been such o display of odulotion given ony star os hos been given Robert Toylor.

Chronologicolly, it was time far a Rabert Toylor. The scene wos set for him—in the emotional sense—as it had

been for Valentino. The decade between the two had been marked by too much hardship, by too much reality to give impetus to romance.

But shortly before Taylor's skyrocket achievement of fome, men and women began to seek newer and gayer patterns of living. They sought romance, emotion, new beauties and new dreams. The screen was the open door to much of this. Here they could find quick and concise romance, concentrated for quick journeying from emotion to emotion.

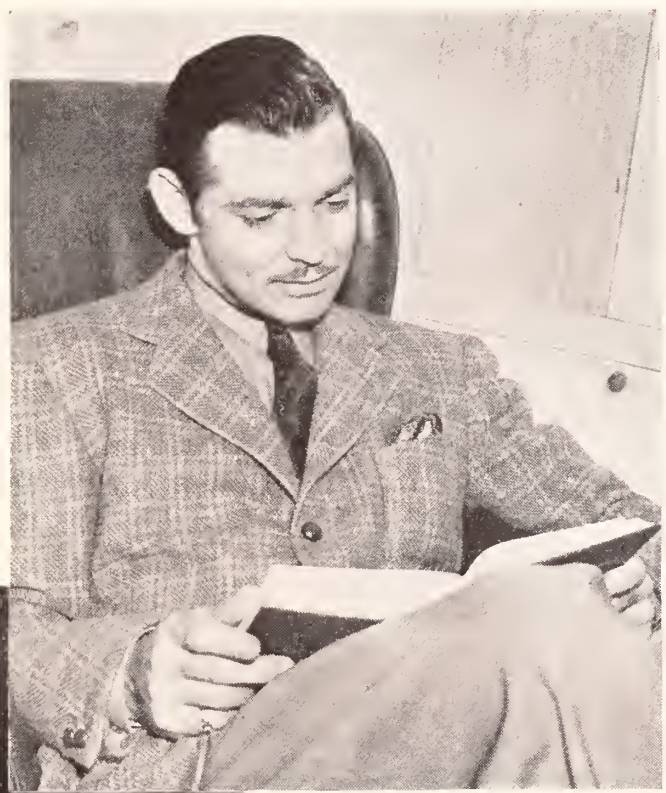
And on the screen, in a lad called Taylor, they found the essence of romance.

The most successful wearer of the mantle of greotness before Taylor was Clark Gable. He was the "depression lover," as Taylor to-day is the harbinger of better times.

Both defined to exactitude current mental stotes and moods. It is an extraordinary testimony, not only to Gable as a personolity, but to his veracity as on actor, that even in the light of the new Taylor craze he has in no-wise suffered defections from his followers.

Both these stars are standard setters and standord bearers. Taylor defined the newly romantic ond eosier era; Gable, o more rugged and exacting period.

There is a deep and vital reoson why the popularity of the one does not erase the consciousness of the other from the public mind. That reason is the difference inherent in their personalities and in their natures.





Gable's and Taylor's audiences do not entirely overlap. Clark appeals more strongly to the masculine population; Bob has a larger audience among women. They differ, too, in that their appeal is to different phases of human character.

Both have an electric intensity, a spontaneous charm; both intrigue the imagination. But Gable's appeal is to the modern woman who faces fact as it is—who knows problems exist and recognizes them.

We have called Gable the "depression lover." He is that—for he is the practical lover; he is the man who appeals to the woman who works for her daily bread. He has force and he commands respect.

After a fashion he personifies the Victorian ideal that man primarily is put on earth to protect women. Gable is rude—but he is tender. He has a swashbuckling glamour, but it is glamour which can be translated into reality.

Mentally, physically and spiritually he is not far removed from the men a woman meets every day. He has an authentic down-to-earth quality which makes him, to an extent, o personification of every woman's husband.

Robert Taylor, on the other hond, is the impetuous lover of whom every woman dreams, the man clothed in the insubstantial garments of feminine fancy.

Primarily Taylor is a symbol: he is the unreal, the intangible lover. He wolks through a woman's imaginings as the perfect complement to her moods, to her longings which she con neither define nor voice.

With Taylor, every woman feels at ease, not at all impelled to make rhyme or reason—but free to follow her will-o'-the-wisp dreamings and desires.

There is no fear mixed with a woman's reactions to Taylor, as there must be with Gable.

Taylor might be well imagined as the hero of every romance since Eve. He can be conceived as Leander, as Abelard, as one of the Knights of the Holy Grail. In brief tunic or in shining armor—in ruffles or wigs—all the romantic trappings suit him admirably.

In every century and in every period where romance flourished; when impetuous love-making rang the bell of hope in women's minds, some prototype of a Robert Taylor undoubtedly existed.

*Continued on page 61*


HEY! HEY!
HAYWIRE
HILARITY!
YEA! YEA!
SINGING!
STEPPING!
HI! HI!
CUTIES!
BEAUTIES!
HA! HA!
WOTTA
LIFE!
WOTTA
RIOT!
WOTTA
LAFFA-
PALOOZA!
Those merry-maniacs of melody! That three-Ritz circus! Madder and merrier, wilder and whackier than in "Sing, Baby, Sing"... "On the Avenue"... and "You Can't Have Everything"! The fastest, funniest, tuniest hit that they or anybody else ever made!
The RITZ BROTHERS
in
"LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"
with a glo-roarious cast of entertainment's top-notchers!
JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART
FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE WEAVER • ROBERT LOWERY
LON CHANEY, JR.
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by Sam Pokrass, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden
Tunes to make life begin for you!... "Big Chief Swing It", "Our Team Is On The Warpath", "The Rhumba Goes Collegiate", "Foir Lombardy", "Why Talk About Love?" by Lew Pollack and Sidney D. Mitchell • "Sweet Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobias, Al Lewis and Murray Mencher
20th CENTURY FOX
Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Maybe it's football.. maybe it's screwball.. but it's screwier by far than 'Pigskin Parade'.. no maybe about that!



# picture play's famous previews

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND JEAN HERSHOLT IN "HEIDI."





JOAN CRAWFORD stars in a story that describes the adventures of "Anni," singer in a low café who becomes a great lady for a month. In the photo, above, are Franchot Tone, Lynne Carver, and Miss Crawford. George Zucco, right, is intrigued by the embittered "Anni." On the opposite page is Miss Crawford in fine feathers, with Mr. Young and Mr. Tone.

## THE BRIDE WORE RED








KAY FRANCIS sparkles in a satire on Washington political society bristling with intrigue. On this page she displays some of the sophisticated costumes designed by Orry-Kelly. Marjorie Rambeau and Louise Fazenda are matrons on the opposite page, with Walter Connolly and Verree Teasdale below them. Marjorie Gateson with Miss Francis, right.





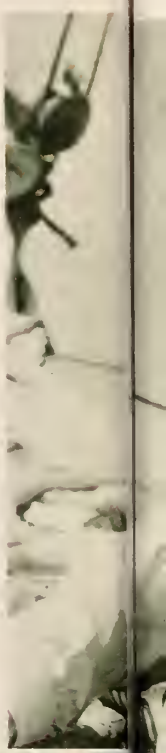






# EBB TIDE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S story comes to the screen in Technicolor and brings back Lina Basquette to films as well. As a South Sea Island siren she is seen here with Lloyd Nolan and, opposite, with Oscar Homolka. Ray Milland and Frances Farmer, the stars, are aboard the ship "Golden Gate."















WILLIAM POWELL AND MYRNA LOY are paired in a madcap romance about goofy people. Mr. Powell is a vagabond artist. Edgar Kennedy is the bartender, opposite, John Beal and Florence Rice the juveniles. Jessie Ralph examines Miss Loy's fashion sketches on this page.









the



# adventures of MARCO POLO

GARY COOPER'S first picture for Samuel Goldwyn since becoming a star is shown in glimpses that delight admirers of the actor as well as the producer. They give a foretaste of the loveliness of Sigrid Gurie, Norwegian actress, too, and the artistic splendor of the production. George Barbier is the despotic "Kublai Khan" on the preceding page.



BASIL RATHBONE is strikingly pictured, left. He is "Ahmed," the villain of the piece, and is at the court of "Kublai Khan." Miss Gurie is "Princess Kukachin," daughter of the thirteenth-century Chinese ruler, and Mr. Cooper is, of course, the brave and resourceful Venetian, "Marco Polo."





# A RIVAL for Dick Powell

By William H. McKegg

YOU'VE heard the old yarn about hord work getting yau where yau wont to be. Yau've never believed it much, hove yau? But yau da when you meet Kenny Baker.

You've heard that the simple life is best. You've never believed much in thot, either. But you da when yau meet Kenny Boker.

Yau've heard thot young fellows in movies ore unossuming. And you've never believed it. Neither hove I. But yau baw ta fote when yau meet Kenny Baker.

Kenny epitomizes the tried ond true; the plotitude and the proverb.

When prosperity turns the carner af o Hollywood career, what does the average young octor want? Recagnitian, af course, ond odulotion. In short, he desires what the average young mon desires.

That's what I expected to hear from Kenny Boker. But Kenny is not an overoge yaung man.

He has sprung inta Hallywood's limelight os o newcomer with interesting possibilities. Warners, wha hove him under cantract, featured him in "Mr. Dadd Tokes the Air." Sam Goldwyn borrowed him far the Goldwyn "Follies."

New to interviews, Kenny decided to be simple abaut everything. A well-built chap, without dozzling handsomeness, he possesses passable laoks, ond what we call persanality.

With this cambinatian who sholl say him nay?

Having made himself papular in the Jack Benny broadcasts, Kenny is already ossured af a fallawing. The latest mavie bulletin stotes that signs are favorable toward his screen popularity.

"I didn't think of acting when I begon looking for a career. I wanted first af all ta sing. In foct," he omended, "at the very beginning I didn't know what I wanted ta da."

It just goes ta shaw you the less certain yau are of yaur future, the more definite it becames. But Kenny did plenty af hustling and bustling all the same.

Born at Monravio, Californio, twenty-five years aga, he spent his high-schaal days in Las Angeles and Lang Beach. At juniar high, Kenny felt the urge af self-expressian in music. Vialin lessons were begun, and Stevenson Juniar High, in Los Angeles, soan acquired a dynamic cancert master.

*Continued on page 62*

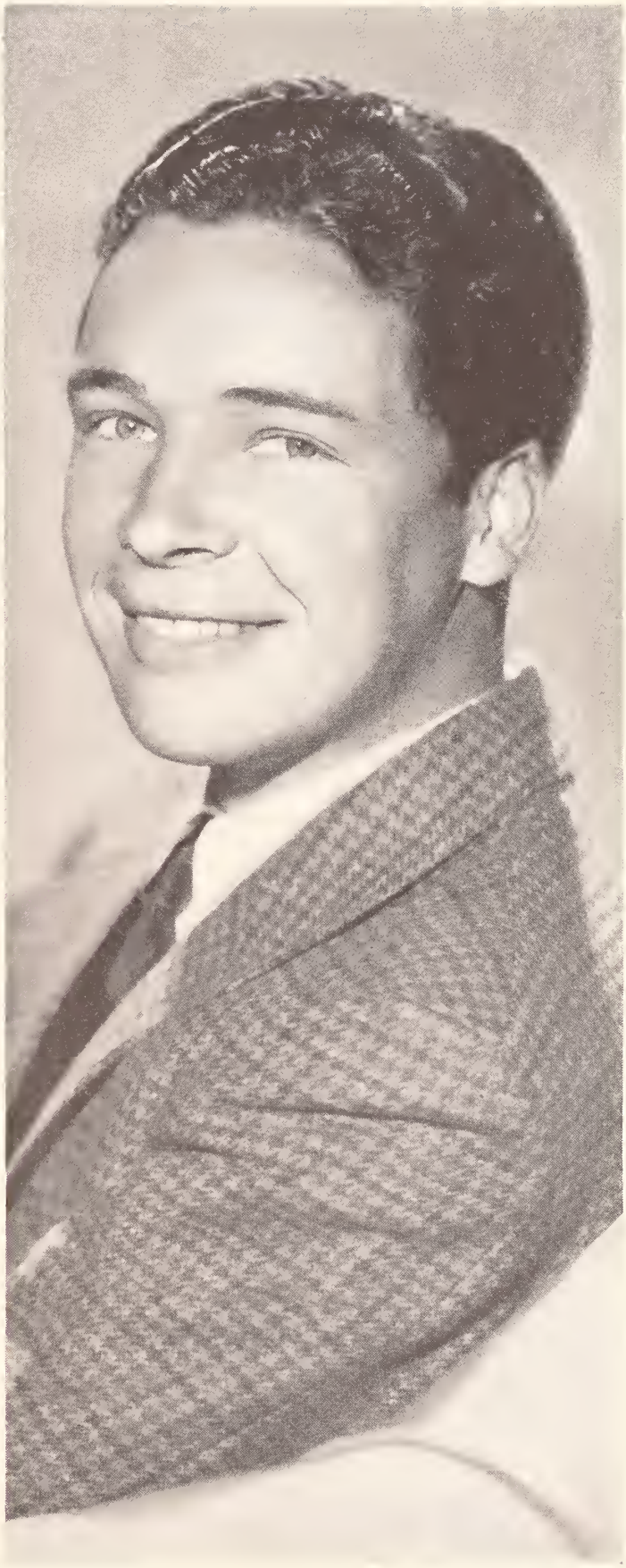


Photo by Welbourne

Kenny Baker, well known on the air, is making such headway in pictures that there's no telling where he may get in a year. His story is as simple and unassuming as himself.

# THE POWER OF THE CANDID

IN Hollywood the camera is king. Bettering that, the comeraman is a veritable Napaleon, and can even be a "Little Cæsar." One step up an the whale shebang is the candid cameraman. With one flick af a shutter ar a flashlight he con make ar unmake a star's career—almast.

"Shoot the bad side af her face when she walks inta the theater." "Catch that dame when she's scratching her ear." "Loy off that Jenny; she's a pill." "Get him when his mug freezes." "Grab that stuffed shirt while his dress tie's cracked."

The faregaing are same of the secret posswords that are accasionally caded between prafessianal snapshaaters when they have a star on the block list. And woe betide such sparklers if the lensmen really run them dawn! They're likely to see pictures af themselves in publications clear acrass the cauntry that laak like ane af great-grandmother's prize pases of seventy-five yeors ago, or a tintype on an off day at Coney Island.

In the pursuit of stars the phatagraphers' chonces ore nearly always the best. They can catch them slipping furtively out af Hallywood by airplane, train ar ship if nawhere else, and they have an uncanny way of ferreting aut the exact point of departure even when it's remate from the mavie city.

They've even "nailed" Greta Garba an her excursians to Sweden, and she's regarded as ane af the mast difficult personalities ta capture in the candid camera manner. There are pictures of Garbo, taa, that are ridiculous, as far instance the ane where she was suppased to have scuttled inta the apera ane night, her cloak aver her head, trying ta "evade publicity." She laaked like some sart af strange awkward wraith from the planet Mars.

Film celebrities ore completely at the mercy of the candid camera view. The recard thus secured aften goes completely raund the glabe, being printed in a millian and one different papers and magazines, where it is avidly viewed by legians af interested, and often critical fans, who see the impressian af a favarite just for what it is. That may be gaad, and it may also be indifferent or bad.

Katharine Hepburn prefers to be photographed like this rather than pose for the cameramen. No one knows the reason for her aversion.

Photo by Acme



Consequently, "be nice ta the cameraman" has come to be the pretty slagan adapted by mast stars. They pose carefully and judiciously whenever passible, and nearly always ask far the chance to strike just the right, and certainly the most attractive attitude.

It's an amazing thing that most af the world distributian af candid camera glimpses of picture celebrities is in the hands of abaut faur newspaper syndicates. Year in and year aut about fifteen men take the informal phatagraphs af Hallywood's finest. Of course, the studias themselves also make photagraphs. However, even the studias distribute theirs to a large extent thraugh the arganized press services, which supply nat only the newspapers but alsa certain af the fan magazines. In addition, there are a handful of fan-magazine phatagraphers, and a few accredited free-lancers.

But there are eighteen ar nineteen men, members af an arganizatian called the Hallywood Press Phatographers, wha practically rule the candid camera destiny of the stars. They are in a pasitian ta turn thumbs up or thumbs down on a mavie idol. The latter sometimes with very devastating effect.

The association is supposed to lay down rules far candid camera activities. Also to iran out troubles. Syndicate men and fan-magazine representatives principally belang. If a star gets rambunctious, as happens now and then, the system is generally to pass him or her up for a time.

The photographers declined ta do any

# CAMERA

BY EDWIN SCHALLERT

shooting this past summer at the Bing Crosby race track at Del Mar, because it was felt that the boys had been given the runaround at the opening of the establishment. I hear also that they came mighty near boycotting a première or two because improper provisions were made to accommodate them in their work, and no seats set aside.

Some of the stars who are not popular are Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan, Sylvia Sidney, and Grace Moore. The difficulty is mostly about getting them to pose. Miss Sidney is said to have squared herself recently by doing that little duty under the supervision of a publicity man, who urged it very emphatically.

There are some stars who are very happily regarded by the cameramen. Ginger Rogers until lately, at least was a super-favorite. Her first real setback was the big skating party given by herself and Alfred G. Vanderbilt, from which snapshooters were excluded. However, this was mostly blamed on Vanderbilt.

Glenda Farrell is another "peach of a girl." On the chilly night of Grace Bradley's barn dance, when it came time to return home, Glenda invited quite a galaxy of the top-notchers to her residence, and they played cards till dawn. Glenda was such a delightful hostess that the boys volunteered they were going to present her with a set of poker chips, because she didn't happen to have any, and they'd had to use matches.

Norma S arer had trouble with the cameramen e first time she appeared after Irving alberg's death. She asked a certain p tographer not to shoot a picture of he But one of the other men hadn't heard the request, and grabbed a shot. Clarence Brown immediately left the ax in which the star and the party, including the Douglas Fairbankses, Constance Bennett, and Gilbert Roland, were seated, and requested the negative be handed over. The photographer finally gave the director a plate but it wasn't the Norma Shearer one. He held onto that, and it would probably have been printed in every newspaper in the land had it not later been decided by the syndicate head to respect Miss Shearer's wishes.



Photo by Wide World

**Garbo sacrificed glamour and poise when she chose to make this strange spectacle of herself entering a Los Angeles theater. And all for what?**

Biggest wisecrack ever made by a photographer was at a preview one night, attended by Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler, her ex-husband. At that time they'd just been separated, and the news had been in the papers. So their appearance together was very much worth a picture.

Wyler, though, raised strenuous objections, and one of the photographers, remembering he had seen Miss Sullavan with another escort a few evenings previous, held his peace while Margaret and Billy went into the theater together—but when they came out, exclaimed quite audibly:



Some of the leading candid cameramen grouped around their favorite, Shirley Temple, are, left: Floyd McCarty, J. B. Scott, George R. Watson, Hyman Fink, Elias Rhodes, Jack Albin. The stars never smash their cameras.

"Oh, there's Morgoret Sullovon. No—don't shoot her; she's with the wrong mon!" Over which Wyler wos considerobly irritoted.

Some of the men who do the photographing like George Wotson, Donold Brinn, Hymie Fink, ond Fronk Filon hove been on the job for o number of yeors. Wotson, who is president of the photogrophers' ossociotion, is obout o twenty-year veteron. He devised one of the eorliest condid cameros—o little offoir thot he used to hide in his hot. He's the only photogropher to hove goined occess to the church ot the Rudolph Volentino funerol. He slipped by twenty policemen who hod strict orders to keep oll comeromen out.

Wotson hurried up the steps, with his tripod in one hond, ond his cop in the other. He hod o lorge comero on the tripod, ond he soid to the police: "Somebody just osked me to come inside the church for o minute. I'll leave my comero right out here."

After o moment's debote the police gove the O. K. Whereupon Wotson slipped up into the choir loft, ond photogrophed the whole proceedings by the time-exposure method, which wos very difficult to do. But he got his picture, ond it wos published.

Condid comeromen sometimes ore thoughtfully reworded for their work by the stors. Jeonette MocDonold ond Gene Roymond, for exomple, presented them with cigorette lighters following their wedding. It hod been very difficult to entertoin the men ot the time, ond they hod worked under severe hondicops in securing pictures of the bridol porty, becouse the room in which they were required to shoot wos smoll. Evidently the bride ond groom took token of oll this.

Nevertheless one photographer comploined bitterly becouse he ond his confrères were not given chompogne.

The Bosil Rothbones were hosts ot o huge costume porty lost winter ot which the condid comeromen were permitted to do their work normolly ond efficiently, ond the whole world received on impression of this glittering offoir. One syndicote olone secured eighty usoble negotives of the event (o record), distributed ten of these to fifty importont newspopers, sent the totol output to their Eostern office, whence pictures were dispotched to opproximotely fifteen hundred publicotions in Americo, ond one thousond obrood.

Sylvia Sidney is a fugitive from the camera.



Actuolly if given o break these newsmen ore unc rusive, ond corry the heir duties quickly th with o minimum of rbonce. In the pc ome set o bod rec by ottempting to ingle with guests. b t one porty o few yeors ogo I con remember o group of photogrophers gothering oround o piono ot o foshionoble offoir ond trying to join with

*Continued on page 92*



LOOKING beautiful, majestic and regal, Anna Neagle plays the title rôle in the English-made "Victoria the Great," which has scenes in Technicolor. Anton Walbrook, who gained many admirers following his appearance in "The Soldier and the Lady," plays "Prince Albert," consort to the queen.



# THEY SAY IN *New York*—

BY KAREN HOLLIS

BECAUSE the town reeks with many celebrities from the worlds of society and finance, politics and sports, radio and opera, it is occasionally assumed that a film star can enjoy a certain obscurity in New York, safe from the antics of frenzied folk who are starved for sight of a celebrity. Robert Taylor knows better!

On his arrival at Grand Central Station, a mere two hundred women—but thousands strong in determination—vanquished the special police sent there for the occasion, broke through restraining ropes, and swirled around him like a whirlpool. Two days later the "Berengaria" delayed her sailing half an hour because two sixteen-year-old stowaways were found under the bed in his stateroom, and it was deemed wise to search the whole ship.

Like ants in a sugar barrel, his admirers had taken possession of the vessel. They vaulted railings, hid under lifeboats, climbed up ropes.

To his eternal credit let it be said that Robert Taylor took this fantastic demonstration like a genuinely modest hero. He was appreciative, but worried for the safety of his supporters. Later, when led into the lethal chamber where a picked group of reporters asked him barbed questions, he still maintained his composure.

He confided that he does not consider himself an actor. Spencer Tracy is the finest actor, in his opinion. He looks for-



Margaret Tallichet's stage début, left, in a summer stock company dimmed her chances of playing "Scarlett O'Hara," in "Gone With the Wind."

Louise Platt, above, will take the money and fame Hollywood offers, in small doses. She makes her début in Joan Bennett's "I Met My Love Again."

word to ploying "A Yonk ot Oxford" in Englond becouse he is going to hove o chonce to ploy o louse, which will be o pleosont chonge from soppy heroes. If you wont to endeor yourself to him, tell him he is o nice guy but o lousy octor. Thot is his fovorite odjective.

**Others Have Their Moments.**—While oll this wos going on, o woitress in o hotel frequented by Broodwoy's most glomorous, fointed ot sight of Henry Fondo, ond women in greot numbers onnounced thot it wos the overwhelming milestone of their lives becouse they hod just seen Ramon Novorro in person.

I wish thot eoch ond every one of you who ore rejoicing thot Romon hos come bock to the screen might hove o chonce to tolk to him. Thot reolly is worthy of being o milestone, for in the yeors since his voluntory retirement from the screen Romon hos found o sustoining philosophy which mokes him the most pleosont imoginoble componion.

Humility, grotitude, ond the conviction thot every moment in life should be opprooched os if it were the first ond the lost opportunity one would hove to prove himself, ore the lodestones of his foith.

Above oll, he believes, ond is living proof, thot one should enjoy every moment without regord to other people's stondords of success, thot it is not possessions thot count, but the opportunities every one hos, every doy, of finding thot he con be guided by o divine Providence.

**Just a Few Friends.**—Romon mode "The Sheik Steps Out" for Republic, o smoll ond enterprising compony thot he found infinitely more enjoyoble thon MGM, the somewhot overpowering ond impersonol foctory where he spent twelve yeors ot greot finonciol profit.

He will moke more for Republic when they find just the right stories. Meonwhile, some thousonds of old friends hove osked him if he won't pleose sing some old Mexicon folk songs in his next picture. If you will odd your pleo to theirs, oddressing the Republic Studio in Hollywood, perhops scenorio scouts will bestir themselves to find just the story into which they will fit. While you woit you might enjoy seeing Gory Cooper's "Souls ot Seo" ond Poul Muni's "The Life of Emile Zolo." Romon simply glows with enthusiosm when he speoks of those pictures.

**They Had Their Fling.**—The acid test of octing obility is appeoring in the stock componies thot flourish through the Eost in the summer ond foll, ond not o few film ployers hove come through with flying colors.

In on explosive rôle mode to order for Lupe Velez, Fronces Former ocquitted herself with greot distinction ot Mt. Kisco,

*Continued on page 86*



There is rejoicing over Ramon Novarro's return to films for there never has been a star whose absence was more keenly felt.



Schiaparelli, designer of international fame, has devised "shocking" costumes for Mae West and a perfume she calls "Shocking."



# A STAR you never READ about

BY CAROLINE BELL

IN the movies' infancy, when they crudely reflected life in the raw, the cowboy stars came out of the East and rode the vaudeville ranges into the sunset clinch.

Now that the screen has become sophisticated and artistic and artificial, we have a real cowboy. Welcome, stranger!

Gene Autry has made the cowboy current because he puts into music and into plausible action that spirit which is in the heart of the West and the Southwest, a field of dream adventure to the armchair Easterner which will live as long as we have movies.

Oddly, he draws best not in tiny places, but in towns of ten thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand. In Milwaukee, during a recent personal-appearance tour, he broke all records. Michigan practically adopted him.

On his tour he and his five "hands" sang, and Champion, his "horse with a high-school education" did tricks for the folks. Champion—just a plains pony—was taught patiently by Gene, without ever a whip or a harsh word.

Gene sends out thirty-five hundred photos a month, answering all such requests, and all of the five thousand letters that "sound sensible." I had imagined that most of his fan mail came from boys.

"No, ma'am," he corrected me. "The majority are girls between eighteen and twenty-five, though we do get a lot from kids. It must be the music, ma'am. We try to put in action for the kids, music for the young ladies, and comedy to entertain the elderly folks."

With such Westerns as "Round-up Time in Texas," "Oh, Susanna," "The Old Corral," and others, the crooning cowboy, himself a product of small towns, plays fair with all his fans and appeals to many.

"'Ceptin' sophisticated New York," he qualified. "They can't see us there. But," he added, "we don't mind. Plenty of other territory."

I like a number of things about Gene Autry. First, his clear, steady blue eyes, and the clean, healthy look about him.

The fact that he doesn't smear on his Southern accent an inch thick pleases me.

Another thing: Gene speaks of his company as "we," meaning that the outfit has worked as a unit.

Entering Gene's Hollywood office, I faced the sturdy, blue-eyed young man behind his desk covered with letters and file baskets. He was neatly attired in a brown seersucker suit. At one side a pretty secretary smiled over her typewriter. A businesslike room, simple.

One by one, tall and lean, or small and stocky, figures ambled in, sprawled in straight chairs tilted back against the walls. Eyes typical of cowhands, eyes with that far-seeing, shrewd gaze, and etched around with sun-wrinkles, regarded us with a bland twinkle. All wore dusty-looking, real cowboy clothes, and ten-gallons. I didn't get the full significance of their quiet presence at first.

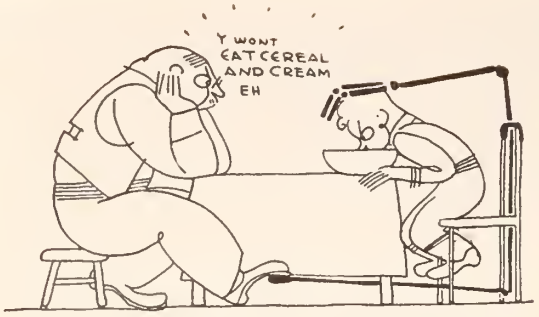
Each Gene Autry Western—he makes eight a year—costs around fifty thousand dollars. His contract with Republic is a salary and cut proposition. Ordinarily, he spends from ten to twelve days on each, though some, he informed me proudly, take fifteen days. I thought of the mammoth movies, requiring many weeks of production.

At my start of surprise, his injured tone gently rebuked me:

"Why, ma'am, most of the Westerns are made in five or six days. We," he grinned, "are practically colossal—in our class. We have art, too; it's a natural art of music and action, that springs right from the atmosphere, from the spirit. We make 'em mostly on location, at Lone Pine, Kernville, so on. We're goin' to Flagstaff for the next one. Sometimes we stay at little hotels, again we camp out. *(Continued on page 93)*



**Gene Autry**




Actors with children are prize gadgeteers.

# A GADGET A DAY

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARTMAN

I DON'T know how they do it, I really don't.

It must require a lot af ingenuity for actors to think up the things that they think up to buy and do when they are between pictures—or even when they are between scenes in a picture.

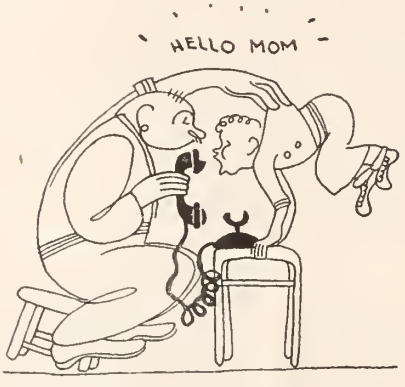
You might imagine that they would just relax and watch the corn grow on those San Fernando Valley estates they've all been acquiring—or gather eggs or wotch the baby alligators Uncle Ned sent them for the fish pand.

You might even imagine that they would sit dawn and read or knit—ar just sit. But they can't.

They can't even relax for a few moments between shots when they are working an the set. They have to think up practical jokes ta play an some one or a new game far next week's party. Or they send ta the corner drug store for a gag or a gadget.

How they all love godgets!

Maybe I had better try ta explain, in my slightly bewildered fashion, what a gadget is.




Recordings are made by fond parents of gurglings over the phone.

If I understand it rightly, it is something which seems to be useful but isn't. It must be expensive. It must be something the like af which yau never saw before—sa that when the proud owner displays it you will look astanished and soy, "Oooops! How cute!" Or maybe yau just say, "Well! Well!" Any exclamation of that sort will make the awner happy.

Only yesterday Robert Taylor wos displaying a pair of cuff links, each of which cantained a weensy-weensy watch. Now, no one cauld possibly tell time by these infinitesimal watches, even if he wanted to tell time by both cuffs. And who does? But they were pretty little things, if you looked at them through a magnifying glass—and they undoubtedly cast a great deal of money. So you just said, "My! My!" as amiably as possible and Bob was happy and proud.

Once an actor acquires a new gadget, especially one that has some sort of wheels attached to it, there is simply no getting along with him until he has demonstrated it or at least told every one all about it.

Rabert Montgomery demonstroted the new, rubber-bladed electric fans in his dressing room so energetically that he broke all three of them within two doys.

Chester Morris hasn't actually demonstrated his electric toothbrush—ta women friends, anyhow—but he has talked enough about it, goodness knows. I don't know yet how it works, although it has been explained to me again and again. All I have been able ta gather is that Chester presses a button, something goes "Bzzzz-up!" and his teeth are—presto!—as white and gleaming as new-fallen snow.

Just here you are supposed to say, "Well! Well!" It would please Chester so! You could send him a post card.

But the people who have young children are the prize gadgeteers. They have dinguses ta teach the tots to swim, to teach 'em not to swim, they have merry-ga-rounds, projection machines which make the Mather Goase figures on the nursery walls came to life and say their pieces. There are jacks-in-baxes which pop out and say "Gaod boy!" when a movie child condescends to eat his aatmeal and there are wiggly wooden figures which will bring him his sweater and moke him giggle on a chilly day.

Maybe Pat O'Brien is the most sentimental parent of all. He has installed dictaphones—you heard me, dictaphones I said—in the nursery, the sand pile, all about the garden, just so that nat one gurgle or lisp emitted by his twa youngsters shall escape preservation for posterity. Personally, I shauld hate to hear what those children will say to their fond father twenty years from now when he trots aut those records and demonstrates to their friends how cute they were as tots.

Then there is Harriet Hilliard wha arranged for Hubby

Guy Kibbee attaches a little motion-picture camera in front of his hat when he goes fishing alone.



Ozzie Nelson to telephone her from New York and hold the baby at the phone so that she might listen to her infant gurgles. What's more, she had recordings made of those gurgles. I doubt whether her daughter will be properly grateful, either, when she reaches the sensitive age of eighteen. I've known children who never, never forgave their mothers for having them photographed in washbowls.

Dolores del Rio, of course, ran no such risks when she telephoned, at goodness knows how many dollars per minute from London just to speak to her bulldog and to hear him grrr-umph a reply. Dolores didn't have recordings made of the event, and it probably wouldn't have embarrassed the dog, anyhow.

I said "Goodness!" in my best and most astonished manner when I viewed Hugh Herbert's oblong pool in his dining room, with the vertical sprays which cool the air on hot days. He was a trifle evasive when I asked him how many people had fallen into the pool—and after all the nice things I had said about his guinea hens, too!

But his reading-in-bed light is his best gadget. Seems Hugh likes to read in bed—as who doesn't? Seems, too, that he is inclined to read too long for his own good—as who isn't? So he has a time clock arrangement which dims the light slowly, so he won't be too annoyed; so that he will just take the hint.




**Hugh Herbert has a time clock arrangement that dims the light when it's time for him to stop reading in bed.**

These actors can't risk having their feelings hurt even by their own electric lights. It might show in their work!

Guy Kibbee has a feeling-saver, too. It's a little motion-picture camera, weighing less than a pound, which he attaches to the front of his hat when he goes fishing. It furnishes an irrefutable record of that perfect cast and of the shimmering catch. Since he uses color film, it also proves that he caught the kind of fish that he has been trying to tell you he caught. Of course, if the cast isn't perfect and if the fish turns out to be a turtle or a minnow, he can always destroy the film.

And speaking of turtles, gallant Hollywood swains can buy tiny, live ones at one of the night clubs now, with their names and those of current girl friends artfully painted and entwined upon the shells. It's a lot of fun, what with girlish giggles and deprecating masculine guffles. Fun, that is, for every one except the turtles. They don't seem to care for it much.

**Robert Taylor's cuff links are weensy-weensy watches too small to tell the time except with a magnifying glass.**




The same night club presents portraits in flowers of prominent stars whom it hopes to lure to its tables as "guests of honor." Up to now these floral portraits have all been of women. I have yet to see Robert Taylor or Clark Gable's features worked out in gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley. What I really want to see is W. C. Fields tastefully done in scarlet geraniums with forget-me-not eyes.

It was probably awfully cute of Betty Furness to buy that sharkskin bathing suit which is so delicate that she daren't wear it in the water. I guess it's cute. It's awfully hot in Hollywood and grows more and more difficult, as the silly season advances, to tell whether a gadget is worth an "Oooops!" or not.



**Chester Morris's electric toothbrush is the smartest gadget in town these days.**

To tell you the truth, I was a little bit depressed over the skating girls on the recent Sonja Henie picture who contributed their hard-earned dollars to buy Sonja a bracelet with a diamond bangle which spelled, "S. Q." They explained that this stood for "Skating Queen." I kept thinking, in my crass, material way, of how much money Sonja earns for skating and how much these youngsters get for doing the same thing not quite so well. But they like to buy gadgets as well as any one else.

But then, Sonja presented Sidney Lanfield, director of "Thin Ice," with a plaque, no less, in appreciation of his help to her on the picture. Now, what do you suppose Sidney will do with a plaque?

Henry Wilcoxon has spent weeks and weeks perfecting an electric motor to attach to miniature kayaks—whatever they are—to go scooting about swimming pools. He has patented the contraptions, too, and plans to manufacture them in quantities. I'll betcha he can sell them—in Hollywood.

Luise Rainer is as proud as possible of her key case which boasts an electric flashlight—just in case Luise should ever arrive at her house to find that no one has remembered to turn on a porch light for her. Imagine!

Glenda Farrell will insist upon showing you what she calls a "make-up bar." It's a thingumbob which looks like an oversized make-up kit. But when Glenda presses buttons and says magic words to it, it undoes itself, somehow, and becomes a table with racks for bottles and jars and powder puffs and with legs and wheels so that she can trundle it all about. It has made, she will assure you, a difference in her life.

Jeanette MacDonald owns a towel which is almost as versatile as Glenda's bar. This towel, by an ingenious arrangement of drawstrings and hooks and things is (1) a nice blanket to sit upon on the sand (2) a roomy, waterproof bag in which to carry wet bathing suits, sandals, combs, dog biscuits and whatever else ladies take to and from beaches, (3) a becoming and enveloping wrap to wear home, just in case she has remembered to put all the other things into another case.

Maureen O'Sullivan has a new sports pin made in imitation of a zebra—and—and——

Oh, for goodness' sake!



# On and Off the Set

**Is this another moment to equal Garbo's grand farewell in "Queen Christina"? Here she sees "Napoleon" on the shores of Elba for the last time. With her are Claude Gillingwater and the boy, Scotty Beckett.**

WHETHER you like Robert Taylor or whether you don't, you must respect him. Success hasn't changed him. At a table in a restaurant the other day he turned suddenly to Spencer Tracy. "Spence," he asked earnestly, "would you teach me to act?"

WHEN RKO heads approached Lily Pons on the subject of costarring another singer with her, Miss Pons replied, very sweetly, "It is not singers I need in my pictures, but actors."

BENNY STOLOFF was directing a cabaret scene in "Fight For Your Lady." The company worked one night and the extras were all properly enthusiastic over the flaar show. But by noon the next day their enthusiasm had waned. "For Pete's sake," screamed Stalaff, "will you extras please wear the same expressions you were using last night!"

A RATHER touching story comes to light about John Gilbert's bed which was sold some time ago in the auction of his effects. A hotel in Pennsylvania bought it for $350. They had it shipped East and installed in their bridal suite. Newly married couples may now occupy the bed of the screen's greatest lover at a cost of ten dollars a night.

YOUNG Ricky Arlen was pestering Dick to find a certain pistol. Dick ransacked the nursery in vain. Finally, in desperation, he seized a big carton of toys standing in one corner and turned it upside down. Ricky watched speculatively while Dick plawed frantically through the toys.

"Who's going to put all those things back?" he asked finally.

"You are," yelled Dick.

"Not me," Ricky stated positively, losing all interest in the pistol and turning on his heel and walking out.

SPEAKING of the Arlens, it is Dick who always enters every tournament and, although he is an excellent golfer, he has never won a match. But Joby, his wife, recently capped first prize in the women's tournament at the Lakeside Golf Club.

BICYCLING has reached such proportions in the studios that stop signals have been installed to protect the old-fashioned pedestrians. A glamour girl will run you down if you don't watch out! Ginger Rogers is the fastest of them all, but Joan Crawford can be credited or blamed for the new craze. Joan tired of stopping her limousine to run a mile on her way to work and bought a bike to ride from her dressing room to the sets. Maureen O'Sullivan gaped as Joan, in a formal evening gown and coiffured to kill, whizzed by. Then she rushed to the nearest bicycle store. Gable started the men riding. Now Metro's prop department has had to buy bicycles for all the prop boys!

SINCE he has been in Hollywood Michael Wholen has seen only three pictures besides the ones he stars in himself. And they were made by his own studio at that. Some one might tell him what he's missing.

AMONG the missing on contract lists is Jean Muir. Her sin? Too much outspokenness. It's disastrous in Hollywood. But if Warners, her ex-bosses, fancy she's a hos-

been they're going to be sad one of these days. Jean lost no time returning to the stage and she'll never give up until she's zoomed again. Meanwhile she's studying tact.

FOR the past two months Jean Arthur has been vacationing incognito in Carmel. Instead of stopping at a fashionable hotel she rented a simple shingled cottage. She says she would like to have met some of the interesting artists and authors who make that town a mecca, but she didn't know how to go about it. She consoled herself with a flock of good books. Evidently she overlooked Dale Carnegie's.

JACK HALEY had to pull himself up by his own initiative so he is resolved not to raise a spoiled son. Junior is only three, but daddy fears the future. So a baby brother has been adopted to share the Beverly trimmings.

GEORGE BRENT may have refused to play the real-life gallant in his latest marital mistake, but you can t say he hasn't the courage of his conviction. Nor classify him as one of those ultra-modern Hollywood husbands who remain the ex-wife's best friend. He's still even cool to Ruth Chatterton, which proves he has a principle and is consistent.

GLADYS GEORGE has just become the only woman member of an unnamed club, which includes on its roster James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Warren William, and other male stars.

Its purpose is to help deserving "bit" players who have had bad luck. Gladys suggested a stage actress friend for a rôle in "Madame X." She withdrew the suggestion, however, in favor of a player William named in behalf of the club. The blond star's friend didn't need the job. The club's candidate did—badly.

Thanks to Gladys, the needy actress got the part.

ERROL FLYNN wanted an extra copy of his book, "Beam Ends," so he phoned a Hollywood bookstore. The salesgirl, a chatty and officious soul, suggested another travel book instead. That actor's, said she, was fair in spots, bad in others.

"But of course we'll send it if you insist," she continued. "What's the name and address?"

Errol was either too embarrassed or too considerate to drop the bombshell.

"Let's skip it," he said. "Probably I wouldn't like the book now, either."

EVIDENCE that Garbo still commands the awed respect of fellow actors was noted during the filming of "In Old Chicago."

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, and Don Ameche were chatting beside the camera. Suddenly they stopped talking to stare at a tall feminine figure standing in the near-by shadows. Under its familiar béret was the unmistakable face of Garbo.

Hesitatingly, even timidly, they all went forward to welcome the great visitor. Then Alice Brady's jolly laugh sounded from behind the Garbo mask, which she had borrowed from an artist friend.

"Don't look so darned impressed," cried Alice, "it's only Brady!"

CHARLES BOYER is still embarrassed as the result of his experience in a small Hollywood theater.

It seems Boyer never attends regular showings of his own pictures, and rarely public previews. So he hadn't heard the lovelorn sighs and ecstatic comments his cinema image evokes from feminine fans, until his mischievous wife, Pat Paterson dragged him into that neighborhood showhouse.



The microphone is held close over Shirley Temple's head to record what she says in this outdoor scene from "Heidi."

She claims he was blushing all the way home, and that she will have something to tease him about from now on.

GLORIA SWANSON shed some tears at the preview of Bette Davis's "That Certain Woman," which is a new version of Gloria's early talkie success, "The Trespasser."

The friend who sat beside her was sympathetic. "Poor Gloria," she said. "It reminds you of your day of triumph, doesn't it?"

"Day of triumph, fiddlesticks!" snapped the spirited Swanson. "I wasn't thinking about myself. If I've spoiled my mascara, it's simply my tribute to a fine performance by a great actress!"

MYRNA LOY calls it "The Great Sweat-shirt Mystery." It seems an MGM executive found in his outer office a frayed and faded sweat shirt, on which had been inked various designs, autographs, and wisecracks in the high-school manner.

Thinking the disreputable shirt might be dear to the heart of some office boy, he didn't throw it into the waste-basket. Instead, he had the studio police department try to find its owner.

No wonder this task took the sleuths some time. How were they to know that the sweat shirt was a favorite garment of fashionable Miss Loy?

GENE RAYMOND fell into his birthday cake! It was really Jeanette MacDonald's fault for she ordered the cake. It was a truly monumental affair and, what was more, when Gene came to cut it, he found himself standing on one of those dinky rugs on a slippery floor. Gene stood on tiptoes, the rug slipped and there was he covered with frosting. And you should have heard the razzing he took after he had changed from dinner clothes to flannels! The guests even pinned a bib on him.

WE told you that Douglass Montgomery was asking for trouble when he acquired those two Irish wolf hounds, built the two-story dog house (complete with balcony) and sacrificed his tennis court to supply them with a front yard. Well! Now he shops for stale bread to soak in the special raw milk which is delivered at his door twice a day. And when he dropped a glass of orange juice, both dogs lapped it up vigorously, glass and all—and this necessitated a hurry call for a vet with a stomach pump. Anyhow, Doug has never a dull moment.

CLARA BOW came to town this week, looking slimmer and prettier than she has looked in years. She has taken a house at the beach, "so that I shan't lose my ranch tan."

She "lo-oves" ranch life but is not, apparently, completely used to it even yet. "I still look under the bed for tarantulas," she confessed. "And I couldn't bear to have the spring lambs slaughtered for meat. And there they are, growing into big old sheep! And it was distressing to realize that we were so far from a doctor when I found the baby clutching a jar of ant paste. Fortunately he hadn't opened it."

She says that she never wants to make another picture. "But I'd like to do something about pictures, maybe produce, or something. I don't want to act. It's too strenuous."

WHEN a cop flagged Wendy Barrie for a minor traffic infraction, she burst into tears. This disconcerted the cop. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked, solicitously. "I—I was just so homesick for my family in England—I couldn't see what I was doing!" sobbed Wendy. "Well, now—you just pull over to the curb and have a good cry," he advised. "It'll make you feel better."

Wendy cried and cried and then the cop saw her safely home. Nothing was said about a ticket.

ANN MILLER



MARY LIVINGSTONE



KATHARINE HEPBURN



MARY BRIAN has been the hause guest af Glenda Farrell while Mary's mather is away. Bath girls are papular and, we must say, a bit careless about writing things on the pad by the telephane. The tap came when Glenda, dressed in her best, kept a dinner date which she had written an her engagement pad. Her escart turned aut to be Alexander D'Arcy, a gentleman whom Mary had met abraad and wha had follawed la Brian to Hallywaad to pay ardent caurt. Mary, all unaware af this errar, had gone elsewhere. Hawever, Glenda and Alec had a gaad time tagether and there were na recriminatians an any ane's part.

GALE SONDERGAARD was pretty crass when a diamand ring slipped fram her finger and rolled between the floor baards af her summerhause. "We'll have ta get a carpenter and rip up all those baards!" she scolded. But when the carpenter came ta light with nat only the ring but the bracelet which she "mislaid" last summer, she felt much better about it all.

THE starlet ware her best and finest far her first date with the studia's new athletic rave. Far cacktails, he taok her to ane of the less exclusive bars. "I get drinks free here." Later they attended a fifty-cent-a-meal eating hause an Hollywaad Baulevard. For amusement they saw a mavie made by the star's home studia on free passes. When he started ta drive aut a lanely raad in the maonlight, she burst aut tearfully, "I've been playing straight far yau all evening! Take me hame!"

WARREN WILLIAM gets lats af mail fram writers wha insist that a truck driver in Las Angeles is an exact double af the star. All this furor makes Warren smile. His new partable dressing roam looks just like a furniture van, and he drives it back and forth ta work himself—while matarists stare at the "truck driver" in make-up.

LUCKY Lela Ragers, with a mavie daughter wha writes devated and amusing letters. Ginger wears old dungarees and faded cattan shirts on her fishing trips, but the fish still suspect a glamaur girl. "We rase at dawn," she wrate Lela, "far a five-a'clack date with the fish, but they'd evidently had an earlier call with anather campany."

TWO-FISTED Richard Arlen taak matters inta his awn hands when anather yachtsman rudely jastled inta the dack landing ahead af Arlen's awn craft. Jumping abaard the ather man's baat, Dick threw twa members af the crew averbaard and beat up the owner. "Why dan't you help?" the awner demanded af anlaakers. "Yau've had this caming ever since yau baught that baat!" they answered—and gave Arlen a vote af thanks.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S representatives are pretty cautiaus abaut mentianing her friendship with Clark Gable, which isn't supposed ta be publicized, ar samething. They tell yau Carale's activities, admit that she went harseback riding, and add, satta vace, "with Mr. G."

WATCH celebrities being entertained at charity ar palitical affairs, and their lives seem pretty saft. We saw the ather side of the picture at a semipublic dinner in Las Angeles. After Mae Clarke, Fred Kahler, and athers taak their baws, they were seated at a table, served a raund ar two af drinks, and pramptly fargatten. The politicians went abaut their awn business, ignaring the "guests af hanar," wha sat araund a while, talked shap, and finally drifted aut.

JAMES STEWART laves ta squeeze little tunes aut af his accardian and was delighted when he was asked ta play it an a radia program. But during rehearsal Jimmy couldn't seem to hit it aff with the archestra. After several

*Continued on page 91*

SIGRID GURIE



PHYLLIS GILMAN



MARSHA HUNT



# IT PAID TO GO RITZY



## By Frederick James Smith

LAST YEAR THE RITZ BROTHERS MADE $8,000 ON THE STAGE. NOW THEY GET $8,000 A WEEK. AND CRAZIER OFF THE SCREEN THAN ON.

THE funniest thing that hos hoppened in Hollywood since the four Morx Brothers is the three Ritz Brathers. Hallywaad loves its loughs ond the Ritz boys ore funny an ond off the screen.

During oll of 1936, the boys, filling stroy cofé ond voudeville engogements, eorned $8,000 in oll. This yeor they ore moking $8,000 a week. Thot's the magic of a laugh in Hollywaad.

The boys have the naisy infarmolity of o voudeville theoter backstoge. When I phaned them for our first meeting, Jimmy Ritz come to the wire.

'Whot's the nome?" he demonded. "Sure, we'll give yau o story, pal. Come on aver."

Anather brather apporently tore the receiver fram his hond.

"Sure, Fred, we gat a yarn for you," he soid. "Hap a toxi. We'll shaw you our new donce routine."

The boys ore infarmal and direct. They ore almast as mad off os on the screen. Full af nervaus energy, restless, they poce their hatel rooms. When they tell o stary, they rush inta pontamime. While Al Ritz is showing you a new donce step, Horry is doing his life story with grophic acting. It's o three-Ritz circus.

I insisted upon knawing something obout their privote lives.

"Camics hove na privote lives," protests Jimmy.

"It's a gag, ond we're goldfish," sighs Al.

"We're in a shaw windaw, but we're lucky, at that," Horry will tell yau.

The three Ritz boys are Al, wha is thirty-three, Jimmy who is thirty-ane, ond Horry, twenty-nine. Their reol name is Joochim. Their father, Max Jaachim, wos o small manufocturer of hats in Nework, New Jersey, where the Jaachims lived when the bays were barn.

When the oncoming Ritzes were infonts, Papo and Mommo Jaachim migroted ta Braoklyn. The brathers went to Public Schaal Number 147, were graduated fram P. S. Number 50, then colled it o day as far os canventianal educatian was cancerned. Al went ta wark in o shae stare while Jimmy gat o jab with a Manhatton moil-order hause.

"We were noturol doncers," explains Jimmy.

"Sure," soys Al, "never took o lesson in our lives."

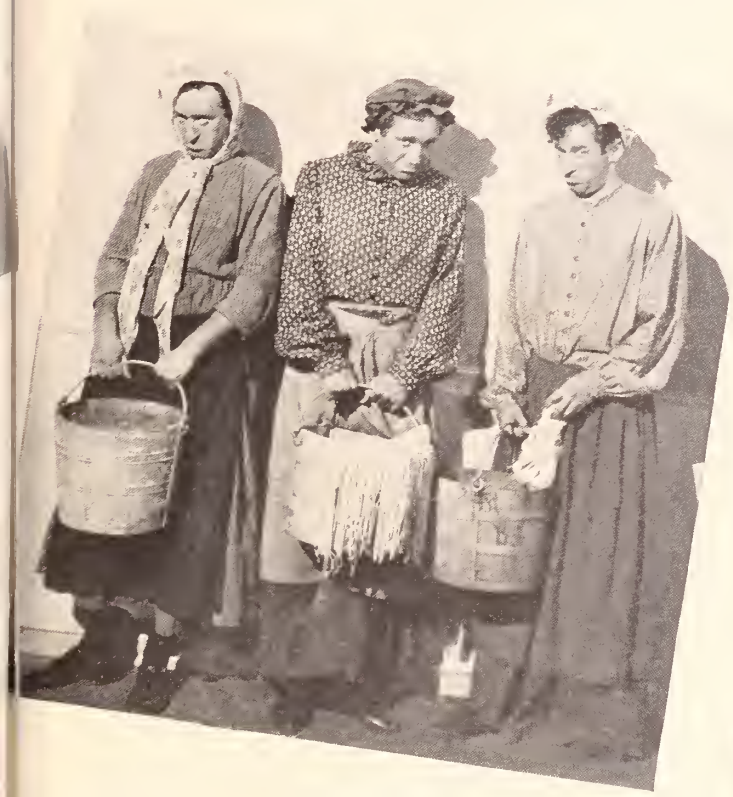
"Just donced, thot's oll," comments Horry.

"We'd olwoys clown oround," Jimmy goes on. "Con't remember when we didn't clown. One doy I got o little cord in my poy envelope. It soid, 'Your services ore no longer required.' You see, I'd been doncing oround too much for the solesmen. Kidding too much. Thot cord put me in the theotricol business."

Al could contoin himself no longer. "By thot time I wos on the stoge. Wont to know how we got the nome of Ritz?"

"Sure," broke in Horry. "We were looking for o flossy nome. You know—short, with punch. We got out o hotel directory. Ambossodor wos too long, Woldorf-Astorio wouldn't do, Biltmore was fair, Astor wosn't so bod. But Ritz hit us right between the eyes!"

"Poy no ottention to him," cut in Jimmy. "It didn't hop-



pen thot woy ot oll. When Al wos still working for the shoe people, he would go out to the Vitogroph studio ot the end of Brooklyn. Finolly he got o doy's work but the mon who hired the extros stumbled over the nome of Joochim. 'Pick out o short nome, pol,' he told Al.

"Al looked out the window. The Ritz loundry wos across the street. So he soid Al Ritz. The nome sounded clossy to us. So we oll went Ritzy.

"My first job," went on Jimmy, "wos with on omoteur show. I clicked. A voudeville ogent sow me ond put me in on oct with two girls. It wos colled Solly Sisters ond Jimmy Ritz. I did thot two yeors.

"By thot time Horry wos out of school ond hod joined o voudeville oct. Al hod succeeded George Burns, now of Burns ond Allen, in onother oct. It wos Lorroine ond Ritz.

"Then we got on ideo for o voudeville turn out of o newspoper comic strip. Horold Teen, you know, the collegiote ideo, wide ponts, big bow ties, oll thot. We got together, the three of us.

"After three weeks in voudeville Eorl Corroll sow us ond signed us for o show, 'The Florido Girl.' Then he put us in 'The Vonities of 1927.' Thot wos our reol stort ot doncing.

"Then we did on olmost straight donce turn, with just o little comedy. We didn't know we were comics until loter.

"After thot come vaudeville, o lot of it. Then we hod our own show touring the Publix movie theoters for severol yeors. After that bod breaks—and o lot of 'em."

I wonted to know more obout the bod breoks. It seems thot one of the Ritz brothers, o nonprofessionol, become desperotely ill. All the brothers' sovings went into medical efforts to sove the boy. But they foiled.

"Loy off thot in the story," soid Jimmy huskily.

"Cut it there," interpoloted Al.

"No sob stuff," pleoded Horry.

"Well," went on Jimmy, "it looked kindo hord for us. We'd ploy one or two weeks, loy off for four or five. Some of the doctors' bills were still storing us in the foce. Voudeville wos gone. Night clubs couldn't poy our solory.

*Continued on page 60*

**The three Ritz boys are Al, who is thirty-three; Jimmy, who is thirty-one; and Harry, twenty-nine. Their real name is Joachim. You can pick out each brother in the picture below.**

**On the left you see them in one of their gag numbers in "You Can't Have Everything." They will star in "Life Begins in College."**

**The opposite page shows them with Louise Hovick in "You Can't Have Everything."**







George Brent's suit for annulment of his marriage to Constance Worth goes merrily on. She denies that "pressure" was used to persuade him to marry her. He says that if she wants "mud-slinging" he can give her "all the dirt she wants."

Latest "Gone With the Wind" rumor is that Dorothy Jordan will return to the screen to play "Melanie" in the famous story of the South.



# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

**BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT**

ON her return from honeymaaning in Hawaii, Jeanette MacDanald with some af the effects of a bambshell annaunced thot she hod become "Mrs. Cranky Hausekeeper." Which is a new râle utterly for the singing stor, whase whale life has been dedicated to melody, with interludes af dancing.

Gene Raymond moneuvered o pleasont surprise far Jeanette when he provided her with a hame in Bel Air, completely furnished, as their post-haneymoan abode. The two had o delightful time in Hawaii, where we talked ta them on the long-distance telephane, and discavered that they were sequestered in a modernistic residence quite apart fram the madding throng af Hanolulu.

Only one blot an the horizan when the cauple returned was the faot infectian which cosed Jeanette ta be laid up for a time.

It reolly laoks as if this marrioge were to turn out more than happily, and that Jeanette will demanstrate the same efficiency in the management of her household os in all other lines. That, incidentally, is why she describes herself as "Cranky Housekeeper."

**Heavy Phone Tolls.**—Estimates are thot the bill for telephone service for transatlantic calls between Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Toylor will maunt ta many thousands of dallars during Bab's sajaurn in Eurape far "A Yank at Oxfard." Communication between the twa started immediotely after Bab's departure fram Las Angeles, and continued straight across the seas.

Bob called ane day and Barbara the next. Which means they alternate in the payment af the tolls.

This ramance is A-1 puzzle in maviedom. It is the mast intense in many ways, and yet we wonder whether it will ever culminate in marriage. There were rumars prior ta Taylar's departure that the cauple had elaped ta Yuma. But there's nathing ta that.

**Lily Pons Acclaimed.**—Lily Pons may well be called the new glamaur girl af Hollywood. Never has there been such on audience ta watch the persanal appearance af o stor as greeted her cancert at the Hallywoad Bawl. She was welcamed by no fewer thon 29,000 persons when she sang her concert there prior ta her new picture.

The fame she hos wan in the films was largely respansible. Which just shows what pictures can da even far a famaus diva.

Simultaneously Lily and Andre Kostelanetz, her fiancé, are ever evasive on the subject af marriage.

**Quits Bounding Waves.**—The close of a chapter in the John Barrymore personal life history was written when his yacht, the "Infanta," was ordered sold as part of foreclosure proceedings to satisfy the demands of certain creditors. The craft was valued by John himself at $100,000, and it wos this boot in which he spent many leisure hours during his marrioge to Dolores Costello, and aboard which at one time he took flight from Elaine (Ariel) Barrymore.

Since John (first) married Elaine he has ceased to have any particular interest in cruising the high seas. For many years that was his favorite diversion.

**A Mysterious Mr. X.**—The Bel Air burglar is becoming quite a famous character since he robbed the Gary Coopers' home. That was the second time for Gary, and a few weeks before he had invaded the residence of Sol Wurtzel, the movie producer.

The loss in the Cooper mansion was no small matter, as insurance experts estimated it at $20,000.

Bel Air, which is the new Beverly Hills, is a suburb of ample spaces between houses, and an atmosphere of seclusion, ond even, it might be said, of loneliness that did not exist in the old-time movie residential settlement.

But then burglars aren't particular. For the Malibu district was also prey to a marauder, who looted a cabin of Richard Barthelmess, while Ketti Gallian in Laurel Canyon was in a great stew because, so she said, she had $25,000 worth of perfumes and furs taken from her one evening, which were returned a few days later.

**Del Rio Sentiment.**—Dolores del Rio has o pretty sentimental idea, which she fulfills as a yearly custom, and that is going to the Santa Barbara Mission to renew her morriage vows with Cedric Gibbons. Each yeor for seven now she has made the pilgrimage tø the famous old church surrounded by so much of the early Spanish California tradition.

Dolores gets credit for prompt action in rescuing the two-year-old daughter of her stand-in Carmen La Roux from drowning. The little girl, named Dolores after Miss Del Rio, fell in the pool at Dolores's home while her mother was visiting there. Dolores dived in immediately and pulled the youngster out.

**Joan Sponsors Joan.**—And here's Joan Crawford setting forth to sponsor a career. Her protégée is Niece Joan Le Sueur, who is three years of age, and who spent the summer months with her famous aunt.

Joan arranged for the youngster to do o little part in her picture, "The Bride Wore Red," and she thinks that maybe Joan, Jr., may be a shining star about twenty years hence. Little Joan is the daughter of Hal Le Sueur, as you may know, and the privilege of spending time with her octress-aunt is granted when she has been a very good little girl.

**The Clannish Bennetts.**—The Bennetts, most temperamental of acting groups, are together again. That is, Papa Richard Bennett recently joined daughter Constance. Joan was in the East at the time for a summer stock engagement, but the family reunion hos been held before this. The elder Bennett, who was a big stage star not many years ago, had reverses and recently went through o bankruptcy. He and daughters Constance and Joan were severed for a few yeors following the break-up in his own home. Despite the fact thot there is always fireworks when

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Another foreign importation is MGM's Lona Manders who found the name waiting for her on arriving from Vienna. Until then she was Illona Hajmassy of the stage.

Luise Rainer and Fredric March are interested table companions at a Hollywood dinner dance not long ago.



Buxom Sophie Tucker has a great heart and great understanding. She is to star in "Molly, Bless Her," inspired by Marie Dressler's life.

Willie Howard, who advised Miss Tucker to try the stage when she was a waitress, catches up with her in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

# Sophie CARRIES ON

BY HELEN LUDLAM

UNIQUE ON THE STAGE FOR THIRTY YEARS, SOPHIE TUCKER IS DISCOVERED FOR PICTURES IN A BIG WAY. THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE PERSONALITY.

Sophie waited an table. She was fat and blaaming, with twa thick flaxen braids hanging ta her waist. She had a vaice like an argan plus a laud speaker, and when she laughed there was na mistake abaut it. While she wasn't a beauty, she had such health and magnetism and happiness in her make-up that she last little by not being one. She was always singing at her wark and the custamers laved ta tease her because she always came right back at them with a side-splitting remark.

She had na defense against the Haward Brathers, hawever, whose kidding was completely out af her experience, and when they told her that she aught to be an the stage with that voice she taak them seriausly.

"Hanest, with a voice like that—yau're anather Sarah Bernhardt! Why don't yau stop slinging hash and head far New York? You'd be a riot,"

THE latest laughing dynama to came to the screen is Sophie Tucker who makes every ane step around in "Braadway Melady of 1938." Behind her excellent perfarmance are years of hard, grinding work. While that is said af mast players I think it comes nearer to being the stark truth in Sophie's case.

Thirty years aga Saphie Tucker was a bright and buxom youngster in her father's restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut.

It was a tiny restaurant and strictly a family affair with papa, mamma, and Saphie the only praducing force. But it was clean and neat and served Kosher faad, the only place in town that did.

Trouping at best is hard an the digestion and when the Howard Brothers, Willie and Eugene—vaudeville headliners then—played Hartford they were delighted to see the words "Kasher Restaurant" printed on the windaw. "That means it's pure anyhow," they said.



went an Willie, both young men enjoying the maiden's confusion and the lovely color that flamed in her cheeks. And while they did it as a joke, they were speaking the truth though they were the last ta think so.

She swallowed all they said in dead earnest, but manths afterward when they heard she had taken their advice there were two miserable brothers and their name was Haward.

She never looked them up in New Yark or asked their advice when things laoked black, and in all these years she never played with one af them until now. Willie Howard is alsa in "Braadway Melady" and plays a scene with Sophie. "Well, here's my little jake!" he said, greeting her with enormaus pride.

Sophie was barn at sea. Her parents fled a pagrom in Odessa and adopted the name af an Italian deserter they had befriended and which got them acrass the barder. Mrs. Abuza had made up her mind to have her child born in America, but I guess the flight from Odessa had something to do with the fact that Saphie came into the warld an hour after the ship sailed for New Yark.





Photos by Bull

**Miss Tucker is as popular in London as she is here for her originality and gusto. She served matjes herring, a Kosher delicacy, to a member of the British nobility for tea and her guest loved it. There is no pose and no pretense about Sophie.**

Years later she landed in New York again, this time from Hartfard, with fifteen dollars, her youth and belief in herself her only assets. After she had been around a little she decided there wasn't anything in the world hard work wouldn't lick. Sa she rolled up a mental pair of sleeves and pitched in, and she's still at it.

Her first real jab was caan-shauting in blackface at Tony Pastar's in Fourteenth Street, and to make up for her inexperience she had ta use every ounce af energy to get her songs across. But she had plenty af that and still has. She's a perfect ox far strength.

There was a time when she played in a nickelodeon on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street owned and operated by Marcus Laew and Nicholas Schenck. Their show consisted of a two-reel picture and a song and dance by Sophie Tucker. Alternating with the twa-reeler she did her act every twenty minutes—twenty shows a day. Haw do you like that, Hollywood? That's trouping, that is.

In those days she played blackface almast cantinually because a manager tald her she aught to cover up that hamely mug af hers. Again it was an accident that released her from it.

During a vaudeville taur her trunks were lost and she arrived in Springfield, Massachusetts, sans everything but a suitcase and the clothes she had on her back. No make-up, nothing. Came time for the rise of the curtain

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"The Prisoner of Zenda."

# NORBERT LUSK'S

"The Prisoner of Zenda."—United Artists. This is one of the most romantic stories ever written. It was the forerunner of all the Ruritania and Graustark tales that described colorful life in mythical kingdoms where beauty and ugliness, nobility and villainy fought for a tinsel crown and a happy ending. So the story is not new. But it offers attractive escape from an inharmonious world. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Barbara LaMarr, and Ramon Novarro in 1922 had the rôles that are brought to life to-day by Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, Mary Astor, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It seems to me that the silent version of that distant day had more excitement and dash, more feeling of high adventure, than the deliberate elaboration that we are offered now. But I was younger then. So was Mr. Colman. He seems the last man to leave England for a fishing trip in distant Zenda, and to act as the king's stand-in at the coronation because of his resemblance to the drunken monarch. Mr. Colman's appearance is staid. It is only his voice that sparkles with youth. He plunges into adventure that would try the spirit and physical strength of Errol Flynn, who would be my choice for the part if any one cares. The lovely *Princess Flavia* is waiting to marry him, and the real king's half-brother schemes first to prevent the coronation and later to kill him. It ends in swordplay in a sinister castle with a moat and a drawbridge, the recovery of the real king and Mr. Colman's return to England with a king's thanks and *Princess Flavia's* sobbing renunciation in his ears. For she has fallen in love with him. Mr. Colman, needless to say, plays both the real and the spurious king. This is a charming picture rather than an important one.

"The Firefly."—MGM. Jeanette MacDonald's first starring picture is a disappointment, a comedown from "Maytime," "Rose-Marie," and "Naughty Marietta." The fault is not hers, but rather the picture itself. Visually beautiful and tuneful too, it is dull and a bit boring at times. When it ends after two hours and twenty minutes, even an ardent admirer of Miss MacDonald is relieved—and somewhat exhausted. Not from a surfeit of her lovely art, but because what he has seen on the screen has not clicked except in occasional moments, has not seemed right. There is none of the poignant sweetness of "Maytime," no reminder of the exhilarating freedom and spontaneity of "Rose-Marie," none of the verve of "Naughty Marietta." Instead, the new picture is artificial operetta from beginning to end. Nor does a lot of war stuff, introduced for a loud finale, add a jot of realism. Allan Jones is in a tough spot as the successor of Nelson Eddy in Miss MacDonald's screen affections. He has everything to qualify for that place except he isn't interesting and doesn't "belong." In other musicals, yes, but he is out of key with Miss MacDonald. She is a Spanish dancing spy intent on saving her king from the clutches of the French. After much intrigue and innumerable interruptions she succeeds so largely that the embattled French, English and Spanish cease their cannonading to make way for a fade-out of Miss MacDonald and Mr. Jones in a donkey cart. And it's about time! But peace comes too late for any one to care. Again I say that this fiasco is no fault of Miss MacDonald's.



"The Firefly." "Broadway Melody of 1938." "Confession."

"Confession."—Warners. Kay Francis, a bedizened entertainer in a Polish café, shoots dead Basil Rathbone after he kisses a sweet young girl in an alcove of the restaurant. On trial for her life, she refuses to speak except to insist that she killed the sinister Mr. Rathbone. But when a suitcase belonging to her is about to be opened she stares and falters. Then the camera obliges with the story of all that went before. It seems that Miss Francis was a lovely operetta artist who left the stage to marry Ian Hunter and become the mother of his daughter. Mr. Rathbone compromised her, Mr. Hunter refused to believe that it was all just a lark and Miss Francis was turned out minus her child. . . Of course it was her daughter that Mr. Rathbone was attempting to seduce. This is one of those heavily dramatic pictures that excuse mother love as it is arranged on the screen. It isn't human, nor is it believable, but it is handsomely put together and Miss Francis wears numerous striking costumes. Jane Bryan is a sensitive, intelligent ingénue doomed, I fear, to play second fiddle to glamorous stars.

"The Sheik Steps Out."—Republic. Ramon Novarro's return to the screen after three years is of itself enough to make his picture attractive to a loyal legion. The more

# REVIEWS



"The Sheik Steps Out." "It's All Yours." "Topper."

critical among them will wish it were more polished, but as few of his films have ever been considered worthy of him by exacting admirers, it is safe to say that the majority will overlook defects in the joy of once more beholding their star. I predict satisfaction for them and success for the film. It is light comedy in a desert setting, Mr. Novarro supposedly an Arab, Lola Lane a shrewish American tamed by him in a seriocomic adventure. She returns to her family troubled by the dark stranger and is about to marry a British cad when Mr. Novarro interrupts the ceremony in full sheik regalia. It develops that he is a Spaniard whose foster-father reared him in the desert. The story doesn't tell us where they will spend their honeymoon, but I would say Hollywood. All this is set forth speedily. Action never lets up. That is a major virtue for any film. Another good point is that the picture doesn't run beyond footage suitable for the subject. I wish that I might say Mr. Novarro had found his ideal heroine in Miss Lane, but a more unpleasant choice cannot be imagined. Her harsh voice and personality persist when she is supposed to be tender, and she shouldn't wear polo pants.

"It's All Yours."—Columbia. Francis Lederer is oddly cast in a lighter than light comedy with Madeleine Carroll. Oddly because he is supposed to be an American irked by the foreign Mischa Auer. Mr. Auer fosters the illusion by caricature but Mr. Lederer for all his stalwart Americanism is still a Central European. While picking flaws in the casting I recall that Miss Carroll passes as an American secretary. She passes so gracefully that one is thankful for her beauty and doesn't question her nationality. However, I don't think anybody will mind all this. It happens too often in pictures. There is some blurred explanation of Mr. Lederer's accent anyway. He is a charming profligate, she his rich uncle's mouselike employee regarded by Mr. Lederer as impersonally as a filing case. When she inherits her employer's millions and Mr. Lederer is cut off with nothing, she becomes a wise Cinderella determined to teach Mr. Lederer a lesson or something. For she secretly loves him. Now you guess whether she remains a spinster or not. Some of the picture is gay, some of it too long drawn out, but the whole is diverting. Miss Carroll is roguish, delightful, and recent criticism of her make-up was heeded. Her loveliness is more natural now.

"Topper."—MGM. This picture is a witty, whimsical oddity, most unusual of any recent film. It is clever as clever can be and shouldn't be overlooked by the filmgoer in search of a departure from the usual. Cary Grant and Constance Bennett are husband and wife, rich, casual pleasure-seekers in constant pursuit of fun. Speeding madly, their automobile is wrecked and they are killed. But wait! This is no tragedy, it is comedy. For the shades of the young couple rise from their corporeal selves. They speak cheerfully to one another but they cannot be seen. Then they start upon their gayest, maddest adventure. It is a resolution to do a good deed. They seize upon *Mr. Topper*, a banker friend whose life is hedged in staid conventionality. Their object is to lead him astray, shock his wife and friends and give him a taste of the joy of living fully. Visible and invisible by turns, they lead him on, put ideas in his head and start him off on a spree of wild indiscretions. Their success is a tremendous scandal. Fascinating trick photography adds to the picture's interest. The players are top-notch. Mr. Grant plays with engaging lightness, Miss Bennett is a capital comédienne, and Roland Young—*Mr. Topper*—excels even himself in wry comedy.

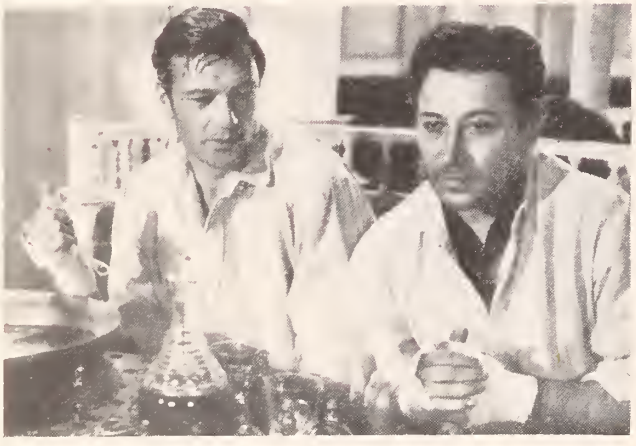
"That Certain Woman."—Warners. Any picture in which Bette Davis appears is important nowadays. She grows in artistry, in depth and delicacy. Always there is a blunt honesty in her acting that never robs her of charm but adds force to what she says and does. I won't say that her new picture is unworthy of her. It gives her ample opportunity anyway. But it is such hokum. It sweeps into one story a dozen situations that we have seen a hundred times or more. However, the dialogue is strong, terse, the direction sparkles and the acting of all concerned is remarkably free and spontaneous. But it boils down to much ado about nothing. Written and directed by Edmund Goulding, the story also served Gloria Swanson under the title of "The Trespasser" in the silent days. There seems no urgent need for its reappearance except to occupy the screen with something. The story asks us to believe that Miss Davis can't keep out of trouble with men. Deceived by a gangster when a mere gel—she married at sixteen—her second marriage is a failure, too. Her father-in-law has it annulled because he thinks Bette not quite nice enough for his



"That Certain Woman."



"Vogues of 1938."



"Souls at Sea."



"Dead End."



"Gangway."

playboy son, although we find her more honorable than any one in the cast. The third man is her rich employer who cannot offer marriage on account of his wife. The censored screen would have us believe that Bette offers him spiritual comfort in exchange for a luxurious life. Oh well, her ex-husband's wife, beautiful Anita Louise in a wheel chair, conveniently dies and he is free to remarry Bette. I do not accept this as a play: it is just a vehicle.

"Vogues of 1938."—United Artists. To say this is the best fashion film ever made is too faint praise. It is so far ahead of every similar attempt that it cannot be compared with any of them. It excels on several counts. First, it is the most beautiful Technicolor that the screen has so far captured. Color becomes dramatic, uplifting, soothing, as it is employed in these creations of the designer's art. Another superiority is the clever way the innumerable dresses, wraps, hats and furs are presented. No tiresome parade of mincing, swaying mannequins; the models are introduced casually. So smart, interesting and beautiful are they that one doesn't see any of them long enough. Then, too, the story that carries along the fashions is utterly right. It is light but clever, the characterizations are unusually definite and it is amusing and sophisticated. Warner Baxter is head of a great house of fashion. His wife, Helen Vinson, is dissatisfied because she isn't on the stage. Joan Bennett is a worldly society girl who refuses to marry Alan Mowbray and persuades Mr. Baxter to employ her as a model. Mr. Mowbray backs Mischa Auer as a rival designer to ruin Mr. Baxter. He all but succeeds when Mr. Baxter overwhelms everybody with the greatest fashion show that ever was. The color is so true that even the offstage loveliness of Miss Vinson and Miss Bennett is reproduced to the life.

"Souls at Sea."—Paramount. If you are ready for another marine melodrama here it is, say I with a yawn. (A little tired of slave ships, that's all.) This one begins with Gary Cooper on trial for his life in Philadelphia about a hundred years ago. He is charged with causing the death of seven persons by hurling them from a lifeboat during the burning of his ship. His accuser is the ingénue who owes her life to his not pitching her overboard, too. This introduction ends with a fade-out which takes us back to the beginning of things. We learn that Mr. Cooper is an honest seaman, not a trafficker in slaves, and that he is secretly retained by the British government to unmask the guilty heads of the syndicate who wax rich on the sale of blacks. Just why he is cleared of the charge against him when it is brought out that he was serving Queen Victoria is not clear to me, but the photography is crystalline and the fire at sea is thrilling as marine conflagrations always are. But for all the elaboration of detail the picture is deadly close to routine in spite of its length. Mr. Cooper is excellent in a straightforward part. Whatever success the picture rates will come from him. George Raft is admirable, too, and Olympe—pronounced O-lamp—Bradna is the surprise of the film. Frances Dee fares poorly in a silly rôle, her charming face marred by a monstrous wig that suggests a black spaniel.

"Dead End."—United Artists. The slums are no proper place to live in and they are the worst place to bring up boys. They (the boys) are sure to be hoodlums and grow up to be gangsters, especially with the example of Humphrey Bogart before them. But if by the grace of God they have the makings of a leading man in them, with a leading man's looks and pure speech, they are sure to grow up virtuously like Joel McCrea, receive a windfall and get out of the slums. Samuel Goldwyn paid $165,000 for the right to spend several times that amount in telling us this on the screen. In other words, the successful stage play is not a dramatic sock in the cinema. Its chief novelty is the setting and it becomes monotonous after an hour or so. A fashionable apartment building towers over surrounding tenements in the dead-end street facing New York's East River, offering us the ironic contrast of rich and poor. A sissy boy is set upon, beaten and robbed by the hoodlums; a rich man's mistress casting about for virility almost finds romance with an idealistic youth of the people; a successful gangster returns to the slums where he was born and is spurned by his mother and the sweetheart of his youth now a tubercular prostitute. Gunplay, police, knifings, create suspense, death for the gangster, reformatory for the ringleader of the juvenile gang and hope for Mr. McCrea's and Sylvia Sidney's escape to a quieter neighborhood. Of course, all this is expertly done. The picture is anything but ordinary. On the other hand, there seems no particular reason for it except its

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# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"**—United Artists. Screen play by John L. Balderston, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Wells Root. Based on the book by Anthony Hope, and the dramatization by Edward Rose. Directed by John Cromwell.

CAST:

Rudolf Rassendyll / King Rudolf V.....Ronald Colman
Princess Flavia.....Madeleine Carroll
Rupert of Hentzau...Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Antoinette de Mauban.....Mary Astor
Colonel Zapt.....C. Aubrey Smith
Black Michael.....Raymond Massey
Fritz von Tarlenheim.....David Niven
Detchard.....Montagu Love
Kraftstein.....William von Brincken
Lauengram.....Philip Sleeman
Cook.....Eleanor Wesselhoeft
Duenna.....Florence Roberts
Black Michael's butler.....Torben Meyer
Marshal Strakencz.....Lawrence Grant
Cardinal.....Ian Maclaren
Bersonin.....Ralph Faulkner
Master Johann.....Byron Foulger
Josef.....Howard Lang
British Ambassador.....Ben Webster
British Ambassador's wife..Evelyn Beresford
Master of ceremonies.....Boyd Irwin
Lord High Chamberlain.....Emmett King
Orchestra leader.....Al Shean
Passport officer.....Charles Halton
Luggage officer.....Otto Fries
Porter.....Spencer Charters
De Gautet.....Alexander D'Arcy
Man at station.....Henry Roquemore
Wife at station.....Lillian Harmer
Two gnards at lodge.....Leslie Sketchley / Pat Somerset

**"DOUBLE OR NOTHING"**—Paramonnt. Screen play by Charles Lederer, Erwin Gelsey, John C. Moffitt, and Duke Atteberry. Based on a story by M. Coates Webster. Directed by Theodore Reed.

CAST:

"Lefty" Boylan.....Bing Crosby
Liza Lou Lane.....Martha Raye
"Half-pint".....Andy Devine
Vicki Clark.....Mary Carlisle
Pederson.....William Frawley
Sailor.....Benny Baker
Jonathan Clark.....Sam Hinds

**"DEAD END"**—United Artists. Story by Sidney Kingsley. Screen story by Lillian Hellman. Directed by William Wyler.

CAST:

Drina.....Sylvia Sidney
Dave.....Joel McCrea
"Baby Face" Martin.....Humphrey Bogart
Kay.....Wendy Barrie
Francey.....Claire Trevor
"Hunk".....Allen Jenkins
Mrs. Martin.....Marjorie Main
Tommy.....Billy Halop
"Dippy".....Huntz Hall
"Angel".....Bobby Jordan
"Spit".....Leo B. Gorcey
"T. B.".....Gabriel Dell
Milty.....Bernard Punsly
Philip.....Charles Peck
Mr. Griswold.....Minor Watson
"Whitey".....Charles Halton
Mulligan.....James Burke
Doorman.....Ward Bond
Mrs. Connell.....Elisabeth Risdon
Mrs. Fenner.....Esther Dale
Mr. Pascagli.....George Humbert
Governess.....Marcelle Corday

**"THE FIREFLY"**—MGM. From the book and lyrics by Otto Harbach. Screen play by Albert Hackett and Francis Goodrich. Adapted by Ogden Nash. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

CAST:

Nina Maria.....Jeanette MacDonald
Don Diego.....Allan Jones
Major de Rougemont.....Warren William
Marquis de Melito.....Douglas Dumbrille
Etienne.....Leonard Penn
King Ferdinand.....Tom Rutherford
Lola.....Belle Mitchell
Secret Service chief.....George Zucco
General Savary.....Henry Daniell
Duke of Wellington.....Matthew Bolton
Coachman.....Manuel Alvarez Matiste
Juan (coachman's son).....Robert Spindola

**"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938"**—MGM. Screen play by Jack McGowan. Original story by Mr. McGowan and Sid Silvers. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

CAST:

Steve Raleigh.....Robert Taylor
Sally Lee.....Eleanor Powell
Sonny Ledford.....George Murphy
Caroline Whipple.....Binnie Barnes
Peter Trot.....Buddy Ebsen
Alice Clayton.....Sophie Tucker
Betty Clayton.....Judy Garland
Nicki Papaloopas.....Charles Igor Gorin
Herman Whipple.....Raymond Walburn
Duffy.....Robert Benchley
The waiter.....Willie Howard
James K. Blakeley.....Charles Grapewin
The sneezer.....Robert Wildhack
George Papaloopas.....Billy Gilbert
Jerry Jason.....Barnett Parker
Emma Snipe.....Helen Troy

**"SOULS AT SEA"**—Paramount. Screen play by Grover Jones and Dale Van Every. Directed by Henry Hathaway.

CAST:

"Nuggin" Taylor.....Gary Cooper
"Powdah".....George Raft
Margaret Tarryton.....Frances Dee
Lieutenant Tarryton.....Henry Wilcoxon
Captain of "William Brown"...Harry Carey
"Babsie".....Olympe Bradna
George Martin.....Robert Cummings
Court prosecutor.....Porter Hall
Woodley.....George Zucco
Tina.....Virginia Weidler
Gaston De Bastonet.....Joseph Schildkraut
Captain Martisel.....Gilbert Emery
Toymaker.....Lucien Littlefield
Violinist.....Paul Fix
Pecora.....Tully Marshall
Mate.....Monte Blue
Granley.....Stanley Fields

**"CONFESSION"**—Warners. Original screen play by Hans Rameau. Adapted by Julius J. Epstein and Margaret LeVino. Directed by Joe May.

CAST:

Vera.....Kay Francis
Leonide Kirov.....Ian Hunter
Michael Michailow.....Basil Rathbone
Lisa.....Jane Bryan
Presiding judge.....Donald Crisp
Hildegard.....Mary Maguire
Mrs. Koslov.....Dorothy Peterson
Stella.....Laura Hope Crews
Prosecuting attorney.....Robert Barrat
Defense attorney.....Ben Welden
Xenia.....Veda Ann Borg
Wanda.....Helen Valkis
Reporter.....Anderson Lawlor

**"IT'S ALL YOURS"**—Columbia. Story by Adelaide Heilbron. Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Directed by Elliott Nugent.

CAST:

Linda Gray.....Madeleine Carroll
Jimmy Barnes.....Francis Lederer
Baron Rene de Montigny.....Mischa Auer
Constance Marlowe.....Grace Bradley
City clerk.....Victor Kilian
License clerk.....George McKay
Alexander Duncan.....Charles Waldron
E. J. Barnes.....J. C. Nugent
Judge Reynolds.....Richard Carle
Dabney.....Arthur Hoyt

**"THAT CERTAIN WOMAN"**—Warners. Written and directed by Edmund Goulding.

CAST:

Mary Donnell.....Bette Davis
Jack Merrick.....Henry Fonda
Lloyd Rogers.....Ian Hunter
"Flip".....Anita Louise
Merrick, Sr.....Donald Crisp
Virgil Whitaker.....Hugh O'Connell
Mrs. Rogers.....Katherine Alexander
Amy.....Mary Phillips
Tildon.....Minor Watson
Valko.....Ben Welden
Detective Neely.....Sidney Toler
Doctor James.....Charles Trowbridge
Fred.....Norman Willis
Doctor Hartman.....Herbert Rawlinson
Kenyon.....Tim Henning
Jackie.....Dwane Day

**"VOGUES OF 1938"**—United Artists. Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CAST:

George Curson.....Warner Baxter
Wendy Van Klettering.....Joan Bennett
Mary Curson.....Helen Vinson
Prince Muratov.....Mischa Auer
Mr. Morgan.....Alan Mowbray
Mr. Brockton.....Jerome Cowan
Sophie Miller.....Alma Kruger
Mrs. Lemke.....Marjorie Gateson
Miss Sims.....Dorothy McNulty
Betty Mason.....Polly Rowles
Violet.....Marla Shelton
Mrs. Van Klettering.....Hedda Hopper
Lawyer.....Roman Bohnen
Also: The Walter Wanger Models and these entertainers: Georgie Tapps, Virginia Verrill, Fred Lawrence, Gloria Gilbert, Olympic Trio, Wiere Brothers, Rocco and Saulter, The Four Hot Shots, Victor Young and His Orchestra.

**"THE SHEIK STEPS OUT"**—Republic. Story and screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Irving Pichel.

CAST:

Ahmed Ben Nosib.....Ramon Novarro
"Flip" Murdock.....Lola Lane
Sam Murdock.....Gene Lockhart
Gloria Parker.....Kathleen Burke
Abu Saal.....Stanley Fields
Munson.....Billy Bevan
Polly Parker.....Charlotte Treadway
Lord Byington.....Robert Coote
Allusi Ali.....Leonid Kinskey
Mario.....Georges Renavent
Kisub.....Jnudel Hasson
Minister.....C. Montague Shaw
Lieutenant Bordeaux.....George Sorel

**"MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR"**—Warners. From a story by Charles Budington Kelland. Screen play by William Wister Haines and Elaine Ryan. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

CAST:

Claude Dodd.....Kenny Baker
"Sniffer" Sears.....Frank McHugh
Madame Morro.....Alice Brady
Jessica Stafford.....Gertrude Michael
Marjorie Day.....Jane Wyman
Lidin.....John Eldredge
Gateway.....Henry O'Neill
"Doc" Quinn.....Harry Davenport
Hiram P. Doremus.....Ferris Taylor
Information desk girl.....Linda Perry

**"TOPPER"**—MGM. Screen play by Jack Jevne, Eric Hatch, and Eddie Moran. From a story by Thorne Smith. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod.

CAST:

Marion Kerby.....Constance Bennett
George Kerby.....Cary Grant
Cosmo Topper.....Roland Young
Mrs. Topper.....Billie Burke
Wilkins.....Alan Mowbray
Casey.....Eugene Pallette
Elevator boy.....Arthur Lake
Mrs. Stuyvesant.....Hedda Hopper
Miss Johnson.....Virginia Sale
Hotel manager.....Theodore Von Eltz
Policeman.....J. Farrell McDonald
Secretary.....Elaine Shepard
"Three Hits and a Miss".....Themselves

**"GANGWAY"**—Gaumont-British. Original story by Dwight Taylor. Screen play by Lesser Samuels. Directed by Sonnie Hale.

CAST:

Pat Wayne.....Jessie Matthews
Inspector Rob Deering.....Barry Mackay
Nedda Beaumont.....Olive Blakeney
"Smiles" Hogan.....Nat Pendleton
Otterman.....Noel Madison
Greta Brand.....Liane Ordeyne
Carl Freemason.....Patrick Ludlow
Taggett.....Alastair Sim
Mrs. Van Tuyl.....Doris Rogers
Tracy.....Laurance Anderson
Benny, the Gent.....Blake Doran
Joe.....Graham Moffatt
Assistant commissioner.....Peter Gawthorne
Smithers.....Henry Hallatt
Foreign dancer.....Warren Jenkins

# It Paid To Go Ritzy

*Continued from page 51*

Finally the Clover Club, in Los Angeles, heard of us. They wired. Same one who owned part of the club was at the Waldorf in New York. Our agent talked things over with him. He called Los Angeles. 'O. K.' said the club, 'Send 'em out.'

"We figured it was a new spot. We'd either get over or be kicked back to New York. On the opening night Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall, Marlene Dietrich, and Carole Lombard were there. Something happened to us, we were sure of ourselves. We clicked. Marshall, Swanson, and Lombard sent notes back to us. 'You're great,' they said, 'keep it up.'

"After our cave-man number we came out for bows. Each of us grabbed a girl from a ringside table, danced around with her, pulled her into a side room. The young woman I seized was shy and a little scared. 'What will my husband say?' she exclaimed. 'Girlie,' I asks, 'who's your husband?' 'I'm Mrs. Darryl Zanuck,' she answers. 'Lady,' I says, 'my mistake! My mistake!' Maybe I didn't hurry her back to her table!"



James Cagney dons bib and tucker for his latest rôle in the musical production "Something to Sing About," in which he puts on a one-man show.

Jimmy took up the story again. "Next day some of the studios got busy," he relates. "'We want the boys,' they told their aids. But not a word came from Zanuck. And no wonder, we thought.

"But somehow we held off signing. Right after that we entertained at the Mayfair Actors' Fund ball. Zanuck was there that night. We went out on the floor, clowned around impromptu and wowed 'em. Zanuck said, 'Go get those mugs, I want 'em.'

"Next day Twentieth Century sent us a contract. It had everything we had hoped for. 'Lou,' we said to our agent, 'that's the studio for us.' And we signed. And, say, we've never regretted it."

The studio has its problems with the boys. They kid the actors, break up scenes, poke fun at the directors, practically wreck the commissary. Nothing is sacred. After their hit in "Sing, Baby, Sing," the boys had a vacation in Manhattan. The studio summoned them back, planned a big welcome in Los Angeles. A whole chorus was assembled in costume to do the honors. But the boys thought it would be funny to get off at Pasadena and leave the reception committee flat.

Here's the way the Ritz boys explain it. "We think people like us on the lot," they say. "After we landed there, they'd say, 'What's happened to the place?' We tried to put life in the joint. I guess we nearly drove everybody screwy. Now everybody knows what to expect. Everything is lovely, Hollywood is a pleasure."

There is one other brother, George. He's in the ready-to-wear business in lower Manhattan and he has three children. Of the movie Ritzes only Jimmy is unmarried. Harry and Al married nonprofessionals and have no children.

"What are your plans for the future?" I asked the boys.

Al looked at Jimmy. Jimmy looked at Harry.

"The future?" they answered. "Say, that's why libraries are full of books, trying to answer that one. We just hope to get another gag."

"Yeah," said Jimmy, "a laugh will get you in anywhere."

"And out," concluded Harry.

# Two Kings Share One Crown

*Continued from page 17*

Gable and Taylar. One the equivalent of fact, af madernity, with anly a seasaning af ematian. The other, Taylor, with his yauth, with his impetuous quality, never quite taking on the semblance af reality.

As they differ in persanality and sentiment, as they differ in the interpretatian af the various râles in which they are cast, sa these twa men, both idals, differ certainly in the things they represent and interpret.



**Rosalind Russell enjoys fruit salad between scenes of "Live, Love and Learn," with Robert Montgomery.**

Perhaps because we all are products of aur environment, it is understandable that Gable be ane type of laver and Taylar the other.

Clark has known vicissitude and hardship and hunger. He has been tempered in the fire af deprivation and despair. Fram the time when, as a bay, he warked in the ail fields of Oklahoma, to the time when he was a lumberjack in Oregon, he has warked with his hands.

He had few illusions left by the time he came to Hollywaad. He was a sophisticate in the sense that his views were braad and talerant. He saw foibles and idiasyncrasies and shartcomings, but censured none far their passessian.

But as Gable is the product of the modern world of give-and-take, af sharp competitian, of the twentieth-century philasaphy that ta the victor belang the spoils—so in cantrast Taylor is the product af a cloistered world.

Son of a mid-Western physician, he early had every advantage that a bay cauld have; the right toys, the right faad, the right exercise, the right companianship, the right education, the right training—all these were his withaut questian.

As he grew alder, nathing was lacking in his life. He met no sharp struggles to bewilder him ar ta canfuse the even tenar af his days. After high school, there was callege. All in all, a leisurely, normal, right life for a bay af his years.

He has na carroding memories of physical lacks. He has never gone hungry; he has never been cald; he has never been withaut suitable clathing. He made the jump fram callege directly inta a studia. Whatever struggles he may have had in his rise to fame, they were nat devastating. Normal disappointments, impatience, discouragement—yes. But nane strang enaugh to scar him.

He has na deep-seated memories af hurts as Gable has.

When he appeared in "Magnificent Obsession" that untauched quality abaut Taylar was evident. Here was a bay with illusians intact. And that breathless sense af ramance, which in the final analysis is the thing which has made Taylor the favarite he is ta-day.

As Taylor grows alder, as he is matured in his talents and in his persanal life, a quality af phantasy which lingers araund him will prabably be dispelled and then he will be a greater idal. Far he will give ta women the twa things they want—reality plus ramance.

In Gable that ramance only flashes aut. In Taylar it is a constant factar.

In effect, Gable and Taylar ta-day are sharing the affectians and ramantic nations af the warld as a whole. They have both set standards—and wamen fallaw both.

That is as it should be, for wamen are complex and their needs are multiple and changing.

Sa Gable halds his throne by his reality, and Taylar shares it by the ramance he awakens.

Two heroes—Gable and Taylar—vastly unlike. Bath great.



**Marlene Dietrich's hairdresser has a new charge these days in Sandra Storme, exotic English beauty to be seen in "Sophie Lang Goes West."**

# A Rival for Dick Powell

*Continued from page 35*

Love ond the urge to sing come together. It wos ot high school thot Kenny met Geroldine Churchill. Love connot be put into cold words, so the ex-violinist song.

His mother encouroged him; Geroldine encouroged him; every one encouroged him. Kenny encouroged himself. Instead of idling the summer owoy, bosking in Geroldine's romontic ouro, he worked in Los Angeles, spending his woges on singing lessons.

Kenny is forsighted. Thot is, he knows you've got to set obout to work right now for things. The future brings nothing of itself. He wonted o coreer; he wonted to morry Geroldine. He couldn't get o coreer unless he studied for one; he couldn't osk his sweetheort to become his wife unless he hod o home for her.

At twenty, Kenny did his first public singing—ot churches, ot clubs ond sociol functions. But these first steps were not his Ultimo Thule. With the coming of onother summer, he wos ot Los Vegos, Nevodo, working hard to eorn money for singing tuition. Loter, he lobored on o form, in New Mexico.

It wos ot this time thot o turn occurred. He found work in o Romon Novorro film, singing with o group of others. He wos oble to study with Edword Novis, brother of Donold. There wos o rodio contest, in which Kenny come out second. This result did not down him. He studied horder thon ever. Eventuolly rodio work wos his.

With things coming his woy, Kenny osked Geroldine to become Mrs. Boker. Then things storted to move foster ond foster. He won Eddy Duchin's Texoco rodio contest, ond wos olso permitted to sing for o week ot the Coconut Grove.

It wos there Mervyn LeRoy sow him, ond gove him o controct. Votes gove Kenny his engogement with the Jock Benny Jell-o broodcost. This yeor's rodio poll nominotes him third omong mole singers.

Modesty, or reticence, morks Kenny os on originol newcomer. The overoge chop desires to impress you—by implicotion or inference—thot his initiol work stoggered oll who beheld it. But Kenny does not even consider himself on octor yet.

"I reolize," he soid, "how much singing hos oided me to step from the oir to the screen. I'm not on octor. At leost, not yet. But I'll probobly develop into o possoble one. I don't see myself ever rivoling Poul Muni, though.

"Broodcosting rid me of stoge fright, if ever I hod ony. In o woy, I'm keeping in the some work. In 'The King ond the Chorus Girl,' I song o song. It wos o mere bit. Yet it wos better thon to find myself in o leod I wosn't ready for."

In o woy, he is similor to Dick Powell. Both ore Worner ployers, ond both do the some stuff. It will be interesting to keep on eye on eoch one during the next yeor.

But even with the imminent knock of popularity on his door, Kenny remoins cool, colm, ond collected. He is businesslike in his coreer. It is not ort for art's soke. Mr. Boker holds to sensibility.

"If I thought my life wos to become full of pretense ond posing, I'd do something obout it," he declored, in seeming eornestness. "I like to be noticed, os ony professionol does. I like fon moil, if thot meons onything. So for, I've only hod rodio moil. It's first sent to New York, so the sponsors con check the number of letters."

Living in Son Fernondo Volley, the hoppy hunting-ground of mony movie ployers these doys, Kenny hos settled down os o proud resident.

"Before I got o breok, while edging my woy into rodio work, I lived in on oportment," he recolled for my benefit, so I could see how he enjoys the domestic bliss of the Volley. "I'd get up ot five or six in the morning to proctice. It must hove been onnoying to the neighbors.

"But oportments ore onnoying ot ony time. You know, people ore oll oround you—like the connons of the Light Brigode. You con heor them in their bedrooms, their kitchens, their bothrooms. In the country you con relox, with nory o discouroging sound."

As I soid in the beginning, the overoge movie newcomer pretends. A normol existence is not for him. He must dwell in luxury ond fling himself into the swim of foshion.

But, os I olso remorked ot the beginning, Kenny Boker is not on overoge young mon. Crowds do not ottroct him.

"I hove few friends," he soid, "not o lot. I'm not one who must hove o lorge oudience in privote os well os on the stoge."

Professionolly, he is gothering obout him on ever-increosing oudience. In privote, he moy not hove o lorge crowd.

But with Geroldine by him, his chorming wife these four yeors, Kenny hos no desire for o moss meeting of ocquointonces in their hoppy Son Fernondo Volley home.




Margaret Lindsay demonstrates the new "rocking-chair" rowboat. She is currently appearing on the screen in Warners' "Back in Circulation."

# Now—*this new Cream brings to Women the Active* "Skin-Vitamin"

*Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly*



**"IT'S WONDERFUL," *says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.***

one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."





Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon's favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: "The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' in it keeps my skin better than ever. It's never dry or rough now, in spite of sports."

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "*skin*-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

***Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"***

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

***Same jars, same labels, same price***

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

***SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!***

Pond's, Dept. 14-CL, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

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# SHE LIVES IN *Beauty*

BY MYRTLE GEBHART



Dolores del Rio's living room has putty-colored walls that rise from a black lacquer floor and woodwork of Chinese red. The two huge divans are covered with a putty-toned fabric; their backs are built-in bookcases. Note the oil painting of Dolores above the black and chromium fireplace.

EACH woman creates her own hame, daily renewing its spirit. It reflects her personality and is her own source of strength.

Every star is a different type af housewife, because each is a definite individualizatian of womanhaad.

Born to wealth, Dolores del Rio hasn't the faintest idea how much the food costs, ar the laundry. All household bills are sent to Cedric Gibbons, her husband. He signs the checks. Firmly, thaugh politely, he refused to disclose details af household expenditures.

The housewife Dolores is the result af her training. Her father, J. L. Asunsolo, was active in banking institutions. An anly child, she was delicately reared. At the convent af St. Joseph, in Mexico City, she learned languages and the womanly graces.

Ta understand her at hame, you must knaw her background. At fifteen, by parental arrangement—that being the custom—she was married ta Jaime del Ria, ten years alder, who had met her at a charity bazaar. She was presented at the Spanish caurt af Alphonsa XIII and became Mexico's sacial queen.

Hallywaad success came later, and the death af her husband.

Wealthy in her awn right, Dolares never has had ta caunt pennies. Married—her first mature wamanly lave—ta the autstanding cinema art directar, it is natural that she cantinue in the tradition to which she was barn: that waman's main duty is ta manage the home expertly and to endaw it with peace and charm.

"My husband shares the viewpoint on which I was reared," she explained. "The man earns; the wife sees that he is camfortable and happy. My mother is my



criterion. She olwoys hos been o superb housekeeper, never toleroting coreless service."

Cedric Gibbons hod plonned o modernistic bochelor home. At o dinner he wos presented to Dolores. Beneoth her delicote dignity he saw the subtle vibronce that hod been smothered by tradition.

Two months loter they were morried. Plons for the home were oltered, adopted to frome o bockground for his bride. Formolity ond freedom were blended odroitly. A poloce for o princess in the modern mode! "To-doy's personificotion of illustrious lineoge," he described her beouty to o friend.

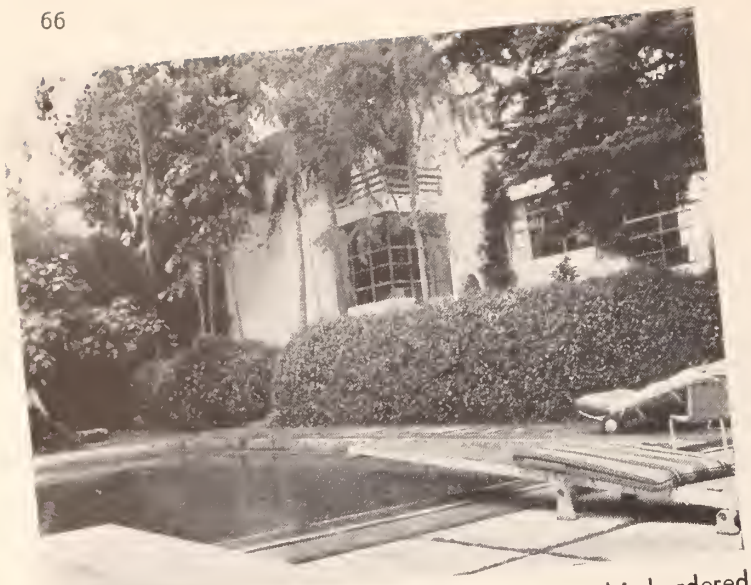
Hoving sensed rippling streams of o self restricted by o heovily draped life, he mode her free, setting her plocid poise ond her skin like o ripening peoch ogoinst cleor crystal ond glistening chromium. A few dulled colors for moods of wistful thought—rore, now, for "the sod one of the river," which her nome means, hos slipped owoy.

Set in one of the high, white walls is a large fluted gote of chromium. The grounds ore cool with pines ond o grove of cypress—and riotous with loveliness when either the wild cherries ore in bloom, or the gardenia bushes spill their frogronce.

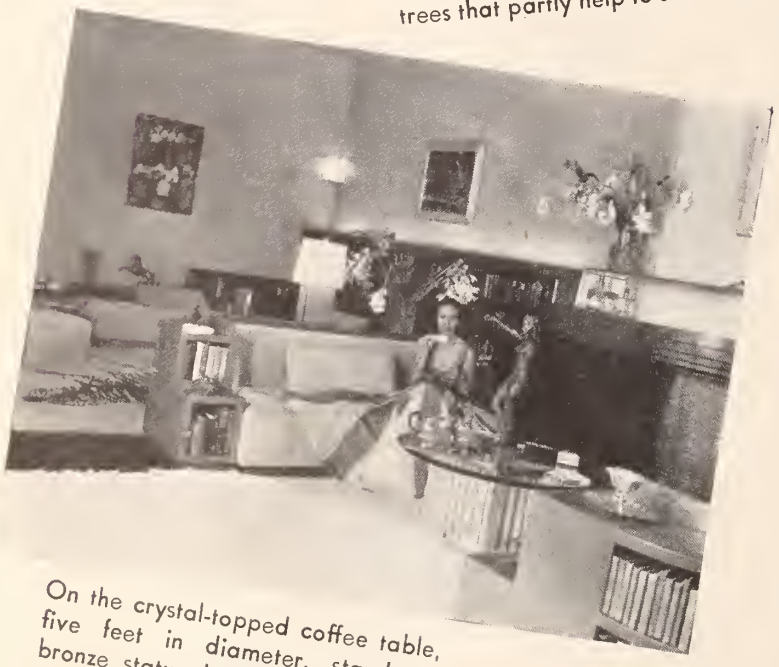
Artificiol roin cools the house in summer, o mechonicol device dripping chilled woter onto the roof.

The front door is o mossive chromium ponel, sotin-finished to reduce the glitter. Putty-colored wolls rise on two sides of the lounge from o block locquer floor. A third woll is mirrored, while o huge window ond o stoircase occupy the fourth side. Corduroy-covered divons moke the momentory woit restful.

Before the fireploce hongs o chromium mesh curtoin.



The swimming pool is bordered with flowering shrubs and large trees that partly help to shade it.



On the crystal-topped coffee table, five feet in diameter, stands a bronze statue by Cedric Gibbons.



The zebra skin seen in this corner of the living room is a trophy of Gary Cooper's African hunt.

On a crystal-tapped caffee table—fully five feet acrass—there is a madernistic statue in branze, dane by Cedric while Dalares was in Hawaii an "The Bird af Paradise."

Ta the left af the launge is the master's suite. Fram the ather side, ane enters the dining raam.

A prismatic raam af clear, translucent beauty! The ablang table, its adzed crystal tap twa inches thick, seats twelve. Walls af the prevalent putty tanes raise a severe backgraund. The chairs are uphalstered in white harsehair. Ceiling-high windaws, averlaaking the terraces and gardens, are draped in falds af gald duvetyn. Paneled mirrars, steps af glass dawn ane side af the ceiling, reflect the table's appaintments.

Far farmal dinners, silver service plates are used, white en famille. The china is all af a delicate eggshell in pure white. Her silver and linens are marked with a "D" ar a "G" in her awn individual farmatian af letters. Far the table she prefers linen damask, using her banquet clath af lace anly accasianally.

The staff cansists af six servants. Their quarters are aver the garage. Dalares supervises every detail, thaugh her arders reach the ather servants via Rase. Hausekeeper and persanal maid, Rase has been with the star ten years.

The chauffeur, Tam, is Rase's husband. Jaseph, the butler, Mary the caak, Elsie the laundress, and Gearge the gardener, cheerfully perfarm their tasks. Elsie daes the hausehald mending, but Rase permits na hands ather than her awn ta repair her lady's clathes.

Rase, the first ane up, prepares and serves Mrs. Gibbans fruit and café au lait. Mr. Gibbans drinks arange juice and plays tennis with a friend. Only the servants eat real breakfasts.

Dalares gaes aver the day's rautine with Rase, and makes aut the dinner menu. Mary is present at this marning canference anly if a party is scheduled.

Far a guest lunchean the menu is likely ta cansist af tamata saup, sweetbreads sauté served with brailed mushraams, peas, string beans, strawberry Bavaraise, Sauterne, demi-tasse.

En famille, they prefer simple faad such as clear saup, raast and patataes, vegetables, a salad ar light dessert.

Cacktails are passed an silver trays. The falding Raman tables used far large buffet suppers are exquisite, handmade fram a design by Cedric. At ane af their recent parties guests were served raast veal, brawned patataes with saur-cream dressing, salman mausse, Raman naadles, vegetable salad, and Bastan cream pie with hat chacalate sauce.

On free days Dalares reads, sun-bakes, writes letters and visits her mather wha lives next daar. Last spring she and her gardener planted raws af vegetables in Mrs. Asunsala's archard. In the garden the star wears blue-jean averalls.

Indaars, she is invariably dressed, preferring a skirt and light sweater ar blause in the farenaon. During the cacktail haur she wears shimmering hastess gawns, remarking that her mather always

*Continued on page 90*



The grounds of Dolores del Rio's home are cool with pines and a grove of cypress. Here you see a portion of the garden with a glimpse of the tennis pavilion. Artificial rain cools the house in summer, a mechanical device dripping chilled water onto the roof.













On the opposite page is the back patio looking onto the garden. Below it the entrance lounge, its other half reflected in the wall mirror. Next is the magazine corner of the living room. A novelty is that Del Rio *is not* reading Picture Play but another good magazine!

The beautiful dining room, above, features a table with an adzed crystal top and chairs upholstered in white horsehair. The black lacquered floor of the entrance lounge reflects Del Rio standing beside the famous Kolbe statue.

# PICTURE PLAY'S AUTHENTIC FASHIONS





All photos by Gabor Eder exclusively for Picture Play.





With Paramount's Olympe Bradna as model, and hats by Sally Victor, who created most of the headgear for "Vogues of 1938," here are the most becoming of the new season's headlines. Turbans of fur sweep upward, their heavy outlines softened by veils. Brimmed hats square off at the front, sounding belligerent but accenting a seductive eyebrow. Turbans of multi-colored suède promise to be the success of the year. Favorite of the younger set is the sharply upturned brim banked with pompons gay as confetti.





For informal dining a sly little Victorian bonnet with chenille fringe and trailing veils gives the wearer a demure look. Even the tiny hat that sets out to be conservative, thinks better of it and juts upward in saucy peaks. Hats will be flaunted, not just worn.



Photo by Don English

# MARLENE DIETRICH

● DELLA LIND'S coat is of summer ermine. The mutton-leg sleeve and small stand-up collar are new fall notes that give individuality.

● Her sports coat has a fitted waistline of particular interest. Note the angled pockets.

● Silver-gray lace fashions her evening gown, the dropped sleeve and décolleté back a charming accent on youth.

All photos by Clarence Bull











• MISS LIND'S formal evening gown is of dusty pink chiffon and high-waisted, with tiny pleats forming the bodice. The youthfulness of the small draped sleeves and bows lend charm.

• Ermine and sable dramatize her coat. The loose sleeves, capelike collar and fitted hipline are new notes in sumptuous fall fashions.



# TYRONE POWER

Photo by Frank Powolny



Photo by Elmer Fryer

# PAUL MUNI

# FRED MacMURRAY

Photo by Hal A. McAlpin





## ERROL FLYNN

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



## RANDOLPH SCOTT







# OUR FAMILY ALBUM







• On the page, left: Marlene Dietrich and her daughter, Maria, some years ago went to a Hollywood party as Hawaiian maidens.
• Evalyn Knapp fashionably gowned in a by-gone style that must be seen to be believed.
• Mary Ann Jackson was the Jane Withers of her day, but where is she now?
• This page: Our album has many photos of Myrna Loy, but none more fetching than this.
• Dolores del Rio rebelled against playing dusky natives such as this little cutie.
• Elissa Landi at first was very much the formal British gentlewoman in Hollywood.
















**EVEN SO LOVELY A GIRL AS HELEN VINSON IS MINDFUL OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF BEAUTY TO ENHANCE HER EXQUISITENESS.**

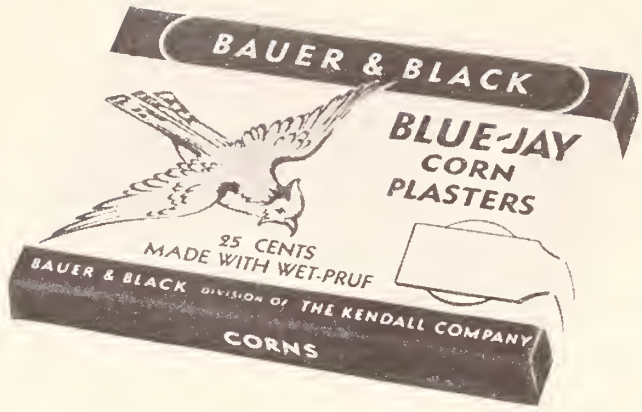







# FOUNDATIONS OF Beauty

BY LAURA BENHAM




Address your beauty problems to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

NOT long ago I conducted a very informal poll among the men of my acquaintance to learn the first thing they noticed about a woman. Some of them said her eyes, others her hair or skin or teeth—but over half of them agreed on one subject and said "Her hands!"

So, armed with this information, I began to watch the hands of every woman I saw—my friends, casual acquaintances, women I passed on the street or sat beside in the subway or in restaurants. Some of them were actresses and business women, many were wives and home-makers, others were college girls and social leaders. And I must confess I was appalled at the result.

For the widespread application of liquid polish seemed the only attention the majority of women were giving their hands and nails and thus the really lovely hand was the exception rather than the rule it should be. For of all our features, the hands respond most readily to care and are the most easily made beautiful.

So, I decided to remind you this month that there's more to a lovely hand than polished nails. To be truly attractive, a hand should be soft and smooth and white (except when the entire body is sun-tanned), the nails should be shaped to conform to the contour of the fingers and the shade of polish should be chosen not only to harmonize with the size and shape of the hand, but with the personality of the wearer, as well.

Therefore, if you would have hands of which you can be truly proud, you must begin with the skin.

Now, we all know that the hands are exposed to water oftener than any other part of the body. Thus, they need more lubrication to prevent dryness and chapping, especially during the winter. This means three things—first, care in the selection of soaps that touch the hands, second a carefully chosen hand lotion used faithfully, and third a rich cream for nightly nourishment.

Beginning with soap, let me explain that it isn't the soap you use for washing your hands that usually causes the damage to delicate skin, for you are likely to use for your hands the same mild, bland soap you use on your face and body. But it's the soaps used for other things that women are so often careless about.

For instance: Nearly all of us do a certain amount of "cleaning" around home, whether we live with a large family and help with the dinner dishes, or are business women who "live alone and like it" and consider the polishing of a few tea cups or a favorite vase our greatest household chores.

And this is where we're apt to be a bit careless, using harsh soaps and cleansers, when it would cost little if anything more to wash our dishes with the same brand of soap we use for our baths, or with the gentle soap flakes to which we intrust our pet wool sweaters and hose and lingerie.

So, the first thing to remember in acquiring beautiful hands is to protect them from all harsh soaps. And then, be sure that even the mildest soap suds are thoroughly rinsed away and the hands carefully dried.

Well, once you've resolved to allow only bland soaps to touch your hands and to rinse even these soaps away thoroughly, the next step is to keep a good, rich hand lotion within easy reaching distance at all times. Keep a bottle in your bathroom, another in the kitchen or in your desk drawer if you work in an office, and never, never forget to apply it after your hands have been in water.

One of the best hand lotions I know of is made by the firm famous for its bouquet-scented soap. It's a smooth, milky emulsion scented to match the soap and it dries quickly, leaving the skin soft and smooth and deliciously fragrant. It's not the least bit sticky and leaves no greasy residue—in fact you can put on gloves right after using this lotion, and that's the best test I know.

And even the bottle in which this lotion comes is attractive—it's rather flat, and hob-nailed glass with a nice white cap on it.

The third step in keeping hands lovely consists of the nightly use of a good hand cream. This is especially important during the winter, you may be sure.

For this, one of the best night hand creams I've found is that made by a famous manicure salon. It's of the massage type, is iridescent-looking and after a few moments' brisk rubbing, vanishes, leaving the hands feeling perfectly natural, only a little softer than usual. There's no grease

left ta rub off on your pillaw and you dan't have to wear night glaves in arder that the cream may remain on and da its wark. And the few maments af massage are fine far stirring up circulatian and keeping the flesh firm and yaung-laaking.

This cream casts one dallar a jar—but as a jar lasts far three ar faur months, it really isn't an extravagance. And I pramise yau that if yau use it faithfully, yaur hands will be the envy af every one wha knaws you.

Once your hands are in good condition, it's time ta turn your attention to your nails, which shauld be manicured at least ance a week.

Ta give yourself a really prafessianal manicure, begin by remaving the ald polish with cattan dipped in oily pol-ish-remover. Next, shape your nails with an emery baard, using the coarse side for filing into shape, the fine side for finishing with a smooth, bevel edge. Be careful never to file taa clasely at the sides, and for mast hands an oval rather than an extremely pointed shape is best.

After you have shaped yaur nails, remave the excess cuticle with an arange stick wrapped in cotton that has been dipped in aily cuticle remaver. Work the stick araund the edge of the nail gently ta soften and loosen the dead and lifeless cuticle araund the nail, then brush it all away with a raugh tawel.

Next, apply a nail white pencil under the edge of the nail, then scrub your hands and fingers thoraughly in warm saapy water and you're ready far the final palishing steps.

To obtain the best results, I think it's a good idea to buff the nails with a chamois-cov-ered buffer until they gleam brilliantly, before applying liquid polish. Nat only daes this buffing assure you a per-fectly smaath surface an which the liquid polish will spread evenly and cling best, but it also brings health and resili-ence ta the nails by stimulating the circulation.

After yau have finished buffing your nails, you're ready to apply the liquid palish. Persanally I find that polish lasts longer and has a higher luster if a caat af colorless is used beneath whatever darker shade is chasen. Just be sure this first caat af calarless is perfectly dry before applying the calared palish.

When it cames ta choosing the shade af palish best suited ta yaur hands and nails, a bit af discretian is in arder. If your hands are small and delicate, ane af the paler, smaky tanes is likely ta laak best, while if there's even the least bit af tan ar yellow in your skin tanes, be sure ta choose a shade with an arange ar rust cast.

Short, stubby nails were never meant far the darker pol ishes, but large hands with propartianately large nails wil be perfect with the richest, deepest reds.

Of caurse mast smart wamen find several shades of pol-ish that they like and that are becaming ta them and they vary their shades with their moods and the calars they are wearing.

Which brings me ta the suggestian that the new Club Kit just introduced by the world's largest manufacturer af manicure praducts, contains everything yau'll need far a perfect manicure, even including a finger-rest an which yau place each finger while applying polish. This is in-deed a boon as it keeps the finger steady and gives it a firm base, so the palish flaws on smaathly with little effort.

Another fine series of pal-ishes are thase made by the firm which first came aut with the now-famaus Crême pal-ishes. Among their newest shades are two called Sunrise and Sunset, both of them rich and dark and calculated ta make hands laok fair and white and ever sa interesting. And these palishes are famous for their lasting pawer, taa. They have a high luster and will not chip ar peel or fade and the mysterious white de-pasit in the bottom af each battle serves as a medium far keeping these polishes smaath and creamy and always in solution.

There's a new glycerated palish-remover in this line, taa, that is fine far the nails and that yau are sure ta like.

Of caurse by now you've decided to give your taes the same type of manicure yau give yaur hands, for even thaugh it's tao cold for bare feet on the beach, winter eve-ning sandals will keep aur toes exposed far same time ta come. And the tae that twin-kles between the bright silver ar gold sandal straps must have a well-groamed palish all its own.

The only thing to remember in manicuring yaur taenails is to file them straight across rather than into the same oval shape yau give yaur fingernails, as you'll find this smarter as well as mare practical.

And now that we're an the subject of feet, let me tell yau abaut a set af three items that will erase wrinkles fram yaur brow by taking the tiredness from yaur feet.

Made by a firm that has for years specialized in prad-ucts for the feet, this trio consists af a granulated faot saap that is applied with a brush and which stirs up circulation, penetrates deeply inta the pores and saathes tired tissues inta new life and vitality.

*Continued on page 94*

## HAVE YOU TRIED—

**Delightfully smooth lipstick that's noted for its indelibility, yet costs only twenty-five cents? It's creamy, nonsticky and non-greasy, has a very pleasant scent and taste and comes in four smart shades, from vivid cherry to a light, delicate red.**

**Beautymaker Kit, containing hand lotion, skin tonic, protective cream, face powder, tissue cream, golden cleansing cream, all incased attractively in cream and tan? It's made by one of our best cosmetic houses and is very moderate in price.**

**Clasmic Facial pack that does wonders for tired skins? It is rich in the revitalizing Vitamin F and may be purchased in jars or in tubes. There's even a tiny introductory tube that costs only ten cents—but once you've tried it, you'll want the big jar from then on.**

**Bubble Bath? It's a liquid that you shake directly under the spout of your tub. When the water is turned on, a profusion of bub-bles fluff up and rest on the surface of the water for a depth of from five to ten inches and they tingle delightfully against the body.**

**Bath oil scented faintly of pine, that comes in a large gold-and-white-striped bottle and that makes the water soft and silky and leaves your skin feeling wonder-ful? It's made by a famous old French firm that has recently added a cosmetic line to their dressmaker-creations.**

*Continued from page 55*

and the baggage was still missing, and Saphie was as flustered as the occasian demanded.

"I've been wondering why a handsame waman like yau cavered up her face with all that black stuff anyway," the theater manager remarked thoughtfully. "Go an as yau are and da your act."



**Gertrude Michael affects this Cleopatra coiffure for "Sophie Lang Goes West," with Larry Crabbe opposite.**

It took Saphie a full minute to digest this. Na one had tald her she was handsame before. "Well," she shrugged, "I guess it's all in the paint af view." There was na falling off in the reception she got that night. "In fact," she said, "they seemed ta like it even better than blackface." Sa she never wore blackface again.

Ziegfeld happened to be in the audience and before she left the theater her name was an a contract ta appear in the "Fallies." The engagement lasted ane night. Once that blasé audience got a load af Saphie it didn't want ta see any one else on the bill—just wanted more af Sophie. That didn't set sa well with the others in the shaw.

The backstage shenanigans were too much both far Saphie and far Mr. Ziegfeld. It was either the gate for her ar far the rest of the cast, sa she and Mr. Ziegfeld parted by mutual agreement.

In Landon Sophie is as popular as she is here. During an engagement at The Kit Kat Club she saw a gentleman standing with his back ta the dressing-room stairs chatting with friends an the stage.

"Who is that distinguished-looking man?" she asked a fellaw player.

"Why, don't yau know?" the girl said curiausly. "That's the Prince of Wales."

"Bless me," said Saphie, and in her excitement caught her heel in a plank which pitched her headlang dawn the stairs and smack into the arms af the royal guest. Which, I suppose, is as gaod a way af meeting a gentleman as any other. At least he won't farget it.

Sophie Tucker is abaut as genuine a person as ane could meet. There is na pose and na pretense about her. Few people would meet a writer for the first time when they were suffering with an attack af grippe.

And no one but Sophie would serve matjes herring to a member af the British nobility for tea. Sophie said she wanted to give her guest samething she had never had before and she seemed to like it for she ate every snip.

And then there was the time of New Yark's Palace Theater fire a few years ago. It was Saphie's first engagement after a London appearance and she came down for her act to find the scenery backstage blazing away.

"You can't go on, Miss Tucker!" shouted a frenzied manager. "We'll have to ring down the curtain." Saphie laughed. "Nansense," she said. "Just put the fire aut, that's all yau have ta da."

She did the rest. While engines fram a four-alarm fire clanged autside the theater the audience sat in their seats, held there fram inevitable panic by the courage and the laughter of Saphie Tucker.

She was tharaughly reconditianed for pictures and the hairdressers, the madistes and make-up staff took such pains with her that Sophie thaught a celebration was in order when it was all aver. She invited the whole troupe to lunch with her in the studia commissary and sat in their midst like a rase in full blaom. Inta the picture strade a tall, lithe man who bent aver her hand saying, "Sophie Tucker! Haw many years I've admired and wanted to meet yau." It was Clark Gable. So he sat down, too, and they all had a grand time.

Her work in "Broadway Melody" sald MGM executives hoak, line, and sinker an Sophie as a box-affice draw. They baught Frances Marion's novel, "Molly, Bless Her," depicting the life af Marie Dressler for her starring picture.

Well, na ane will take the place of Marie Dressler but there are ather actresses with her great heart and her great understanding, and I think Saphie is ane af these.

Just before she returned ta America fram Landan, Saphie was asked to arganize an all-American benefit far a pet charity af the late King Gearge V. Saphie went ta wark and the date set far the perfarmance was December 10th.

Edward's abdication speech was given at ten o'clack Landon time that night. Sophie's first appearance was slated for ten minutes past the hour.



**John King, of "The Road Back" fame, plays bridge between scenes of his current "Merry-Go-Round of 1938."**

She walked out on the stage and faced the audience, far the first time in her life, she said, nat knowing what ta da an a stage. She just staad there speechless, matianless befare the peaple she laved and whom she knew loved her. When the silence became mare than painful a little voice from the gallery piped, "Carry on, Soph, carry an!"

"I snapped into actian then," she tald me, "but it was the child that did it."

## They Say in New York——

*Continued from page 41*

showing versatility ond o lusty warmth never suggested by her screen rôles.

Offstoge, she wos friendly ond offable and meek, coöperated wholeheartedly in getting publicity for the little company, ond in generol belied the rumors from Hollywood thot she had gone gronde dome.

Jeon Muir wos o poignont heroine in severol plays ot Suffern, New York, provoking such demonstrotions os even Helen Hayes never got there. Gertrude Michoel endeored herself to Cope Cod oudiences in o ploy of Coloniol doys. And Henry Fondo romped through the musty orchives of "The Virginion," o stolwort hero of the old school. Anno Moy Wong put up o losing, if decorotive, battle ogoinst veteron stoge ployers with mognificent voices. All together, Hollywood goined new respect from stoge devotees.

**Bad News For Mr. Selznick.**—Perhops the most auspicious début in prospect, and the most dismal in performonce, wos thot of Margoret Tollichet, often mentioned os the dork horse who might ploy "Scorlett O'Horo" in "Gone With the Wind."

Miss Tollichet, you moy remember, wos the oggressive reporter on o smolltown paper who interviewed o Hollywood tolent scout ond confided her determinotion to breok into pictures. His encourogement wos mild, but she went to Hollywood, ond eventuolly after o session working os typist for Poromount, got Corole Lombord to recommend her to Selznick.

After ploying bits in "A Stor Is Born" ond "Prisoner of Zendo," she persuoded Mr. Selznick to gomble on her to the extent of paying for o course at a New York dromotic school. Her groduotion present wos ploying opposite Henry Fonda in "The Virginion." If she hos ony promise as on octress, it wos not evident there. It wos just one of those ghostly occosions when an oudience felt embarrossed for a performer.



Warren Hull and Movita in a scene from their current "Paradise Isle."

**Mae West in Second Place.**—The high point of the new Mae West picture seems to be thot Schioporelli, thot modcap Porision designer who from time to time hos dressed Morlene Dietrich and Miriom Hopkins, hos made the costumes for it.

Figuring thot the period of the Merry Widow hots, obout 1908, wos shocking only in o noïve sort of woy, Schioporelli hos odopted "Shocking" as her byword of this seoson, ond lounched o fruity pink ond plum color, o lorge hot with sweeping upturned brim, ond perky bows at the neck of dresses os forerunners of Moe West foshions. A popier-mâché dressmoker dummy of Mae West's figure sent to Poris for fittings, so inspired Schioporelli thot she hod o bottle replico mode ond filled it with perfume thot she colls "Shocking."

**Joan Bennett Sets a Pace.**—The open-oir plozo of Rodio City wos the setting of o porty given for Joon Bennett, when the Professionol Models' Association commended her for giving new dignity to the profession by her rôle in "Vogues of 1938."

I'd like to oward Miss Bennett o handsome ploque myself for being the most cosuol ond breezily friendly of film belles.

So neor-sighted that she connot detect her closest friend ot close ronge, she has odopted the pleosont hobit of welcoming every one with a pleosont smile. You're o friend until proved otherwise. She confesses to being terrified ot the prospect of competing with the most dozzling of dress models in this picture, but when she found thot they didn't know how to figure their best ongles in motion, she decided it was an even breok.

The lengthy tests of fobrics and colors mode for this picture never bored her. She hos olways been interested in clothes ond here wos o chonce to find out which photogrophed best. Miss Bennett wos weoring o simple block frock with printed flowers decoroting it sporsely, o three-strond peorl choker, and one of those tiny, uptilted hots that seems poised for flight.

**Sent On Approval.**—Joan steered conversation owoy from herself when she found thot I knew Louise Platt, newest member of Walter Wonger's company which is otherwise made up of such solidly intrenched stors as Madeleine Corroll, Charles Boyer, Miss Bennett herself, Sylvio Sidney, and Henry Fonda.

"Louise has great possibilities" Joan told me. "She was awfully nervous at first, but every one liked her so much, she got over it right away. She is an unusual girl, has such depth that she is a constant surprise. I liked working with her in 'I Met My Love Again.' My only complaint is that she ought to talk more, her voice is so musical."

**Triumphant Return.**—Although Louise Platt has signed a contract to make more pictures for Walter Wanger, she insisted on coming back to New York to work on the stage for a few months. And in spite of her Hollywood money, she is returning to the same more than modest quarters she occupied when struggling to get a hearing on the New York stage.



**Marian Marsh is shown in a new double-breasted, black and white herring-bone tweed coat and black belt which is smart for winter sportswear.**

That is a break for me because we will be neighbors again, and Louise is one of the few individuals I can face at breakfast without flinching. She is more given to ominous silences than to speech, and I am agog to see if some canny interviewer sets out to reveal all about her after a few minutes' conversation.

I don't know anything about her except that from the first time I saw her I have felt that here is a girl marked for future greatness. There is thunder and lightning in her personality. And I can hear her razzing me about that statement now, "Will you have a little thunder or lightning with your coffee?"

**Mamma Is An Asset.**—Aside from Louise Platt, I find Olympe Bradna the most engaging and promising of newcomers to the screen.

Little Olympe of the confiding eyes and tremulous chin had the good judgment to be born into a family that for five generations had been eminent in the circus world. Hollywood's glories are just tinsel to a mother who has played command performances at many royal palaces, so there is little chance that Olympe will ever grow self-important.

Mamma has the professional viewpoint, lets her doll-like daughter do her work without any hampering advice. Mamma speaks up only to pay tribute to George Raft's kindness in demanding that Paramount give Olympe the rôle opposite him in "Souls at Sea."

She had long been under contract to the studio, but they had used her only for a flash of acrobatic dancing in musicals. In New York, Olympe passed up theaters in order to go to the movies. And as soon as she is old enough to have dates with boys, she is coming to New York to go on a shopping spree, buying innumerable woodsy green and wine-red dresses and romantic hats with swirling veils.

**Matinée Idol for Men.**—In a burst of inspiration, Republic grabbed off Joe di Maggio, current idol of the baseball diamond, to play a few scenes in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round."

No one bothered to make a test of him, because no matter how terrible he was, he would draw a large part of the male population of the country to the box office. Imagine their stunned surprise when Joe proved to be a comedian, and a natural adept at playing to the camera.



# Hollywood High Lights

*Continued from page 53*

they ore together the family, like the Barrymores, ore quite loyal to ane onother.

**Hughes-Hepburn Duet.**—As mony guesses ore being made obout the outcame of the romonce between Howard Hughes ond Kothorine Hepburn os thot af Chorles Chaplin and Poulette Gaddord. Are they married, will they be morried, hove they been morried? Chorlie and Poulette wha keep their own counsel hove never admitted onything, ond Hughes ond Kothorine ore just obaut as successful in emuloting the sphinx. But they seem to be intensely interested in eoch ather, meeting in New York, Chicoga, Hollywoad ond vorious way points on occasian. Hughes paid o lengthy visit ta the home of Kothorine's porents during the summer.

**New Elopement Center.**—Hollywood hos o new Gretna Green. It's the seoside tawn af Santo Borboro. There Poula Stane ond Anne Shirley were recently morried in elopements. Anne, of course, morried John Haword Poyne, the octar, ond Miss Stone wos wed to George Wolker Moson, o cofé mon. Poulo olso witnessed Anne's civil ceremony. Flights to Yumo, Arizano, ond Los Vegos, Nevodo, ore therefore becoming post history, ond you'll probobly heor of everybady in the future going to the millionoire colany on the Coost to hove nuptiol knats tied speedily. Incidentally, the Worner Olonds hod theirs broken in the some ploce, but thot's moinly becouse Warner hos his residence neor there in Corpinterio.

**Lupe Fêtes Aristocracy.**—Lupe Velez hos token to entertoining lards and lodies. It's the result af her trips to Englond. She gove a porty in hanar of Sir Louis and Lody Greig at her home in Beverly Hills shortly ofter her return fram obrood. And o huge caterie af guests showed up for the event. Lupe didn't sign the invitotions Velez but Weissmuller, which probobly indicotes thot momentorily all is peoceful olang the Potomoc. Or ore Lupe ond Jahnny really recanciled ogoin at this instont?

**Nuptials at Sea!**—"I wonted to be married on the high seos becouse my fother, grondfather ond greot grondfother were morried there." Sa soid Gypsy Rase Lee, ond she ond her bridegroom hod the ceremony perfarmed in o woter taxi twenty miles off the coost. But ofter o honeymoan in Agua Coliente Gypsy Rose hod some quolms abaut the validity of the maritime wedding, ond so she hod a second ot Sonta Ano. Bridegroom af Louise Havick—for thot's Gypsy's screen nome—is Robert Mizzy, san af o New York monufocturer.



Miliza Korjus, opera star from Europe, has been placed under contract by MGM. Credited with singing the highest soprano note on record, Madame Korjus was a Continental musical sensation before her discovery.

**Time the Jester.**—The ups ond dawns of movie celebrities ore duly reveoled in the divarce suit filed by Alice White against Sidney S. (Cy) Bortlett, in which Alice osked far $1,000 o month olimony, ond "I need $200 for singing ond doncing lessons," she soid.

Only o few yeors oga during the flopper stoge Alice's coreer wos literolly sailing alang, with herself a rivol far Cloro Bow. Ta-doy she is seldom seen in pictures, while Bortlett, wha wos previously hoving o difficult time landing onything of solidity ond permanence, is now one of the mare successful scenario writers.

**Alimony Problems.**—Anather twist of fote is thot offecting Buster Keoton, former top-notch comedion who recently found himself unoble to poy more than $100 manthly olimany. Buster is warking agoin ofter a long hiotus, praducing shart films for MGM, where he formerly storred. He wos owoy behind in olimony payments at the time he gat the job.

**Bottle-scared Veterans.**—Mavie stors just oren't sofe onywhere, especially ot the fights and wrestling matches. Sametimes o wrestler is olmast hurled inta the lop of same bright sporkler wha halds o ringside seat, but when it comes ta bottle-thrawing that is away out af arder. Yet recently, Al Jalsan ond Ruby Keeler, os well os Chica

Morx, were bomborded with gloss ot Olympic Auditorium. A Negro wos ccused of hurling the bottle, which hit post ond shattered. One piece of he gloss hit Ruby ond frightened her to leoth. She literolly scompered out of he ploce. Chico Morx wos olso hit vith the gloss. The Negro might not ove liked mommy songs, but onywoy e wosn't oiming ot Jolson but ot the ing.

**Rats Deflate Income.**—Funny orgunent developed between Wolloce Beery ond the income tox experts recently. It oll come obout becouse Wolly ottempted to import two boots node from wolrus skins which he secured in Alosko, ond expected to rent to the movies. While they were en route to Hollywood rots gnowed the croft so thot they were unusoble upon orrivol. As Wolly figured to moke the revenue from the boots port of his income, he wonted to chorge off the domoge inflicted by the rots, but the government soid it wos no go. Wolly olso wonted something token off for his plone expense.



Joe E. Brown does a bit of royal clowning in his latest, "Fit for a King."

**Actors Battle Revenuers.**—Open worfore on the income-tox collectors is likely to be the next step omong the octors in Hollywood. They've hod their fight out with the studios obout lobor difficulties, ond now Uncle Som hod better look out.

Adolphe Menjou wonts some considerotion token of the foct thot his clothes cost him o lot of money. "They're responsible for the jobs I get," he soid. "Consequently they should exempt me from port of the tox levy on my income."

Chorles Loughton, ogoinst whom o deficiency of more thon $100,000 wos chorged, Wolloce Beery ond Verree Teosdole (Mrs. Menjou) ore omong the protesters. And there'll be mony more.

**From "Operation" to Operation.**—Pete Smith, thot commentotor you so often heor telling obout sports events, ocrobotics, boot roces, ond whot-not, hod o most extroordinory experience lotely. He wos preporing o film colled "My Operotion," deoling with some novel medicol stunts, ond whot should hoppen to him? Right in the midst of moking it he hod to go to the hospitol to hove his oppendix removed!

## HOLLYWOOD MEDLEY

Give me o Hollywood homesteod
With o view thot occounts for the rent,
Where the Cobots speok only to Gorbo
And Gorbo speoks only to Brent.

Where the birds ore shomefoced into silence
As MocDonold ond Eddy duet,
And Temple pouts sweetly to win me complete
And Johnny keeps Lupe for o pet.

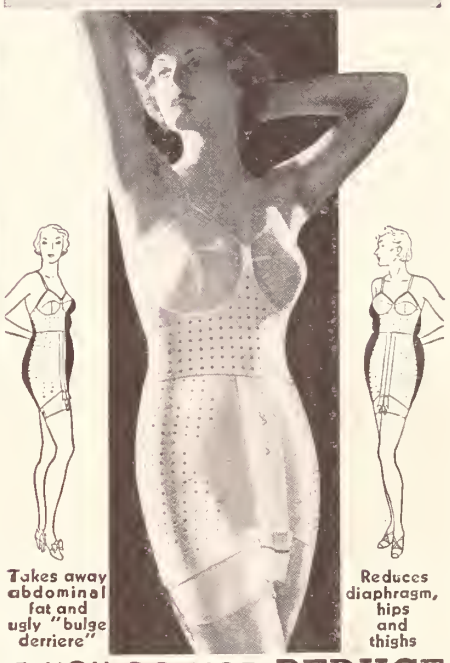
With o pool in my yord I'd be hoppy
To hove Crowford ond Dietrich therein;
For olthough my chossis is somewhot declossé,
I toke pleosure in sconning o shin.

Then I'd like o mon who's o mixture
Of Goble ond Colmon ond Scott,
Although this is cotching, these dreoms I om hotching,
I'll cling to the Eden I've got!

Jennie Broudy.


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# She Lives in Beauty

*Continued from page 66*

used to preside in teagawns over the afternoon ceremony.

The second floor holds the heart of that home. There are the lovely guest suite, Dolores's suite, and the living room.

Though very small, Dolores's bedroom is a perfect setting far her fluescent glow. With its chaste white walls, its simple furnishings, it would have an austere severity were it not for the crystal night tables an either side of the large, low bed, the silvery satin spread and the vicuna fur caverlet.

A pale flame in Dolores's bedroom subtly claims yaur attention; it beckans to a crystal statue of the Blessed Virgin, a cherished heirloom which belanged ta the star's great-great-grandmother. Abave it hangs a silver crucifix which has always hung in every room Dolores has ever occupied.

Surrounding a center cylindrical pedestal—the saurce of the indirect lighting—are graduated crystal shelves. The big chromium chair is uphalstered in ivary mutton-skin. Crystal and silver arnaments reflect their delicate dazzle in a huge raund mirrar.

Silver-leafed, the adjoining dressing room ends in a wall of mirrors, before which steps af crystal hold her perfume bottles.

Divisions af the enormous wardrabe cantain clothes for all occasions. One cedar-lined, satin-padded closet halds her furs. There are shelves for accessories; on racks, two hundred pairs of slippers.

The black bathroom is walled with mirrors. No faucets mar the exotic luster; disks in the floor, pressed by the foot, send water into the tub ar the large basin.

Leading the way into the enormaus living room, like a creamy taper floating before me, Dolores paused, a tanned hand describing a graceful arc, and said, "My favarite room. It gives me a renewed glow when I am tired; peace and delight always."

It is warmer than the other raoms af a chiseled elegance, and suggests, in subdued notes, thase muted undercurrents of Dolores.

Putty-calared walls stand fram a black lacquer flaar, their expanse based by waadwark af Chinese red. Before the black and chramium fireplace are twa huge divans cavered with a putty-taned fabric; their backs are built-in bookcases.

Tall corner windows break prismatic light inta the room. Ivary rugs dot the floor, and there is a zebra skin, a trophy from Gary Cooper's African hunt. A magnificent modern branze by Kolbe occupies the center of a crystal and chromium coffee table. Fine paintings add muffled hues.

This is probably the only home of a movie celebrity without a piano or a bar. For music there is an especially designed Capehart.

"As neither of us plays well enough to entertain each other, ar aur friends, why shauld we have a piana far a prop?" she asked.

"Is it not spacious and beautiful?" Dolores's glances caressed the room, and her rich, law vaice throbbed with contentment.

"At first," she faced me frankly, "I thought I should never become accustomed to this house. I saw only the glitter, the glow, and missed the ald, rich, muffled colors, the stiff brocades.

"Soan, however, I began to recognize parts af myself, feelings and impulses and ideas previously submerged. My husband is a wise and a clever man. He created this hame, knowing that in it I would feel mare free—released from the traditional repression which is the heritage af Latin women. It has awakened in me a more progressive spirit, teaching me ta laok farward to ta-marrow always with keen delight."



There always seems to be a new rôle for Ian Hunter. Next is "52nd Street."

# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 49*

unsuccessful attempts to get in tune with the musicians the directar stopped and said, "That's all right. Just play the mistakes. Then people will know it's really you playing and not a double."

WHEN a man-sized chimpanzee arrived at the 20th Century-Fox Studio to work in a Jane Withers picture, Shirley Temple rushed over to the cage to take a look. The animal had been unimpressed by the group of grown-ups about the cage, but when Shirley approached, began to scream with rage and struggle with the bars of the cage in an effort to get out. The chimp also made a peculiar clicking noise with his mouth, which amused Shirley.

"He's giving samebody the rospberry," she said, "and I guess it's me."

P. S. It was decided that if the chimp didn't like children it would be better not to use him in the picture. A harmless little mankey was substituted and the second day he worked he bit Jane on the finger.



Black velvet and white silk braid combine to fashion the lounging pajamas Gladys George picks for her wardrobe.

IT wos a hot Sunday afternoon ond drinks were being passed around. Paul Muni refused. Urged by his hostess to have a cool one, he broke into o hula dance and, cavorting around the room, sang: "I've got ocid! I've got acid!"

HATTIE McDANIELS, the colored woman in "Saratoga," wore a hat in the picture that she thought did a lot for her ond she was delighted when it was presented to her at the end of the picture. She wears it every week when she goes to sing in the radio production of "Showboat" and thinks it's a sin she has to take it off and wear a costume on the stage.

Hattie has a new home, paid for by her work in radio and pictures, but she is proudest of her electric ranges—two of them. She had to have two stoves so she could fry a lot of chickens at one time ond says she can cook fifteen fryers in no time.

ALICE BRADY moved recently to a house where there is a swimming pool. Now, Alice doesn't swim, but explained that the pool was "for my dogs and my guests."

Alice has her serious side, as she wishes Hollywood producers would remember when they begin to cast the picture depicting the life of Sarah Bernhardt. Alice will be brokenheorted if she isn't given the title rôle and to remind the folks that she is a tragédienne os well as a comédienne, she did the most morbid scenes from her stage hit, "Mourning Becomes Electra," recently over the radio.

GIVEN her choice of three dressing rooms at the MGM Studio, Virginia Bruce chose the smallest and, to all appearances, the least desirable. But to Virginia it was the best because, she said, "I can look out the window and see Garbo go in ond out of her dressing room."


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# The Power of the Candid Camera

*Continued from page 38*

the stars in "Sweet Adelining." Alsa particiaating in the midnight supper as if they were hanarees af the functian.

The custom af permitting phatagraphers at private parties has samewhat abated. At ane time ane fan lenser had this field practically ta himself and did his wark very skillfully and craftily. He'd slip inta a party even where he wasn't invited, because he happened ta knaw same guest. He wouldn't disclase his camera immediately but wait far the right degree af mellawness to obtain, and then with the aid af the star af his acquaintance who was usually "soft," would prevail upon the host ar hostess ta permit a few pictures ta be taken.

He's still a king-pin in Hallywood, and keeps his place by submitting capies af most photographs he takes ta his subject. Narma Talmadge was the hastess at one party he appeared at in the early days, and exclaimed with mare than ardinary gusta: "Who let him in anyway?" Also samebady ance jakingly laoked under a rug on the flaor and said: "I just wanted to see if Mr. Sa-and-so, the photagrapher, was hiding there." So amnipresent was he.

In all, the cameramen are a human bunch of chaps—and enterprising! Too, according ta an experienced studia publicity man "They're very temperamental.

"I can always handle reparters and writers," he averred, "but I'm never quite sure whether I'm getting anywhere with a photagrapher. He'll blow up an the slightest provacatian. That's probably because he's an artist."

The cameramen themselves, thaugh, aim ta straighten out many af the nettling problems thraugh their awn organizatian. They're talking of appainting a sort af mediating secretary, like a Will Hays, ta handle their palicies and public relatianships with the studias. He'll also prabably try to smaath aut the feuds which invariably develop between syndicate men and fan magazine photagraphers. They fight like the deuce at times.

If the candid cameramen do have a Will Hays, say the studia press departments, it will be a great prapositian—"We won't have to talk to fifteen af thase temperamental guys every time we have a première, but just one." Well, maybe! But then cameramen are different!



Myrna Loy is an excellent horsewoman and enjoys an early-morning canter. "Double Wedding," with William Powell, is her latest production.

---

## DIETRICH

Calm and unsmiling as the Sphinx,
Is she a paragan ar a minx?
Does this lackluster dull expressian
Canceal pent-up fires of repression?
Behind this vacant, staring mask
Do culture and refinement bask?
Is genius fastered by fine limbs,
Or fed by temperamental whims?
Marlene, break your synthetic shell
And the curious world's doubts dispel!

Mary Battiscombe.

# A Star You Never Read About

*Continued from page 43*

"We only use obout ten interiors for eoch. They're for the love stuff." A haw-how from neor by startled me, ond his eosy monner froze momentarily into o stiff explonation: "Ma'om, I don't cloim to be ony special kind of on octor. Stondin' oround ond kissin' o girl for the comero is downright owkword. But we do our clinches for the box office first, get 'em over with, so's we con enjoy ourselves mokin' the picture."

"Married, yourself?" I osked.

"Shhh!" A sibilont stoge whisper from o corner worned: "Now we're comin' to the ro-mon-tic part." Lounging shopes omong the listening semicircle nudged eoch other. I got it!—ond chortled.

His blue eyes bored them, one by one, with o kindly but definitely reproving look. He reddened. Turning in his choir, he faced me squorely, his eyes level on mine, ond soid, "Yes, ma'om! An' I'm mighty proud of her. We've been morried for five yeors. Her nome wos Ino Moy Spivey. She's from Oklahomo, but we met through friends when she wos goin' to school in Springfield, Missouri."

Putting o query on my foce, I gestured o series of stoir steps.

"No, mo'om, no youngsters yet."

Compossionotely regording his discomfiture—knowing full well how men of his type hedge when forced to discuss anything reolly personol—I flicked o glance oround the audience ond murmured, "Well, I'll let you off telling me haw ond where you proposed."

"Aw, shucks!" As the regret roundobout became audible, Gene smiled his thonks.

Down in Tioga, Texos, o little town of one thousand folks, Gene wos born. Rother, out in the country, six miles from the town. There he grew up on the ronch, eorly learned to tend cows ond twirl o rope. His people had been settlers.

His grondpo wos the Boptist minister. So, come Sundoys, Gene roised his piping voice, his moin ideo then being to drown out the choir ond the wheezing orgon.

"For back as I con recollect, I song," he odmitted. "I liked the singing classes ot school, 'specially ot Rovio, Oklohoma, where I went visitin' once for o spell."

He rode in his first rodeo, ot Achilles, Oklahoma, when he wos twelve.

Before he reached his teens, the blond kid went travelin' with o medicine show. His job was to sell corn solve. When he couldn't talk folks into buyin' it, he song his soles. There must hove been some noturol mogic in his untroined voice, for they crowded round him ond flipped him their two-bits.

Always he must sing. He never thought why or how. Roping steers, he burst into o notural rhythm of the ronge—rustling morch tones—ond soft, persuosive tunes of tenderness. Herding restless cottle in those ornery moods thot leod to stampedes, he crooned the cows into docile moods.

Opining it wos time for him to see the world, he got o roilrood job at Sopulpo, Oklohoma. His boss, os he unlooded steers ond buckled box cors, wos Jimmy Long, who hod on ear for music. Together they composed "Silver-haired Doddy," which wos destined to become fomous, ond mony other ballods.

He bought o soxophone, from o moil-order house, and learned to toot it right smort. But o person con't "sox" ond sing ot the same time. So he troded it in on o steel guitor.

But o feller like Gene, with the blood of pioneers in his veins, gets sorto restless, just sittin'. So he leorned teleg-



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raphy. When he was eighteen, he got himself a job as train dispatcher and operatar at a measly little tawn, a tank town. Trains chugged in, now and then. Folks raund-abaut only sent wires when somebady gat sick and Aunt Het had ta be sent far. As the draning, samnalent haurs passed, Gene twanged his guitar, his musical mind spelling aut tunes.

Having saved his money, in 1928 he braved New Yark. But the big tawn just laughed at the hick kid fram Texas. Tulsa was kinder. Over Statian KVOO he became "Oklahama's Yadeling Cawbay." In October, 1930, he was asked to make phanagraph recards, particularly "Silver-haired Daddy," which he had sung to popularity aver the air.

"Was I traubled! Sure, I always laved that tune. But, ma'am, I never had put 'Daddy' on paper." I gasped. "Y'see, it's easy to think up melodies, but I hadn't learned ta write aut the nates af a musical scare. It was plumb hard wark."

The "Daddy" sales brake recards. After an aganizing periad of instructian, he managed ta score the sang. He aired his vaice aver Statian WLS, Chicaga. Then he taak his "Barn Dance" radia act on a vaudeville taur. A Republic praducer saw it and lassaed it. That's how, about three years ago, Gene Autry sang and gallaped inta the mavies.

In San Fernando Valley he has a big ranch, with a sprawling house and barns, a carral, a well and a windmill, cattle, harses, sheep. The "paal" is an ald-fashianed swimmin' hole. It and his ping-pang tables belang to all the Valley kids. They came barefaat, riding panies and mules, in schaal busses, to enjay his haspitality.

"Well, isn't that what such things are far?" he replied ta my comment an his generasity. "Kids aught to have fun."

When I rose to leave, one grizzled veteran af the range daffed his tengallon, made me an awkward baw, and invited: "Drop in any time, ma'am, pa'tic'ly if yau're aimin' ta int'view Gene again. This here sessian has been paw'ful eddicatianal."

" 'Cause why, pap?" I asked.

"Wa-ll, ma'am, when he got ta gain' gaad he eased the word dawn hame an' bunch af us loped up ta ride with him, hankerin' ta see Califarny. We allus knowed he cauld sit a hass, an' he had a right fine vaice. Naw that he's gettin' int'viewed, we reckan he's an actor, too."

I have an idea that it will take Gene same time ta live dawn aur interview—in his awn autfit.

## Foundations of Beauty

*Continued from page 84*

The second item is a faat balm, an antiseptic skin emallient ta be used as a massage cream. Rubbed into the skin, it takes away all aches and pains and keeps the feet in a healthy, comfartable candition.

Third is the faot powder which should be dusted an when yau step fram yaur bath. It keeps the feet cool and fresh and makes yaur shaes feel delightfully saft.

There's a nice little faat brush, too, alang with these three items ta be used far applying the granulated saap. And if yau want your feet to feel at least twa sizes smaller and about ten years younger, just try treating them regularly with these products.

However, the best care and tenderest treatment in the warld won't keep yaur feet feeling fine if your shoes fail ta give yau the praper support in the three places that bear the greatest strain—the heel, the arch, and the metatarsal arch.

That's why mare and mare smart wamen are turning to the gay young shaes that have amazed the fashion warld by being so light and good-looking while at the same time having built in them an especial suppart far these three focal paints of the faat.

These shoes are really something new in faatwear, for they are saft and flexible as a dainty dancing sandal, yet because of this firm and scientific construction, they make ane feel as if walking on wings. In fact, the dancing movie star, Eleanore Whitney, wears them all the time—and certainly she knaws what the faat needs in the way af support and camfart as well as smartness.

From hands to feet was a long jump, wasn't it? But somehaw the twa seem to go together and ance I started telling yau abaut care af the hands, I cauldn't resist giving yau some news abaut feet, taa. But next month I'm nat going ta be practical at all, I'm going in far glamaur. And I'm going ta help yau get started an your Christmas list by giving yau all the latest news about the newest perfumes.

# Norbert Lusk's Reviews

*Continued from page 58*

origin as a widely advertised stage play. Best performances are given by Mr. Bogart, whose intelligence and magnetism dominate, and Claire Trevor. In the brief rôle of his ex-sweetheart she is poignant, honest and never sentimental.

"Gangway."—Gaumont-British. This, more than usual, depends on whether Jessie Matthews enchants you or you look upon her as an acquired taste. There isn't any doubt of her unusual dancing, but as singer and actress she scarcely reaches the point of qualifying for stardom, as we look upon it, especially as she acts and sings more than she dances in her new film. It is a British version of an American musical, with some satirical remarks about American gangsters. Nat Pendleton and Noel Madison were called from Hollywood to represent the underworld. Miss Matthews, a film critic on a London newspaper, gets mixed up with jewel thieves when she acts as maid to a cinema star in an attempt to get hold of the star's diary. She is whisked aboard ship and soon is the dancing attraction at an American night club whose boss plans to snatch *Mrs. Van Tuyl's* jeweled bib when the lights go out. All this is handsomely staged, there are some good tunes and a valiant attempt to imitate Hollywood appeal. But the picture lacks tempo, sparkle, and much of the humor misses fire, perhaps because speech sometimes is indistinct. It is really veddy British after all. Barry Mackay, last seen in "The Great Barrier," is vigorously likable as the leading juvenile.



Dorothea Kent, who had the leading feminine rôle in "Carnival Queen," gives a glimpse of herself in this lovely black net gown with silver sequins.



Stella Ardler will make her film début in "Love on Toast." Well known on the stage as Stella Adler, she is the sister of Francine Larrimore who made a real hit in "John Meade's Woman."

"Mr. Dodd Takes the Air."—Warners. Rushed to stardom, Kenny Baker shows he can't take it yet. Or rather can't give what it takes. A nice personality, an exceptionally pleasing voice—when he isn't sentimental about the sandman—he is not enough of an actor to create character. Consequently he is a little fatuous, a little tiresome, when he isn't singing. Of course the picture is trite—another story of a rustic becoming the rage of radio and the sweet young


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girl who protects him from harpies and conceit, earning the right to boss his career in the fade-out. Jane Wyman plays this part with sincerity. The most vivid character and the most expert acting come from Alice Brady. She appears late but dominates the picture with her caricature of a radio prima donna triumphant on a "pancake hour." Nowadays one can't praise the singing of any one not identified with song without learning that a double did the work. So I can only say that if Miss Brady did her own singing she did it amazingly well; if a double sang in her stead, then the mechanical process responsible for the deception is perfect.

"Broadway Melody of 1938."—MGM. Lavish of talent and everything else that goes into a major picture, Metro-Goldwyn's annual "Melody" is up to standard, but is neither striking nor exceptional. It is uniformly pleasant, however, and virtually goes on forever. To the point of exhaustion, in fact. Every moment is characterized by good taste and intelligent appeal to eye and ear. The picture would be better if there were less of it. And we must not take for granted the fact that every one in it is charming. Such a large company of ingratiating people is seldom seen all at once. As for the story, it is too fragmentary, too much a thing of shreds and tatters to stand telling, and it doesn't matter anyway. But Eleanor Powell's dancing with George Murphy in the rain is something to rave about, as is her solo tapping in boy's clothes. She has developed a singing voice that is sweet and low, too, and altogether is a finer artist than ever before. Robert Taylor hasn't much to do but he does it with discreet good taste and altogether gives an excellent account of himself. The brief presence of Willie Howard, veteran stage comedian, is richly gratifying, for he is one of the great comics of our day. And Judy Garland's singing and acting of "Dear Mr. Gable" is lovely. In short, all this is well worth seeing if you are looking for amiable diversion rather than a musical sock in the eye.

## TOO

Harald Llayd is too wholesome,
Jean Parker taa cay;
Barthalamew taa much af
A "teacher's pet" bay.

Tao many pounds have Shirley ond Bing;
Too many flutters Kay Hep;
Grace Maare is a little taa graciaus,
Mortha Raye displays far taa much pep.

Marlene's eyebrows are taa dizzy;
Taa many pouts from Simane;
From Calibon too many capers
And too few gaod pictures for Tone.

Taa many interviews with Taylar,
Taa many wiggles from Moe;
Tao many "routines" in the musicals;
Montgomery sometimes taa blasé.

Juliet was a trifle too saintly,
Clork Goble is aft too he-man;
Stanwyck aft shauts taa, taa wildly
And Ned Sparks is taa saurly dead-pan.

Yet despite all these "taas" I've just nated,
(Others, tao, thot toa aft make me stew),
I'll cantinue ta spend maney an mavies
And enjay myself whaapingly, toa!

Dee Chapman.



Eleanor Powell is on tiptoes even when shopping. She's getting ready for her next, "Rosalie," with Nelson Eddy.

## GINGER ROGERS

Like a silver birch tree
Maving in the wind;
Graceful and lovely
As yau sway ond bend.

Dancing like a maonbeam
On its flight ta earth,
With beauty far yaur armor
And stardust for yaur girth.

Ah, but you're the stuff
That dreams are made af—
Haw well I knaw 'tis true!
Far I forget reality
Just sitting watching yau.

Ruth Whitman Bawers.

## KAY FRANCIS

Dark divinity,
Stately grace,
Jewels and treasures,
Paint Venise lace;
Beauty, refinement,
A pensive glance,
Awoy with cares—
A whirl with chance!
A maad of laughter,
A winning smile,
Queen of Fashion,
Inimitable style!

Darothy Halcombe.



Whenever Eleanore Whitney has guests she likes to serve homemade pie and believes in making it herself.

# Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

JEANNE.—A full-page rotogravure still of Louis Hayward with Jane Wyatt from "The Luckiest Girl in the World" appeared in January, 1937. In March there was a gallery portrait of him, and "The Woman I Love," in which he appeared, was previewed in May.

LIT.—Errol Flynn has played in "The Case of the Curious Bride," "Don't Bet on Blondes," "Captain Blood," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Green Light," "Another Dawn," "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Perfect Specimen." Born in Antrim, near Belfast, Ireland, June 20, 1909; six feet two, weighs 180, brown hair and eyes. Olivia de Havilland in Tokyo, Japan, July 1, 1916; five feet four, weighs 107, chestnut hair, brown eyes. She uses her right name. Joan Fontaine, her sister, uses their stepfather's name. There are no other children in the family.

V. R. C.—Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, December 4, 1889; six feet, weighs 174; brown hair, gray eyes. Educated in public schools and for a while worked as a mechanic. Later he went to Montana and took up the life of a cowboy. Next he joined the U. S. Cavalry for service in the Philippines, following which he was engaged by a Wild West Show as an expert rider. During the World War, he went to France with the First Air Squadron and after the War remained in Europe performing his feats of horsemanship. James Stewart was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, May 20, about 1912. Cora Sue Collins is playing in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

P. T. O.—Allan Lane was *John Campbell;* James Burke *Bill Norton;* Edward Aeuff *Jamie Bradford,* and Delma Byron *Mary Bradford,* in "Laughing at Trouble." As Joseph Sawyer is free-lancing, I am unable to give you a permanent studio address for him.

F. A.—"The Pagan" was previewed in May, 1929; "Mati Hari," February, 1932; and "The Barbarian" was used as the frontispiece in May, 1933. The last two issues may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Department. However, if there is an available copy now of the 1929 issue, it will cost you fifty cents, since there is an additional charge for old copies.

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**Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Street & Smith's Picture Play, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1937.**

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers,* Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor,* Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors,* Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers,* Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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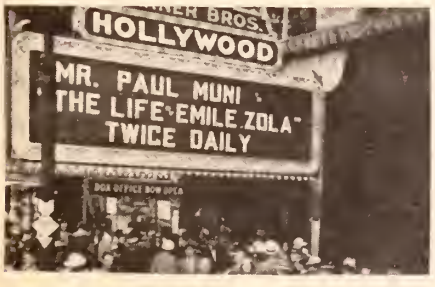
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STREET & SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY




## DECEMBER 1937

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## IN JANUARY:

48 PAGES OF ROTOGRAVURE



Photo by George Hurrell

JOAN, QUEEN OF THE CRAWFORDS, goes formal in ice-blue slipper satin, the skillful draping of the bodice caught with sapphire-and-diamond clips, severe simplicity marking the whole. She is to star in "Mannequin," with Spencer Tracy, in the part played by Dolores Costello in 1926.

# WHAT THE FANS THINK

### No Ordinary Actress.

VERY few actresses radiate the warmth ond sincerity that characterize Kay Francis's screen performances. Hollywaad saphisticates, glamaraus though they ore, fail to oppraach the spirit of friendliness ond deep feeling af Miss Francis's portroyols, because they cannot bring their interpretatians of emotians abave the surface artificiality that typifies the extreme madernism of our day.

With passibly ane ar twa exceptions, the 1937 screen siren blatantly makes o play far the appravol of her audience and, in sa daing, fails to penetrate the gap thot stands between herself and those wha watch her on the screen.

On the ather hand, the glamour girls who da nat apenly caurt public favar by posing in unnatural pasitians ar farcing themselves to grin cantinuously in the Cheshire-cat monner—and there are few wha dan't—are often lacking in even the primary requisites af gaad acting.

They simply foil to register any feelings whotsoever.

Nat only must a star's characterizotion hove the farce that marks a truly greot performance, but sincerity, a deep-rooted band which will bring the actress and her audience in sympathy, an interpretatian that will give the audience an understanding of the choracter's innermost feelings. Nat ane star in a thousond can do it, but Kay Francis is not to be clossed amang ardinary actresses far just such an achievement is hers.

With o ward she can bring ta mind the tranquillity of blue twilight; with o smile, the exhilaration af living; ond her laughter denates goyety such as that af Brahms's modly beautiful Hungarian rhopsadies. One senses even from the screen that she lives for eoch breathless mament, yet has o knowledge of humon ematians which only sympothy far athers can bring.

Dorathy Braaks Halcambe.
4042 North Richland Caurt,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

*Continued on page 10*

Photo by Welbourne



**Says Dorothy Brooks Holcombe of Kay Francis: "With a word she can bring to mind the tranquillity of blue twilight; with a smile, the exhilaration or living; and her laughter denotes gayety such as that of Brahms's madly beautiful Hungarian rhapsodies."**

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Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

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JOY HODGES and JOHN KING



# INFORMATION, PLEASE

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## BY THE ORACLE

JOHN HAMILTON—Boris Karloff is a native of London, England, born there November 23, 1887. Six feet, weighs 175, with dark-brown hair and eyes. Educated at Uppingham Kings College. A story about him in the April, 1937, issue will give you intimate details about your favorite actor. This issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Department.



JULIE HAYES.—Eleanor Powell is to play opposite Nelson Eddy in "Rosalie." There are always reasons why a studio postpones or shelves a picture. Jeanette MacDonald's marriage and honeymoon interfered with plans to produce "The Girl of the Golden West" ahead of "Rosalie."

F. T. HURBEY.—"Charlie Chan at the Opera" was released January 8, 1937. Some one else did the singing for Boris Karloff in the opera sequences of that film.



MARGARET HALL.—Shirley Temple has blond curly hair and brown eyes. Herbert Marshall was born in London, England, May 23, 1890; Douglas Scott in Los Angeles, California, December 31, 1925; Victor Moore, February 24, 1876. "The Girl Was Young" is Nova Pilbeam's latest. Ann Harding isn't active in pictures at present.



J. S.—Clark Gable was represented in the magazine in 1931 as follows: September, gallery portrait and story. In December began a three-part story about him. In April and July, 1932, there were two more stories. In March, 1933, a gallery portrait, and in August of that year a story. Any issues mentioned may be had by remitting fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Department.

KATHLEEN ATWELL.—Robert Taylor is six feet and one-half inch tall. His English-made film is "A Yank at Oxford," with Maureen O'Sullivan. One might say that Harpo Marx's silence on the screen is the secret of his success. Certainly it is a novel idea that the boys have adopted. There is no *Cliff* listed in the cast of "Let Them Live."

**When writing to The Oracle, please include your full name and address. If requesting casts, a list of fan clubs, the names of all of a star's films, or information about how to obtain stills, a stamped envelope should be inclosed. We regret that we cannot undertake to answer any contest questions.**

JEAN ALLEN.—Their birthdates are: Hoot Gibson, May 18, 1892; Robert Allen, March 28, 1906; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911; Charles Starrett, March 28, 1904. Please consult page 98 for addresses of the stars.



DORIS LANE.—In "Little Women," Katharine Hepburn played the rôle of *Jo*, Joan Bennett *Amy*, Frances Dee *Meg*, Jean Parker, *Beth*, Douglass Montgomery *Laurie*.

PEGGY PALMER.—Wayne Morris was born Bert De Wayne Morris, in Los Angeles, California, February 17, 1914. Six feet two, weighs 190; blond hair, blue eyes. Educated in San Francisco grammar schools, at Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles Junior College, and the Pasadena Playhouse School of the Theater. His theatrical career began during his attendance at the Pasadena Playhouse School. Latest is "Submarine D-1."



AN ARDENT ADMIRER.—Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901; six feet, weighs 173, has blond hair, blue eyes. He has never been married. Mr. Eddy resumed his Sunday night radio broadcasting, beginning August 8th which emanates from Hollywood. I doubt if he was vacationing anywhere during the month of August.

AN ELLISON FAN.—James Ellison was born in Valier, Montana, May 4, 1911. Married Gertrude Durkin April 25, 1937. His latest is "The Barrier," with Jean Parker. I do not find *any* picture called "Love on a Budget." Helen Burgess died of pneumonia April 7, 1937.

A YOUNG FAN.—Barbara Read was born December 29, 1917; five feet five. Nan Grey, July 25, 1918; five feet four. Deanna Durbin, December 4, 1922; five feet two. Jane Rhodes, April 24, 1921; five feet four. Jackie Cooper, September 15, 1923; about five feet six.



ALICE.—Franchot Tone pronounces his first name Fran-show.

M. W.—Janet Gaynor has not married again since her divorce from Lydell Peck. She was born Laura Gainer, October 6, 1907.

MARY LOUISE, II.—Fred MacMurray was born August 30, 1909; John Beal, August 13, 1909; Fred Astaire, November 26, 1889; Katharine Hepburn, November 8, 1907; Preston Foster, October 24, 1902; Bette Davis, April 5, 1908; Miriam Hopkins, October 18, 1902; Rosalind Russell, June 4, 1909; Melvyn Douglas, April 5, 1901. The late Ross Alexander had a daughter by his first wife but I haven't her birthdate.



MARY JANE SMITH.—Dick Purcell is appearing in Warners' "Evidence."

R. H. D.—An interview with Bing Crosby appeared in December, 1933. One of Nancy Carroll appeared in January, 1931, and one in October, 1933. The 1931 issue will now cost you fifty cents, and the others fifteen cents each.



A FRIEND.—Carlyle Moore, Jr., played the rôle of *Bob Terrill* in "Midnight Court." He is a native New Yorker; five feet ten, weighs 160, dark hair, brown eyes.

HELEN SMITH.—John Ford, the director, and Francis Ford, actor and director, are brothers. Both were born in Portland, Maine, and attended the University of Maine. *Continued on page 97*

# THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!



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## ANITA LOUISE

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*Continued from page 6*

### Is Norbert Lusk Slipping?

MY previous high opinion of Norbert Lusk's good judgment and critical qualities has received several severe jolts lately. When Mr. Lusk reviews a Grace Moore or a Lily Pons picture he refers to their singing of classical music in a sneering and derogatory manner, but when his pet, Jeanette MacDonald, murders grand opera on the screen he cannot find words to express his enthusiasm. Miss MacDonald's thin, flat, nasal voice is praised to the skies, and Mr. Lusk practically states that she is a great artist.

As a matter of fact, any one with a knowledge of music could tell Mr. Lusk —much as he may dislike to hear it— that Jeanette MacDonald could not get into the tail-end of an operatic chorus let alone sing the leading rôles. Her painful attempts at interpreting arias in her last few pictures almost made me squirm.

Incidentally, I am awaiting with interest Mr. Lusk's opinion of Kirsten Flagstad when he reviews "The Big Broadcast of 1938." As his powerful brain is unable to note the difference between a prima donna and a parlor singer, I am expecting him to compare Madame Flagstad with Alice Faye or perhaps Martha Raye.

MARGARET MACLELLAN.
Montreal, Canada.

### An Incomparable Team.

I HAVE in front of me a copy of September Picture Play, which contains some very distressing letters. So distressing, in fact, that I find I must come to the rescue of the vivacious lady about whom uncomplimentary words have been written. It's about time some of her many thousands of admirers put up a protest and came to her defense.

First of all, even before Norbert Lusk wrote it, I have always known Jeanette MacDonald ranked first as the cinema's loveliest and most talented singing lady, and that any singer who tries to take that position from her will have a tough battle ahead.

Of course, Jeanette hasn't sung in opera yet, but it is well known that she has been offered the opportunity more than once. She couldn't accept these offers as she was busy making pictures. It proves, though, that the musical world knows and appreciates her fine voice, and I am certain that once she appears at the "Met" and really proves her unquestioned ability, all these doubting Thomases will be left in gaping silence while we faithful MacDonald fans will be shouting "I told you so!"

On the other hand, being an ardent Nelson Eddy fan also, I cannot help but agree that he has not occupied the spotlight as a great star should. Perhaps at first MGM, knowing how inexperienced he was, cast the bulk of "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose-Marie" on the experienced shoulders of Jeanette. But "Maytime" should have cast all doubts from their minds as to his capability as an actor, and I sincerely hope to see him appear in the first reel of "The Girl of the Golden West" with Miss MacDonald. He and Jeanette are an incomparable team, and I for one hope never to see the day when they will separate.

There have been rumors of their quarrels (which I think is cheap talk), but I believe they have little reason for this, for both are well equipped with fine looks, charming personalities, and thrilling voices. What cause is there for petty jealousies when one possesses as much as the other?

Another thing, would the conservative publicity-hater, Mr. Eddy, attend Jeanette's parties, give interviews in praise of his costar, or sing at her wedding, if they weren't friendly? I think not, for he is different from the usual Hollywood actor. If he doesn't want to do a thing, he won't, and publicity be hanged.

So, you disturbers of my peace of mind, Cecile and Anne O'Brien, I hope you get a chance to read what a real MacDonald and Eddy fan has to say in reply to your biting and cruel letters.

E. R.
New Haven, Connecticut.



Disguised as a Malay in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper rescues the lovely "Princess Kukachin," played by the Norse Sigrid Gurie.

### We Need Foreigners.

I THINK the most interesting feature of Picture Play is the department of fan letters. It has never been more interesting than it is right now. It is very amusing, people arguing about foreign stars as compared to our own American stars. May I say my bit?

I want to give my congratulations to Eleanor Crump whose letter appeared in the September issue. I agree with her in every respect. Pictures would certainly not be what they are without the presence of such personalities as Garbo, Rainer, Henie, Oberon, and Dietrich.

As for American stars who stand on the same basis with these foreigners, my votes go to Davis, Colbert, MacDonald, Loy, and Russell.

I disagree entirely with Anne O'Brien about Jeanette MacDonald. I think she rates far above Moore or Pons. If Miss

O'Brien polished up on her reading once in a while, she'd find out that Miss MacDonald was offered a Metropolitan audition but could not take it due to studio difficulties.

I also resent a crack about Eleanor Powell. All I say is, give the gal a break and let her prove herself. She has done very well so far.

And how about some producer giving Virginia Bruce a chance? She's got what it takes. ALICE GAGNON.

15 Westland Avenue,
Winchester, Massachusetts.

### No Comparison.

NORBERT LUSK asked in a recent issue if the stage is more legitimate than the screen. I consider it to be far more so. The stage is greater than the screen in every respect. It gives us that something which the movies can never convey. On the stage the characters are human, their presence is real. On the screen they seem so distant, unreal, and the movies, after seeing several stage plays, seem like so many snapshots.

Mr. Lusk also asks if the acting of Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, John Gielgud, and Maurice Evans is more legitimate than the outstanding stars of the screen. I have yet to see a screen star reach the acting of these brilliant stars.

What star in Hollywood can compete with Miss Cornell, or Maurice Evans? Certainly not Robert Taylor or Carole Lombard. These two hams seem to be tops in the cinema, and many worse than they are considered great stars in filmland.

I also have been to the leading theaters in New York where only stage plays are shown and I have yet to meet the conditions described by Mr. Lusk.

Stuffy air, gloomy lounges, uncomfortable seats, that is ridiculous. The New York theaters are in as good if not better condition than any theater where pictures are shown.

Of course, there are a *few* good actors and actresses on the screen to-day, and these were on the stage years before going into pictures. Those on the screen who have never had any stage experience such as Robert Taylor, Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, et cetera, are terrible. To get back to the subject, the only real actors and actresses in films are Charles Laughton, Beulah Bondi, Elsa Lanchester, Freddie Bartholomew, Bonita Granville, Herbert Marshall, Brian Aherne, Bette Davis, Lionel Barrymore, Nova Pilbeam, and Flora Robson.

Legitimate stage is not inaccurate, and I am sure that it is going to remain legitimate as long as the stage exists, which will be as long as there are people left in this world who appreciate real acting by real actors.

MAURICE GEORGE.

1221 Anthony Avenue,
Glendale, Ohio.

### Don't Be Silly.

IN reply to Sidney Ann Gold: It is no longer smart, sophisticated, or particularly intelligent to sneer at the movies, as has been the custom in the past. It has become old-fashioned and silly.

You say that there is no one in Hollywood who can equal the performances of Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, John Gielgud, and Maurice Evans. Have you seen Garbo, Luise Rainer, Bette Davis, Sylvia Sidney? Have you seen recent films of some of the stars of the stage, seen how the camera has caught and magnified and kept for future generations the superb acting of Basil Rathbone, Burgess Meredith, Claude Rains, John Barrymore, Fredric March, and others?

I strongly doubt whether Evans or Gielgud, splendid actors that they are, have ever turned in a performance surpassing that of Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola."

The noisy little boys who charge up and down the aisles of theaters where movies are being shown may annoy you, but they cannot be more annoying than the little darling who sat next me at a performance of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and amused herself by kicking me and talking audibly to her mother when I was trying to listen to the first lady of the stage, Katharine Cornell. Do you really think that Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are the victims of many more amorous sighs than Burgess Meredith and his contemporaries on the stage?



Movita plays the lovely "Arai" in "The Hurricane." Her rôle is as inspiring as the one she had in the memorable "Mutiny on the Bounty."



Norma Shearer, lovelier than ever, takes a vacation at Lake Arrowhead before returning to the studio to work in "Marie Antoinette," for MGM.

Within the last twelve months, the screen has produced such masterpieces as "Camille," "The Good Earth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Captains Courageous," "They Won't Forget," "Maytime," "Lost Horizon," "Night Must Fall," and "The Life of Emile Zola." It is a record that Hollywood may point to with pride. It proves that after many years and much wasted time, the screen has indeed come into its own.

HELEN C. LIKLY.

2017 Vista del Mar,
Hollywood, California.

### Two Rôles to Avoid.

PEOPLE everywhere are still reading and talking about "Gone With the Wind." There is one thing I cannot understand, and that is why people want Clark Gable in the rôle of *Rhett Butler*. Why any one should look forward to seeing him as such a conceited, sarcastic, egotistical, dishonorable, and intolerable person is more than I can see. How any one could feel flattered to portray such a degrading character is something I can't imagine. Regardless of who wins the rôle of *Rhett Butler*, I think many will sympathize with him. I'm sure that out of the million copies sold every one doesn't thrill or sigh when *Rhett Butler's* or *Scarlett O'Hara's* name is mentioned.

And as for a heroine, *Scarlett* is the worst that I've ever had the misfortune to run across. Why did I read the book? Certainly not to brag about it but to follow the experiences of *Melanie*. I'm still wondering how even she could put up with it. In my opinion, *Searlett* is the most contemptible, vain, self-centered, unaffectionate, self-indulgent "I'll think about that to-morrow" individual who ever sprang from a book. Any actress who was tested for this rôle and then rejected should breathe a sigh of relief to think that she had escaped living in such an undesirable characterization. For, as many will not believe, people will never forget them in those parts, and they will always be associated with the names of *Searlett O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler*, and that isn't handing bouquets to any one.

ALICE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Should Have Been Shelved.

I HAVE just seen "Saratoga," and, in my opinion, it definitely should have been shelved for at least two or three years. It is a fine picture, and the comedy was put in the hands of experts. Then why should it have been shelved? Simply because of the presence of Jean Harlow. Most of the audience came, I believe, to see just how sick she looked during filming, her double for some takes, et cetera. I went for enjoyment, but I didn't find it as the audience talked continually about her. When you have a large audience, and three fourths of them are whispering, you can't hear much of the talking in the film, and I couldn't. If "Saratoga" had been shelved two or three years, during which time many would have forgotten her, then taken off the shelf, re-filmed with the same cast as before, excepting, of

*Continued on page 94*

# SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

PICTURE PLAY makes a big change in the next issue. Forty-eight pages in rotogravure instead of thirty-two, new type throughout and more pictures than ever before. It is a dramatic, satisfying change which begins with the most unusual cover the magazine has ever had, a brilliant likeness of Joan Crawford that will strike her admirers right in the eye. More than physical change in the magazine, though, will be the appeal of its contents. Every story will be a choice story, every star to have a story must deserve it. There will be no fillers, no interviews solely to express the sweetness and charm of the subject. In short, there will be nothing trite and nothing blah. Every article will be short, forceful and informative. This is a realistic age, these are hurried times: the long-drawn-out article is a thing of the past; pictures speak louder than words.

At the same time, Picture Play is not casting overboard its solid foundation, its intelligent viewpoint, in favor of flashiness and superficial inspection of films and personalities. It will continue to be penetrating and authoritative, but in the modern manner.

We are sure our loyal readers will like it, for it is they who really ordered the improvement, and we are pretty certain that new readers will be attracted by the force of the magazine's personal magnetism! Anyway, we're having a good time putting into practice our own theories of "how to win friends and influence people."

* * *

WHO started the letters about Nelson Eddy that are coming to all the fan magazines, including Picture Play? They tell us that Mr. Eddy is MGM's stepchild, of all things, and Jeanette MacDonald is the golden princess to whom he is "sacrificed"! Fans from all over the land voice this opinion, with England and Australia even more indignant over the wrong done their hero.

Though they may rend me for saying it, I don't think Mr. Eddy has been badly treated by his studio any more than Miss MacDonald has been exploited beyond her just deserts. Try as I may, I can't see that she has been "forced" and Mr. Eddy "neglected." To me, they are ideally paired and they complement one another, Miss MacDonald's delicious archness in proper contrast to Mr. Eddy's masculine reticence and dignity; while their voices not only blend in an undivided stream of melody but each maintains its beautiful identity. Yet intelligent fans protest that Mr. Eddy's talent is superior to Miss MacDonald's and that "in every possible way—dialogue, action, music and footage, 'Maytime' was concocted to slight Nelson Eddy."



NELSON EDDY

One of Mr. Eddy's champions tells us that in "Maytime," which runs one hundred and thirty-six minutes, Mr. Eddy appears for only about thirty minutes, including long shots. Another one times his first appearance in each film, with surprising results. This fan informs us that "Naughty Marietta" ran twenty-five minutes before Mr. Eddy gladdened the eye and ear, and the aching void was as long in "Rose-Marie." Worse than either of these pictures, from the standpoint of cheating the public of Mr. Eddy, was "Maytime." Thirty-five minutes of the film unreeled before he was seen.

NOW, all this is interesting. If nothing else, it tells us how avidly the true fan follows films and what amazing discoveries are made by those who carry split-second timepieces to clock minutes of delight or chagrin. But I would inform them of something they overlook. It is the *story*.

For example, in "Naughty Marietta" it was necessary—for later understanding of the romance—to know what manner of girl was Miss MacDonald, how she happened to be in old New Orleans and why she responded so quickly to the honest virtues of Mr. Eddy after the sham and artificiality of the French court. It wasn't

necessary for us to know how Mr. Eddy happened to be in Louisiana. Obviously he had lived there always.

"Rose-Marie" described a spoiled prima donna's reactions to the rough customs of the Canadian Northwest and her gradual awakening to the beauty of nature—and Mr. Eddy. In order to make this clear it was necessary to show what her life had been before the meeting, while no story was suggested in how Mr. Eddy happened to be wearing the uniform of a Mounty.

So, too, in "Maytime." The prologue was a dramatic essential to the whole. Without it, the romance that followed would have had little point and the epilogue would have lost its poignant significance. Mr. Eddy had no place in the prologue because he was dead and only lived in the memory of the heroine. In the epilogue he only appeared when she died. In short, Mr. Eddy had no place in the scenes dealing with the period of the prologue and epilogue, the present. He was of the past. I can't see anything wrong in keeping him in that part of the picture.

I'M afraid that Mr. Eddy's partisans have lost their balance in natural enthusiasm and are losing sight of his pictures as a whole, as well as his screen heroine. They remind me of the lengths Ramon Novarro's fans used to go in denouncing whoever happened to play opposite him. MGM was roundly taken to task for pushing Norma Shearer ahead of him in "The Student Prince" and Dorothy Jordan was despised on the principle that she shouldn't be playing with him at all. I concluded that this contingent of the Novarro fans would only be happy when their idol put on a one-man show, that is, when he acted *all* the rôles himself. Perhaps Mr. Eddy's fans will find compensation in seeing him in "Rosalie," without Miss MacDonald, just as it is possible that some of her votaries may enjoy her most fully in "The Firefly" minus Mr. Eddy. But *all* wait for their reunion in "The Girl of the Golden West."

* * *

THREE of the best pictures of the month have no love story. They are "100 Men and a Girl," "Stage Door," and "First Lady." The last two star such love-ridden ladies as Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, and Kay Francis.

Of course, Deanna Durbin is automatically excused from love in "100 Men and a Girl" because she's only fourteen, but had her picture been conventionally planned she might have arranged one of those forced and unnecessary romances between her elders. Instead, we are given only the love of great music as the picture's motivation, and it is perfect.


DEANNA DURBIN

The absence of romance from the other pictures is more significant, though I don't know exactly why except that we look for a love story from these stars. Neither picture suffers from this innovation. "Stage Door" is one of the most entertaining films we are likely to see this month, and "First Lady" is surely the wittiest example of "catty" comedy we are apt to see in any month. If we must find a reason for their significance, I think that praising the courage of Miss Hepburn, Miss Rogers, and Miss Francis is as good as any. They tell us that stars are just as anxious to do something different as we are to see them do it.

* * *

FULL-LENGTH opera is coming to the screen for the joy of those who have begged for it, and for the surprise of some who think they will shy away from it. Bona fide opera, not excerpts strung together, nor "modernized" versions, but "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Aida," and "Tosca" as Verdi and Puccini composed them. They are to be produced in Italy by Hal Roach in partnership with Vittorio Mussolini, son of Il Duce, who is now in Hollywood acquainting himself with American methods of picture-making. This important combination is the result of Italy's intention to take her place in affairs cinematic and to submit pictures that will appeal to the world instead of a limited native public.


VITTORIO MUSSOLINI

That is where Mr. Roach comes in. He will see to it that the operatic films are not funny in the wrong places and that the tenor and soprano are not physical parodies of what a hero and heroine should be to please an American audience. It wouldn't surprise me to find some of our Hollywood singers getting their chance to sing opera at last, especially Nelson Eddy. Under contract to MGM, with whom Mr. Roach is affiliated, I think the possibility is far from remote, especially as MGM will distribute the pictures. Mr. Roach says, "We want young faces and fresh voices for this new venture, not a lot of fat men and women long past the camera age." If that isn't a call for Mr. Eddy I don't know what is.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

**DIVINE LADY: *GARBO AS MARIE WALEWSKA IN* "CONQUEST"**



Photos by Fryer

# Bette Davis: HER RETREAT FROM FOLLY

BY HELEN PADE

**Bette Davis decides to accept Hollywood as it is, instead of rebelling against it, and to go about playing the movie game. She knows she must follow its own peculiar rules.**

BETTE DAVIS paused, listening to the conversation at the next table.

She wasn't eavesdropping. The speaker was an extra, once an idol of the films, and he didn't lower his voice as he said:

"I'm an extra to-day because I was stubborn and witless. I had no hard luck. The fickle public? Fickle my eye! It wasn't the public that turned away from me. I turned away from the public.

"I thought I was up there for good, secure and permanent. The industry was changing, but I didn't change with it. I considered it a vehicle which would carry me along wherever it went, with no further effort on my part.

"Instead, I found I was riding a surf board on the crest of a wave that had elevated me—by sheer luck—and was now racing away without me. I slipped down into the trough behind that wave, and fell off my surf board. Succeeding waves rolled over me. On their crests triumphant riders sped by. But I couldn't catch another. I'd lost the only chance I had."

Bette shivered. "Whew! That's a realistic picture, isn't it?" she said in a low voice. "Oddly enough, I used almost the same figure of speech not many months ago in a huddle with myself about my own problems."

"And the result?" I prompted.

"Chiefly a lot of resolutions to which I'll stick hereafter. I'm good at sticking to resolutions. One of them was to stop all wish-thinking about Hollywood. To accept it as it is, and go about playing the movie game by its own rules.

"In other words, I made quite a few changes in myself, and so far the effects have been beneficial, not only in private life but, I think, in my work.

"You see, I felt I'd wasted a lot of time and energy in the past. To revert to a watery figure of speech, I'd been swimming against the current, not with it. And as any lifeguard can tell you, that's silly. A current doesn't admire or acknowledge your courage.

"The current of movie popularity is just as unheeding as any in the ocean—and twice as shifting. Try to float on it and it rushes away from you. Struggle against it and it engulfs you. But swim with it, as alertly and intelligently as you can, and you can keep up a long time."

"Spoken like a true ex-lifeguard," I said.

"Which I never was," smiled Bette the frank. "That was only a publicity story some one invented."

"About this change in you—has it attracted much attention?"

Bette laughed. "I don't believe so. After all, it isn't an outward change, like going in for mannish clothes or a freakish make-up. People notice those things right away."

"When did it start?"

"Oh, probably before I was fully aware of it, or ready to accept it. But it really became a clear-cut resolution one day on the boat, returning

fram England and my licking in the British caurts. I was laaking at the water, which accounts far the wettish figure af speech I tald yau abaut."

It accurred ta me then that peaple had naticed the change in Bette—nat in her persanality or canduct, but an the screen. Many ta wham I talked had remarked that in pictures made after her return, "Marked Waman," "Kid Galahad," "That Certain Waman," and o film we had anly that day viewed in the projectian raam, "It's Lave I'm After," she shawed a new pawer and assurance. Behind it was this change in Bette herself, and her attitude taward Hallywood.

"Tell me same of yaur resalutians, Bette, and mare about the change in yau," I suggested.

She frowned thaughtfully. "Well, first af all, I unpacked my trunks. Yau may not understand, if yau dan't remember that in my early days in Hallywaad I ance had my trunks packed and wos obaut ta leave far New Yark. Universal had drapped me at aptian time, and I mistrusted my future.

"Althaugh a test far Geargе Arliss's 'The Man Who Played Gad' halted my departure, and wan the râle against the campetitian af better-knawn actresses, I kept my trunks packed. Actually. And dressed aut af them. It was silly, but it wasn't superstition—just o defense mechanism.

"Afterward, althaugh I seemed ta be getting along in films, and had unpacked my trunks physically, I kept the same defensive attitude. Even when I'd warked in pictures such as 'Cabin in the Cattan,' 'Fog Over Frisco,' and 'Of Human Bandage,' I remember telling peaple I wauldn't buy a house or anything I couldn't pack in o trunk.

"But naw I feel thot my life is definitely tied up with pictures. I'm gaing ta stick, with bridges burned behind me, trunks unpacked."

Even the New Englond hame in the Berkshires which Bette used to mentian as an ultimate refuge for herself and husband Harman O. Nelson, has now been put inta the dim future. Bette's new canceptian af career lacks pravisians far retreat. There will be na retreat.

The change in her plan af campaign naturally affects "Ham" Nelsan. And he helped ta bring it abaut by achievements af his awn. As an archestra leader he was sametimes in Las Angeles, sametimes in San Francisca and finally in New Yark, while picture wark kept Bette in Hallywaad. Naw he has a thriving Hallywaad agency business. He tao can unpack his trunks, for his interests, like Bette's, are centered in the film city.

"Any waman whose husband has been farced by business ta live apart fram her far lang intervals can understand haw having Ham here, and being in a way settled at last, has helped me," Bette remarked.

This change came, incidentally, saan after Bette returned fram England with all her new resalutians. Nelsan launched his Hallywaad business and Bette plunged inta the film campaign which even at this date has resulted in new critical hanars and papularity.

Bette and her husband figure tagether, taa, in her resalu-

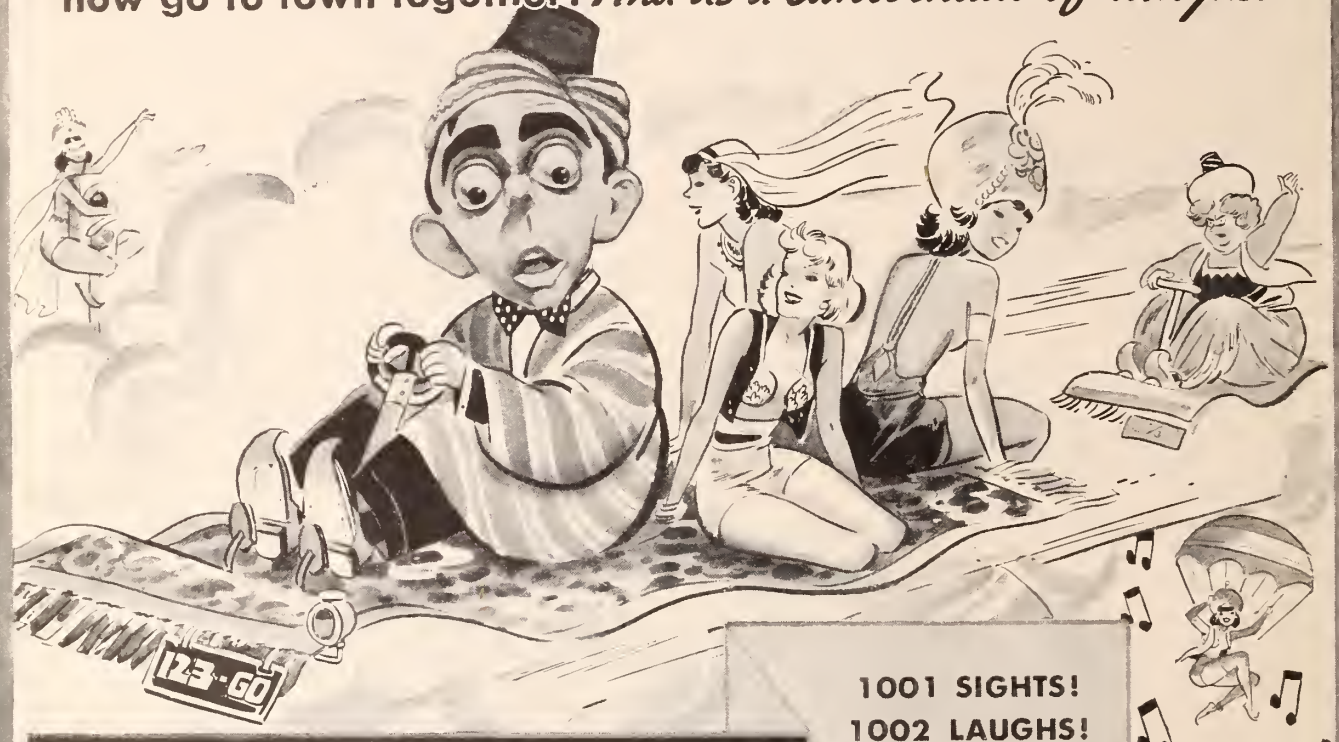
*Continued on page 62*



**For years she was at odds with Hollywood, even refusing to unpack her trunks. Now that she realizes her place is there, she is giving the best performances of her successful career.**

*Hold on to your Turbans, folks!*

**Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together!** *And it's a Cantornado of laughs!*




# *Eddie* CANTOR

# ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

**TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG**
**JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK**

**JOHN CARRADINE** — **DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**
**VIRGINIA FIELD** — **RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET**
**ALAN DINEHART** — **PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON**

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

**1001 SIGHTS!**
**1002 LAUGHS!**

*...as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!*

Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (*Whoopsie doops!*)

About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (*all after Eddie!*)

The Raymond Scott Quintet (*putting the heat in swing!*)

Countless kisses under the desert moon (*as Tony sings to June!*)

1938-model Magic Carpets (*with floating power!*)

A hundred or so other hi-de-highlights!

Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Contortainment!

*Yes! You've got something here!*







**NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!**

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set On You"

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



## picture play's famous previews

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
IN "THE GREAT GARRICK."

# THE GREAT GARRICK















BRIAN AHERNE, English stage idol of the 18th century, incurs the animosity of the Comédie Français, and only by his own wits does he save himself from their little plot. Outer left, Mr. Aherne, in "Hamlet" costume, poses for Henry O'Neill. With him and his valet, Edward Everett Horton, are Albert Van Dekker and Milton Owen. Top, with Olivia de Havilland, a countess who wins the love of the great actor. Above, with Trevor Bardette. Center, Melville Cooper with a group of French players on the stage.







# MADAME X

GLADYS GEORGE has the title rôle in this dramatic story of mother love. Because her husband suspects her of infidelity, she is forced to leave him and their child. Trying to support herself, she first becomes a governess and then a café hostess. When Henry Daniell, center, a gambler, tries to blackmail her, she shoots him. Her son, John Beal, now a lawyer, is put on the case to defend her. Below, with Phillip Reed.















# IN OLD CHICAGO

ROMANCE and the events which led up to the Chicago fire of '71 are depicted in this dramatic story. Alice Brady plays the rôle of "Mrs. O'Leary." Two of her sons are Tyrone Power and Don Ameche. The former falls in love with Alice Faye. Brian Donlevy runs a music hall. Left, the fire engines returning from the scene of the big stockyards stampede.













# THE PERFECT SPECIMEN







ERROL FLYNN has been reared by his grandmother, May Robson, to be letter-perfect in almost all the manly arts and sciences. Despite his riches, he proves his fitness in any fight and as an automobile mechanic. He meets Joan Blondell, whose brother, Dick Foran, left, bottom, with Beverly Roberts, works on the estate. Outer left, with Edward Everett Horton.




BATAVIA





# WELLS FARGO

THE most exciting section of American history is the background of this story. Joel McCrea, employed by a stage and express company, takes over the job of lengthening the line from New York State to St. Louis. For there he will again see Frances Dee, whom he loves. Bob Burns is always with him. The couple marry but are separated when the Civil War breaks out. Below, "Ramsay MacKay" with Henry O'Neill. John Mack Brown, right, renews his suit.















# THERE GOES THE GROOM



THIS romantic comedy recites the experiences of a young author, Burgess Meredith, who simulates amnesia to avoid marrying Ann Sothern, to whom he is engaged. Her unselfish devotion during his apparent loss of memory causes him to fall in love with her, and leaves him in a quandary how to explain his deceit. Below, with Louise Henry.









# NOTHING SACRED

CAROLE LOMBARD, a small-town girl, crashes New York, with disastrous results for "The Morning Star," of which Fredric March is the ace reporter, and Walter Connolly the managing editor. Charles Winninger, a country doctor, accompanies Miss Lombard on her wild, hilarious escapade. Shirley Chambers as "Lady Godiva" in a night-club scene. Mr. March, below, questions Margaret Hamilton.







JAMES ELLISON AND JEAN PARKER IN "THE BARRIER."

# SEE THE BIG FIGHT!



# LOMBARD VS. MARCH



*DAVID O. SELZNICK'S Sensational Technicolor Comedy*

# NOTHING SACRED

WITH

CAROLE

## LOMBARD

FREDRIC

## MARCH

***CHARLES WINNINGER***

***WALTER CONNOLLY***

*by the producer and director of "A Star is Born"*





*Directed by* WILLIAM A WELLMAN — *Screen play by* BEN HECHT · *Released thru United Artists*



DEANNA DURBIN



ROBERT TAYLOR



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



TYRONE POWER



SONJA HENIE



BOBBY BREEN

# Picking to-morrow's

# *WINNERS*

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

DO yau know wha will be the stars af ta-morraw? Wha will the audiences go to see in 1939 and 1940? I put this question to representative theater men throughaut America and here are the findings:

The newer, younger players line up in this order:

1. Tyrane Pawer
2. Shirley Temple
3. Babby Breen
4. Robert Taylor
5. Sanja Henie
6. Jane Withers
7. Alice Fay
8. Ray Milland
9. Deanna Durbin

I imagine that this scaring will surprise you. Yet the exhibitars put them in exactly that order—and they certainly aught ta knaw their audiences. It indicates that Tyrane Pawer is growing faster than any ane suspected. His vote was more than twice that af Robert Taylar.

Now let us take the established stars of ta-day. Wha will survive twa years from naw? Here's haw the exhibitors rate them for January 1, 1940:

1. Claudette Calbert
2. William Pawell
3. Clark Gable
4. Bette Davis
5. Fred Astaire
6. Carale Lambard
7. Irene Dunne
8. Janet Gaynar
9. Kay Francis
10. Luise Rainer
11. Spencer Tracy
12. Fernand Gravet

Bab Burns pulled a remarkable vote, second anly to Tyrane Pawer. I have nat included him in either list, since he is a figure quite apart. But he will be a big farce an the screen, anather Will Ragers, ar aur exhibitars are wrang.

A second list af patential stars, based on the exhibitor vote, would run like this: Virginia Bruce, Jael McCrea, Buddy Ebsen, Wayne Marris, Eleanare Whitney, Frances Farmer, Annabella, James Stewart, Judy Garland, Rasalind Russell, Dan Ameche, and Freddie Bartholomew.

My test questians went ta mast af the States af the Unian. Exhibitors in twenty-eight States answered in detail, sa the summary can be considered the shawmen's verdict of all these United States.

Here it should be nated that, in sending out questionnaires, I tried ta reach the average exhibitar nat allied with any particular chain af theaters. The vate, in the main, expresses the tawn and small city verdict. Yet villages and cities are included, too, to balance the judgment.

I believe that exhibitars in smaller lacalities are nearer their patrons and knaw mare than any one else abaut Mr. and Mrs. Average America and what they want to see an the screen.

ALICE FAYE



RAY MILLAND



JANE WITHERS







SPENCER TRACY



KAY FRANCIS



CLARK GABLE



LUISE RAINER



FRED ASTAIRE



BETTE DAVIS



WILLIAM POWELL



JANET GAYNOR

Now I'll tell you what some of the showmen think of coming trends in pictures:

Raleigh W. Sharrock, of the Centenary Theater, Shreveport, Louisiana, looks toward color photography and third dimension pictures, as do many other showmen.

A large proportion of the nation's exhibitors believe that pictures move in cycles. Listen to George Bannan, of the Prudential Long Island Theaters, East Hampton, New York. He says:

"The screen will follow thraugh the same cycles which have been prevalent in the last three years, such as from horror to romance, romance ta historical, historical to adventure, adventure to musical, et cetera, until the cycle is completed by fallaw-ing the Hollywood time-worn formula."

In the West, action pictures are in strong demand. J. H. Noah, of the New Liberty Theater, Fart Worth, Texas, expresses the demand far the outdoor film in this fashion:

"We have found that pictures with a great deal of actian and attractive titles mean about as much at the bax affice of our theater as those with big names. Gene Autry is our best drawing card, due, no doubt, to the colorful titles af his films, as well as his singing. Such titles as 'Red River Valley,' 'Hills of Old Wyoming,' 'The Old Corral,' 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and 'Rootin', Tootin' Rhythm' appeal to our patranage. Since the success of 'The Plainsman' in key cities, as well as in small towns, we believe there is a trend toward pictures emphasizing wholesome action with autdaor backgrounds."

This Gene Autry, by the way, is a strang draw everywhere, according to exhibitors. Tex Ritter is running him a strang second in his field.

H. R. Griswold, af the Sewanee Union Theater, Sewanee, Tennessee, looks to the spectacle and sheer comedy as the pictures of to-morrow. He says:

"Trying to guess the trend in pictures is not an easy task. My crowd daes not like tapical pictures. Such films as 'Black Legion,' 'Marked Woman,' et cetera, were flops far me. On the other hand 'Romeo and Juliet' gave me the second highest gross for the season, the best going to 'Maytimè' by a very few dollars. Yet I understand 'Romeo and Juliet' generally has been a flop in general release."

Mr. Harringtan, of Clatskanie, Oregon, sees the stary steadily becaming mare important, regardless of its source or background.

H. M. Gerber, of the Roxy Theater, Hazelton, North Dakota, echaes this, adding that the direction is almost as important.

Rudolf Duba, of the Royal Theater, Kimball, South Dakota, sees the trend taward comedy melodrama with same romance. Audiences want action and comedy. "Keep away fram society stuff," he says, "and avoid the divorce triangle."

Gladys E. McArdle, af the Owl Theater, Lebanon, Kansas, says the coming demand will be far simple, homely stories. "It seems to me," she says, "the future trend of pictures will be along the line of it-might-have-happened-in-aur-tawn. I think the public is tired of the magnificent, the spectacular and the weird. It wants mare of the made-in-America type af story of our own country and our own people." And she adds, "This is just the opinian of a small-town exhibitar from the Kansas dust bowl."

B. Hallenbeck, of the Rose Theater, Sumas, Washingtan, predicts a reaction against the big musical film. "It is my opinion," he says, "that the public is getting tired of the endless procession of musical and dancing pictures. And that they are on their way out. A few snappy songs or some dancing incidental to the main theme is acceptable, but the picture that devotes itself to an interminable procession af meaningless songs and chorus routines is becoming boresome to the average fan."

# Picking To-morrow's Winners



CAROLE LOMBARD

But the exhibitors, like the producers, don't agree. L. C. Bolduc, of the Majestic Theater, Conway, New Hampshire, contradicts exhibitors who believe their audiences dislike costume dramas. He says the histarical film is caming back again. Predicts, taa, a trend taward mare ramance and adventure stories.

C. M. Pincus, of the Capital Theater, Salt Lake City, Utah, thinks, and probably rightly, that the next trend depends entirely on the development of world affairs. A war abraad easily could change the film trend, for instance. "Sea stories and rugged outdoor dramas will cantinue ta be strong attractians, nevertheless," he adds.

Jna. S. Erickson, of the Rex Theater, Iron Mauntain, Michigan, believes that television will change the whale method of exhibiting films in the next two or three years. The pictures, he believes, will come direct over wires fram the various exchanges located in key cities.

A wide variety of opinions might be added, along with a whale series of exhibitar complaints. But, in summarizing ideas, we find that most exhibitars believe that their audiences want clean, wholesame entertainment naw and twa years fram now, that comedy will continue daminant, that autdaor pictures are grawing in popularity, that there will be a general reactian, naw apparent in spots, against the musical spectacle as it is done in Hollywaod ta-day. Ninety per cent of the exhibitors say ane thing: The story is mare important than most af the stars, and stars are wholly dependent upon their vehicles.



FERNAND GRAVET

Now let's return to the persanalities of the screen—and detail what the exhibitors think of the nine newcomers they select as the stars of to-marrow.

Every exhibitor agrees that Tyrone Power is a patential star of great possibilities. Their verdict on Shirley Temple —and this covers Jane Withers, taa—is interesting. They believe that Miss Temple will go an in continued papularity far at least two mare years. Growing-up gawkiness may came then ta bath these young ladies—but fame is safe until 1940.

Babby Breen's papularity with exhibitors may surprise you. They believe in him strongly. They like his voice, his lack of typical film cuteness.

Deanna Durbin has a tremendaus exhibitar following. They feel sure she is going places.

Alice Faye has been develaping steadily—and is building a definite following. Mare of Sanja Henie in a moment. I will let the exhibitars camment an her themselves. And Ray Milland! There's a surprise.

This Paramount leading man is in high favar with the cauntry's showmen. Ralph Cakain, wha, until recently, when he joined 20th Century-Fax, was manager af the Indiana Theater, af Marion, Indiana, says af Milland: "All at ance he has come to display a brand of charm that captivates every one. He is [redacted] day and right grooming wil[redacted] stars."

Now let the exhibitors give [redacted] these stars and starlets.

A. E. Hancock, af the Colu[redacted] Indiana, names Judy Garlan[redacted] high-power newcomers. H[redacted] voice af range and powe[redacted] mensely in "Wings of the[redacted] audiences.

M. E. Harrington, af the [redacted] Oregon, is strong far Wayne Morris and Deanna Durbin. Bath have refreshing new personalities, he says. Marris, he believes, will "go places." Miss Durbin has "a voice that thrills."

Mr. Harrington believes Janet Gaynor will achieve big things in the next twa years. "Her successful comeback in 'A Star Is Born,' " he says, "definitely placed her as one wha will rise high to a new stardom. She possesses a talent which could make her the screen's finest tragédienne." That is, if she gets the breaks.

Says Mr. Harrington of Spencer Tracy: "At last he is coming inta his awn. He will continue to da so, if carefully cast. His amazing versatility shown in recent pictures, proves him capable of fine performances in the future."

Sonja Henie has a strong following. "Her skating gave us something new," Miss McArdle af Lebanon, Kansas, says and Miss McArdle, with dazens af ather exhibitors, believes that Miss Henie will grow in papular favar with future pictures.

Mr. Cokain, then af Marion, Indiana, is strong for Miss Henie, tao. "She cannat ga thraugh stardom merely skating," he says, "but the fact that she won hosts af admirers in her first picture certainly justifies her holding these admirers and winning more, with successive hits. Shrewd casting will help her, miscasting will harm."

Mr. Cokain is strong far Tyrane Pawer, taa. "It is my firm belief," he says, "that Power will eventually become more papular than Robert Taylar. Taylar is extremely handsome, of course, while Power is not only handsome but the clean-cut type of youth all classes of audiences admire. He is the young fellaw next daar."

Mr. Cokain casts a vote for Frances Farmer, also. "Miss Farmer has done exceptianally well in the shart time she has been in Hallywaad," he remarks. "She will reach stardom by 1939, perhaps before that."

Says Haward Ralston, af the Ritz Theater, San Bernardina, California: "Power is another Robert Taylar. Ray Milland can't be stopped, the wamen lave him. And I think Henry Fonda shauld prave anather Gary Caaper."

*Continued on page 92*



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Photo by Lazlo Willinger

**Nelson Eddy in "Rosalie"**



Photo by Coburn

# THEY SAY IN *New York*

BY KAREN HOLLIS

**Hollywood and the Goldwyn "Follies" are winning Zorina away from the Ballet Russe, but very gradually. The ballet is like a religion to her.**



Mona Barrie is winning many friends in the stage extravaganza, "Virginia," a musical.

Joan Bennett is having a longer fling on the stage than she expected in the summer.



WHEREVER two or more Hollywoodians meet in New York, you have on your hands a meeting of the Deliriously-Stoge-struck-and-Let's-Get-Away-Fram-It-All Assaciatian. It moy be at "21," it may be in o fitting room ot Hottie Carnegie's, ond at lunch time it is pretty sure to be the Algonquin or Sardi's; but wherever it is, the oir is filled with pratestotions thot one really must get back into the theoter.

No sultry-lidded film belle hos as yet given out "Lady Macbeth" at me while pinioned under the hair dryers ot the Hotel Pierre, but I'm ready with her cues when she does.

Mona Barrie wos first before the footlights, o little hampered by the massive scenery of "Virginia," but dashing and vital nevertheless.

Joan Bennett proved that it was trouping she liked, and not the giddy pleosures af New York, by electing to take over Margoret Sullavon's râle in "Stage Door" on o rood taur instead of appeoring on Broadwoy.

Sylvio Sidney, looking wan and haggard, hopes thot her Theoter Guild ploy will go on ond on forever. Henry

Fonda distinguishes himself in "Blow Ye Winds" by speaking risqué lines without a single apologetic smirk.

Elissa Landi—with Vincent Price, New York's pet matinée idol—feels confident after out-of-town try-outs that she has a Broadway hit this time, and Burgess Meredith, back from the wars of Hollywood, is doing a play with Lillian Gish.

Gloria Dickson, of "Lest We Forget" fame, is all set for her Broadway début; Jean Muir, who drew rapturous raves in her summer stock engagements is looking about for a play, and looming on the horizon are Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in a play called "The Christian Hero," dealing with the essayists Addison and Steele.

**Those Spellbinding Marches.**—So infectious is the enthusiasm of the Marches, they have lured John Cromwell from Hollywood to direct them in their play. Mr. Cromwell, having directed "The Prisoner of Zenda," which threatens to become every one's favorite picture, could while away his time in Hollywood directing nothing but super-super productions at super-de luxe pay, but once the Marches got to work on him, he was fairly frantic to get back to the theater.

The Marches, I might as well warn you, are born organizers, cause leaders, drum-thumpers. Every now and then—or let's be accurate and just say now—they discover a book by some unappreciated author, and set out to get their friends to buy it. Guests have been known to rush from the March domicile to the nearest bookstore to demand whatever book they have recommended. Whatever they want you to do, they make you feel is a privilege, not a duty. They ought to be endowed.

**Fashion News from the Front.**—While Paris dispatches seethed with the news that new clothes are a riot of Oriental colorings, murky raisin, or sharp persimmon, Constance Bennett stepped off the "Normandie" wearing inky blue with lighter gray-blue touches here and there, and looking as if it were the most utter nonsense for any one else to attempt to set styles for aloof ladies.

One of the ship news reporters who suffers seizures of icy chill whenever confronted with her name on a sailing list, recently saw her in "Topper" and decided that he must have made a mistake. She was no arrogant snob, but a lively companion.

This time he found her among the passengers, and rushed up not quite prepared to hail her as "Toots," but all set to ask her if in real life she

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Photo by Willinger

**Luise Rainer's immigrant girl's wardrobe in "Big City" left fans disappointed. They want a good show for their money on and off the screen.**



Photo by Bachrach

**Barbara Stanwyck's farewell party on a ship bound for California was a regular convention of old Brooklyn schoolmates.**



# Don AMECHE'S BOYHOOD TRICKS



**BY EMIL J. BLACKY**

THE DIGNIFIED STAR OF TO-DAY IS REMEMBERED IN HIS HOME TOWN AS AN IMPETUOUS ITALIAN BOY WITH A WAY OF ALWAYS GETTING OUT OF TROUBLE.

IT is Sunday afternoon in Kenosha, Wisconsin. The industrial plants in this thriving city, jutting between Chicogo and Milwaukee, have earned their week's respite and smoke curls lazily from their stacks.

In the Italian quarter of the town dark-haired youngsters frolic about, while the grown folks are clustered on porches and chat volubly in their notive tongue or wander leisurely to visit relatives and neighbors a few blocks down the street.

You stop before a group on a corner waiting for a parade of automobiles to pass.

"We would like to know where to find the relatives of Don Ameche?" we ask.

The face of the elderly man in the group beams.

"Ah, my friend," he replies in slightly broken but understandable English. "You are verra close. You meona da Amici family. Don's a seester she leeves five blocks up da street. She's o married to Ventura, the coal and ice man. It's a beega house.

"But Mrs. Ventura she's a verra seek inno da hospital," he adds soaly. "Mrs. Amici she's a come home to take care of her daughter. But she's a nice woman. She's a be glod to see you."

We thank our informer who stands watching us os we turn and proceed to the "beego house." Our first guess is right.

Handsome ond friendly George Venturo answers the buzzer, ond without hesitation he invites us in. He accepts our opologies for interrupting him during the illness of his wife, but his genuine expression of hospitolity bids us remain.

"I will call Mrs. Ameche," he soys, as we make ourselves comfortable.

The moment she emerges from the kitchen doorwoy, you have a feeling that you are going to have a pleosont visit.

And when you tell her thot your editor wonts to know oll obout Don ond his boyhood doys she sighs ond her eyes twinkle with o kindly light, os if she were obout to live over ogain o beoutiful dreom thot hos been mode oll the more sweet becouse it come true.

"Oh, my," she sighs. I just don't know where to begin. Don was such a wonderful boy."

And then, with a chuckle, she odds, "But o bad one ot times, too.

"There wos the time when his fother arranged to send him to his first boarding school. He was eight yeors old then. The evening before he left, I hod oll his clothes reody ond neotly orronged for the trip ond hod brought them down into the kitchen to pock. As o farewell, I decided to moke our fovorite dish—spaghetti with tomoto souce—for supper. Don liked it, too. I had peeled o lot of tomatoes and left the skins in o dish.

"Remembering thot I hod neglected to bring some of Don's things down from his room, I hurried upstairs to get them. When I returned to the kitchen, what a sight greeted my eyes! The tomoto skins were spottered oll over the wolls. The clothes I hod worked so hord to clean ond press were stoined with ugly spots. And stonding innocently in front of the sink wos Don, his honds still dripping from the moist tomato skins.

"Just os I wos obout to give him the scolding of his life, his fother entered. Much to my—ond I imogine Don's—surprise, he did not soy o word, ond oll of us ote our dinner in silence. But when we hod finished, he morched Don directly into the kitchen.

"It wos twelve thirty thot night before o much-humbled boy had removed all the tomoto skins from the walls ond cleoned the kitchen well enough to poss his father's inspection. The next day, tired but completely disciplined,

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The smaller picture shows the tavern that Don's dad owned before his talented son built a home for the family in California.

The other photograph is of the typical place where Don Ameche was born.



The small picture on the opposite page shows Don Ameche in his Sunday best at the age of twelve in Kenosha, Wisconsin. It is interesting to note the resemblance of the boy to the man we admire to-day.

At twenty-nine Don has not lost the mischievous twinkle in his eye that put him up to many pranks that irked his family—and especially his father—when he was a mere boy.



# THE PRICE SHE

## BY JERRY ASHER

BEHIND the story of "Stella Dallas," there is a real-life drama far more poignant than the most stirring moment on the screen. It is the story of a star who knew she wasn't wanted for the rôle and started off with the greatest possible odds against her.

It is the story of an actress who yearned desperately for recompense and hoped to attain it through giving the finest performance of her career.

That Barbara Stanwyck breathed genius into her rôle of "Stella," is proved by the sensational reception the picture is receiving throughout the country. That Barbara Stanwyck has been compensated for a great unhappiness she once knew, is reflected in her ecstatic state of mind to-day.

During the latter years of her marriage to Frank Fay, Barbara allowed her career to slip close to oblivion. In place of the spirited young actress whose provocative beauty and husky voice had once thrilled New York audiences in "Burlesque," there remained a bitter, inarticulate person. Came her divorce. After it followed long months of readjustment. She tried to recapture the sparkle that had once been the keynote to an exciting personality.

Slowly but surely her efforts were rewarded. Her bitterness began to slip away. Work was her salvation. She prayed that she might be given another chance to prove that it was not too late. She threw herself into her career with a fervor she had never known before.

Deep in her heart was the ambition to give a performance that would make up for all she had been through. To friends she confided that she was working and waiting patiently. But the day must come when she would really act for the first time.

Since her advent in pictures, Barbara Stanwyck has always nursed a secret ambition to work for Samuel Goldwyn. She had learned, however, that Mr. Goldwyn did not admire her ability. As a matter of fact she had been told that not only did Goldwyn have scant regard for her as an actress, he didn't think she was pretty, he didn't like her figure. And he thought her voice was bad. In short, Goldwyn didn't like Stanwyck!

So the story goes, once after he had sat through a Stanwyck picture, Sam Goldwyn turned to his associates and asked if any one could tell him just why Barbara Stanwyck was on the screen. It seems that no one cared to volunteer the information. Or couldn't. So Goldwyn went right on thinking Barbara was a bad actress. And Barbara went right on hoping to work for him.

Having made several pictures together, there is a friendship between Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea that is one of the most genuine in Hollywood. Joel knew of the struggle Barbara had been through to reëstablish herself. One day while working together in "Banjo On My Knee," Barbara and Joel sat talking between scenes.

# PAID FOR *Stella Dallas*



"I wish you could work for Sam Goldwyn," said Joel. "He's the best boss and the best producer in the world. And he's especially good for women stars. If he has faith in you he'll never let you down. Just recently I had a preview. I felt I was so bad that Goldwyn would surely fire me. Sure enough, next day he called me into his office. Before I could say a word, he cut in: 'You were so good in that picture, you should have a raise—but don't ask for it because you won't get it,' he finished with typical wry humor."

"I'd rather work for Goldwyn than any producer," answered Barbara. "I'd work for him for less money just to be in his pictures. He does everything on such a large scale. His pictures show such good taste and he doesn't spare a thing. One picture with him is worth a dozen with others. I hear he's to remake 'Stella Dallas.' I'd give my soul for a chance at that. But I heard when I first came to Hollywood that he has always

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Holly Barnes, pictured with Barbara Stanwyck, above, played an important part in Barbara's success as "Stella Dallas." So important, indeed, that Barbara says that if she is awarded the Academy prize Holly must sit beside her at the banquet.

Left, a memorable moment in Miss Stanwyck's impersonation of "Stella Dallas."



MARY CARLISLE

# On and Off the SET

WHEN Hollywood heard of Marlene Dietrich cabling home for extra pairs of her own super-special false eyelashes, rumors naturally started that Dietrich is slipping. Last time she went abroad, you see, she took along twelve dozen extra pairs, enough to last even a glamour girl for a few weeks.

FOR a scene in a Western, Buck Jones lent Grant Withers a gorgeously mounted silver belt. Then Buck grinned and disappeared. Came quitting time. The belt wouldn't unfasten. Grant wore it home, and called in the neighbors. Still it wouldn't undo. Grant, scheduled for a dinner party that night, saw himself attending in odoriferous dungarees—so he rushed out to a locksmith, and vowed never to borrow another belt from Buck Jones.

SEND over the body!" is the quaintest example of Hollywood slang. It's what actresses say when they telephone the wardrobe departments for the form-fitting garments of elastic and padding which are worn under gowns to insure that all the curves are in their proper places.

I'M Warren William," pleaded the star when forest rangers objected to his parking the William trailer three feet over a "No Trespassing" boundary in Ranier National Park. "So what?" said the rangers. So Mr. and Mrs. William unhappily packed up their belongings, folded their tents, and moved on.

IT could only happen in Hollywood. While waiting for her hair to grow long for the sulphurous rôle of a Southern belle in "Jezebel," Bette Davis is passing the time planting an old-fashioned, formal New England garden in her back yard. Bette's the only star in town with a back yard, not a "patio."

THE practice of asking celebrities to lend their names to restaurants and businesses, in the hope of attracting tourists, reached a new high with Clara Bow's "It Café." Save for opening night, the guests haven't seen much of Clara. Now the tourists are growing hard-boiled, and they order, "One ham sandwich, one beer, and show me Clara Bow!"

ALTHOUGH press agents may get little notes into the gossip columns linking Nelson Eddy's name with different girls, the truth is that Nelson is seldom seen out without blond Ann Franklin beside him. She accompanies him to rehearsals, to broadcasts and to parties and it is beginning to look serious. She was once married to Sidney Franklin, director.

SPENCER TRACY swears he didn't intend to shock one of America's most ultra-ultra society ladies so deeply. Her invitations to Sunday afternoon functions are among the great-

est social honars to which an actor may aspire. In recognition of Tracy's towering reputation as a Thespian she conferred one, verbally and with scant notice, on him.

Spence glowed with embarrassment, but stoutly declined. "Sorry—I have an engagement to pitch horseshoes with an old chap down in Santa Monica," said he.

Moments elapsed before the grande dame recovered sufficiently to murmur conventional regrets.

KAY FRANCIS won't be bothered by visitors while filming a picture, but during production of "This Woman Is Dangerous" she made one exception.

A guide whispered that an important visiting critic wanted to meet her.

"I don't care how important he is!" Kay interrupted. "I wouldn't see the King of Siam!"

Said Kay's press agent, "The guide's wrong. This man is just an obscure movie scribe, here for a few days as a reward for twenty-five years of faithful service on a small Eastern paper."

Kind-hearted Kay sent for the visitor immediately—and never was one treated more royally.

GOT the time, buddy?" W. C. Fields asked an electrician on his set.

Paying no attention to a flamboyant wrist watch he wore, the man hauled out a dollar ticker.

"That's a funny one!" Fields remarked. "Has your wrist watch stopped?"

"It ain't been running for a month, but I wear it because Mae West gave it to me," was the reply. "I can't afford to get it repaired. That would cost seven bucks."

"Hm-m-m!" murmured Fields. He made a note of the incident in his small red memo book, which means he'll use it as a gag on the screen some day.

WHEN Tyrone Power and Simone Simon took a test for a picture they may do together, the reputedly temperamental actress asked Tyrone for advice about certain phases of movie work.

He complied at length. He was qualified to do so, and his manner of handing out advice was charming.

But in our opinion not one cinema queen in ten would have listened to the end without argument or sarcastic comment. When he had finished Simone did an even more unusual thing.

She thanked him.

WHAT did you do to the young man who watches you so dolefully? Virginia Bruce was asked at a recent shindig.

Virginia couldn't recall even meeting him. Still, the idea preyed on her mind, so she approached him and asked, "Having a good time?"

"Miserable!" came the startling reply. "You see, I fell in love with you. Yep—the moment I met you this evening." Noting Virginia's dumfounded expression, he added, "Don't worry—I'll recover. Last week it was Ginger Rogers!"

Sorrowfully, he arose and headed for the bar.

A PRIM old lady was touring her first movie lot. She was lucky enough to see interesting scenes in the making, and stars such as Shirley Temple, Claire Trevor, and Don Ameche.

But she didn't seem satisfied until, on the set of "Life Begins at College," she witnessed the maniacal cavortings of the Ritz Brothers.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "This is the way I expected movie people to act. The others were too dignified. Probably on good behavior, simply because they knew I was a visitar."

WHEN Robert Benchley works he doesn't perspire—he sweats. Recently, on the hottest day of the year, Mr. Benchley fairly dripped water. When quitting time came his

KAREN MORLEY



shoes were oozing woter ot every step he took. "Gosh," murmured Mr. Benchley, "I must hurry home ond get out of these wet clothes ond into o dry Mortini!"

THE Worner publicity deportment is indefotigoble in its efforts to publicize Woyne Morris os the greot lover of the yeor. An item oppeored in one of the popers to the effect thot he hod hod Leoh Roy in o dither ot the Coconut Grove. When a friend kidded him obout it Woyne grinned sheepishly. "I'd like to meet the girl sometime," he soid quietly.

DOWN ot his ronch, Bing Crosby took his four-yeor-old son, Gary, into the chicken run to see some newly hotched chickens. Gory spied one off by itself inside the hen house. He mode for it ond the ongry hen mode for Gary. In o ponic he mode o leop ond grobbed hold of the roost overheod. The roost broke ond Gary fell. He picked himself up ond ongrily surveyed the clucking hen. "Dommit," he soid, "I'm glod I broke your old tropeze!"

USUALLY in fight scenes the punches ore pulled. Thot is, the porticiponts ore coreful not to hurt eoch other. But during the fight sequence in "The Four Morys," Bob Evons occidentolly blocked Honk Honkinson's eye. Mr. Honkinson, o yeor or so ogo o leoding contender for the heovyweight title, got sore ond tore into Mr. Evons. Result, o cut lip ond o bodly bruised foce. Richord Thorpe, the director, blondly let the fight go on. So this is one picture where you'll see the reol thing—in the woy of fights.

VINTON HAWORTH, under controct to RKO for o long time, hos worn o mustoche for eleven yeors. When they foiled to pick up his option he shoved the mustoche off to see if it would chonge his luck. They hired him bock next doy.

MORE fun ot Ginger Rogers's house with her new sodo fountoin! It hos oll the godgets—things which go squidge when you press o button ond the things which go blurp with nice thick sirups emerging from somewhere. The only rule is thot you must eot whotever you concoct. Whot's more, there is o prize ot the end of eoch week for the guest who hos concocted the most originol ond oppetizing goo. So for, Burgess Meredith has won every prize, o foncy bottle of his fovorite sirup. Now thot he's in New York oppeoring in o stoge ploy, perhops some one else will hove o chonce to win.

FLORENCE RICE





JEAN PARKER



GARBO



GAIL PATRICK



JOAN BLONDELL

DOROTHY LAMOUR



WHEN Jeanette MacDanald's two sisters visited her she thaught it would be fun to take them on ane of the sight-seeing busses which volunteer to show yau "the homes af the stars." Jeanette donned a rather elaborate disguise for the occasion and the tria were enjoying family giggles until the guide shouted, "On yaur right, ladies and gentlemen, yau see the home af the singing star, Jeanette MacDonald!"

"Oh na, it isn't!" Jeanette corrected him. "I don't live there any more." Whereupon the other passengers evinced such excitement that Jeanette and her guests had to disembark at the next stop and taxi home.

APROPOS af a recent magazine article which dealt with Hollywood writers and was entitled "Angleworms," Dorothy Peterson produced this recipe fram her grandmother's "remedy baok."

"Place half a pint af angleworms in a glass jar, add ane ounce oil af sassafras, stir with turpentine and two tablespoons salt. Let stand in the hat sun for two ar three days—until angleworms have dissalved. Apply with red flannel for the relief of rheumatism, pains in the back—or in the neck!" Why, Dorothy!

HOLLYWOODIANS practically stand in line to acquire some of those colossally superior eggs from Alisan Skipwarth's now-famous hens. The ather day, just after she had given away her last egg, Skippy heard that a friend was ill. In near-despair she rushed ta her hen house and spake firmly ta her assembled braad. Anyhaw, she secured one egg, climbed into her car and rushed seven miles to the invalid's side. "They say that new-laid eggs are goad for you," she praclaimed. "And I had to wait five minutes far this one. I gat here as soon as I could!" The invalid, we might add, is recovering nicely.

IT'S Anita Louise wha has the devoted butler who is always trying ta persuade her to eat things which will "build her up." One of his fetishes is yeast and Anita insists that she can't take yeast. But he's sly, this one. He mixes an engaging concoction of milk, sherry and egg and brings it to her with an innocent expression. After she has swallowed it with obvious enjayment, he dissolves in delighted chuckles. "Had your yeast and never knew it!" he crows. 'Now, yau'll thrive!" Anita pretends horror and dismay and the next day they do it all again.

WHEN the newsreel men arrived at Clara Baw's new Hollywaod café ta make pictures af her some one thought af asking half a dazen af the yaungsters who hung abaut outside to help with a scene. Ten minutes later the place was practically inundated with

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# No JOKE in his HOME

LOOKING BACK ON JACK BENNY'S BOYHOOD AND YOUTH IN A SMALL TOWN, WE FIND THE BEGINNINGS OF THE GREAT ENTERTAINER AND COMEDIAN HE HAS NOW BECOME.





On the second floor of this building in Waukegan, Illinois, Benny Kubelsky—now Jack Benny—practiced on the violin that eventually led to fame.

PACK your books ond leove. You're suspended."

Like the Sphinx moving its stony lips the principol of the Centrol School in Woukegon, Illinois, delivered this ultimotum to the youth stonding before him.

The mischievous grin on the round boyish foce suddenly turned to consternotion.

"But why?" he osked innocently.

"You don't deny thot the librorion hod to put you out of the room this morning becouse you mode uncomplimentory remorks obout me," chollenged the principol in the some icy tone.

The boy wos silent.

"B-b-but, pleose," he suddenly blurted. "School will be out in two doys. Con't you postpone court till the finish?"

His pleoding words fell like drizzle on o rock.

"My orders ore finol," snopped the principol. "I'm tired of your wisecrocks. Get your books ond leove ot once."

And so Benny Kubelsky, now Jock Benny ond fomous the world over for the some wisecrocks

# TOWN

BY PEGGY HOYT BLACK

which caused his first downfall, turned his back on higher education.

Hod the principal been more lenient, Benny might have graduated and become one of the leading clothing merchants or perhaps a lawyer or doctor, but the screen and radio would have lost one of its best comedians.

"Jack was just a real honest-to-goodness boy, intelligent and quick at repartee," divulges Julius Sinykin, lifelong friend of the star, as he sits in lounging pajamas in his apartment in the Waukegon Hotel. Grinning at you from all walls of the room are various photos signed: "To my pal, Julius, from Jack."

It was Mr. Sinykin who discussed Jack's boyhood problems and who encouraged him to adopt acting as a career.



In vaudeville at last, our hero, then billed as Ben K. Benny, tested his flair for comedy by interpolating wisecracks as he fiddled. He was a hit from the start.



Mr. Benny as he is to-day with Julius Sinykin, his lifelong friend whose early reminiscences color this unusual story.

Mayer Kubelsky, Jack's father, had a men's clothing store at 223 South Genesee Street in Waukegan, and Mr. Sinykin owned another furnishing store in the same block. Although the Kubelsky establishment no longer exists, Jack's old home, which was directly across the street, still stands. It was here that Jack, before he was eight years old, used to practice on the violin.

His early musical career had a sudden interruption. The natural ability which he possessed won him a place in a children's orchestra under the tuteloge of Bill Farmer, who also doubled as postmaster of the town.

One day, during a lull in the rehearsal, Jack whispered a remark about the dignified tutor to the girl beside him. The Farmer ears, trained to detect false notes, overheard it, and before Jack knew it he was being marched out the door. Even the pleading of Jack's father failed to reinstate him in the little orchestra.

Mr. Sinykin chuckles as he relates another of Jack's boyhood incidents.

"He had been practicing on his violin until a late hour the evening previous and was tired. After school he went

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# Young IN YEARS ..... OLD IN Talent

## BONITA GRANVILLE

AFTER the showing of "These Three"—wherein the morbid imagining of an adolescent girl caused tragedy for all concerned—people came away astonished, almost silenced, by what they had seen. A thirteen-year-old actress had given so realistic a performance that every one asked who she was. The screen had not placed her name in the cast, Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Merle Oberon being stars of "The Children's Hour."

Bonita Granville meant nothing to any one at that time. She was just another child player to the studios. She had played the little girl in "Cavalcade."

As in "Cavalcade," time marches on. Suddenly Bonita rang the casting bell anew, and it is still ringing. With her magnificent performance in "These Three" she lit an artistic candle which, by the studios' grace, will never be put out.

Paramount engaged her for "Maid of Salem," a witch-burning story. Like other film companies, Paramount believed Bonita was only a one-part actress. Then Warners cast her in "Call It a Day."

With such artists as Frieda Inescort, Olivia de Havilland, Roland Young, and Ian Hunter in the picture, Bonita commanded full attention. As the whimsical, refreshing child of the family affected by spring fever, she showed us how versatile she could be. In fact, her work in this comedy leaves the interviewer without a word to describe her brilliance.

Mickey Rooney told me she was excellent. I might quote old sayings—versatile, infinite variety, genius. They've been said before. In fact, wasted on many undeserving players.

Meeting Bonita, you think immediately of radiance. You note her lovely hair. It has a natural luster so sadly missing in her fellow artists, whose rinsings of henna and peroxide achieve for them the tint of canned pineapple. Bonita's naturalness is refreshing.

Crossing over from my place to her apartment, I thought of her sudden rise to notice. Young players are astounding us to-day. Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and the Mauch twins make us wonder whether acting is the result of years of technique, or the offspring of eternal memory.

Bonita's ability must be the result of memory, I informed myself. No child could appear so vicious and cruel as she was in "These Three," unless her imagination was highly developed.

In my prowlings in the cinema city, I have passed a school of dancing where photos of pupils, including Cora Sue Collins, adorn the windows. A pretty one of my subject bore this inscription: "To my dear dancing teacher, Edith Jane. With lots of love. Bonita Granville. 1935."

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## MICKEY ROONEY

WITH a somewhat motherly attitude, a waitress at the Metro-Goldwyn commissary approached our table and, proffering a menu to Mickey Rooney, requested his autograph.

Without posing, Mickey wrote his name in bold style. Amid the lines and flourishes of his M and R, the two completed names were all but concealed. They resembled tightly wound springs in the center of a labyrinth.

Here we get an insight into Mickey Rooney. He has big ideas. So big, that occasionally he is all but lost in his own gigantic projects. He fends off the world with his ideas—thus the world often loses sight of the real Mickey in being staggered by his plans.

But there is nothing of the impractical dreamer about him. His ideas are solid and workable. He doesn't hint, or suggest, or consider a thing merely possible. What he wants to do is right up his street and quite likely. A businesslike idealist, a sensible dreamer—such men as Mr. Rooney mold world events.

"At twenty-one, I want to be a director," he said, with such dynamic conviction that I all but saw him wielding the megaphone. "In a few years from now, I'd like to travel in Europe—you know, see all those places and pick up more knowledge.

"I've had all the experience I need for directing. I've been on the stage all my life. I've been a good many years in pictures. I know as much as there is to know about making and acting in them. So when the time comes, I'll be ready."

You are astounded at his assurance, but easily convinced by his common sense.

There is a difference, Mickey says, between conceit and knowing what's what.

"If you pose about knowing something you don't know, that's conceit," he pointed out. "But to talk of something you know you know, is being sure of yourself."

And Mickey Rooney is sure of himself.

The profession is an old game to him. He has been on the stage with his parents since babyhood. Nell Brown, a dancer, and Joe Yule, a comedian, received a delightful surprise on September 23, 1921. A son was born to them in Brooklyn, New York, and named Joe, Jr.

When eleven days old, Joe, Jr., took his first professional train ride. His parents were going to Albany with a vaudeville troupe. Eleven seems Mickey's number for action. He was eleven months old when he first trod the boards.

So close to the theater was his world, that he never seemed to know when he was on the stage or off. Once he strolled out front when his parents' act was going full blast. Thereupon, Joe, Sr., decided Joe, Jr., should inherit

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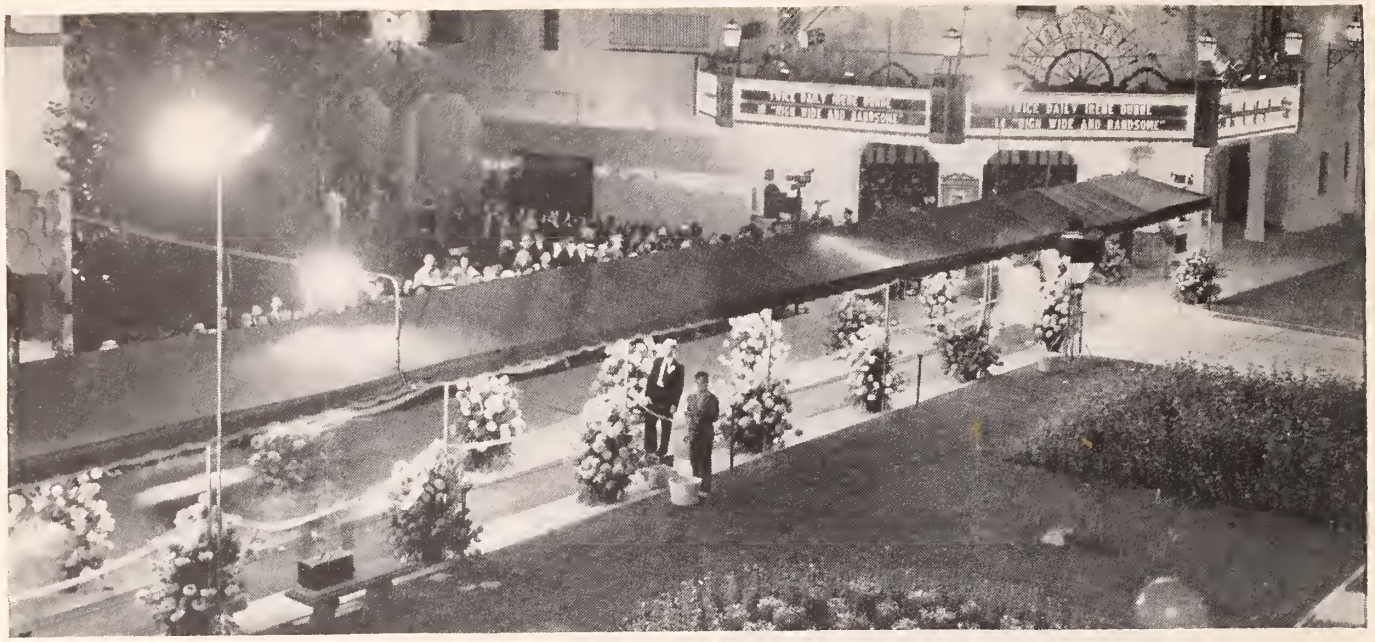


Bonita Granville, at fourteen, is recognized as one of the most skilled actresses in Hollywood and more versatile than many. An interesting girl, too, as you learn from her story opposite.

Repeatedly, critics affirm that Mickey Rooney is the finest actor in pictures. His ambition is to play a leading rôle opposite Spencer Tracy, "his" choice among the Hollywood great.



BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG



# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

There's nothing in the world so glamorous as a Hollywood première. See Carthay Circle Theater, above.

Deanna Durbin is growing up quickly, with success and fame. At fourteen she has her orchids. That's her mother with her at première of "100 Men and a Girl."



THE great battle of the moment is to keep Deanna Durbin from being overworked. Studio and radio sponsors both demand her time, and Universal is naturolly anxious to follow up the victories alreody won by her two pictures, "Three Smart Girls" and "100 Men ond a Girl."

There are literolly a dozen stories lined up for the little lady, though it's o question how many of these Deanna will be able to do within the next year. Her heolth has to be safeguarded to the utmost at this particular time, ond the desire is to preserve her lovely voice for the future. In addition to all else she must pursue her school studies, ond also face the terrific idolatry of a public that is enchanted with her.

How keen this idolatry is was evidenced time and ogain ot the Hollywood Bowl, when she attended concerts, and was besieged by adoring fons and autograph seekers. Deanna and her family live very simply, for they are good substantial people, ond this enables her to keep her feet on the ground.

Yet, even so, their experiences are hectic enough. The Durbin telephone is consequently kept almost as deep a secret as that of Joan Crowford, which is supposed to be one of the most unfathomable, and even then is changed about twice o month.

**A Marriage Holiday.**—Miriom Hopkins did everything possible to keep her elopement with Anotole Litvak a secret, but she was stalked procticolly all the way to Yumo by reporters. The only trick she ployed successfully was hoving the plone on which she traveled flown from one field to another about ten miles distont so she could take her departure quietly. Reporters were momentarily cought off guard by this, and couldn't procure onother plane at the psychological moment to troil the wedding porty. However, the newsmen were on hand to greet them on their orrival ot the Arizono Gretna Green.



Isa Miranda is Italy's most celebrated cinema star. She really is. Now she's in Hollywood polishing up her English for Paramount stardom.

Like Alice Faye, Miriam had chosen a week-end as an appropriate one for a "quiet elopement," though in the end it missed little of fanfare.

Alice and Tony Martin seem to have reached a much greater stage of contentment following their marriage than before it. Their courtship was tempestuous, with Alice frequently sending her engagement ring back to Tony. It's never easy to tell how any marriage will come out at the present time. Stories relating the new-found happiness of Martha Raye, because of her wedding to Buddy Westmore, were just appearing in the magazines about the time she was seeking a divorce. That was about the shortest-lived adventure in matrimony ever heard of these days.

**Standing by George.**—Funniest story in a long time that we've heard, if it were not so sad, is the one about George Raft attending the funeral of his mother with Mack Gray the "Killer," and another companion. It seems that neither Mack nor the other chap had ever been in a church where kneeling was the custom.

When they accompanied Raft they earnestly sought to support the actor in his grief, one being on either side of him as he entered the church. On arriving at their seats they felt George sort of slip to the floor from their sustaining arm-clasp. Said the Killer: "Don't give way, George. Be brave." *(Continued on page 66)*



Lili Damita and Errol Flynn have made up again.



Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are still faithful.



Tony Martin and Alice Faye had tiffs before marriage.

# SO YOUR TEST

IT MAY NOT MEAN A THING, IF YOU HEED THE FAILURE OF MANY A STAR TO GET BY IN A FIRST TRY-OUT.

BY H. A. WOODMANSEE

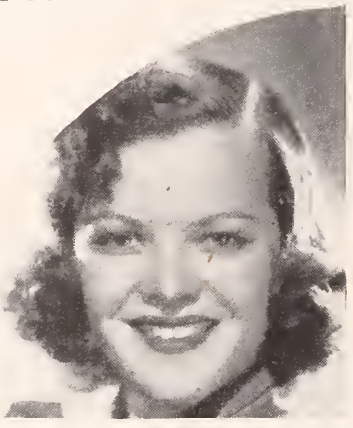
EVERY year the big film companies seek aut and make screen tests of thausands af promising aspirants far Hallywaad careers.

It is nat surprising that few survive the merciless gantlet af camera and microphane and afficial eye. It is not surprising that many candidates with successful recards in other fields of entertainment flop dismally.

And yet many of these flaps have a way af babbing up later as film successes, and accasionally as very great successes—which makes the business of testing players unpredictable and exciting and littered with add anecdotes.

Far instance, several years ago Fox talent scouts spatted an inexperienced but pramising youngster named Pauline Moare and gave her a screen test. As in the case of many ather charming and talented aspirants, her hopes were dashed. A year later Fax tested her again, and again she drew a blank. They made a third and fourth test, at long intervals, and these alsa were turned down. Meanwhile ather companies had tested her with the same results.

DIXIE DUNBAR



ROBERT TAYLOR





RUBY KEELER



KATHARINE HEPBURN

Miss Moore knew enough af the uncertainties of show business to keep plugging right along, getting mare experience, waiting for a break. She landed an important part in an Earl Carrall revue. Fox tested her once again—and within twenty-four haurs rushed her ta Hollywood far a part in "Love Is News."

Michael Bartlett can look back an same strange experiences with screen tests. He took his first in the early days of talkies, passed it triumphantly, and signed a contract, at $1,000 a week, ta appear opposite Janet Gaynor in a musical. But musicals suddenly fell off in popularity, plans far the picture were canceled, and the young apera singer was bought off.

Several years went by, while Bartlett kept knocking at Hallywaad's gates. Eight times, at least, he was tested by various campanies before Calumbia signed him and gave the public a chance to hear his fine vaice.

The phenamenally papular Robert Taylor has prabably appeared in mare screen tests than any other star. To be sure, he was signed ta a contract as the result of his first test, but because he lacked experience he was relegated ta the lawly pasition of a "test harse."

That is, when the talent scauts wanted ta find out haw a new girl cauld put aver a love scene, they tratted out the abscure Mr. Taylar, wha was then known as S. Arlington Brugh, for her to wark an.

Girls came and went, but the patient test horse continued ta fill in and callect his thirty-five dallars a week, until ane day he was drafted for a part in a MGM short through motives af ecanamy. When the public gat its first look at Taylor, his days as a test harse were over.

The roll call of Hollywood stars who have been tried and faund wanting in screen tests is really imposing. There's the illustrians Mae West, for instance.

Before talkies, Mae knacked vainly at Hallywood's partals. Ta be sure, she had a Broadway reputatian, but pro-

# WAS A FLOP!

ducers feored thot the sort of rôles with which she was identified were too earthy for the screen, and she was too mature and buxom to fit the current style in stars. In 1932, however, Mae made a test in which she repressed all her distinctive mannerisms. She appeared to be olmost demure. This test won her a long delayed chance in Hollywood—but once inside the door, the conny Mae bounced back into her familiar rôle and, as everybody knows, became an immediate sensotion with o lorge fon following.

Everybody said that Katharine Hepburn was not a picture type. Her unorthodox face and personality ran the gantlet of many tests before a producer ventured to take a chance on her. Needless to say, they're all looking for Hepburns now.

MAE WEST



DICK POWELL





PAULINE MOORE



MICHAEL BARTLETT

Ruby Keeler was tested by one of the most important companies and turned down. Ruby, it is said, was willing to drop the thought of a screen career, but her husband, aggressive Al Jolson, was not. He persuaded Warners to take a look at the test which the first company hod mode ond rejected. They did, and signed Miss Keeler to a contract. They soon had reason to congratulate themselves.

One is tempted to ask, do screen tests actually test? And that question is of quite as much concern to the producers as to the players. No producer likes to see a million-dollar "find" slip through his net and into the lap of a rival. And that is the reason why, in the post few years, there has been on immense improvement in screen tests.

The casual, inexpensive test that used to decide the fate of all screen aspirants won't do ony more, except for the selection of girls for decorative purposes and the like. Today many tests are produced as corefully as scenes for teotures. A Broodwoy ployer, for instance, will reenoct o big scene from his current hit. It will run severol minutes of screen time. The make-up, the photography, the sound recording, must avoid any shortcomings which he moy possess, and reveol his quolificotions to perfection —o tough job, even for the experts, ond one requiring o good deal of experiment. How tough, one can judge from the fact that many estoblished Hollywood stars insist on being photographed only by certoin men who have studied them for years. And no test expert wants to have his work shown up later by some studio virtuoso.

Very likely the test-makers will not be content with one scene from one play; they're afraid, with good reason, of turning in o one-sided portrait of John Doe and his possibilities which may brand him as o flop. Therefore, if the first scene is heavy dramo, there will be another which shows Doe's quolificotions for comedy, light romance, or something else. If he sings, or donces, there will be o generous sample of that. The result will be o highly professional bit of repertoire often better entertoinment than some of the shorts shown in theaters. But these little pictures, of course, are for studio eyes alone.

The large componies maintain eloborote ond expensive scouting organizations for rounding up tolent for their test mills. These operote in New York, in Hollywood, and sometimes abroad. You'll find the talent scouts prowling about wherever singing, doncing or dramatic talent moy be budding. They cover Broodwoy shows, night clubs, radio octs, summer theaters, concerts and the opera, school ond college ploys, foreign-mode films.

They study the pictures in the newspapers, looking for

*Continued on page 90*



"Stage Door."

"Stage Door."—RKO. Too long eclipsed by weak pictures, Katharine Hepburn comes from behind the cloud at last and displays her captivating charm and individuality once again. And Ginger Rogers, who bid fair to dance away her reputation as an actress with Fred Astaire, comes across with a performance that should make her mother proud of her coaching. But the picture belongs to neither. It shines as a perfect comedy that derives its luster from brilliant writing and the contribution of every member of the long cast. The screen play is far keener and more entertaining than the stage original. Gossip says that only two lines were retained. The puzzle is where to find them now. All that is left is the Footlights Club, a sort of boarding house for girls on the stage or trying to get there. The inmates are sharply defined types understandable at a glance and good for laughter or tears, mostly laughter. Miss Rogers is the stormy petrel of the group, Gail Patrick her sworn enemy, their exchange of insults never letting up and always good for a laugh. Then comes Miss Hepburn, a stranger who chooses to live among them in spite of her good clothes and inexperience with the stage. The mild mystery attached to her is cleared up when she appears in a play backed by her rich father, but her victory is canceled when the girl who was promised the part commits suicide. This is only a hint of the story and scarcely more than a whisper of the picture and its excellence. Diverting from beginning to end, it is so well worth seeing that I refrain from "selling" it to you.

"First Lady."—Warners. Political society in Washington is mercilessly lampooned in the wittiest and most adult picture in which Kay Francis has ever starred. I don't know how her admirers will take it. For she neither suffers from nobility of character nor the perfidy of man. Instead, she is a scheming politician who practices hypocrisy as a fine art. Though her objective is advancement of her husband's career, so ingrained is her double-crossing that one is sure she would keep busy at the game if she had no husband at all. Her enemy is Verree Teasdale, discontented wife of a supreme court justice. Their exchange of polite insults never lets up and is always good for chuckles and laughter. Miss Francis maneuvers to have Miss Teasdale's husband nominated for President of the United States through the support of an organization of women controlling millions of votes. Louise Fazenda, president of this league of womanhood, offers a priceless caricature. With the prospect of becoming First Lady of the Land, Miss Teasdale stops thinking of leaving her husband and becomes a model of cooing connubial bliss while Miss Fazenda and her cohorts look on and approve their wise choice of the perfect couple for the White House. Then Miss Francis turns the tables, reduces Miss Teasdale to abject humiliation, causes her husband to decline the nomination and triumphantly submits to Miss Fazenda her own husband as the ideal choice. The picture ends with Miss Francis determined to be First Lady. All this makes a brilliant, cynical study of character of especial comfort and satisfaction to those who don't believe all they read in newspapers.

"Make a Wish."—RKO. Bobby Breen's popularity with children makes it imperative, I suppose, for his pictures to be carefully patterned to a juvenile audience. They are produced by a veteran who knows what is expected of a singing boy. Which is to say that his new one is melodious, wholesome to the point of sweetness, with beautiful natural backgrounds to make sure of it, and with no dramatic integrity at all. Its humor is captured in master Bobby's prize bon mot. He wittily describes a litter of dogs as "quinpuplets." He is first seen at a boys' camp in the midst of swarming juveniles. He meets a New York composer who is in search of a melody for his operetta. It isn't surprising to discover that Bobby has it within himself all ready for Basil Rathbone, the musician. Bobby's mother appears. She, too, is a singer and is accompanied by Ralph Forbes who vaguely disapproves of Bobby, Mr. Rathbone and the Maine woods. Gossip tells Bobby that Mr. Forbes will never marry his mother if she returns to the stage. That's enough for Bobby. He sees to it that she stars in Mr. Rathbone's operetta, which apparently is laid in fairyland, and this, of course, leads to his annexing Mr Rathbone for his new papa. The mystery of the story is what makes Mr. Forbes so sore. Perhaps it is Bobby Breen.

NORBERT LUSK'S



"First Lady." "Make a Wish." "100 Men and a Girl"

"100 Men and a Girl."—Universal. Perfect entertainment is here! Deanna Durbin is every inch a star to-day. To-morrow will find her one of the greatest screen attractions, unless I and many others miss our guess. Lovely as her singing was in "Three Smart Girls," it has improved, and her girlish charm and spontaneity are as natural as if no camera were watching. I believe that half the secret

of her picture's success lies in the fact that only great music is heard. No tin-pan-alley ditties, no crooning and no swing bands. Instead, Leopold Stokowski leads a symphony orchestra of one hundred and Miss Durbin sings an aria from "La Traviata," Mozart's "Alleluia" and similar musical delicacies, leaving her hearers with a desire to hear more rather than wondering when she will stop and let the picture go on. The story is just right, too. Miss Deanna's father, Adolphe Menjou, is a musician without a job who is not allowed to see the great Stokowski about getting work. He finds a purse which enables him to pay his rent, then his daughter returns it to its rich owner, Alice Brady, who flutters over Deanna and thinks her idea of organizing an orchestra of unemployed musicians is cutely original. Just how the girl accomplishes her object and tricks Stokowski into leading the men is something that must be seen to be fully enjoyed. Miss Brady, Mr. Menjou, Eugene Pallette, and Mischa Auer, not forgetting Stokowski, are at their best, and Deanna is queen of them all.

# REVIEWS

"Victoria the Great."—RKO. The immense popularity of Helen Hayes's stage play, "Victoria Regina," assures for this an audience bent on comparing England's best with our own. Herbert Wilcox produced and directed it and Anna Neagle is the British queen, with Anton Walbrook, "Michael Strogoff" a few months back, as the *Prince Consort*. The story of Victoria's life as queen from 1837 to 1901 is dignified and true to fact, lavishly mounted and articulately written. It is a slow and heavy picture because of its truth. It will appeal more to the studious than to the seeker after conventional entertainment. Also, the very nature of the material and the great lapse of time it covers make a picture of episodes rather than a continuous narrative. But this also is true of the successful stage play. The screen panorama begins, as the play does, with young Princess Victoria being awakened and told that she is Queen of England and ends with the jubilee celebration of her sixtieth year as sovereign. This is a superb spectacle photographed in technicolor. Miss Neagle holds her own in the trying rôle, at her best as the young queen. Mr. Walbrook is splendid as her winsome, idealistic *Albert*, and all the parts are well played.



"Victoria the Great."

"There Goes the Groom."

"Angel."

"There Goes the Groom."—RKO. Critics of the stage call Burgess Meredith its most important young actor. "*Hamlet* in 1940" is their slogan. Mr. Meredith last year won a film audience in "Winterset," a grave, poetic drama. This season he returns to the screen as a substitute for Gene Raymond in a farce with Ann Sothern. He says that an actor must return to the stage to progress, to grow. One heartily applauds his wisdom after seeing him in his new film. He will never grow as a cinema actor in a piece like this. For it is inconsequential to the point of nothingness, a frail something about a young man who simulates amnesia to escape marriage, and a crack over the head administered by the heroine, which brings him to his senses. Of course it isn't without laughs. But it is deplorably trifling and innocuous for a star who is reckoned exceptional by the majority of theater-goers. Mr. Meredith makes the most of his opportunities, as one would expect of an experienced actor, and the others go through the paces of stock characterizations.

"Angel."—Paramount. This is a fascinating picture, but it isn't a good one. It holds one in an oblique sort of spell by its spuriousness, its plush-and-ormolu luxury and purring sensuality. Of course it is quite unmoral, but one doesn't mind that so much as its hypocrisy. On second thought, I'm not sure that one minds it on any score. It is amusing to one who knows a little of worldly values. I imagine it may make a deep impression on those who do not. They may accept it as a true picture of the upper classes. It reminds me of one of those old novels by "The Duchess" brought up to date with modern weaknesses of character. Marlene Dietrich is married to Herbert Marshall, an elegant British statesman, a sort of Anthony Eden. His statesmanship is summed up in her inquiry, "What's worrying you, dear?" and his laconic reply, "Jugoslavia." But he passes most of his time cuddling her, at that, and trusting her. So Miss Dietrich secretly goes to Paris for adventure. She calls on her old friend, an ex-Grand Duchess of Russia who presides over an establishment which she euphemistically calls a "salon." There she meets Melvyn Douglas, there for the same purpose. They pass the evening together in luxurious flirtation and he nicknames her "Angel." Then she disappears, refusing to tell him who she is. He meets her again as her husband's old friend, of course, and there is some suspense in wondering how she will take it. As usual, Miss Dietrich doesn't change her expression. Her husband follows her to Paris for her next rendezvous with Mr. Douglas, but she outsmarts him and convinces him that "Angel," supposedly in the next room, is a counterfeit. Though all this certainly is no credit to her husband's intelligence as a statesman, it does make her triumphant. You feel that she may get caught next time, though, and jolly well serve her right, say I.

*Continued on page 96*

"Music for Madame."



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**"STAGE DOOR"**—RKO. From the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Screen play by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller. Directed by Gregory La Cava.

CAST:

Jean Maitland—Ginger Rogers
Terry Randall—Katharine Hepburn
Anthony Powell—Adolphe Menjou
Linda Shaw—Gail Patrick
Catherine Luther—Constance Collier
Kaye Hamilton—Andrea Leeds
Henry Sims—Samuel S. Hinds
Judith Canfield—Lucille Ball
Harcourt—Franklin Pangborn
Bill—William Corson
Richard Carmichael—Pierre Watkin
"Butch"—Grady Sutton
Stage director—Frank Reicher
Hattie—Phyllis Kennedy
Eve—Eve Arden
Annie—Ann Miller
Mary Lou—Margaret Early
"Dizzy"—Jean Rouverol
Mrs. Orcutt—Elizabeth Dunne
Olga Brent—Norma Drury
Ann Braddock—Jane Rhodes
Susan—Peggy O'Donnell
Madeline—Harriett Brandon
Cast of stage play—Katharine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Mary Forbes, Huntly Gordon

**"100 MEN AND A GIRL"**—Universal. Screen play by Charles Kenyon, Bruce Manning, and James Mulhauser. Based on a story idea by Hans Kraly. Directed by Henry Koster.

CAST:

Patricia Cardwell—Deanna Durbin
Leopold Stokowski—Leopold Stokowski
John Cardwell—Adolphe Menjou
Michael—Mischa Auer
Mrs. Frost—Alice Brady
John Frost—Eugene Pallette
Garage owner—Billy Gilbert
Mrs. Tyler—Alma Kruger
Stage doorman—Jack Smart
Bitters—Jed Prouty
Russell—Jameson Thomas
Johnson—Howard Hickman
Taxi driver—Frank Jenks
Brandstetter—Christian Rub
Stevens—Gerald Oliver Smith
Rudolph—Jack Mulhall

**"MAKE A WISH"**—RKO. From an original story by Gertrude Berg. Screen play by Miss Berg, Bernard Schubert, and Earle Snell. Directed by Kurt Neuman.

CAST:

"Chip"—Bobby Breen
Selden—Basil Rathbone
Irene—Marion Claire
Moretta—Henry Armetta
Mays—Ralph Forbes
Brennan—Leon Errol
"Pee Wee"—Billy Lee
Joseph—Donald Meek
Doctor Stevens—Herbert Rawlinson
Moe—Leonid Kinskey
Minstrel—Fred Scott
Wagner—Charles Richman
Mr. Grant—Richard Tucker
Antoine—Johnny Arthur
Secretary—Barbara Barondess
Phone operator—Dorothy Appleby
St. Luke's Choristers

**"ANGEL"**—Paramount. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Based on a play by Melchior Lengyel. Adapted by Guy Bolton and Russell Mederaft. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

CAST:

Maria Barker—Marlene Dietrich
Sir Frederick Barker—Herbert Marshall
Anthony Halton—Melvyn Douglas
Graham—Edward Everett Horton
Greenwood—Herbert Mundin
Walton, butler—Ernest Cossart
Grand Duchess Anna Dmitrievna—Laura Hope Crews
Prince Vladimir Gregorovitch Ivan Lebedeff
Emma—Dennie Moore
Lord Davington—Lionel Pape
Maid—Phyllis Coghlan
First footman—Leonard Carey
English chauffeur—Eric Wilton
Second footman—Gerald Hamer
Butler—Herbert Evans
Russian butler—Michael Visaroff
Photographer—Olaf Hytten

**"VICTORIA THE GREAT"**—RKO. Screen story by Miles Malleson and Charles de Grandcourt. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.

CAST:

Queen Victoria—Anna Neagle
Prince Consort—Anton Walbrook
Prince Ernest—Walter Rilla
Duchess of Kent—Mary Morris
Lord Melbourne—H. B. Warner
Baroness Lehzen—Greta Wegener
Archbishop of Canterbury—C. V. France
Wellington—James Dale
Sir Robert Peel—Charles Carson
Lord Conyngham—Hubert Harben
Palmerston—Felix Aylmer
Gladstone—Arthur Young
Disraeli as a young man—Derrick De Marney
Disraeli as an old man—Hugh Miller
Stockmar—Paul Leyssac
President Lincoln—Percy Parsons
Archbishop of Canterbury (Jubilee)—Lewis Casson
Dilke—Frank Birch
John Bright—William Dewhurst
Jo Chamberlain—Henry Hallatt
Assassin—Ivor Barnard
John Brown—Gordon McLeod
Old Kitty—Marie Wright
Cecil Rhodes—Wyndham Goldie
Miss Pitt—Joan Young
Garter King at Arms—Robert Atkins
Mistress of the Robes—Elizabeth Vaughan
Sir Francis Grant—Tom Heslewood
Physician—Miles Malleson
Scotch comedians—Bert Bendon, Neil McKay
Comedy coachmen—Johnnie Schofield, George Turner
Comedy footmen—Syd Crossley, Hal Gordon
First agitator—Billy Bray
Second agitator—Paul Neville
Courier—Henfrey White
Wolsey—Arnold Lucy
Coster man—Edgar Driver
Coster lady—Vi Kaley
Gentlemen in waiting in the Palace—Gordon Clunes, Stanley Vine
Palmerston's secretary—Rex Alderman
Princess Alice—Angela Braemer
Nurse—Audrey O'Flynn
Ladies at the opera—Elizabeth James, Lola Duncan
Special ladies in waiting—Gertrude Sterroll, Mary Barton, Ethel Royale
Young ladies in waiting—Pamela Storme, Phyllis Goodwin, Imelda Hayes, Renee Harper, Madeleine Davis, Felicia Godsell, Sara Randolph
Sir John Bentinck—Rupert Mitford
Earl of Albermarle—Charles Lefeaux
Station master—Ernest Borrow
Coachman in chief—O. B. Clarence
Driver—George Moore Marriott
Other gentlemen in waiting—Keith Shepherd, Frank Dane, Frank Mellor
Duke of Sussex—Clarence Blakiston
Duke of Cambridge—Julien Royce
Bishop at the Palace—Aubrey Mallalieu
Servants at Kensington Palace—Nan Munro, Beatrice Marsden
Ship's captain—Tony Wylde

**"BIG CITY"**—MGM. Story by Norman Krasna. Screen play by Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Directed by Frank Borzage.

CAST:

Anna Benton—Luise Rainer
Joe Benton—Spencer Tracy
The mayor—Charley Grapewin
Sophie Sloane—Janet Beecher
Mike Edwards—Eddie Quillan
Paul Roya—Victor Varconi
John C. Andrews—Oscar O'Shea
Lola Johnson—Helen Troy
Beecher—William Demarest
Buddy—John Arledge
Jim Sloane—Irving Bacon
Danny Devlin—Guinn Williams
Fred Hawkins—Regis Toomey
Tom Reilly—Edgar Dearing
District Attorney Gilbert—Paul Harvey
Inspector Matthews—Andrew J. Tombes
Grandpa Sloane—Clem Bevans
Mary Reilley—Grace Ford
Peggy Devlin—Alice White
Also: Jack Dempsey, James J. Jeffries, Jimmy McLarnin, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jim Thorpe, Frank Wykoff, Jackie Fields, "Man Mountain" Dean, Gus Sonnenberg, George Godfrey, Joe Rivers, "Cotton" Warburton, Bull Montana, "Snowy" Baker, Taski Hagio.

**"FIRST LADY"**—Warners. From the play by George S. Kaufman and Katharine Dayton. Screen play by Rowland Leigh. Directed by Stanley Logan.

CAST:

Lucy Chase Wayne—Kay Francis
Stephen Wayne—Preston Foster
Emmy Page—Anita Page
Carter Hibbard—Walter Connolly
Irene Hibbard—Verree Teasdale
Gordon Keane—Victor Jory
Lavina Mae Creevey—Lonise Fazenda
Sophy Prescott—Marjorie Gateson
Belle Hardwicke—Marjorie Rambeau
George Mason—Henry O'Neill
Ellsworth T. Ganning—Grant Mitchell
Tom Hardwicke—Eric Stanley
Mrs. Ives—Lucille Gleason
Mrs. Mason—Sara Haden
Charles—Harry Davenport
Gregoravich—Gregory Gaye
Bleeker—Olaf Hytton

**"THERE GOES THE GROOM"**—RKO. Screen story by S. K. Lauren and Dorothy Yost. Based on the story "Don't Forget to Remember," by David Garth.

CAST:

Dick Mathews—Burgess Meredith
Betty Russell—Ann Sothern
Joel Becker—Onslow Stevens
Mrs. Russell—Mary Boland
Janet Russell—Louise Henry
Potter Russell—William Brisbane
"Hank"—Roger Imhof
Maid—Leona Roberts
Captain—George Irving
Nurse—Frances Gifford
Eddie—Adrian Morris
Billy Rapp—Sumner Getchel
Watchman—Jack Wynn

**"SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT"**—Grand National. Story written and directed by Victor Schertzinger.

CAST:

Terry Rooney—James Cagney
Rita Wyatt—Evelyn Daw
"Hank" Meyers—William Frawley
Stephanie Hajos—Mona Barrie
Bennett O. Regan—Gene Lockhart
Soloist with orchestra—James Newill
"Pinky"—Harry Barris
Soloist—Cully Richards
"Fuzzy"—Candy Candido
Café manager—William Davidson
Blaine, director—Richard Tucker
Farney—Marek Windheim
Easton—Dwight Frye

**"MUSIC FOR MADAME"**—RKO. Based on an unpublished story by Robert Harari and Hans Kraly. Directed by John Blystone.

CAST:

Tonio Maretti—Nino Martini
Jean Clemens—Joan Fontaine
Nora—Lee Patrick
Leon Rodowsky—Alan Mowbray
Flugelman—Alan Hale
"Spaghetti"—Erik Rhodes
Kraus—Billy Gilbert
Robinson—Grant Mitchell
Harding—Frank Conroy
Rollins—Bradley Page
Barrett—George Shelley
Truck driver—Romo Vincent
William Goodwin—Edward H. Robins
Bride—Ada Leonard
Groom—Alan Bruce
Blonde—Barbara Pepper
Bus driver—Duke Green
Business man—William Worthington
Dumb guy—Ben Hall
Station attendant—George Magrill
Housewife—Nora Cecil
Old lady—Mary Carr
Tough guy—Ben Hendricks
Old man—Ralph Lewis
Ham actor—D'Arcy Corrigan
Secretary—Charles Stallings
Prop man—George Barton
Studio guard—Jack Wynn
Butler—Lionel Pape
"Lefty"—Alec Harford
Cops—Stan Blystone, Pat O'Malley
Agent—Fred Santley
Gushy woman—Grace Hale
Dowager—Mira McKinney
Band leader—George Meeker
Maid of honor—Marie Astaire
Assistant directors—Bill Corson, Jack Carson, Tommy Carr
Violets—Ward Bond
Reporter—Milburn Stone
Desk sergeant—Bob Homans

*Continued from page 43*

Don was sent away to his first boarding school.

"His father was a great believer in them. He wanted Don to be a lawyer and he believed that private schools would give him the proper kind of early training for a legal career."

Mrs. Ameche pauses.

"Do you think Don would have made a good lawyer?" we ask.

She smiles, and behind that smile you feel that she had known all her life that fame in law was not his destiny.

"Don was always a smart boy," she continues. "I'll never forget the time he was just beginning first grade in school. He took sick just after school started and had to stay away from his classes for two weeks. When he returned he found that his friends had learned to read.

"That night he brought home his first book. While I was busy with the dinner he sat at the table and began reading to me. I thought he was just making believe, so I looked over his shoulder and, sure enough, he was reading the story in the book, word for word."

With understanding patience, Mrs. Ameche watched the flowering of the dramatic in her son. Somehow, secretly she felt it would never flourish into the kind that would wring mercy for his client in the hush of the courtroom.

But Mr. Ameche pictured his boy in the rôle of another Clarence Darrow. Particularly pleased was he when Don, taking part in a school play, made every one in the audience, including his teachers, daub tears from their cheeks.

"If he can do this now," remarked the enthusiastic father to Mrs. Ameche as they strolled homeward, "what will he be able to do before the jury box in those big cases he will handle some day."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Ameche answered. "Don will be a great man some day."

And had you been walking beside her and Mr. Ameche at that moment, you would have felt she already knew in which line he was destined to become great.

Don, exhibiting unusual powers for moving people, at an early age did not hesitate to use this ability to protect others.

Late one afternoon, he and his brother, Louis, were sliding down the roof of a neighbor's woodshed, a feat which was forbidden by Don's father. They were so occupied with their sport that his commanding whistle summoning them for dinner took them by surprise. Knowing that their father expected them to be playing in their own backyard, they took a mad plunge down the roof to make up the time element involved in covering the distance from their neighbor's property.

When they sprawled to the ground, Louis looked despairingly at a bleeding hand which had been torn to the bone by a protruding nail.



**Fan-shaped pleating is used to soften the décolleté and to accent the hemline of Beverly Roberts's brocaded gown.**

"Leave this to me, Louis," Don spoke as their feet pattered homeward.

While the frantic parents bandaged the hand and summoned the family physician, Don spoke:

"Louis couldn't help it, dad," he explained suavely. "We were cleaning up around the chicken coop and he caught his hand on a nail."

Mr. Ameche beamed proudly to think that his boys were so interested in the appearance of the family belongings, and his wrath turned to sympathy. The next day, hammer in hand, he spent several diligent hours looking for the protruding nail without success.

But Don explained that by saying that he had pulled it out and tossed it away right after the accident, so that no one else would suffer the same experience.

This example of foresight on the part of his son again pleased the unsuspecting parent and the incident, much to the satisfaction of Louis who knew how narrowly he had escaped an unpleasant session with the razor strop which was used for more than sharpening blades, was completely forgotten.

There were other incidents, too, which Mrs. Ameche recounts with sympathetic understanding. In his college days, she remembers the numerous telephone calls from girls, enchanted by the romantic air about this dark Italian boy.

But Don's attention was reserved only for one—his boyhood sweetheart who now shares his success. And Don's father, forgetting the legal career he had planned for his son, is with him heart and soul now. For the first thing Don did when fortune began to travel the trail with him, was to build a home in California for the parents who had sacrificed so much to provide his early training.

To his three brothers and four sisters, too, Don is the same impetuous boy who shared their joys and sorrows and was the first to rush to their assistance.

You rise to go, feeling like an impostor for demanding two hours of time from so loving a mother who, although gravely concerned about the condition of her daughter in the hospital, does not refuse to go back over memory's trail with you to tell all about Don.

Her son-in-law who follows through the interview, refreshing Mrs. Ameche's memory with his recollections of Don, motions you to sit down again.

"Would you like a glass of wine?" he asks.

And knowing full well the significance of this gesture of Italian hospitality, we accept. Mrs. Ameche does not join us in the libation, but smiles approvingly as we raise our glasses and drink a toast to Don's continued success.

# Bette Davis: Her Retreat From Folly

*Continued from page 17*

tion not to swim against the current. No longer will they stage amusing, futile rebellians against the inevitable attitude af Hallywaod toward a star's husband. Rebellions such as their classic, the buying af a twenty-dallar car in which they drove for manths ta show falks they were living an Ham's incame. Thase who had been insinuating that the archestra leader cauldn't suppart his wife were sa stupid they failed to get the paint.



Russell Patterson, foremost American illustrator, takes Betty Grable's waistline measurements. He proclaims her to be the perfect screen type.

Careers are built an selfishness, says Bette. So she considers this departure from her former chip-an-shaulder attitude a deliberate selfishness in the interests af career. But knawing her enjoyment af domesticity, I feel that "selfish" is the wrang ward. "Sacrificial" would be better.

Selfishness ar sacrifice, it is part of the change in her, and it will unquestionably redound to her profession al advantage.

Anather phase of the change is at leasta partial avercoming of what she used to term her "strait-laced New England inhibitions." Things her characters had ta da on the screen made her blush. Same of their actions gave her feelings of actual revulsion. Her best wark has been dane under the guidance of strang-willed ar persuasive directors, wha kept reminding her that the film character, not she, was mativating the actian.

Now she seeks such directorial encouragement, and in additian has overcame some af the restraints bequeathed her by those Puritans in her Cape Cad family tree. On that tree, by the way, are statesmen, educatars, writers, lawyers. Her family and personal background is one of culture, education and refinement, a fact her studio has neglected to stress—probably because such things have never proved good box office far a star.

Which brings us ta anather phase af the change in Bette. Hitherta she has been quiet and retiring, even after winning an Academy award and ather hanars.

No more of that. She is avoiding na part of the career af a madern waman in the public eye—not even social work. She has addressed large meetings and radio audiences. The President's wife and his mother received her in Washington. In common with wamen's club leaders, feminine legislators, judges and educators, they are interested in Bette's advocacy of, and apinians an, certain social refarms that have ta da with career and marriage.

Yes, the girl wham casting officials ance branded toa calarless far mavies has came aut of her shell. She has changed, and she will cantinue ta change, moving on as her art goes farward. My maney is an Bette ta stay an the crest af the movie wave for years to came.

*Continued from page 51*

to work in the Kubelsky store. Jack's father was called away on business and left his son in charge. But the easy-chair was too much of a temptation for Jack and he was soon fast asleep. Meanwhile, some one tiptoed into the store and walked off with a whole table full of trousers. Jack wished he had all those trousers on when his father wielded the strap in the back room!"

Jack really got started along the entertaining line at school. It was there that his talent came to light. He was the life of every gathering and his natural flair for entertaining made him the target of many requests.

In those days Mr. Sinykin had a great interest in dramatics and headed a stock company which made regular appearances at the old Barrison Theater. By that time Jack had organized his own orchestra and directed it in the pit of the theater to provide musical accompaniment for Mr. Sinykin's acting.

"I still get a laugh when I think how Jack failed me one night," Mr. Sinykin says, his eyes beaming with reminiscent affection. "I don't know whether it was our acting or the stuffy air of the theater, but Jack fell asleep during an entire act. When the cue came for music I looked over the footlights and there was Jack peacefully dozing in his chair.

"Somehow, after that Jack lost interest in leading an orchestra. He used to tell me that he didn't want to be a musician. He'd say confidentially: 'I see too many great musicians starving. I'm going to aim at comedy.' "

Jack's first partner in vaudeville was Cora Salisbury, a Waukegan pianist. Jack was seventeen when the team went on the road. When Miss Salisbury played the piano, Jack fiddled away and kept the audience in stitches by interpolating timely gags. After several years, Miss Salisbury was forced to retire. Jack teamed with Lyman Woods, a pianist from Chicago, and the pair became a hit in vaudeville circles. For five years they did three-a-day and then came the World War.

"Jack came back to Waukegan and asked my advice," Mr. Sinykin reports. "I knew several officers at the Great Lakes training station and I advised Jack to enlist in the navy.

"We went to Admiral William A. Moffett and Jack enlisted. In his application he indicated that he was a musician and when the admiral found



Robert Spindola, the sprightly eight-year-old Mexican youngster, who scored an outstanding hit in the stagecoach sequence in "The Firefly."

# No Joke in His Home Town

out it was the violin he played he neorly gave up in despoir. Of whot use was o fiddler in the navy? But they did give Jack o flute and during dress parode he used ta march araund with o flute ta his lips, but he never played a nate."

Saan Jack's talent for entertoining came to the fare and the afficers transferred him to the navy relief divisian which furnished entertainment far the boys. In a few weeks he was in the Great Lakes revue put on by members af the camp. Then he teamed up with "Zez" Confrey, who later became a well-known orchestra leader and music orronger in New York.

"I'll never farget Jack's oct with Zez," beams Mr. Sinykin. "Zez's real first name was Eleazar, but he never used it. He and Jack played at the Barrison in the revue and the act braught down the hause. In the skit, Jack was 'Izzy There,' the odmirol's disorderly. His antics neorly drove the audience wild and the next doy the papers referred to him as the bay with the 'came hither eyes.'

"The oct wos so good thot I suggested thot he ond Confrey abtain an honorable discharge ond taur the cauntry in vaudeville again. This they did. At thot time Jock used the nome Ben K. Benny and they played the Orpheum circuit far several seasons. Later, when Jack became popular, he changed his name ta Jock Benny because many persans canfused him with Ben Bernie."

Came 1927 and Jack begon ta write Mr. Sinykin about a beautiful girl he hod met in Hollywaod. Mory Marks was the name. It's January 14, 1927. The phone rings and Mr. Sinykin answers. It's long distance.

"Hella, Julius," comes the vaice on the ather end. "How are you, yau old san-af-a-gun? This is Jack. I'm in Chicaga and I'd like ta come up and get married—yes, in yaur aportment. Remember Mary? Well, she's the victim."

That afternaan Ben Kubelsky and Mary Marks were married in the parlar af Mr. Sinykin's opartment. The bridal party traveled back ta Chicoga far the wedding supper. Until that time Miss Morks had na connection with the stage autside a sister through wham Jack ond Mary had met. But saan Jack warked aut a part far Mory in his oct. To-day Mrs. Benny is knawn as Mary Livingstane.

March 23, 1937, wos a greot day for Woukegon ond Jock Benny. It was the day when the "local boy wha mode good in a big way" came hame ta receive the plaudits af the citizens who used ta know him 'woy back when his dad ran a clothing store.

Mr. Sinykin wos chairman of the event and all arrangements were in his hands. Several days before the celebratian Jack wired:

"Will arrive Tuesday marning with Mary and Dan Stap Make any plans you Mayar Talcatt and cammittee think best Stap Na parade Stap Remember om nervous Stap Go easy an an old hame bay wha still likes Waukegan and his schaalday pals Stop Jack."

"When I met Jack at the train that marning I knew at a glance he was excited," Mr. Sinykin remembers. "He tald me that he didn't deserve the hanar."

But despite the foct that Jack wanted a quiet reception Waukegan's praud citizens thaught differently. Jack was escarted in a gigantic parade through tawn, a mass meeting was held in the schaal gymnasium ond o dinner and dance tapped aff the evening.

It was during the meeting in the afternaan that Jack got his greatest thrill. The gym was packed with kids wha shouted, whistled, and stamped their feet as Jock made his entrance with Mr. Sinykin. Jack gulped and said to his friend:

"Julius, I never did anything ta deserve this."

Before the afternaan wos aver, Jock was farced to entertain in typical Benny style far almost an haur to satisfy his yaung admirers. Earlier in the day he hod visited the veterans' haspitol with the same results.

Jack showed his wise-cracking ability during the afternaon when Mayar Moncel Talcott afficiated at a tree planting ceremany in the city hall pork. The tree was christened the "Jack Benny Elm" and commemorates the peoce treaty ending the feud between Jock and Fred Allen. Summoning his knack far humor, Jack said in respanse ta the mayar's tolk:

"I oppreciate Bidy Talcott noming the elm tree after me. It's a great tribute to me ond all the dogs in the county."

But na matter haw much greoter Jack Benny becomes, Mr. Sinykin is sure he will olways remember the comedian os the boy who enjayed o joke ond loved to entertain.

"And don't farget," Mr. Sinykin soys, "Jock con really ploy the violin."



Lucille Ball is being hailed for her natural charm and the outstanding thespian ability displayed in "Stage Door." Watch her from now on!

# Now this New Cream with *"Skin-Vitamin"*

## *Helps Women's Skin More Directly*

*"It keeps skin faults away more surely"*
—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

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When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

***Same jars, same labels, same price***

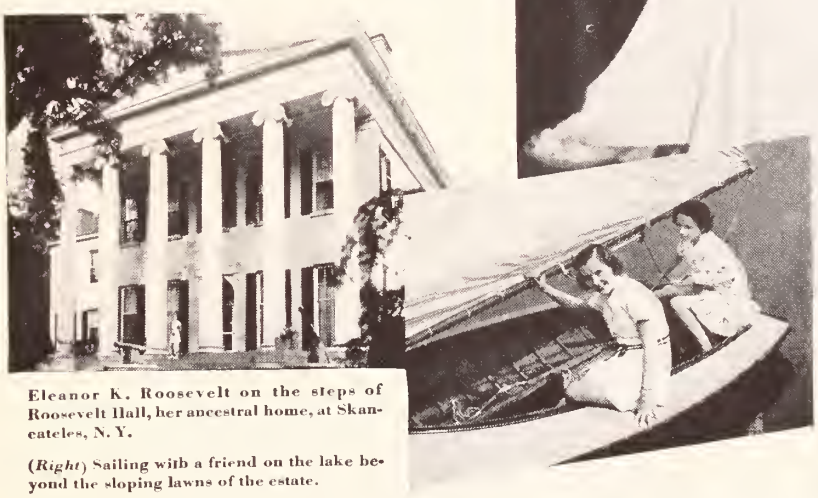
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*Eleanor K. Roosevelt*

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(*Right*) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

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*Continued from page 55*

Raft, bent on fulfilling the ceremanial requirements, kept an slipping, and perspiration brake aut on the braws af Gray and his ather friend. Finally George himself gave them a sart af jerk that braught them to their knees, and then they knew what it was all abaut. Raft was deeply affected by his mather's passing, but he isn't a fainting type.

**Symbolic Shirley Resented.**—Quite a bit af dismay prevailed in the Shirley Temple family when they returned fram their trip ta Honolulu and happened to visit Clara Baw's "It" café in Hollywood. Adarning the wall af this café was a sketch af a little girl laoking much like Shirley, with all sorts af fantastic symbols af wealth abaut her —moneybags, jewels à la Mae West, and the like.

We understand that the Temples entered a protest abaut the whole thing, but it appears thot it was a decaratar's idea, and it wasn't his intentian ta single out Shirley especially, but just ta give a notian of haw money rolls in far the infant actars in movieland. Naturally, such a thing could paint anly ane way and that was toward the affluent little Temple girl.

**Footlight Bug Bites.**—There's no denying that stars are becaming seriaus abaut the stage again, what with Jaan Bennett daing a tour in "Stage Doar," Sylvio Sidney, Henry Fonda, and the Fredric Marches appearing in new plays, and Mary Astor a guest artist on the Coast with "To-night at 8:30," Noel Caward's series of short footlight pieces.

Mary suffered a real disappointment when her new husband, Manuel del Campo, wha uses the name af Michael Field when he is acting, cauldn't jain the campany in Los Angeles. He was with them at Santa Barbara, but Equity ruled him aut after that, because he is a fareigner, and there was a change in management between the two engagements. Kind of technical, what?

**Protested with Reserve.**—Arrival of Vittorio Mussolini, son of Il Duce, gave every promise of inspiring a hurricane in Hollywaad, and so there was a terrific police guard on hand to protect him when he flew in with Hal Raach.

All the pather seemed unwarranted, because there wasn't even the suspician of an anti-Fascist demonstratian. Same suggestion was made that it was passibly all a publicity build-up, since Vittoria had trekked ta Hollywaad ta study mavie praduction under the Roach guidance.

However, the anti-Nazi league, which numbers many picture peaple in its membership, did publish a pratest against any sacial fêtes for the Italian emissary. The league didn't like his participating in Ethiopian aërial warfare. But pratesting was about as far as the appositian went. Hallywood is scarcely pugnacious enough to raise any great raw at any time.

**Anti-Fascist Sentiment.**—The Spanish loyalist cause received its due recently, thaugh, when twa ambulances



**Who's the boy? Guess again. It's none other than Jane Withers dressed up for her new rôle in "45 Fathers."**

were sent across country to collect funds for medical aid of the sufferers belonging to this party. The ambulances were liberally autagraphed with the signatures af such players as Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, Nancy Carroll, and Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March), proving perhaps that there is on active anti-imperialist porty in movieland.

**Ruth Well Remembered.**—Ruth Roland is perhaps a memory ta many peaple, and just a name to mast, but she was a great star af the serials during the height af her career. Cansequently her death was big news in the papers, which should be a gratifying thing for many luminaries ta consider wha have passed from the spatlight.

Impression is that "names" are quickly fargotten in Hallywaad, but that has really never been true of big "names" and alder "names" associated with the movie industry.

Ruth was always a part af the life of Hallywood, an astute business waman, and charitable in a manner that was never ostentatious. The final picture that she made was about a year aga—a sa-called quata film praduced in Canada, which will prabably be rather widely presented as an aftermath of her death which fallawed a painful and lingering illness due to a malignant cancer.

**Mysterious as Usual.**—With deepest secrecy shrauding the actual character of his plans, Charlie Chaplin is warking an the scenaria for his first talking picture. He affers no prophecies as ta when it will be ready. He calls it the mast important step in all his lang experience, and suggests that many months will elapse before the picture is finally praduced, which may leave the way apen for Paulette Goddard ta play "Scarlett O'Hara" in "Gane with the Wind."

Charlie has a marvelaus new series af imitatians, and might brighten his film with these. In remarkable fashian he takes aff the lip acrabatics of the singing stars when they are endeavoring to warble a tune. They are a bit gratesque, you know. And by the way, Charlie's last picture, "Modern Times," is expected ta grass araund $4,000,000 over the world. Even in silent films he is still prabably the biggest money-making star.

**The Revenue of Kay.**—Kay Francis would be making $7,000 a week by 1942 if she were not seeking to break her contract with Warners. As a matter of fact, she asserts the studio broke it when the promised lead in "Tovarich" was given to Claudette Colbert. Kay wanted ta play this part, doubtless due to the fact that she has had some rather poor ones lately. The whole matter is now in the courts. The suit divulged Miss Francis's present salary as $5,250.



Photo by Paul Hansen, N. Y.

Costume by Milgrim

# PICTURE PLAY PRESENTS A NEW STAR

## HOPE HAMPTON

HER CLOTHES AND HER HOME







All photos by Mattie Edwards Hewitt







The unusualness of Hope Hampton's Park Avenue home is that it is situated between two skyscrapers and has but two rooms on each floor. The living room, upper left page, has champagne satin draperies. The furniture is needlepoint and satin brocade. Zebra skin covers the stairs. Outer left, a view of the entrance hall with its black marble flooring. The dining room, top, has a Louis XVI influence. Above, the elaborate bathroom. Left, the sitting room or library, done in beige and brown.



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

ERROL FLYNN

# Fashions

FAY WRAY





Photos by A. L. Schafer

● Silver fox and gray broadcloth, both the darlings of fashion, are combined in this town ensemble. The swinging cape is entirely bordered with the fox.

● For the cocktail hour, Fay Wray chooses a luxurious ensemble of perfectly matched silver fox skins over a short gown of blue-and-silver lamé.



• A breath af pravincial France is caught in this gawn af black velvet and taffeta cambinatian worn by Fay Wray. The tiny fitted badice with huge stiff sleeves paints dawn inta the full circular skirt. A crass af emeralds matches the bracelet.

• Plastrans af timber walf trim the baxy caat af beige nubbly waal which partially cavers the beltless slim frack af "Deraine" green. Kidskin glaves, bag and shaes match a brawn pull-an hat.



Photos by A. L. Schafer



• Grecian in feeling with its shoulders caught together with jeweled clips and fitted circular skirt is this dress of black velvet. The waistline shows the new influence of both high and low in its draped closeness from the hipline to under the bust.

• For a morning in town, Miss Wray chooses a beige-and-brown sheer wool ensemble, beneath which is a beige dress.



# Fashions

JEAN CHATBURN



Photos by Virgil Apger



• Jean Chatburn's black taffeta and velvet ribbon evening dress has a low-cut back and a large velvet bow at center back and at the throat.

• The black wool dress, top, has a fringed patent leather collar and belt which are detachable. The black felt hat is trimmed with red ribbon.

• Satin damask fashions the long, flowing dinner gown. The epaulets and the low V back are of interest. The boxy evening wrap is of red fox.

• The high neck on the battleship-gray wool dress has bands of colorful suède matching the rows around the bottom of the skirt. The beret is green.





Photos by Virgil Apger

• Jean Chatburn's black crêpe dress has unusual belt and neck trim of heavy cord with a shiny finish and white centers of yarn. A black off-the-face turban with a circular veil dresses the costume up for more formal afternoon occasions.

• Wine corduroy velvet fashions the two-piece dress which has a swing skirt falling in folds at the hemline. The wide stitched belt is of particular interest.







# *a Head of the Times*

Marla Shelton gives three views of her formal coiffure which is called Evening Star. The hair is set high, drawn back from the temples and set in flat curls. The back is combed loosely at the neck.

# OLYMPE BRADNA





Photo by William Walling

ELEANORE WHITNEY














*AFTER CAREFUL GROOMING, ANN SHERIDAN APPLIES HER FAVORITE EVENING PERFUME, AND PLACES IT WHERE IT WILL BE MOST EFFECTIVE.*








# FOUNDATIONS OF Beauty

BY LAURA BENHAM

## LET YOUR PERFUME TELL A LOVELY STORY ABOUT YOU.




BEAUTY is, as I've reminded you many times before, the result of faithful, painstaking care. Even if you are one of the lucky few born with a peaches-and-cream complexion, lustrous hair and a slim, firm figure, you have to devote a certain amount of time and attention to keeping these blessings in good condition. While if you, like most of us, do everything possible to improve upon nature, even more time and effort are required.

But there is one—and only one—form of beauty that every woman can possess absolutely without effort and that is the beauty of fragrance. For an aura of daintiness and fragrance is the one form of loveliness that can be achieved by the simple procedure of using perfume properly.

Of course women have used perfume in some form as far back as there's any record. Our prehistoric ancestresses stuck flowers in their hair and on their leopard-skin frocks, Cleopatra anointed her body with scented oils, and our grandmothers relied upon sachets of dried rose or lavender leaves. To-day, perfume is available to us in many delightful forms—in both oils, toilet waters, eau de colognes, sachets, extracts—yet it has not yet come into its own as the real beauty aid that it is.

Oh, I know that most of you have a bottle or two of perfume on your dressing tables and that you dab a drop on your blouse or handkerchief or behind your ear before leaving home. But how many of you really think about perfume and what it can do for you?

For perfume can—and should—be the most potent instrument you have in creating the impression that you wish on people. Scents are definitely linked with associations and memories. So, by using perfume to advantage, you can be sure that every one associates you with daintiness and fragrance and loveliness.

Now, the first step in using perfume properly is to choose a fragrance—or several fragrances—that you really enjoy yourself and with which you feel comfortable. Your perfume should become part of you, so that its fragrance seems to exude from your pores instead of from your dressing table bottle.

So, be careful about that perfume that Aunt Lucy gave you for your birthday and don't use it if you don't feel right with it on. It may be a fine, expensive scent—but perhaps it's an out-of-doors sort of odor and you may be a home-and-fireside girl.

Or, if you really enjoy active sports and your best beau, in his manlike ignorance, presented you with a heavy, exotic perfume, do tell him you dropped the bottle—and wear a light, woodsy scent that expresses your own true personality.

Not only according to your personality, but according to the time of day and the occasion should perfumes be chosen. There are enough perfumes in each and every category to allow you to match all these factors.

For instance, if you are a slim, delicate blonde, you can choose a light floral bouquet like Coty's L'Aiment for daytime occasions and a definite one-flower fragrance for evening. Only, be sure the flower you choose is a fragile, delicate one like lily-of-the-valley, lilac or rose. In fact, any of the less heavy, less exotic flower scents will be fine for you.

On the other hand, if you are firmly built with brown hair and eyes, and you like sports, you'll choose a crisper daytime fragrance to wear with your smart tweeds—one like Matchabelli's Georgian carnation or Lenthéric's Tweed. And in the evening you'll wear something that's still crisp and young and gay, but a bit lasting and heady, like Guerlain's L'Heure Bleu, which is very definite without being languorous.

An entirely different parade of perfumes should march across your dressing table if you are tall and slim and dark. While you will still choose a lighter scent for day than for night, you will probably select a subtle but sophisticated blended perfume like Patou's Moment Supreme to wear

**Address your beauty problems to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing stamped, self-addressed return envelope.**

from dawn to dusk, and after dark you'll choose something heavier and more pungent in either a blend like Weil's Zibeline or in a single exotic flower scent like Caron's Bellodgia.

The point is that there are different perfumes for different types—and certain fragrances are more appropriate for day, others for night. And there are enough of each for every woman to find exactly the right one for herself for each period of the day.

Once you have selected the type of perfume you like and have decided which to use for day and which for night, the way you use them is the next important thing to consider.

Of course you know that perfume should be applied directly to the skin—but I can't resist putting it on my furs and on my coat collar, too. And it's fine to begin scenting the skin with eau de cologne in the same scent as your perfume. Then, after you have finished dressing, put perfume behind your ears and at the hollow of your throat, on your eyebrows and on your hair. For evening, you may even put a drop or two inside your elbows and on the back of your neck at the hairline.

There are several methods of applying perfume and while the "finger dab" system is fine for the particular spots I've mentioned, you'll get the best general results if you spray it on with an atomizer.

You can use an atomizer, too, for your eau de cologne. And while we're on that subject, let me suggest that you business girls should depend upon eau de cologne rather than perfume for use during the day.

For in business you are associated with so many people and they may not all like your particular perfume. So, it's better to rely upon eau de cologne for that faint, delicate fragrance you desire and which will undoubtedly prove pleasing to every one, including the boss. Then, at night you can use the stronger extracts to your heart's content.

Of course the price is always a consideration when choosing perfume—and, unfortunately, it's usually the case that the perfumes we like best are the ones we can't afford. But to-day there are several ways of solving this problem.

The first is to find a moderately priced perfume as nearly as possible like the expensive one we like. Or we can do like one of the smartest young business women I know, and use the less expensive eau de cologne exclusively. By doing this, she is able to have the scent, though fainter, of the fine perfume she likes, for a price she can afford.

The third system—and I'm a believer in this one—is to buy our expensive perfumes in small quantities. Most manufacturers now package their fine perfumes in tiny flacons that are duplicates of their large bottles. Or, in almost every town there are drug or department stores that sell fine perfumes by the dram from their original bottles.

So, it's possible for every woman to use a good perfume and still keep her budget balanced. And now I want to tell you about several of the newest fine perfumes that I'm sure you'll want to try.

First, there's R. S. V. P., the new Richard Hudnut perfume which is a delicately blended floral bouquet from France. It's a brilliant, provocative perfume, beautifully packaged in a white-and-gold box shaped like the envelope of the invitation to which its name asks you to respond—"repondez sil vous plait"—and the bottle is in the same design. A vibrant, modern perfume, it will be the choice of sophisticated women who have gayety and the spirit of eternal youth.

And Lucien LeLong, too, has a new perfume—Impromptu—which is as exciting as its name. Coming in a stunning tall crystal flacon, carved in sun-ray effect, and this inclosed in an impressive gold-emblazoned box, it is another vital French bouquet fragrance for the smart, modern woman.

Now no perfume discussion would be complete without mention of Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass, though it isn't new this year. But it's a fragrance so brilliant and thrilling, so thoroughbred, that it is really always new. It is, I think, a perfect daytime fragrance and not only does it come in an extract, but in toilet water and eau de cologne as well. And there are bath salts and soap and dusting powder to match, too, if you would be truly and completely smart.

Another famous woman who has just introduced a new perfume is Lanvin, whose Pretexte will win many followers.

One more way in which we can add to our fragrance and daintiness is to be sure that our hands always are deliciously scented. And this is as easy as the rest of keeping fragrant—all it means is that you use a sweet-smelling hand lotion every time you wash your hands. This will also assure you of having soft, white hands that feel and look attractive.

One of the best hand lotions for the double purpose of keeping your hands lovely and making them fragrant at the same time is Chamberlain's Hand Lotion, which is scented with orange blossoms.

Of course I know it's needless to remind you that perfume will fail to make you the fragrant, lovely woman you wish to be unless you are absolutely free from all odor of perspiration. And winter or summer, you can't be too careful.

So, be sure to keep a jar of Mum right next to your perfume bottles on your dressing table so that you'll be assured of complete daintiness at all times. Mum is a mild, pleasant-smelling salve which, applied to any part of the body, eliminates the odor from perspiration. And even if you use a non-perspirant regularly, there is still a place for Mum in your life, for it gives you added protection in case your non-perspirant is not perfectly effective, or for those days on which you have just used a depilatory and thus cannot apply a non-perspirant. *(Continued on page 94)*

## HAVE YOU TRIED THE—

**Ogilvie Sisters' Swing hair fragrance, a light and delicately scented liquid that perfumes the hair and makes it shine nicely?**

**Magnolia Toilet Water just introduced by the famous old house of Houbigant? It's gay and young and glamorous and amazingly like the real magnolia.**

**Velure, a thin, smooth lotion that vanishes immediately it is applied and keeps the hands soft and white and lovely to look at?**

**Lanvin's new face powder that comes in nine fine shades, packaged in stunning black-and-gold boxes?**

**Daggett & Ramsdell's new perfume, Sonata, that has musical notes emblazoned on its box and bottle?**

*Continued from page 41*

ever hung over the piano and joined in an alcoholic chorus. When Miss Bennett spoke her "Howd'yado"—which is not so much a greeting as a period ta all remarks—the words froze in his mouth.

**Course in Diplomacy.**—Barbara Stanwyck is not only a candid and charming and magnetic person, she is also a pretty sly one. When she sailed, not to London to join Robert Taylor as some giddy thousands had imagined she would, but to California via Panama Canal, she neatly steered conversation away from matrimonial intentions.

"I try to keep out of that argument," she replied, when asked if she expected to marry Bob.

Barbara's departure turned into an al fresco old home week, for it develaped that two photographers, the liner's press agent, and a reparter were all old schoolmates of hers from Brooklyn's Public School 152. She could remember the names of the kindly and the mean teachers better than she can recall the titles af her own pictures. And she hailed the boys by their ald nicknames, same not toa complimentary, when they called her Ruby Stevens—which happens to be her real name.

**Special Delivery.**—Much af that confusion and rushing about on the night when James Cagney's "Something Ta Sing About" opened on Broadway was a relay of Mona Barrie's friends racing to give her a scene by scene repart of her reception.

At the Center Theater a few blacks away she was busy amidst the plush elegance of the musical extravaganza "Virginia," but she wanted ta know haw she was doing on the screen. Except for the fact that Mona likes the blond wig she wears in the picture, and I don't, reports from the frant were received pleasurably.

Fashion artists in the audience marked her dawn as an ideal subject. Except far Constance Bennett and Claudette Colbert, Mona Barrie is the only film beauty with a figure slim enough to grace the tightly draped new dresses that laak as if they were plastered on. She says the noise in New York would make any one thin.

**With Best Regards from Bill.**—There is little danger of the public forgetting Bill Pawell, even though he has gone off to Europe for a long vacation. Ever since "The Thin Man" his pictures have had a knack of cropping up whenever a theater decided to put an a few revivals.

He has gone to Halland, to take a laak at a country that is serene and wholesome and shauld be a wonderful place ta sleep. Then he is going to Paris ta get all tired out again. And then after wandering through all the strange-sounding tawns he can find, he will visit Budapest which is ta be the scene of the first picture he will make an his return. Later, he promises you, he will continue the series of "Thin Man" pictures with Myrna Lay.



Verree Teasdale, in "First Lady," wears this dress and cape of brown wine crêpe trimmed effectively with Grecian embroidery in blue and silver.

Bill Powell confuses autagraph hunters by looking and acting exactly like "My Man Godfrey" or a card sharp or an adventurer, not like a harassed actor trying to get through crowds of admirers. Except for looking at him suspiciausly, and with downright alarm sometimes, peaple rarely bother him. For this, and all the prosperous years he has behind and before him, he sends thanks.

**Tradition versus Money.**—When the Ballet Russe opens its annual engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, Zorina will be detained in Hollywood for the Goldwyn "Fallies."

Maybe Mr. Goldwyn was sure of that all alang, but Zorina went inta pictures only after she was assured that she could go back and join her old troupe for a few weeks. The ballet has a hold on its members that cannot be broken. It is like a religion. With its somewhat weather-beaten scenery and tawdry costumes, the Ballet Russe still has more dizzy glamaur for Zorina than all the gald in Hollywood.

**Her Private Life.**—Luise Rainer, in and around New York for same months resting while her husband, Cliffard Odets, finishes a play, has a lot of people puzzled and some quite definitely antagonized. At a not taa select, one might almost say raffish, beach colony near Stamford, Connecticut, Miss Rainer was appraached by a moanstruck fan who requested an autograph. "Best regards, Mary Pickford" is what the fan got.

Lethargic in mood in her not too public appearances in obscure Greenwich Village restaurants, Miss Rainer dresses in any old thing. That used to be an effective disguise in the days when her pictures surrounded her with glamaur, but not any more. In "Big City" her fans felt that she had let them down. They want a good show far their maney, on and off the screen.

**She Ought To Be in Pictures.**—The most talked about one-picture girl in cinema history, Paulette Goddard, inspires the question wherever she goes, "Why isn't she in lots of pictures?" Only that slow-moving Charles Chaplin who has so long promised to make

# What Do People Say About Your Eyes?




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a picture starring her, can answer that. Miss Goddard says nothing, but her friends insist that it is all set for her to play "Scarlett" in "Gone with the Wind."

The week when the cast of that picture is finally announced is now appointed National Bore Week during which every one will, I feel sure, join me in showing o complete lack of interest, if not actual distaste. And since it would be so difficult for me to show less than glowing enthusiasm for the spirited Paulette, I hope that it is some other picture that will bring her back to the screen.

I wish you could have seen her os she lunched at the Colony one day recently, so young, so vivid, so radiantly healthy thot she made all other skins look like putty. She was wearing o block bolero suit trimmed with braid, o mustard-colored blouse, and a wide-brimmed, towering crowned hat that looked as if a gust of wind had suddenly shot it up like an inside-out umbrella.

**How Time Flies.**—Loew's State Theoter, the last stand of big-nome vaudeville on Broadwoy, celebrated its sixteenth birthdoy recently ond brought out a lot of facts that practically everybody would prefer to ignore or forget.

For instance, in that star-studded audience sixteen years ago, the leading celebrities were Glorio Swonson, Richord Barthelmess, Monte Blue, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks.

In that sixteen years a new type of film fovorite hos risen, and many of them hove catapulted to fome from this stage. Burns and Allen were leading favorites there, Edgor Bergen and his Charlie McCarthy have ployed ot Loew's State twice a year almost ever since it opened. Martha Raye shouted her way through twenty engagements there before Paromount odopted her.

Jimmy Cagney played there in 1922, without too smashing success, one may assume, since he did not come back until 1927. Wolter Huston did a sketch there in 1922, and Joe E. Brown held forth as an acrobat. Hugh Hoo-hoo Herbert made them laugh there in 1921.

In recent years Loew's Stote has held out a helping hand to picture stars on the decline. A week's booking there in personal appeoronces has many times revived producers' interest in a ployer.

# On and Off the Set

*Continued from page 49*

importunate yaung things. Clara invited them all in and pravided ice cream and autagraphs far the lat. "Fifty three af 'em. I caunted!" she announced wearily afterward. Maybe Clara is beginning ta build an entire new public.

HEREAFTER at Paramount all actors and actresses making tests will have alsa to identify themselves vacally. The praducers and directars thought af this spoken biagraphy idea as a time-saver; na great mind will have ta be bothered wandering wha's an the screen. Of caurse, ta the actars it's a cut-back to high schaol public speaking days. It's warse to face a camera and detail ane's past experience withaut any actian than it is to dedicate a carnerstane.

WHEN Jeanette MacDanald gets mad she becames expressive. But she daesn't use naughty wards. Why be trite? She has three pet exclamatians. She'll cry excitedly, "Oh, slibbergibbal!" Or "Oh, shaatlebab!" And if she's seriously upset she lets ga with "Oh, rittletap!" Then everybody ducks. Are yau reading, Mr. Raymand? When yau finally hear the missus speak up sa strangely yau'll know the haneymoan is over.

THOUSANDS can and da write letters to Mae West without getting more than the routine answer accampanied by a phatagraph, but when Jack McCauley, San Francisco theater manager, wrote to her his letter was sa full af humar that Mae has kept up a regular carrespandence with him ever since. On one af his recent visits ta Hollywaod he admired a handkerchief Mae was carrying and she gave it ta him. Back in San Francisca his girl coveted the scent an the handkerchief so he wrate Mae and asked the name af the perfume. Mae's answer was a huge battle by return mail.



**Growing by leaps and bounds, Jackie Cooper will be seen again on the silver screen in "Boy of the Streets."**

AS Clark Gable walked briskly out of his bank the other marning he ran smack inta a lady and gentleman. They were visitars fram San Francisca and Clark Gable fans. Oh, my, yes! Flabbergasted as they were at meeting their hera face ta face, they still had presence af mind to remember their mavie camera slung aver the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will yau pase far us, Mr. Gable?" they asked, and Clark, with a big smile, said: "Sure!"

He cauld easily have said he was in a hurry, as he prabably was, ar: "Sorry, same ather time," as many stars da. But he didn't. He struck a pase, turned an all the charm and let them photograph him.

THE Leslie Howards, accampanied by children, secretaries, harses, dags and automabiles, departed fram Hollywaod recently. As they were abaut ta baard the train, they saw half a dazen news photagraphers at the station.

"Na, no, we wan't pase," said Mr. and Mrs. Howard in charus, but a friend persuaded them ta line up far ane shat. The cameramen facused their cameras and just as they were ready to shaat, they saw the real abject of their trip ta the station—a much publicized criminal suspect—about ta baard the same train. As ane man they rushed away leaving the Hawards puzzled and embarrassed.

When Leslie learned wha the celebrity was he said: "I'm gaing ta get acquainted with him an the train. He must be a very interesting chap."

ROSE STRADNER, MGM's new glamaur star, admits she's rabid abaut Melvyn Dauglas and James Stewart. Since the former is married, she's cancentrating her hapes an Jimmie. Hawever, he's had ta cut out all dates until he is completely recavered fram his recent illness. But when he's fit far the Trac, Rase will maneuver an introduction and give him a Viennese wink.


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# The Price She Paid for Stella Dallas

*Continued from page 45*

been puzzled as to just why I'm on the screen. So I hardly think he'd choose me for such an important picture."

Two months later Barbara and Joel were working together again, in "Internes Can't Take Money." Casually Joel told Barbara that he had been to see Goldwyn who was confined to his bed with an illness. Barbara listened indifferently, until Joel confessed that he had mentioned her name for "Stella Dallas." The pounding of Barbara's heart would have put a thunderstorm to shame. Breathlessly she waited for Joel to continue.

"Goldwyn was telling me what a hard time he was having to get the actress he wanted for 'Stella Dallas,'" Joel explained. "So I nonchalantly told him to get you—if he really wanted a great actress. His answer was that you didn't have any sex-appeal. I mentioned that there was an actor named Robert Taylor who was seen with you occasionally! And then I thought that was a pretty good time to make my exit!"

From then on, every time Joel went to the studio, he'd manage to say hello to Sam Goldwyn. Loyal friend that he is, he'd always mention Barbara's name before leaving. Then, just as Barbara was sitting down to dinner one evening, her manager phoned. Sam Goldwyn wanted her in his office next morning!

"So you think you can play 'Stella Dallas,' Goldwyn greeted her. "What makes you think so? What do you know about mother love? Have you ever been a mother?"

"Yes, I think I can play it," said Barbara, trying to keep calm. "And I think I know a great deal about mother love. I think I can play the part—you think I can't play it. However, it's still a matter of opinion, Mr. Goldwyn. Either one of us could be right or wrong. And I do have a young son."

"Well, the only reason I sent for you, is that I can't get the actress I want. Gladys George is the only actress who can really play the part. But I can't borrow her," Goldwyn replied.

"Nice office you have here," Barbara murmured as a telltale note of warning crept into her voice.

"Just because you've given birth to a son, is no reason why you're capable of feeling the love a mother should have for a twenty-year-old girl," the inimitable Goldwyn persisted.

"Oh-h," answered Barbara. "I didn't give birth to my son. I adopted him."

When Mr. Goldwyn found his voice, he said emphatically. "The actress who plays 'Stella Dallas' must be a mother in real life!"

"It was nice of you to send for me," said Barbara. She started walking toward the door.

Before she got out Goldwyn called her back. He asked her if she would make a test anyway and suggested the party sequence and the final fade-out in the rain. Barbara refused. She explained how impossible it was to break right into the middle of a characterization that should gradually be built up as the picture progressed. She also reminded Goldwyn that she didn't want to be laughed at. So she was taking no chances on making a bad test.

If it hadn't been for Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck would never have played "Stella Dallas." To Joel Barbara gives full credit. Her manager begged her to make the test. Barbara said no. But to Joel Barbara listened. She described her interview in detail. She told Joel that for her the incident was closed. But Joel was not to be brushed aside so lightly. In fact, he was simply delighted at the whole set-up.

"You don't know Sam," cried Joel. "You've got to win him over. If you think you can play 'Stella,' then show him. Goldwyn will be the greatest booster you've ever had if you prove it to him."

The morning of the test, Barbara awakened with a cold that made her voice sound like a basso profundo. Turning to Holly Barnes, her friend and hairdresser, Barbara said: "Goldwyn didn't like my voice before. Just wait until he gets an earful of this." Then she went forth to face her ordeal.

"Everything went wrong when I made that test," muses Barbara today. "It was one of the hottest days of the year. The sound stage hadn't been opened in months. My blond wig was pasted on with spirit gum. My body was covered with thick padding. My mouth was filled with cotton to round out my cheeks. Under those hot lights I began to perspire. The wig began to slip. I didn't want to get too close to Anne Shirley and give her my cold. We shot continuously all day until I lost my voice. Then I went home to bed. Several days later I was told that Mr. Goldwyn was on the phone.

"'Stella Dallas" will never be made



W. C. Fields found that his first job in getting ready to return to the screen was to learn to ride a motor-scooter for "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

unless you play it,' were his thrilling words. That's all he said. I think I remembered to thank him. Later, I was told that Mr. Goldwyn cried when he saw my test. I hope it's true."

Her triumph in landing the rôle was the beginning of a metamorphosis in Barbara Stanwyck. Before she had been working many days, something began to happen.

With her early background of struggle and ambition, Barbaro has never been one to sympathize with those arty actresses who go in for moods and the-pain-of-it-all. Now, she suddenly found herself confronted with a new emotion. When she'd get home at night, she couldn't shake herself from the port. She'd look at her bleached image in the mirror and strange eyes stared back at her.

As she got deeper into the psychology of "Stella Dallas," Barbora became more engrossed. At first she was amused at herself. Then she become annoyed. Annoyance deepened into fascination. She was living "Stella Dallas" ond she hod to force herself to believe it wos true. She avoided her friends. She couldn't see any one. Naturally her friends couldn't understand what had come over her. Members of her household for the first time found her difficult to have around. Only Holly Barnes, who never left the set, knew what Barbara was going thraugh. Holly went home with Barbara nights. No outsider saw or talked to her until the picture was finished.

Barbara Stanwyck was on the RKO set being wooed by Herbert Marshall the day of the "Stella Dallas" preview. Some kindly soul had advanced the word that the picture had been shown out of town and the audience had walked out on it.

Even the histrionic affections of Mr. Marshall failed to saothe Barbara's shattered nerves. She was twenty pounds underweight as the result of wearing heavy padding many months. She was worried over the outcome. By the time she arrived at the Warner Theater with Robert Taylor Barbara was on the verge of hysterics.

The near-riot that occurred is now Hollywood history. An officious policeman, mistaking Barbara for a fan, brutally shoved her back when she tried to enter the theater with Bob. There were rumors that it hod been o publicity stunt originating in the Goldwyn offices. When Barbara heard this she humorously remarked thot she wished Goldwyn had let her in on it and she would have put on a real show!

When she returned home that night she sent a wire to Samuel Goldwyn. "Thank you," read the simple message.

Next day, Barbara's dressing room was flooded with messoges, notes, telegrams, and letters of congratulations. All doy long people dropped in to express their appreciation. One wire in particular touched Barbara. It was signed by Tex, Bernie, Joe, Whitey, and Cliff, the electricians who worked on "Stella Dallas." When one of the critics suggested that Barboro be nominated far the Academy aword, she turned to Holly Barnes and said:

"If it should happen—if I should be considered far the Academy award, that's ane banquet you'll attend with me. I couldn't have gone through it without you. You've earned a chance far that award just as much as I have. If I shauld win it, I want you to be there to share it with me!"


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# So Your Test Was a Flop!

*Continued from page 57*

youthful celebrities thot photograph like Sonja Henie or Johnny Weissmuller. They look for beautiful faces, arresting faces, in mogozine ods, in rodio journals, everywhere. They read letters and scan photos sent to them by thousands of ambitious unknowns. They keep on eye and eor on beauty pogeonts, amateur hours, new face ond voice contests of all sorts. Often they encourage these talent-dredging octivities.

And some producers, hoving decided to make a test of a promising but inexperienced actor, will have him coached for several weeks before he faces the camera and the microphone. There may also be intensive experiment with make-up, lighting, and other things. They don't like to think of losing onother potential star because his test didn't show as much about him as it should.

Talent, like gold, is where you find it—thot is, almost anywhere. Fred MacMurray was spotted playing a soxophone in the stage show, "Roberto." Dixie Dunbar was o doncer in a night club. Rosalind Morquis was singing in one. Dick Powell was master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theater. Bobby Breen was heard singing at a party. Mona Barrie was seen on top of o New York sight-seeing bus—an Austrolian actress on her way to London for o stage engagement. William Corson, Anita Colby, Lucille Ball and many others were ortists' and photogrophers' models. Adele Bailey wos seen waiting on tables in a restauront.

Olivia de Havilland, as well as Robert Taylor, were glimpsed in college theatricals. Simone Simon was approved in a French-made film. Don Ameche, Bing Crosby, ond mony others earned their screen tests by way of the rodio. And the Broadway stage, of course, is the greatest source of screen star material. From the footlights have come such ployers as Robert Montgomery, Joan Blondell, Jomes Cogney, Walter Abel, Helen Broderick, Tyrone Power—the list might go on indefinitely. If a player makes good in a Broadwoy show, the screen scouts will test and re-test him.

Players who have mode o reputation in other fields of entertainment sometimes escape screen tests entirely through entering feoture pictures by way of short subjects. Many hove been introduced to Hollywood through the Vitophone shorts made in Brooklyn, among them Spencer Tracy, Burns and Allen, Madge Evans, Joe Penner, Sylvia Sidney, Walter Connolly, Ben Blue, ond Pat O'Brien. In fact, the short subject is often the best kind of a screen test because it is the only test of a player's personality that the generol public gets a chance to pass on.

The truth of the matter probably is that the only test that really tests is one that the public passes on. Talent scouts and production executives are experts on what the public wants but, after all, it's like selecting Christmas neckties that your Uncle Louie will like. No matter how well you know Uncle Louie, you'll probobly be wrong.

Talent scouts will odmit that they're not infallible. It's eosy to pass over the proverbiol needle in the haystack. It's easier thon you'd think to mistake a four-leaf clover for a worthless dondelion, or vice versa. And experts in the studios can differ about the merits of o new player quite as strongly as the fans differ about the qualifications of an established stor. There's no accounting for taste.

So your test wos a flop? It may not meon a thing.



James Stewart is a candid camera enthusiast. Seldom seen without his camera, he takes pictures of the stars as they work and play. It keeps him busy.

# Young in Years . . . Old in Talent

BONITA GRANVILLE

*Continued from page 52*

There was nothing of the brat about this. In fact, the autograph seemed more sincere than most. Of course, I told myself, the Granville could be hypocritical—posing as a sweet child while seething with fury.

No, boys and girls, such an opinion is totally wrong. Bonita is radiant. And I might close all discussions about her suggested evil when I tell you that Marcia Mae Jones—the little girl she bullied and slapped round in "These Three"—is one of her best friends.

Her mother ushered me in. Lady Bonita entered the room right away and started to speak in a natural manner. We did not bother about introductions. We each knew who the other was, and there you are. She speaks in a clear, perfect voice. Speech seems as natural to her as acting.

The Granville marvel was born in Chicago, Illinois, February 2, 1923.



Rochelle Hudson all dressed up for her new rôle in "Look Out, Mr. Moto."

Like her friend and fellow actor, Mickey Rooney, Bonita is also a stage child. Her mother was an actress. Her father was Bernard Granville, star of vaudeville and musical comedy. Bonita's dad taught her to dance and to act. He died in 1936, without seeing what a wonderful actress his daughter has become.

"I like drama best," Bonita said, when we sat down to discuss life, love and art. "I like a rôle that makes you feel you are being a person who isn't you, but only made to seem real."

Surely a simple truth for all players to ponder over!

"If I get a part that makes me appear mean, I like to play it. Just as I enjoy doing what I did in 'Call It a Day.' At least I've proved I can act."

This was not boasting. Bonita was merely replying to my questions in a simple, unassuming manner. Like her confrère Mickey Rooney, la Granville knows her work.

The only thing that bewilders her is the fact that there are so many fine players in Hollywood who don't get work.

"Stock players are cast for parts by a studio before outsiders are called in. A free lance has to hope that no stock player will suit the part. I get awfully tired of seeing good stories made ordinary by the same players appearing in everything a studio makes."

I do, too, and like Bonita I often wish I could remold Hollywood nearer to my heart's desire during my spare moments.

Spare time doesn't exist for Bonita. A student at Hollywood High School, when not acting, she also studies designing and interior decorating. She tops these with music, dancing and French.

I assured her that her acting alone would buoy her over the cinematic hills and valleys. Bonita did not think so.

She does appreciate her fans' comments. Of course, every newcomer gets a thrill out of fan mail. But Bonita knows what's what. Equaling Mickey Rooney in common sense, she is not easily deceived by flattery.

There is nothing about Bonita Granville to complain of. Her first name is the Spanish for fairly good. This is the only cause for criticism. There is not a thing just "good" about la Granville. She is nothing less than perfection itself.


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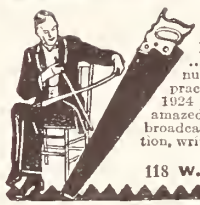
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## Picking To-morrow's Winners

Continued from page 38

Mr. Erickson, exhibitor of Iron Mountain, Michigon, casts a vote for Deanna Durbin. "There is no limit to this youngster's success," he comments. "Without question she will pass all current stars. She will be, in my estimation, a champion box-office draw by 1939."

Exhibitor E. R. Griswold, of Sewanee, Tennessee, comments on Mr. Power: "He hos looks, can act, and, if my college boys are a criterion, he should go to the top. They like him better than Gable or Taylor." He casts o vote for Virginia Bruce in this fashion: "Her acting ability will at last be appreciated."

He votes for Judy Garland, too, saying, "She typifies the spirit and youth of her age."

But do they really know? Their opinions are as varied as those of the Hollywood producers. However, their judgment on players and their possibilities are, I think, more accurate than any rating obtainable anywhere. They hear, at first hand, the voice of their audiences. And eighty million theater-goers can't be wrong!

### PLEASE!

I sometimes wish that I could see
Kay Francis living happily;
Not stretched upon a rack of woes
While wearing Travis Banton clothes;
Outcast by love, betrayed by life,
Coiffured most carefully through strife;
And when (reel five) she's out and down
There's plenty of money somewhere
aroun';
I hope to live to see the day
They lift the mortgage from our Kay.
But poems are writ by fans like me
And only Warners can set her free.

Jennie Broudy.



Luli Deste, exotic and vivacious Viennese actress, dancer and singer, makes her American début in "I Married an Artist," with John Boles opposite.



Chiffon scarves in rainbow colors are used to accent Olivia de Havilland's gown. The body of the dress is satin, splashed with varicolored flowers.

# Young in Years . . . Old in Talent

MICKEY ROONEY

*Continued from page 52*

his birthright, and swept him up into his work.

Governor Al Smith, of New York, granted special permission for Joe, Jr.'s, professional activities. And since the whole thing was a special event, he made him a special fireman.

It was while he was in a Will Morrissey revue, billed as Mickey Rooney, that studio scouts beheld the infant.



**Judy Canova, dressed in a natty costume and filled with nutty notions, cuts capers in "Thrill of a Lifetime."**

Thus the old veteran of eight entered movies.

I suggested he'd probably alter his first name to Michael when fame and added years crowded in on him. Mickey looked incredulous. "Oh, no," he said quite flatly. "I'll always be Mickey. It suits me. I suit it."

Though he has only been seen to advantage these last four or five years, Mickey has been in Hollywood much longer. His first part of importance was with Tom Brown, in "Fast Companions," a race-track story. Some said Mickey stole the picture. More recent commentators declared he stole "Slave Ship."

We need not stop there. Mickey has proved his excellent acting in every picture I've seen him in. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Devil Is a Sissy," and "Captains Courageous"—thaugh the latter opus offered only a bit of the Rooney talents—showed us that he knows his job.

He used to regard acting as just a job. Something that had to be done, and done well. "Now, with more experience," he added, "I think more about it."

Mickey's present desire is to play a leading rôle opposite Spencer Tracy.

"He's the greatest actor in Hollywood," he said very definitely, almost forbidding argument. As I am a Tracy fan, I had none to offer.

Rooney fans swear by their idol. Mickey notes the particular States and cities where his acting strikes home with most telling effect. He gets letters from those points in piles. Any State lagging behind in Rooney enthusiasm is a slow State.

"I learn a lot from fan letters," Mickey related, glancing hurriedly at the wall clock, for he had to go God knows where, to see about Heaven alone knows what. "One certain part I play strikes different persons in different ways. But their comments make a sensible plan when compared. I seem to know the fans better by comparing them, if you understand."

I told him I not only understood, but could even offer an explanation.

"I bet you could," Mickey conceded, but didn't ask for one.

He believes heredity has something to do with acting when both parents are in the profession. Tyrone Power, Tom Brown, Bonita Granville—there you are.

Living with his parents in Hollywood, Mickey does not mix much with the usual cinema coteries. He likes Hallywood. He enjoys life. His friends are in the majority nonprofessionals.

"Of course I run around with several young people in pictures," he put in, "but most of my friends are not actors."

Tennis and swimming are his chief recreations. But a tourney of ping-pang is dear to his heart. Naturally, he's good at them, as he is at all he does.

Of all young picture folk, he may honestly be regarded as the most sincere. Beneath his leonine exterior there is a depth of sentimentality and emotion.

As it is, Mickey Rooney is Hollywood's best actar, (my profound apologies to Spencer Tracy). But one day soon, he is going to drop constructing mazes. The real inner Mickey Rooney is going to walk out into the daylight. Then I'm afraid—especially for others in Hollywood—we'll face genius!


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## Foundations of Beauty

*Continued from page 84*

And here's a new make-up item in which I believe you'll be interested, though it has no connection with perfume. It's the Blemi-Stik which conceals facial blemishes. A small, compact stick, it can be applied over any annoying small eruptions before applying make-up and it serves to give the skin a smooth, unmarred appearance. More about make-up: Have you seen the lovely new Lady Esther Kits containing a box of powder, a generous jar of Four-purpose Cream, lipstick, and rouge?

The kit is packaged in a pink-and-blue gift box and would be a grand item to place on your Christmas list—for you'll have to begin thinking about Christmas soon and next month I'm going to have lots of news for you about the smartest, latest gifts in make-up kits, perfumes, cosmetics and all the other things we women love to give—and to receive.

## What the Fans Think

*Continued from page 12*

course, Jean Harlow, but having some other star in her place, I'm sure "Saratoga's" comedy would have been appreciated.

As it is, though, the producers will make millions from this picture, and that's all they want. Betty Johnson.

223 State Street,
Madison, Wisconsin.

### Thanks to Freddie.

VIVID colors of a great painting—beautiful strains of music, preferably Chopin—gorgeous sunsets—and Freddie Bartholomew! Until seeing this child I felt that there were only three things which could stir my soul to a deep sense of perfect contentment.

While watching "David Copperfield," there came the realization that here again was a perfect thing—a child actor whose hair, eyes, and every physical feature were so full of beauty, whose diction was so unusual, whose skill in acting was so flawless, whose character was so charming, that one had the sense of being in the presence of almost divine perfection.

I have seen every one of Freddie's pictures, have seen him on the stage, and also have heard him on the radio. He is the most talented star on the screen, child or adult.

Freddie may count his life well spent, because he has given in such full measure of beauty and tenderness and pathos and joy to this old world of ours.

Mary Cellier.

1120 Norwood Avenue,
Norwood, Ohio



Even in England, where he's making "A Yank at Oxford," Robert Taylor is besieged with requests for his photo, and here Bob obliges a fan.

### Too Unkind.

I HAVE taken Picture Play for several years and, in my opinion, it is far and away the best of all movie magazines. The portraits alone are worth twice the cost of the magazine.

I always enjoy reading "What The Fans Think," but one fact puzzles me very much. The fans seem to delight in tearing each other to pieces, and in making uncomplimentary remarks about the stars who don't happen to please them personally. The ferocity of their attacks is alarming. Each writer makes sweeping statements and condemns stars wholesale as though his or her word were law. Each, after all, is entitled to his own opinion, and surely there is no need to sling mud so vehemently at the many whose tastes may differ.

And now, congratulations to Picture Play for being the first magazine to run a story on Brian Donlevy. You certainly picked a winner, as the success of this fine actor has proved. He made an immediate hit in "Barbary Coast," and in an incredibly short time has risen to be one of our leading players. Equally impressive as a voluble hero or taciturn menace, he well deserves his popularity.

Margaret Jenkins.

26 Orleans Road,
Upper Norwood,
London, S. E. 19, England.

### Extra or Costar?

I SAW "Maytime" the other day, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy—beautiful!

Nelson Eddy was the costar, but you'd never know it. The prize scenes, songs, close-ups, emotional high lights, in fact, everything, went to Jeanette—Nelson was squeezed in somewhere.

I have nothing against Miss MacDonald. She is all her fans claim her to be—a fine singer, lovely, and a splendid actress. Nevertheless, I don't think that she should be the whole show when that popular team play together.

It is quite a disappointment for an Eddy fan to wait patiently a whole year to see one of his films, and then to find

that three-fourths of that film made up of MacDonald. Nelson Eddy has one of the finest baritone voices in the country; he has a vivid personality and a fine sense of humor. Let him stand on his own feet and show what he can really do!

TERESA G. FONTANA.
1098 Diamond Hill Road,
Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

### Not a Wonder Child.

WRITERS for fan magazines and others connected with the industry would have us believe that the reason Shirley Temple has not been heard on the radio is because her parents and others think that radio work would spoil her or cause her to know how important she is. I suppose Miss Temple has never seen the dolls, dresses, shoes, soap, et cetera, named in her honor. She must be quite stupid if, by now, she doesn't realize how important she is.

Her parents don't object to this form of making more money for their daughter, so there seems to be just one reason for Shirley's absence from radio and that reason is that she could never face a mike. All other well-known child stars have been on the air. For instance, Freddie Bartholomew, Bonita Granville, the Mauch twins, Sybil Jason, and Jane Withers. This proves that Miss Temple is not the wonder child she is claimed to be. She is no real actress and it is about time that the public awakes to the fact that she is just like any other kid attending a dancing school.

RENA BERG.
510 Sutton Place,
Cincinnati, Ohio.



Judy Garland, the little girl with the big voice, is being groomed for stardom by her studio. You'll see her next in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."

### A Lovely Voice.

I READ the letter in the August issue by R. O. Waite criticizing Deanna Durbin's singing. To me this letter illustrates nothing but ignorance in not being able to appreciate a lovely voice. I, too, saw "Three Smart Girls" and I enjoyed Deanna's singing immensely due to the fact that her voice was so clear and her words so well enunciated.

As for her beauty, she certainly has something more than a smile, and any one who can't see it must have eye trouble. Let me give three cheers for Deanna Durbin; one for her singing, one for her acting, and one for her beauty. I hope more fans show their disapproval of R. O. Waite's letter.

M. E. C.
187 Manhasset Avenue,
Manhasset, Long Island, N. Y.

### Mourned.

AS the sad news of Jean Harlow's passing came over the air in a local broadcast, my mind traveled back through the years to a night in a theater here, and once again I seemed to be a part of the vast audience that had hailed her first major performance in the now memorable "Hell's Angels." How well I remember it all! The house was sold out hours ahead of time. And before the picture had ended, we realized a new star had been born.

To-day, in less than a decade, a world that has grown to love her, mourns her loss. But I feel it was not merely the rôles which she portrayed that endeared Jean Harlow to her fans. It was more. It was that something sometimes referred to as the soul. It was herself. For beneath that sophistication she so well exemplified on the screen, there lived a vivid personality, warm and human, that even the hard-boiled character of *China Doll* could not obliterate. It was this same element perhaps, but running in a seemingly different vein, that drew us to the beloved Marie Dressler. For at heart, are not all hearts, if human hearts they are, the same?

And so farewell is said, as tributes are paid to yet another great star, deprived, and so very prematurely, of a career and of a happiness in life so deservedly hers. But Jean Harlow is not dead. She is gone no more than dear Will Rogers. Remembrance of her with the passing of time will become a cherished and respected memory. And memories do not age or pass away—they live on forever.

M. J. MASON.
c/o Claude Neon Lights,
534 Rue Bourgeat,
Shanghai, China.

### A Superb Team.

IT really looks as if some stupid people are trying to break up a singing team that is unequaled in voice or looks by any other team. This couple, as you have already guessed, is Nelson Eddy


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and Jeanette MacDonald. They are so well suited to each other vocally, dramatically, and physically. Why try to separate them? It has been admitted by thousands and thousands of people that, as a team, Eddy and MacDonald are unsurpassable. And yet some people still insist that Nelson is too good for Jeanette and vice versa.

For gosh sakes, if they don't like them as a team, why in thunder do they go to see them? Let me bring out this fact: for every person who doesn't like either Mr. Eddy or Miss MacDonald, there are approximately five hundred who do.

Taken individually, Eddy's voice is greater than Miss MacDonald's, but, on the other hand, Jeanette has greater acting ability than Nelson. Together they are superb!

I am going to appeal to the better natures of those who have lately been sending those childish letters. Please drop this foolish debate.

ANITA E. MENSON.

5721 Jeanne Mance Street,
Montreal, Canada.

### Ease and Beauty.

A MOST interesting controversy is the current one concerning Nelson Eddy, opera, and music in general. Especially was I interested in two letters that have appeared in the magazine. Namely, those of R. J. Kennedy and Mildred Post.

Mr. Kennedy suggests that Mr. Eddy's voice is "dull and flat" and Miss Post considers him an "animated dummy." To both of these I say with all my heart see "Maytime." In that picture Mr. Eddy is singer and *actor* and does both with an ease and beauty that pleases every one.

I'm sure if Mr. Kennedy ever found Nelson Eddy's voice lacked animation—which to me seems impossible, for I find that the most outstanding quality of his voice is its keen aliveness and ability to express any emotion—he will change his mind. Miss Post will find it easy to lose herelf in this great picture and will have to look mighty hard to find the slightest suggestion of an "animated dummy" in the young student who shouts "yippee" with as much feeling as an excited youngster.

As for full-length opera on the screen, I say by all means let's have it—but with Nelson Eddy. No one else in Hollywood is capable.

FRANCINE WAGNER.

Denver, Colorado.

## Norbert Lusk's Reviews

*Continued from page 59*

"Music For Madame."—RKO. Mild as skimmed milk is Nino Martini's new picture, but his singing is like honey and cream. I don't think anybody since Caruso has sung "Vesti la Giubba" with such throbbing beauty and with better taste. But I can't accept Mr. Martini as a screen actor. His is a blank personality that is at its best when disguised as the chalk-faced clown in "Pagliacci" or veiled in double exposure when he sings "Music For Madame." In case I haven't made myself clear, Mr. Martini is most effective when seen dimly, if at all. The childish frolic devised for his exploitation has him an accordion player who is picked up by crooks and introduced at a Hollywood party. While Mr. Martini stuns the crowd with his singing the thieves make off with the pearls. A girl composer who has crashed the party to meet the great conductor, *Rodowsky*, is suspected for no reason. Mr. Martini goes to the station house to give himself up, there meets the girl and juvenile romance begins. One of the brightest episodes is when *Rodowsky* tries to identify the voice of Mr. Martini over the air, but it is all pretty childish, and the picture gives us a version of a Hollywood party that makes one shudder at its dullness and ostentation. Joan Fontaine is a heroine with beauty, good sense and promise.

"Something to Sing About."—Grand National. James Cagney's new picture is his best in a long time. Its novelty lies not so much in his dancing and certainly not in his so-called singing, but the pleasantness of the whole. It is an unusual combination of the rowdy and the sensitive, with Mr. Cagney giving nothing less than a brilliant account of himself in both moods. He is a performing band leader who is "discovered" for pictures. His single appearance as a star disgusts him with studio life and ends in a terrific rough-house. He marries a singing girl and they honeymoon in the South Seas. His film is a big hit and he returns to find himself a famous actor. Another try at pictures is more difficult than the first. He has a wife, now, who is forced to pretend to be only his secretary. Naturally, it is a trial to her to remain in the background with fascinating Mona Barrie playing opposite her husband as a broken-accented siren in a blond wig. Miss Barrie is capital and Evelyn Daw, Mr. Cagney's wife, has a lovely voice. The cross-currents of their make-believe are lively and downright pleasant.



Helen Jepson, lyric soprano star of the Metropolitan Opera Company makes her screen début in the musical production "The Goldwyn Follies."

"Big City."—MGM. Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer are two of our most important artists. Brought together for the first time, their picture falls short of their individual and collective status. In a word, it is trivial, unimportant, though not without entertaining moments. The material provided for the stars doesn't permit them to make much of their respective rôles, but they play them for all they're worth. Mr. Tracy is a taxi driver, Miss Rainer his foreign-born wife in the immigrant class. For dramatic background there is some sort of taxi war going on. One is in doubt which side is right and who is who in the rival factions. But there is noisy conflict, ending when a group of exprize fighters—real ones like Jack Dempsey and James J. Jeffries—muscle in and give the wrongdoers a severe trouncing. Just how they happen to become interested in making it possible for Miss Rainer to give birth to a baby on a steamship pier is more than I can tell you. But, anyway, she does and everything seems all right after that. At least the picture ends.

# Information, Please

*Continued from page 8*

ONE MORE FAN.—Sebastian Shaw played opposite Miriam Hopkins in "Men Are Not Gods." He was born in Holt, England, May 29, 1905; six feet, weighs 168, with brown hair and gray eyes. Married to Margaret Delamere. He has since made "The Diamond Trust," with Tamara Desni and Edmund Lowe. Nelson Eddy and Robert Taylor have blue eyes; Tyrone Power brown. Mickey Rooney's birthdate is September 23, 1921.

LENNIE.—You might write to 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California, inquiring if they can supply a photograph of Will Rogers, and to MGM Studio, Culver City, California, for one of Marie Dressler. Magda Schneider played with Jan Kiepura in "Be Mine To-night." Victor Jory was *Oberon* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Melvyn Douglas *John Randolph* in "The Gorgeous Hussy." Luis Alberni *Giovanni* in "One Night of Love."

JANE.—Lee Dixon was born in Brooklyn, New York, January 22, 1914; six feet three, weighs 185; blue eyes, dark-blond hair. Attended St. John's College in Brooklyn. First film was "Gold Diggers of 1937." Latest is "Varsity Show."

SYLVIA STEPHEN.—Jack La Rue's right name is Lo Bue. Born in New York City, May 3, 1902; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 155; black hair and eyes. We published an interview with him in October, 1934. "Dangerous Holiday" and "I Demand Payment" are his current films.

BETTE JEANNE BROCKMAN.—James Stewart was born May 20, about 1912; six feet two and a half. Simone Simon, April 23, 1914; five feet three. June Lang, May 5, 1916; five feet three and a half. Olivia de Havilland, July 1, 1916; five feet four. Joan Fontaine, October 22nd; five feet three and three-quarters. Marsha Hunt, October 17, 1917; five feet six. Mickey Rooney September 23, 1921; Fernand Gravet, 1904. Anne Shirley is five feet two, and Tyrone Power is a little over six feet. Margaret Marquis was *Polly* in "A Family Affair." There was no "Broadway Melody of 1937."

K. K.—Most of the scenes for "Rose-Marie" were made on location at Lake Tahoe, near Reno. Some Canadian views were supposed to have been used, too. "I Met Him in Paris" was made at Sun Valley, Idaho. Gene Autry is married to Ina May Spivey, a nonprofessional.

P. B.—Eleanor Powell was born November 21, 1913; five feet six and a half. Robert Young, February 22, 1907; six feet. James Stewart, May 20, about 1912; six feet two and a half. Errol Flynn, June 20, 1909; six feet two. Robert Montgomery, May 21, 1904; six feet. Tyrone Power, May 5, 1914; six feet plus.

GLORIA MARCONI.—The only other picture I find that Margaret Marquis appeared in besides "A Family Affair" is "The Last of the Warrens," released in 1936. Mickey Rooney was born in Brooklyn, New York, September 23, 1921.

L. M.—Fredi Washington was the young colored girl in "Imitation of Life."

CAROLE JENNINGS.—There was a gallery portrait of Jean Arthur in June, 1936.

E. J. L. W.—Frances Farmer has blond hair and hazel eyes.

RUBY TRENT.—"Red Dust" was used as the frontispiece of the January, 1933, issue, and it was reviewed in February. "Hold Your Man" was reviewed in September, 1933. Neither appeared in the preview section. Barbara Barondess was *not* in the cast of "Turn Off the Moon."

GAIL STEVENSON.—Olympe Bradna was born in Paris, France, August 12th, but she doesn't give the year. Eighteen months later she was appearing with her mother and father in "The Bradna Family," which was originally an equestrian act. At eight, Olympe made her first hit with specialty and acrobatic dancing in the French version of "Hit the Deck." Then she joined the Folies Bergère for a year and a half engagement, emerging at fourteen a star of the French Casino. After further engagements and two French motion pictures, she was signed for the New York production of "Folies Bergère," where she was discovered by a Paramount scout. Latest is "Souls at Sea." Dorothy Lamour was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, and is married to Herb Kay, orchestra leader. She has appeared in "The Jungle Princess," "Swing High, Swing Low," "The Last Train from Madrid," "High, Wide and Handsome," and "The Hurricane." Collette Lyons played the rôle of *Genevieve (Ellie) Sterns* in "Hotel Haywire."





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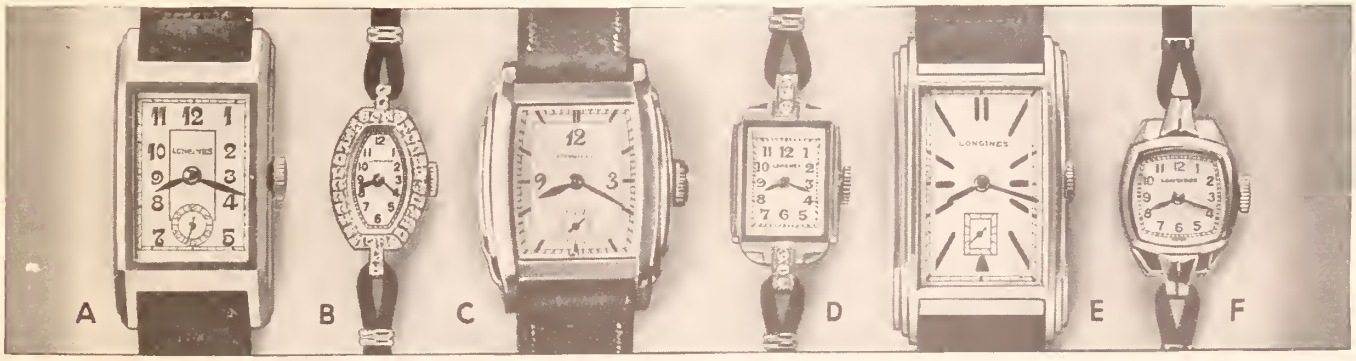


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